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VOL. XII., No. 34

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

LADIES' DAY FOR ST. JOSEPH'S

A Most Successful Event at the Ontario Agricultural College - A Large Turnout.

Guelph, Aug. 9.—St. Joseph's Hospital has reason to congratulate itself on the enthusiastic corps of lady workers who made Ladies' Day yesterday on the street railway and at the College another brilliant success in aid of the funds of the institution. While the full figures are not available as yet, the immense patronage which was given the event ensures that the net receipts will not fall much short of last year's high water mark, even if they do not surpass it. Few people have any idea of the amount of hard work entailed on the officers and committees in preparing for such a day, the anxiety regarding the weather, and the looking after all the details necessary to make it a success, and, though the ladies give their work unselfishly, sometimes, in their tired moments, they are tempted to pull the hair of ex-Mayor James Hewer, who first suggested Ladies' Day for Hospital aid.

The programme provided followed the same general lines that previous years have shown to be on highly appreciated by the people. The street railway fare box afforded opportunity for a little extra generosity on the part of those who were not so interested in the entertainment; the afternoon ball matches and sports made excellent attraction for those inclined to athletics; the high tea and its accessories formed the rallying ground for the evening's proceedings; and flowers, ice cream, candy, the music, the light, and the movement, along with the fun makers, gave full scope for young men and maidens, and hundreds of their elders to throw off the cares of the daily life and to recreate mind and body in the swing of the evening. Not alone were the cars packed in their ten minute service in the evening, but there were a very large number of turnouts brought into requisition to accommodate those desirous of taking in the evening's events. The cool weather rendered the stay of the company a little shorter than usual, but the company was there.

Everything was cleaned out but John Sheahan's canes. The fish pond and novelty table went out of business early in the game; the candy booth was empty after nine o'clock; the ice cream vendors had to fall back on their reserve supply; the high tea delicacies were absorbed by the delighted patrons of the excellent service and the appetizing viands; the flowers, and they were legion, grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less. Mr. Sheahan explained that the only serious inroad on his stock was made by Ed. O'Brien, who ringed four canes. "He gave them back, though," Mr. Sheahan said. But it is not everyone who has an eye like Lieut. O'Brien, nor who has been to Bisleigh.

The music during the afternoon was furnished by a Bellolian, kindly loaned by the Bell Co., and in the evening Thain's orchestra inside and the G.M.S. band outside, were listened to by large crowds; the people never tire of the bright music rendered by these favorite organizations. Some fifteen to twenty boys of St. Stanislaus' school, trained by Mrs. Kennedy, gave two rattling choruses in "Tommy" and "War is a Bountiful Jade." The band programme consisted of:

- March, A Warm Reception, Anthony.
- Overture, Nabusso, Verdi.
- Selection, Irish Airs, Hartmann.
- Polka, Squeege, Casey.
- Waltz, An Autumn Bud, Lesser.
- Cornet Solo, Naukeag Polka, Casey.
- Mr. Dawson.
- Excerpts, from Fiddle Dee, Dee, Stromberg.
- Grand March, Silver Trumpets, Vinianni.
- God Save the King.
- Trainmasters Misses Kate and Mary O'Connor report that they had not a single disappointment in their list of conductors, which was as follows: 9 to 11—

Misses M. Searle and C. Searle.
No. 9, Misses S. Collins and L. Hazleton.
No. 5, Misses Sullivan and E. Cray.
No. 6, Misses M. O'Boyle and T. Piggott.
11 to 1—
Car No. 2, Misses M. Kennedy and M. Kennedy.
No. 5, Misses K. Kennedy and B. Toyell.
No. 4, Misses A. Barrett and E. Conway.
No. 6, Misses M. Nunan and M. Conway.
1 to 3—
Car No. 2, Misses A. McCarron and E. McCarron.
No. 5, Misses M. Kennedy and M. Yust.
No. 4, Misses Connelly.
No. 6, Misses B. Marshall and M. A. Searle.
No. 1, Miss M. O'Connor and Phelan, 3 to 5.
Car No. 2, Misses M. Mulronee and A. Carranar.
No. 5, Misses M. Kennedy and McGurn.
No. 4, Misses O. Foster and M. Foster.
No. 6, Misses A. Becker and R. Kloepler.
No. 1, Misses B. Oakes and G. O'Connor.
5 to 7—
Car No. 2, Misses Hughes and A. Lynch.
No. 5, Misses K. Hanlon and S. Hanlon.
No. 4, Misses C. McGrath and G. O'Boyle.
No. 6, Misses McGill.
No. 1, Misses M. Keleher and L. Heffernan.
7 to 9—
Car No. 2, Misses M. Carmichael and N. Duggan.
No. 5, Misses G. Howard and A. Howard.
No. 4, Misses I. Colson and M. Bolton.
No. 8, Misses L. Tovell and B. Toyell.
No. 1, Misses McPhee and F. Baker.
No. 7, Miss Kennedy and Mrs. Oakes.

First Vice-President, Miss Coffee had general charge of the sports, and had gathered a very nice collection of fishing rods, sweater, bats, baseball gloves, pocket-books, etc., for boy's prizes, and brooch, pocket-books, belt set, manicule set, hat pin, candies, etc., for the girls. Messrs. Ald. Higgins, Wm. Hood, Frank Nunan, Jas. Hastings, Jas. Sullivan and W. J. Sheridan gave assistance in their department, with Messrs. H. McMillan, Alex. Stewart and Jas. Hewer as judges and starters. The ball games were close and interesting. Upper Wyndham street turned the tables this year on Lower Wyndham street, and the joint team put up a winning game with Hespeler.

The high tea was in charge of Mrs. J. E. Day and Mrs. Gregory Franks, with the following assistants: Mrs. T. J. Day, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Purcell, Mrs. Merewether, Misses Keating, Heffernan, Sullivan, Armstrong, Adams, E. Adams, M. Hill, A. Hill, Strachan, Hazelton, Petrie, R. Cooke, A. Allan, E. Allan, Savage, M. Day, L. Reynolds, N. Mitchell, F. Mercer, W. Powell, E. Keleher, T. Kloepler, G. Wilcox, T. Kenny, H. Nichol, H. Heffernan, R. Dowler, Messrs. V. McDerry, H. Day, B. Kloepler and F. Day.

The fish pond and novelty table was in charge of Mrs. J. D. McKee, assisted by Misses Mary Ryan, Minnie Hayden and May Conway. Mrs. M. W. Doherty had charge of the beautiful array of flowers, and was assisted by Miss Lansing and the Misses Brohman. The popular candy booth was in charge of Mrs. Beechie, Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Bergin. Mrs. J. H. Kennedy and Miss Gay had charge of the music.

The ice cream tables in the gymnasium were in charge of Mesdames Downey and Cassin; Mesdames J. Harris and F. Nunan, Mrs. Hastings and Miss O'Connell; the Misses McCarron, while the tent service in this department was in charge of Mrs. Jeffrey and the officers and to these latter especially is the great success of the event due. They were:

- Pres., Miss McDerry.
- 1st Vice-Pres., Miss Coffee.
- 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Blacrett.
- Treas., Miss M. Gay.
- Sec., Miss M. Purcell.

The officers wish to acknowledge the donations of the Comfort Soap Co and of the Blue Ribbon and Salada Tea Cos.

STRATFORD

The Summer Fair held last week under the auspices of St. Joseph's Church Parish, was, as expected, a grand success in every particular. Friends and parishioners of St. Joseph's gathered together and helped to fill the cash box of our learned and well beloved pastor, the Rev. Chas. E. McGee. The full returns of the fair have not been made known, but we understand that the fair was a success both socially and financially, a handsome sum being realized for the purpose intended.

Miss Irene Sullivan, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Nellie Williams, are enjoying a two weeks' vacation in the surrounding country.

Miss Lucy Allen of Ingersoll is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mrs. Enoch Heryatt, of Waterloo, is in the city and will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Schnetzler, Bay Street.

Miss Lizzie Phalen of Hamilton is the guest of Stratford friends.

Mr. Hugh McQuade of Columbus, Ohio, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation at the parental home.

A number of prominent Catholic C.M.B.A. men of this city are in Toronto attending the C.M.B.A. Convention, which is in session there.

Miss Josephine Byrne Sullivan of the "Michigan Catholic," Detroit, is home meeting her many friends.

MUST HAVE A BEGINNING

Do not postpone the opening of a savings account simply because of the smallness of your first deposit. All things must have their beginning. The big things of today were the little things of yesterday. Remember we receive deposits as small as a dollar.

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Grand Deputy Quinn for Grand Trustee

Among the names of the delegates most favorably mentioned for Grand Trustee at the forthcoming convention is that of Mr. Quinn, the capable chairman of the Reception Committee. Mr. Quinn is in every way well qualified to fill the position, as is evidenced by the good work done by him as Grand Deputy, and the deserved recognition of his services by the resolutions passed by all the Toronto branches in favor of his selection for the office of Grand Trustee.

Mr. Quinn has inherited no inconsiderable share of the ability of his uncle, the late Hon. C. F. Fraser, Commissioner of Public Works of Ontario. He is well and most favorably known as Mechanical Superintendent of Public Works of the Province of Ontario—to which position he has risen by his own ability and untiring application. He is an expert in his line and the inventor of several devices for the improvement of sanitary conditions, and is admitted to be one of the very best authorities in the province, amongst laymen or sanitary questions. As a lecturer on this subject he has been instrumental by his advocacy and advice in getting several municipal bodies to adopt better measures towards improved sanitary conditions.

Mr. Quinn joined Branch 49, C.M.B.A., in 1892 and has filled every important office in the gift of that branch, and is at present its chancellor.

As a delegate to Niagara Falls, at the last convention, as Chairman of the Advisory of Toronto on two occasions, and in the office of Senior Grand Deputy President, which he at present fills, his course has given entire satisfaction.

Mr. Quinn was born at Gannanoque in August, 1874, married Miss Anna Sullivan, of Toronto, in 1894, is a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus and of the Canadian Catholic Union of Toronto, and is prominent in all parochial good work in St. Peter's Parish, in which he resides.

OBITUARY

One after another the old generation of Irishmen and Irishwomen, whose acquaintance I made more than forty years ago, are passing away to the silence of the tomb, until there is but a small remnant left. This week it is my painful duty to record the demise of the wife of Mr. John Cronin of Peterboro, which sad event occurred at her late home in that town a little over a month ago. Crossing the Atlantic immediately after their marriage in the Catholic Church of Abbeyleale in the County of Limerick, the young Irish couple settled in Peterboro, where they raised a large family, became widely known, and well respected. Subjoined is a resolution of condolence unanimously adopted by a Peterboro Branch of the C.M.B.A., of which the husband of the deceased was an old and honored member.

P. MUNGOVAN.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 30, held on the 26th inst., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed:

Resolved that the membership of this Branch convey to our worthy Chancellor, Bro. Cronin, and family, our expression of sorrow and heartfelt sympathy in the sad bereavement they have sustained by the death of wife and mother.

And be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded Bro. Cronin and published in our official organ, The Canadian.

Rev. Father Cherubin's Arrival

Ottawa, Aug. 22.—Rev. Father Cherubin, Provincial of the Capuchin Fathers in Canada, arrived yesterday on a visit of inspection to the Hintonburg monastery. He was accompanied by three new students and two lay brothers. In addition to the institution here, there are monasteries at Quebec and Restigouche.

It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals.

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MONTREAL

(From our own correspondent.)

A NEW COMMUNITY.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools attached to St. Patrick's Parish, have opened a new community in the building formerly known as "The Catholic High School." Under the able guidance of Rev. Brother Prudent the new community will be looked after and the progress of St. Patrick's School will be in safe hands.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

Rev. Father Crevie, C.S.C., assistant Superior and Procurator of the Congregation of St. Laurent College, has been named Superior to replace the Very Rev. Dr. M. A. McGarry, C.S.C., who has been named Assistant Superior-General, Rev. Father Moahan, C.S.C., has been named Assistant Superior. The morning of the Feast of the Assumption four members, Rev. Messrs. Lennox, Beaulieu, Kellart and McDougall made their profession in the Order. Very Rev. Father Dion, C.S.C., Provincial, presided.

ST. MICHAEL'S NEW BELL.

The new bell for St. Michael's Church was solemnly blessed on Sunday by Very Rev. Abbe Leary, Superior-General of the Sulpicians. Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's, preached an eloquent sermon.

Died at the Altar

Very Rev. John Corish, parish priest of Ballymore, near Wexford, died suddenly on Sunday, July 31, at the age of 55 years, as he was celebrating Mass. Father Corish, some years, and was extremely popular throughout the entire diocese of Ferns. It appears he ascended the altar in apparently his usual health, and after the reading of the First Gospel he turned around to address his congregation. Just as he had uttered the word "dearly beloved" he was noticed to become faint, and he at once fell on the altar. There was considerable commotion amongst the congregation. Dr. Hassett, the local medical officer, who happened to be in the church, rushed to the altar, and having examined the good priest, announced the sorrowful news to those present that his pastor was no more. He attributed Father Corish's death to failure of the heart. The congregation left the church stricken with grief.

Father Corish was one of the most distinguished theologians of the diocese. At an early age his ability as a pulpit orator was generally recognized, while as a confessor his austerity was always tempered with gentleness and saintliness.

Father Brault Killed

Montreal, Aug. 22.—Father Brault, parish priest of St. Vincent de Paul, was killed to-day at Mile End. The C.P.R. have issued the following account of the fatality. "The reverend gentleman left the train and entered the station to use the telephone. Shortly afterwards the conductor entered the station and announced the departure of the train, especially calling the attention of Father Brault to the circumstance. The conductor then left the building and signalled the engine to proceed. He was under the impression that Father Brault had followed him immediately. Having boarded the train, he was surprised to see the reverend gentleman running after the train. Father Brault made a dash for the nearest entrance, but in attempting to board, fell beneath the train. Both legs were severed from the body, and both his arms were broken. The accident occurred at 9.13 a.m."

NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER

(From a special correspondent.)

THE "OLD HOME WEEK" FESTIVITIES.

The "Old Home Week" celebration, which commenced August 3rd, was a perfect success in every way. Though not so large numerically as was first expected, still it did not lack enthusiasm. The reception committee left no stone unturned in their best endeavors to make one and all feel at home again in their native land. When they arrived they found a new city with many new faces. Still they were met by their relatives and friends, who warmly greeted them back again. The Old Homers could justly say:

"She is a rich and fair land,
She is a good and rare land,
This native land of mine."

"Home! Home! name how endearing,
Home! Home! shrined in my breast;
Home! Home! to my heart cheering,
Back to the joys I'd return;
Home, Home, Sweet Home,
Back to thy joys I'd return;

THE MANY CHANGES.

A great many changes met the gaze of hundreds of the visitors, practically a new city. The disastrous fire of 1892 had swept down in its onward march many homes once sacred to the now exiled sons and daughters of dear old Terra Nova. Though stately mansions have arisen in many places, the former old city had pleasant memories. A first-class street car service, a new railway depot, a new court house, a new signal station called "Cahoot Tower." The railway system of the island completed, a magnificent fleet of steamers plying around the whole coast, a fire brigade, many mines and mills in operation, several whaling factories, the city lighted by electric light, agriculture receiving considerable attention, these formed the principal changes to those who had not visited their native land for fifteen, twenty and even thirty years. After a long night of oppression the inevitable day of prosperity was shining on "The Island by the Sea."

THE RECEPTION AT BANNERMAN PARK.

On Monday evening at 8 o'clock the formal reception was held at Bannerman Park at which thousands assisted. Sir E. P. Morris, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Chairman of the Reception Committee, welcomed the visitors in a neat speech. Mr. McCormack replied on behalf of the visitors, and was loudly applauded at the end of his speech. The welcome was one that was enthusiastic in its gathering, loyal in its support, and warm-hearted in its expression of goodwill and fellowship towards those who had come back to see only a few of the "old stock" left, but hundreds, yes, thousands, of a new generation. No doubt it must have brought back to them a moment of sorrow. Many a tear trickled down their cheeks when they were told like the words of the famous old song, entitled "Twenty Years Ago," that "Some were sleeping in the church-yard." But these thoughts were quickly dispelled when the echoes of the glorious welcome came and the music waited to the breeze, told them that they were "Home again, Home again from a foreign shore, and they were listening to the old familiar tune, "The Banks of Newfoundland," as played in days of yore by the famous "Bennets Band." "Children though you leave her, far away to roam,
All your tenderest yearnings point me back to home;
All her voices echo, echo one refrain,
Newfoundland is calling—welcome home again."

Two band concerts followed, given by Profs. Bennett and Power's Bands. Prof. John Bennett played a pretty cornet solo, "Scenes that are brightest," and the full band played "The Maple Leaf" as a tribute to the Canadians who were present. Fireworks formed another interesting item of the programme, and not until late at night did the immense gathering disperse, all glad to have participated in the opening festivities.

THE INSTITUTE SPORTS.

The Church of England Institute sports formed a part of the programme for Tuesday afternoon. Two bands enlivened the proceedings and played alternately. The sweet strains of Prof. John Bennett's solo cornet was heard to advantage in many an old familiar tune.

Besides a large number of visitors who are now in the city being present, there were also His Honor the Administrator and suite, Mr. Justice Johnson, Rev. Canon Cartwright, Sir E. P. and Lady Morris, Hon. E. M. Jackman and many other prominent citizens. The Inter-Collegiate football match was quite interesting, and the St. Bon's defeated the Methodists by a goal and a corner to a corner.

The Benevolent Irish Society football team defeated the Fieldians by 4 goals to 1 corner.

The sailors of the warships had a very funny racing contest, which caused considerable amusement among the spectators. The final contest was a very interesting game of football between the B.I.S. and Bobs. They had to cross a second time and finally the victory fell to the Bobs. The Shield, presented by Mr. Justice Johnson, was won by the Field College boys. His Honor the Administrator made the presentation of prizes.

Barrie Correspondence

Ed. Firth of Hamilton is visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Quinlan of Port Hope, with their family are visiting at Mr. E. Byrne's, Owen Street.

Mr. W. Murphy, with her two children, arrived from Marquette, Mich., on Monday to visit relatives in Barrie.

Mr. E. J. Byrne spent a few days last week with friends at Phelpsston. Miss Dell Byrne is spending a month at Bruce Mines.

Fred. Hamlin, Toronto, is visiting his parents.

Mr. Chas. Hamlin, Newark, N.J., is holidaying at home.

Miss Wice, of Toronto, with her friend, Miss Cassin, is visiting the former's mother.

Mr. Geo. Byrne was one of the Old Boys last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, Toronto, were in town on Wednesday.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Toronto, came with the Old Boys' excursion.

Last week the Right Rev. Monsignor Zaffe of Brooklyn, N.Y., was a guest of the Very Rev. Dean Egan.

Messrs. J. T. Kennedy, architect, Joseph Burrell and Alfred Crane, of New York, paid a visit to our town, spending a few days here.

It was with regret we learned of the death of Mr. Joseph McBride, eldest son of the late Michael McBride, of Vespra. He had been a resident of Sault Ste. Marie for some time. Last spring, on account of his health failing, he visited his native place, and for a while the change seemed to be beneficial, but the symptoms set in and at his mother's residence on the 15th of August, in the fiftieth year of his age, he passed away, fortified by the rites of the Church. Interment was in St. Mary's Cemetery. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Maggie Copeland, and seven children, to mourn the loss of a good and kind husband and father.

St. Joseph's Teachers' Institute.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, held a Teachers' Institute last week in the Convent Hall, St. Albans Street. Vicar-General McCann, Chairman of the Separate School Board, delivered a short but eloquent address at the opening. Then followed a series of addresses on school work and pedagogy by Separate School Inspectors Prendergast and O'Brien. On the afternoon of the closing day Mr. Prendergast held special conferences with the teachers of the different grades and discussed with them organization, classification and other matters pertaining to the particular grades which they taught.

There is "a time to keep silence and a time to speak." Never is this truer than when we are in the presence of those who sorrow.

We practice no fake schemes to induce students to attend our school. We charge reasonable fees and give excellent value for them. With sixteen teachers and best facilities we can guarantee good results. Get particulars. Call, telephone, or write. Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard, Toronto.

The weather was delightful and the sports were greatly enjoyed.

BAND CONCERTS IN BOTH PARKS.

Tuesday evening band concerts were held at Victoria and Bannerman Parks at which thousands assisted. "Music hath its charms," and a couple of hours were spent in its enjoyment. Prof. Bennett's Band played at Victoria Park and rendered a choice selection, including "Home Again," "The Maple Leaf" and "The Banks of Newfoundland." Professor Power's Band delighted a large assemblage at Bannerman Park. At Victoria Park a number of sky-rockets were sent heavenward and when the last notes of the bands were heard all wended their way home eager to get ready for the great day of the year, "The Annual Regatta."

(To be continued.)

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The Montreal Temperance Societies

Send Delegate to the St. John's Nfld., Total Abstinence Society to Study its Workings.

(Special Staff Correspondence.) At a recent meeting of the three temperance organizations of Montreal, it was decided to send a delegate to the Total Abstinence and Benefit Society at St. John's, Newfoundland, for two reasons. 1. To congratulate the said Society on the completion of the 46th anniversary of its organization, and secondly, to study the workings of the Society, as it is one of the most prosperous of its kind on the continent of America, in order to raise the standard, numerically and financially, of the St. Patrick's, St. Anne's and St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Societies of Montreal.

Montreal, June 11, 1904. St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, St. John's, Newfoundland: Gentlemen,—The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, desiring to increase and multiply its membership and to spread and encourage the great and noble cause of temperance, and being willing to cooperate with all bodies having the same noble aspirations, and hearing that the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society of Newfoundland is one of the most prosperous bodies of its kind in North America, would respectfully solicit that body for the ways and means adopted by its Society in the work, and we delegate Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy, a member of our Society, to study the workings of your Society, and also to present to your honorable body the following resolutions.

THAT whereas we have heard with sincere pleasure that the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society is celebrating its 46th anniversary. THAT whereas during its long period, the Society has a record of unqualified success in the cause of temperance, thereby benefiting thousands and bringing peace, joy and happiness to their homes and prosperity to their families.

Be it resolved that we, the officers and members of St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, tender our heartfelt congratulations to our sister society at Newfoundland, on such an important event. Be it resolved that we wish them an augmentation of membership and a blessing on the noble work that they have upheld so nobly and honorably, in placing the Society as the most prosperous in North America.

Be it finally resolved, that we also wish the Catholic Cadet Corps, which is a great acquisition, a credit add an honor to the Temperance Society, the motto, "Upward and Onward."

(Signed) PATRICK O'BRIEN, Pres. HUGH DUNPHY, Vice-Pres. WM. H. O'DONNELL, Rec-Sec. E. J. COLFER, Fin. Secy. PATRICK POLAN, Treas. JAMES KANE, R. J. L. CUDDIHY, Comt. REV. P. McDONALD, Spiritual Director.

After the reading of the resolutions Mr. Cuddihy was called on to address the meeting, and in flowery language and fine voice, he delivered the following address. Rev. Director, Mr. President, Officers and Members of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, Gentlemen: It has been my good pleasure to be delegated to your honorable body by the three temperance societies of the metropolis of Canada, the Rome of America, the city rich in public and other institutions, the city wherein hundreds of the exiled sons and daughters of this fair land live, the grand old city of Montreal.

I come here in the first place, to congratulate your magnificent society on the completion of its 46th anniversary. In the second place, I come here to show the bond of union and charity existing between societies having the same noble end in view. Though the broad Atlantic's mighty roar, the noble and beautiful expanse of water, the St. Lawrence river, in a word, the mighty deep, separate us, still that charity of which St. Paul says, "Worketh no evil," still binds us together. In the third place, I come here to learn a good object lesson from your society, so that the temperance bodies of Montreal may take a leaf from your book and go on increasing numerically, financially and otherwise until they become like yours, an honor to the Church, to yourselves, and not only to your city as well as to the whole island, but to the world at large.

"Remember all that time has brought, The starry hope on high; The strength attained, the courage gained, The love that cannot die." I say that the St. John's T. A. & B. Society stands to-day, with its proud banner floating to the world, proclaiming the grand results of labor, genius, thought, energy, courage and perseverance. "The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean Will leave a track behind for evermore. The lightest wave of influence set in motion, Fretted and widens to the Eternal Shore." Would to God this night I could say before this fine body of men that the banner of the St. Patrick's, St. Anne's and St. Gabriel's Temperance

Societies could float with the same motives with the same success. Let me give you the standing of the Montreal bodies both numerically and financially. St. Patrick's, the oldest temperance organization in North America, being 64 years established, contains 150 members, with a balance of \$4,000 on hand. St. Anne's 250 members and \$4,747 on hand. St. Gabriel's 43 members and \$2,600 on hand.

So that in the three bodies we have only 443 members out of an Irish Catholic population of 46,000—very small indeed. But you might justly ask me, "Why are we so low as regards temperance in that great centre of Catholicity? There are many reasons, but I attribute a good part of it to insincerity, hypocrisy and indifference. In the first place I said insincerity, that is, many join the different societies, but after a short time they fall by the wayside, trodden down by the awful foe. They remind me of an example of an experience a priest had with a tramp a few years ago. The tramp called at the presbytery and asked for something to eat. The priest, a very kind-hearted man, ordered the servant to prepare a good breakfast for the man. While the breakfast was in preparation the priest asked "The Knight of the Road" if he would like a little of something "to sharpen his appetite." The weary traveller protested loudly that he had not tasted liquor for years, and the mention of it now would only bring back the temptation. The priest asked him again to have an eye-opener, but to no avail. The breakfast was served to "Weary Willie," and needless to say he did ample justice to it. He thanked the priest for his kindness, and as he was leaving his reverence gave him a quarter. About 4 o'clock that day the priest had business down in the village, and a short distance from the presbytery he observed a man coming up the road, and he in a state of intoxication. As he approached the priest took particular notice of the man, and going over to him said: "Excuse me, are you the man who called at my house this morning?" "Yes, Father," answered the tramp. "I thought," said the priest, "that you did not drink." "Well, it was this way," said the tramp, "you see, Father, when you asked me to have some liquor I knew you would only give me a glass, but when you gave me the quarter I bought six glasses with it. Like the unfortunate tramp, many sacrifice their honor and character for a few glasses of that poison, "which steals men's brains away."

The hypocrite is the man who is doing the Society to which he belongs an immense harm, for he is an obstacle to many who would willingly join its ranks. He is a barrier in the way of the progress of the Society, for on every occasion he is seen by persons who know him at the bar-room or coming out of the "Shebeen" house. He is dishonest before God and man. He boasts that he is a total abstainer, yet he drinks when he feels like it. He is seen in the ranks of the Society in parades and other public gatherings, only to be laughed at by those who know him, and thus through this means the Society gets a bad name.

The indifferent person could easily help the good cause of temperance by joining the ranks. Notwithstanding the many evils attached to the awful sin of intemperance, thousands, yea millions, run headlong into its awful trap. For though war has slain its thousands, liquor has slain its tens of thousands. Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul, speaking on the subject, says: "The great cause of social crime is drink, the great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up, and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows, and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment: Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"

The liquor traffic is increasing daily. It is going ahead at an awful rate. Its promoters are gaining ground at the rate of 75 per cent., whereas the workers of temperance are moving at the rate of 25 per cent. It behooves the temperance organizations the world over to bestir themselves to action. "Write it on the copy book That the young man may at it look, Write on ev'ry page and nook; Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the prison gate, Write it on the school-boy's slate, Write, oh! write the drunard's fate; Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the graveyard mound, Where the drunken slain are found, Deep and deep into the ground; Where there's drink there's danger."

I am glad to see the grand motto of St. Peter's Epistle, "Be sober and Watch," still to the fore. In my boyhood days I often read it in the old hall which I the famous conflagration of 1892 swept out of existence. The juvenile branch of your society, I am glad to learn, is in a flourishing condition, for I am proud to be able to say that in my younger days I had the happiness to be a member of that body. I am also glad to see the Catholic Cadet Corps in such good standing and in particular I must compliment that body on its fine band, whose dulcet notes brought back pleasant memories to the Mount Cashel Garden Party a few evenings ago.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me thank the officers for their extreme kindness to me and in doing all to make my mission a successful one. And you pioneers of this society, you whose locks have grown silvery with time, you who have seen the day of joy and sorrow, the day of prosperity and adversity, the rise and fall, and have lived to witness the crowning of your arduous labor, by seeing your grand body on the highroad to prosperity, it is to you I say that this society owes an everlasting debt of gratitude. Your work is not yet ended. Continue to be as true to your noble calling as the sun is to its dial, noble in your endeavors, and brave and loyal to the end, will that star which guided the three wise men of the East to the Saviour be a figure of that star of temperance which will guide you to Eternal Felicity.

"And when life's lamp has fled from thee, Amid peace and joy sublime, May angels' smiles salute thee, In Heaven's happy clime."

"Servant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved employ."

The battle is fought and the victory is won, Enter now into your Master's joy."

Once again, gentlemen, I thank you for this magnificent reception, and I say with all my heart, "God bless the grand old Temperance Society of St. John's, Newfoundland." (Loud applause.)

At the conclusion of Mr. Cuddihy's address Mr. John L. Slattery proposed a vote of thanks to the delegate for his eloquent address and the three societies he represented. Mr. Slattery's speech, though short, was vouched in pleasing language. Mr. G. F. Power seconded the resolution, who also added a few remarks. The vote of thanks was carried amidst applause. The president, Mr. J. J. Bates, spoke kindly of the delegate, and Mr. Cuddihy thanked the Society for the hearty vote of thanks. Rev. Dr. Kitchen gave a short but beautiful address, and in well-chosen language paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Cuddihy, whom he styled "a strange Newfoundland and a patriotic Newfoundland." The speech was worthy of the learned doctor and may the society long have the pleasure of having a guide as Rev. Dr. Kitchen. Mr. Cuddihy thanked the Rev. gentleman for his kind remarks to him personally, and said that at all times and on all occasions he would be ready to defend his countrymen abroad, for after the love of God came the love of country.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said: 'This is my own, my native land.'"

Mr. Cuddihy said that he hoped that he would be one of the many delegates from the grand old city of Montreal to take part in the Golden Jubilee of the foundation of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society to be held four years from now, when he hoped that more encouraging news would be brought from the Montreal bodies.

Then Mr. Cuddihy presented the officers of the St. Gabriel's, T. A. & B. Society, of which the gallant, loyal and devoted Alderman and Member



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of Parliament D. Gallery is President and the Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., is Spiritual Director. Among the latter are three Newfoundlanders, Messrs. M. J. Ryan, W. Howlett and J. R. Walsh.

Mr. Cuddihy feels very grateful to the worthy President, Mr. J. J. Bates, and the obliging Secretary, Mr. George J. Coughlan, for their extreme kindness and attention paid to him during his sojourn. In a future issue I'll deal with the workings of the St. John's T. A. & B. Society.

The officers assembled on Wednesday morning at the wharf to wish bon voyage to Mr. Cuddihy, who by this time has reached his adopted home. TEMPERANCE. St. John's, Nfld., Aug. 12, '04.

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Mr. D. C. Holmes, Justice of the Peace for Lincoln County, states: "I am acquainted with Mr. C. F. Inghel and consider him a reliable citizen in every sense of the word, in fact, I have known him from boyhood up and can say I believe him to be truthful and honest. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

AN EXPLANATION

Rev. T. M. O'Donoghue, C.M., Tells of the Exclusion of Colored Catholics from His Church.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

As a result of the representations made by a number of colored members of the Catholic Faith to Cardinal Gibbons regarding the incident which occurred recently at Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, Mosher and Division streets, when several negroes were requested to cease attending certain masses at the church, the Cardinal has put an investigation on foot in order to get at the facts of the matter. He promised to look into it and to adjust the difficulty if he found that injustice had been done. Rev. T. M. O'Donoghue, rector of Immaculate Conception Church, has submitted a report of the matter, the full text of which follows: "To His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons: 'My predecessor, Father Hartnett, had ordered new pews, which were put in the church a year ago last winter. Owing to the style of pew, the seating capacity of the church was 120 less than with the old pews. At the 8 and 9.15 masses we saw the mistake, and suffered for want of more seats. The 8 o'clock mass is for pewholders—very popular and always crowded. The 9.15 o'clock mass is the children's mass, with privilege to adults to enter as far as vacant seats permit. It is the most crowded mass of our entire four masses. To remedy the pressure mentioned above, I was not until Passion Sunday, March 20, 1904, that I wrote and had read at each of the masses the following announcement, which I now give verbatim: 'Although our colored Catholics have their own church and parish, we have in the past left four or five pews for their service or convenience but in the future all pews in the church are needed at the 8 and 9 o'clock masses, so that hereafter, if colored Catholics come here at all,

Government in its ignoble contest against the faith held by such a vast majority of the people of France. No one that has the slightest knowledge of the character of Pius X. can imagine for a moment that he will yield to the reckless demands of the French Minister. Be the consequences what they may, Pius X. will not waver for an instant. The current of ingenious falsehoods—those lies that plead with babe-like innocence to be believed—which the Government will let loose, will be repeated, and the French people will be told over and over again that the whole trouble comes from the obstinacy of Pius X. The manoeuvre is an old one, and every schoolboy knows it by heart, in the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb—the wolves are always right!—the Press says so, and what other resource have you? And yet it is with sadness that one remembers that France was the nation that enjoyed, in a special manner, the honored reputation throughout all Europe of being the grand chivalric nation, in which gentleness and politeness, and the last outcome of courtesy, in act and in language, seemed to have been the inheritance of the race! To think of this, and to read what is said about the Pope in their papers, shows to what base uses they have returned."

The Bishop of Laval, who is the man most talked about in France at the present moment, is a Southerner, and was born at Saint Symphonien-sur-Coise, in the Rhone, in 1845. He studied at Lyons, was in that city for some years after ordination and in 1896 succeeded Mgr. Cleret as Bishop of Laval. He is a famous preacher, and many of his sermons and a panegyric of Joan of Arc have been published. Four years ago Mgr. Geay was censured by Rome and he was obliged to submit to certain measures which were arranged by the Holy See and the Government, over which M. Waldeck Rousseau then presided. The Bishop did what he was told to do, and was continuing his ordinary work in his diocese, showing himself, however, not unfriendly to M. Combes, and a friend of M. Dumay. It may be asked—Why is M. Dumay? Well, he is the Director-General of the Public Works Department, the right-hand man of M. Combes, the chief instigator of the laws against the Orders, or, as has been said, of the Kulturkampf campaign. He was a petty, obscure clerk for years in the Ministry of the Interior. Then he tried to add to his meagre pay by writing farces and curtainraisers for theatres, was promoted, and is now a fat, burly Government official, who orders Bishops about, and gives himself the airs of a bureaucratic "boss."

The hand that has a long time held a violet doth not soon forego its fragrance.

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Two French Bishops Who Stand By Combes

Two French Bishops have acted in a manner that called for remonstrance from the Sovereign Pontiff, speaking through the intermediary of Cardinals Vanutelli and Merry del Val. One of these, the Bishop of Laval, has been cited to appear before the Holy Office here in Rome, on the 22nd of July, to answer certain charges concerning neglect of administration of affairs in his diocese during some years past; the other, the Bishop of Dijon, has had the misfortune to create a dislike to him in the minds of his seminarists which led to a refusal on their part to be ordained by him, and brought about a considerable degree of trouble. His case, however, is not at all so serious as that of the Bishop of Laval. The communications which the Holy See made to these Bishops the Council of Ministers desire to see withdrawn, under the usual threat. The Governmental Press declares that the Concordat, or the Organic Articles, or some other bond which M. Combes alone knows is outraged by the Pope's demands; but this is one of the many misleading statements that are so plentifully employed to "poison the wells," by the French

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There is a fountain in the little square, known as the Piazza Santa Maria Antica, stands within a wrought iron railing of exquisite workmanship the marble monuments or tombs of the Scaligers. These are of the greatest interest; they also attract the attention of the students of Shakespeare. It was a member of this family, Escalus, who was Prince of Verona when the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was occurring. "Old Free-Town," our common judgement place," as the Prince describes the place where he held his council, may well be an English translation of Villa Franca, which is one of the castles surrounding Verona and is situated on the right bank of the Adige. The fact that there is a Villafranca, "Old Free-town," as the poet describes, quite near the city of Verona, is such a notable coincidence, that one has some difficulty in accounting for it otherwise than by local acquaintance with it. It is a little thing like this, that an ordinary author would forget or neglect, that strikes you in Shakespeare. Of course he could have studied out the roads and villages and castles from some ordnance map of the period—if there was in existence; but his strange acquaintance with Free-town (Villafranca) deserves to be mentioned.

"From Lands of Sun to Lands of Snow."

The Rome correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, writing from Verona on Aug. 3, says: One of the first places the stranger visits in Verona is the so-called "houses" of Juliet. They are in the Via Cappello, which opens out of the great central square, the market-place of the city. A marble slab, inserted in the wall above the high, wide entrance to this ancient and dilapidated building, bears the following inscription (in Italian): "These were the houses of the Capulets— from whence sprang Juliet—for whom—so many gentle hearts have wept—and poets have sung."

There is no truth in the story, say certain critics nowadays; yet that there was a family of Capulets at war with the Montague family is a fact mentioned by Dante, and who will gainsay the authority of the "divine poet"? And as you come into Verona by rail you see upon the hill-side, some miles before reaching the city, the Castle of the Montecchi, or Montagues, the family to which Romeo belonged.

The first time that my eyes rested upon this country castle from which, as is most probable, Romeo took his origin, I remember how deeply impressed I was with the extraordinary acquaintance that Shakespeare must have had of Italy and of this particular part of it. I remembered that in the ball-room scene in the play the terrible Tybalt, who had a special gift for smelling out his enemies, discovers Romeo, even though the latter is masked. "This," by his voice, should be a Montague," says Tybalt, recognizing in all probability, the special country accent of the Montague district. They swear to you here that Italy is united, and they make this a basis for a variety of insolence. But within a distance of five miles there are two dialects that differ so much that the speakers of the one can recognize—and despise or hate, as in the olden days, the speakers of the other. Tybalt recognized the disguised Romeo "by his voice," not as Romeo, but as "a Montague"—one who spoke with the accent of the abhorred Montagues. Perhaps it is only in Italy that such a fine distinction could be felt.

What a genuine Italian feeling interpenetrates the whole play! At the very opening, the character of the place bursts forth in the words of "Chorus," when he speaks of "Two households, both alike in dignity." And then his next words are: "In fair Verona, where we lay our scene." Yes, that is the way the people "talk of their city." This phrase, "fair Verona," is repeated again and again throughout the play. The high-sounding phrases that each little city employed to express its self-appreciation make a sort of litany of praise.

The house of Juliet is not much to look at now. It is very old, and, in the course of the ages it has been frequently repaired. The inscription upon it gives the date of the Capulets of the place as the 13th and 14th centuries of the vulgar era. It is hard to picture to oneself the orchard around it, over the high walls of which the young Romeo climbed. There is no remnant, on the front at least, of a site for a practical balcony such as the "serenade"—as the Italians call it—would require. You may see a possible Juliet at a window here and there, but no Romeo is near. One must use his imagination here to re-people the ground with the actors of long ago.

A few evenings ago, wandering in one of the narrow streets that open into the Piazza delle Erbe, or market place, a crowd had gathered before the entrance to an ancient palace courtyard. Galleries, with neat balustrades, ran round their "smirner sides of the court, and rooms opened from them." The courtyard was occupied by tables, for it was a restaurant, and many people were dining here in the open air; the whole scene, which looked a typical theatrical scene, was suggestive in an eminent degree of Italy and Italian life. But it was not this that had stayed the steps of the wandering musicians. Three or four wandering musicians were playing mandolines and guitars with a mastery of their instruments and of music which was exceptional. This it was that turned the crowd into silent and appreciative listeners. When music was in question they were entitled to enjoy it also; there

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was no private possession in good music. In the little square, known as the Piazza Santa Maria Antica, stands within a wrought iron railing of exquisite workmanship the marble monuments or tombs of the Scaligers. These are of the greatest interest; they also attract the attention of the students of Shakespeare. It was a member of this family, Escalus, who was Prince of Verona when the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was occurring. "Old Free-Town," our common judgement place," as the Prince describes the place where he held his council, may well be an English translation of Villa Franca, which is one of the castles surrounding Verona and is situated on the right bank of the Adige. The fact that there is a Villafranca, "Old Free-town," as the poet describes, quite near the city of Verona, is such a notable coincidence, that one has some difficulty in accounting for it otherwise than by local acquaintance with it. It is a little thing like this, that an ordinary author would forget or neglect, that strikes you in Shakespeare. Of course he could have studied out the roads and villages and castles from some ordnance map of the period—if there was in existence; but his strange acquaintance with Free-town (Villafranca) deserves to be mentioned.

The journey of life for Juliet, from the cradle to the coffin, was not a very long one. As Friar Laurence said to her: "So light a foot Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint." A few minutes' walk from the place in which, according to the tradition prevailing here, she first saw the light, lies the red Verona marble basin or sarcophagus in which, according to another tradition, her remains, with those of Romeo were inurned. The house of Romeo, a large, old, and stately building, is pointed out to the traveller near to the square where stand the tombs of the Scaligers. He can follow the footsteps of the lovers from birth to death with comparative ease. The so-called dwelling of Romeo is, as a recent writer says of it, a beautiful example of an old house, dating, perhaps, from the year 1,000. "Though it is in a dreadful state of neglect and dirt (it is now used for stabling humble vehicles and ponies) the beauty of the brickwork and of different styles of arches—some round, some pointed—is very apparent. The old wooden forked battlements are very uncommon and interesting; and a legend which says—for this writer distrusts altogether the Romeo and Juliet story—that the house was once that of Romeo is so apposite we would fain believe it to be true even while knowing it to be altogether impossible.

Amongst the difficulties raised against Shakespeare's knowledge of Italy and of the religious practices which prevail in that land is the reference that Juliet makes to "evening Mass." In conversing with the Franciscan Friar Laurence, she asks: "Are you at leisure, holy father, now, Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?"

Much controversy has been expended on this passage, and deductions of one kind and another drawn from it regarding the religion of Shakespeare, his knowledge of the Catholic ritual, and much else besides. If we would take the London "Times" as a standard of knowledge, we might be tempted to believe that "evening mass" is still going on in Italy, or that the English mind, as represented by the "Times" has not advanced very much in the knowledge of Catholic worship since the days of Shakespeare. The special musical correspondent of that great organ, who came to Rome to describe the Gregorian celebration in the month of March last, related to his readers the special chants that were sung during the evening Mass!

This is on a par with the operatic representation of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," in which Jean de Reszke impersonates Friar Laurence, and dresses for the part as a Dominican Friar. Now it is an accepted tradition that Laurence in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet is a Franciscan Friar. He has all that love of nature which distinguished the holy founder of his Order—he who had made friends with the birds and the beasts, and who called the sun and the moon, and the air, and the wind, his brothers and sisters. Then, again, his exclamation at a change of mind in Romeo, is: "Holy St. Francis! what a change is here!" One cannot think that any other than a Franciscan would use such a phrase. And then he is furnished with the proverb that are common to the people. "Wisely and slow," he says; or, as the Italians express it: "Chi va piano, vassano"—"they stumble that run fast."

Near to the old Church of the Capuchin Nuns is a garden, at one end of which the tomb of the ill-starred lovers is to be seen. It is enclosed with a tiny portico, supported on columns of red Verona marble, and has all the appearance of a large trough. On the wall facing you as you enter there hangs a wreath, and on the left wall an old portrait of a Carmelite, Bishop Laurence—the rest of the name is almost obliterated and cannot be read—which is considered a near enough approach to the Franciscan Friar, Laurence. Perhaps the strangest impression that one bears away with him from visiting this place is the memory of the trough or sarcophagus

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AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

Young men, however well furnished in the matter of brains, are apt to make errors of judgment. It is one of the penalties under which youth is made to labor; otherwise youth would possess even a larger proportion of the advantages of this world than it now unfairly enjoys.

Such an error of judgment was made by young Peter Beauchamp when he called Sir Henry Budd "a pompous old ass," not exactly to his face, but in such a manner that the criticism reached the ears of its object, as, indeed, it was intended to. The error did not lie in the view taken of Sir Henry's characteristics. The opinion itself was no error at all. Universally held opinions seldom are. The mistake lay in the manner of its imparting, and Peter Beauchamp did not discover it until he saw Sir Henry's daughter. Then he came justly annoyed with himself.

Sir Henry Budd was what is called a self-made man. That is to say, he was responsible for his own development from an obstinate, self-centered, poor man, who, for his own advantage, was obliged to curb his tyrannous instincts, into an opinionated old one, with a large number of people dependent on his whims; and, however much he may have congratulated himself on the change, the world at large was scarcely the happier for it. He had his good points, however; he seldom bullied his wife, and his lovely daughter never. (He had tried to do so once after her childhood had passed, but that episode does not come into objectionable points of his character were hidden from those two ladies.

Sir Henry Budd, having lived for sixty-five years without setting foot in any country other than his own, had taken it into his head to pay a visit to America, where he had heard that a certain faint interest was shown by a section of the populace in matters of commerce, and to see for himself something of the methods employed.

So he had booked berths for himself, his wife and his daughter on the Campania, and had determined to show all and sundry whom he might meet on his travels that Sir Henry Budd, Knight, was as good a man as any of them, and a good deal better than most. By the same boat travelled Peter Beauchamp, bent upon getting all the fun that was possible out of a trip round the world.

It was on the first evening out that the error of judgment referred to was made. Peter Beauchamp was sitting, after dinner, in a compartment of the smoking room with two or three other young men, when Sir Henry Budd joined the party, uninvited, sank heavily into a vacant seat, fetched an opulent-looking cigar out of a plethora case, and placed an order for liquid refreshment in a manner calculated to show a harassed steward that among all his many masters, there was one, at least, who was not to be trifled with.

The young men were talking politics, not, perhaps, with any great grasp either of principle or detail, but hardly with such complete lack of knowledge as to justify Sir Henry Budd, whose views did not coincide with theirs, in breaking rudely into the conversation and giving them to understand that he had listened to a good deal of nonsense in his time, but had only then and there realized the futility of folly that could issue out of the mouths of persons presumably sane. He then proceeded to a disquisition on the subject in question, which was received for the most part in silence, an attempt on the part of one of the young men to treat his conclusions as, at least, defensible, being met with extreme impatience, and the lecture lasted until a rather heavy roll of the ship, which had been gathering momentum, forced upon the lecturer the consciousness that the internal arrangement of his body, if not his brain, were subject to revision, which by this time was heartily sick of him.

It was at this point that Peter Beauchamp made use of the expression already quoted. It was the revolt of critical youth against dogmatic age. As Sir Henry Budd staggered to his feet, and with one hand on a supporting post of oak, prepared to launch himself across the tilting floor, Peter Beauchamp said, in a low but clear voice, "Pompous old ass!"

Sir Henry Budd turned round and fixed him with his eyes. "I shall remember you, young man," he said, coldly, and then a heaving lurch sent him reeling out of the saloon in search of his cabin and the safety of recumbency.

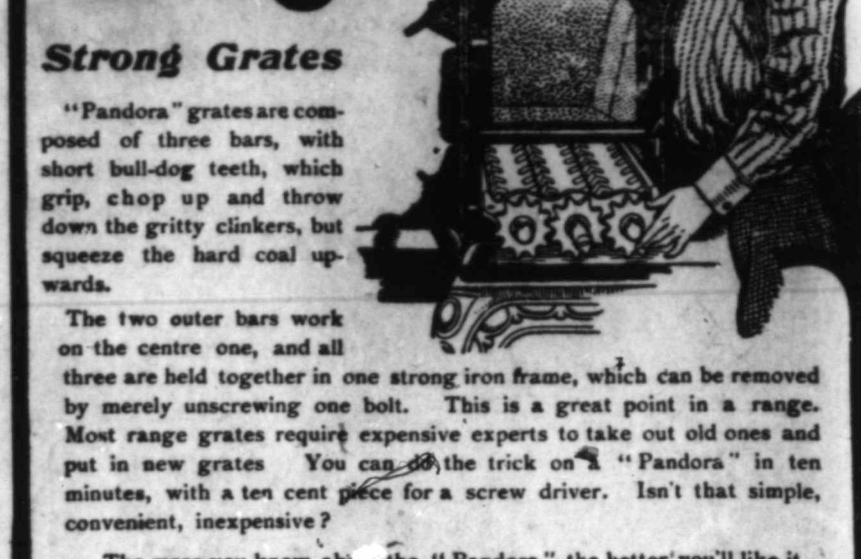
Peter Beauchamp had forgotten all about the self-important old man whom he had offended when he came on deck early next morning to gain an appetite for breakfast by a brisk half-hour's promenade of the shifting deck. The sky was clear and the sun bright, but the great ship was rolling and pitching as she rode the Atlantic rollers, and the majority of her passengers were either suffering patiently in their berths or preparing themselves uncomfortably for a later appearance. Only one other besides himself seemed to have felt the storm of the night and the motion of the ship so little as to come up on deck for an early morning promenade, and that was a girl in a neat costume of brown tweed, in whose clear skin, bright eye and slender, active figure all the health and vigor of her twenty years seemed to have materialized.

The young man eyed her with growing admiration as they passed and re-passed, stamping smartly along the shining deck; and an occasional side glance seemed to show that his interest in her personality was reciprocated in so far as was becoming in a young woman of good breeding.

By and by, when Peter Beauchamp was beginning to think it rather absurd that he and she should be pacing up and down the deck in opposite directions when it would be so much pleasanter to walk side by side, a more than usually heavy roll threw the girl off her feet and against the bulwarks. This happened just at their point of meeting, and Peter was instantly at her side, expressing fervent hopes that she had not hurt herself. It appeared that she had not, but the inquiry was permitted to serve as an introduction, and the pair finished their walk in company.

They got on surprisingly well, and learned a good deal about one another during the short interval that remained before the bugle summoned them to the breakfast table. One important fact, however, about his

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companion Peter Beauchamp failed to gather, and that was that she was the daughter of the gentleman whom he had called "pompous old ass," practically to his face, the night before. This disturbing piece of information was mercifully withheld from him until after he had enjoyed almost a whole morning in Miss Beatrix Budd's society. Part of it was spent in company with her mother, who was led upon the deck shortly after breakfast and encamped in a sheltered corner, with plentiful provisions in the way of cushions, shawls and rugs. Peter Beauchamp was fortunate in being at hand to carry part of this paraphernalia from the companionway into the open, and Lady Budd accepted his assistance then and his continued presence thereafter in a way which caused him to congratulate himself heartily.

Lady Budd was a mild, placid lady, so overshadowed by the intelligence of her husband that her conversation never ran on for long together without mention of "Sir Henry." Sir Henry, it now appeared, had had a very bad night, but hoped to be well enough to appear at luncheon. She supposed that some people would say that she ought to be looking after him herself, but he had told her on no account to leave the deck as long as it was bright, which was very good of him. And he was very well off in the hands of his valet (pronounced "valley"), who had been with him a number of years, and knew his ways—such a comfort, that. So the good lady prattled on, and Peter Beauchamp listened politely and made assenting remarks in the proper places, and, altogether, created an admirable impression, so that his reward, in the shape of an occasional tete-a-tete walk with Miss Beatrix during the morning hours, seemed only natural in view of the generally friendly relations, established.

The first hint of coming disaster was conveyed to him when he discovered the name of his newly-found friends. He had been vainly endeavoring to acquire this information all the morning, but could not summon up courage to ask the question point blank. At last it occurred to him to consult the list of passengers which he had in his cabin. He made an excuse to go below and then discovered that the only "Sir Henry" on board was Sir Henry Budd, who was travelling with Lady Budd, Miss Budd, a maid and a valet. The name struck him ominously; he could not have told why. For the first time since it had occurred, his little passage of arms of the evening before rose to his mind, and the figure of the overbearing old man whose behavior had caused it seemed to stand before him, crying aloud, "I am Sir Henry Budd!"

He put the horrid suspicion away from him and returned on deck. A little later, he found opportunity to say to Miss Beatrix Budd, "I hope I shall get on well with your father."

"Oh, I expect you will," she said, with a little laugh, "as long as you listen politely to what he has to say, and don't contradict him. He does not like that. There was a young man who was abominably rude to me in the smoking room last night. He was very angry."

Peter's heart sank into his boots. At luncheon time Sir Henry Budd appeared at the table with his wife and daughter. When the meal was over he shouldered his way through the outgoing crowd toward Peter, who saw full resolve in his eye and incontinently fled.

The young man accepted battle a little later on deck. He manoeuvred his adversary into a momentarily deserted corner, and stood to receive him. "Hi, you, sir!" said Sir Henry, panting up to him. "You have had the impudence to joke yourself into acquaintance with my wife and daughter. Kindly keep away for the future. I'm not going to have every young cad on the ship hanging round them."

A full apology at this juncture might possibly have smoothed out the situation, but Peter had Irish blood in his veins, and the provocation was too great to admit of the soft answer. "If you were a younger man I'd knock you down," he said hotly. "I dare say you'd try to, and I'd have you locked up for it," retorted Sir Henry, turning on his heel. "Just you keep out of my way for the future."

Peter gulped down his wrath. His adversary held the winning cards. When he passed the Budd encampment, shortly after, Sir Henry beckoned below. Lady Budd looked away and fumbled nervously among her cushions. Not so Miss Beatrix. She looked directly at and through him, and Peter held his back straight with difficulty.

She did not quite relinquinsh her place, but she lay in wait for her throughout the afternoon, and at last achieved the feat of coming smartly around a corner and running plump into her. His cap was off in an instant. "Oh, I am so sorry! I say, may I say something to you?" he gasped, all in one breath. The girl looked him straight in the face for the second time. "I think you are making some mistake," she said, and left him.

After that he could do nothing but pass her as frequently as possible and gaze at her, as often as he did so with a look which was at the same time imploring, deprecatory, admiring, pained and doggly faithful. Its multitudinous meanings were apparently completely lost on her, for she did not appear to notice him. That evening the customary insinuating busybody who is to be found among every collection of ship's passengers began to make arrangements for a vocal and instrumental concert, to be held two days later, in aid of a seamen's charity. Peter Beauchamp had some reputation in London as a musical amateur, and there were those on board who knew it. He was asked to sing. "I will with pleasure, if you can find me an accompanist," he said. "That will be easy enough," said the entrepreneur, and booked him for two songs. It turned out not to be so very easy, after all. There were doubtless many competent accompanists among the few hundred passengers, but they did not come forward, and the matter was left in abeyance for the present.

"Thank you very much," said Peter, in a low voice, as he put a piece of music in front of her. It was "The Song of the Bow," which could not be said to present any great difficulties to a pianist who had rattled off her part of the Kreutzer Sonata in a way to draw guttural compliments from the German violinist who had performed it with her. The pianist's skill, however, seemed to have deserted her. She stumbled atrociously over the introductory bars, and, when Peter's fine baritone broke in, she stumbled still worse. He struggled on to the end, but his efforts were entirely spoiled. He was hurried unmercifully in the slower parts of the song, and kept poised for an undue length of time on high, sustained notes while she spelled out the accompanying phrases with careful attention. At the end of the song the busybody, with his head nervously on one side, suggested further prattling to Peter, without a word, but his second song on the music stand. "Any schoolgirl could play this," he said. But Miss Beatrix apparently could not. She made a worse hash of it than of the other, though one would have thought that she must have been hard put to it to invent mistakes, for the accompaniment was chiefly one of simple chords. A simple chord, however, played quite decisively but with one wrong note in it is disturbing. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind trying them over once or twice before tomorrow evening?" said Peter, when the infliction was over. His expression of face was not amiable. "Yes, that will be the thing," said the busybody, who was not particularly observant. "Miss Budd plays so beautifully that I am sure it will be all right. I must go and find Belloni!" And he hurried out of the room. Miss Budd made as if to follow him, but Peter faced her squarely. "Are you going to play like that tomorrow night?" he asked. "I'm afraid I shan't have time to practice," she replied. "I don't want you to practice," said Peter. "Are you going to spoil my songs to-morrow?" "If you don't like my accompaniments you had better find somebody else," said the girl. "I shall not find somebody else," replied Peter, looking straight in the face. "I don't want to play your accompaniments," she said angrily. "I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"I shall know whether I want to have anything more to do with you to-morrow evening," said Peter. After which cryptic utterance they left the room by separate doors. The wrath of Sir Henry Budd burned furiously when he was informed that his daughter had undertaken to appear in the sight of all beholders in company with the young man who had earned his deepest resentment. It was met with cold determination. "I shall certainly play his accompaniments, as I have promised to do so," said Miss Beatrix, in answer to a direct prohibition. "But you needn't be afraid. You will hear what you will hear."

"A nice thing!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "You go hobnobbing with a fellow who has grossly insulted me!" "You brought it on yourself, father," retorted the young lady. "I heard all about it from Mr. Melville."

This answer might have brought gratification to Peter Beauchamp if he had chanced to overhear it. It brought none to Sir Henry Budd, who could only splutter in his wrath that he washed his hands of the whole affair. Peter Beauchamp no longer tried to meet and catch the eye of the lady who had scorned him, but he turned himself to the smoking room and played bridge. During a short constitutional between rubbers in the afternoon it was he who, meeting Miss Beatrix, kept a haughty front and an indifferent eye. The next morning, the girl was on deck early. Peter made his first appearance at the breakfast table. After breakfast he walked for an hour in the company of a charming American, with whom he talked and laughed gaily, especially when passing Miss Beatrix Budd. She did the same with the assistance of the other young man.

At 11 o'clock Peter began to play bridge, and continued to do so until 5 o'clock, with an interval for luncheon. After tea he walked again, but alone. So did Miss Beatrix. Again they met somewhat awkwardly at a blind corner, but this time the collision was none of Peter's seeking. He lifted his cap coldly, apologized and walked on. It occurred to him afterwards that the girl had waited for a further apology, but he could not be quite certain. She had certainly stamped her feet as they parted.

The hour of the concert arrived. It was little more than a recital by the great pianist, who was taking his muscles of steel and his profuse locks to America for the purpose of gain, and the eminent violinist who was inwardly consumed with jealousy of him. A song opened the proceedings, beautifully accompanied by Miss Beatrix Budd. Then came the violinist, and afterward the unhappy middle-aged young lady, who found that her good nature had involved her in comparisons which she would have preferred not to evoke. Then the great virtuoso played to an audience breathlessly silent, and when the encore had been finally refused and the applause had died away, Peter Beauchamp stood up to sing.

Miss Beatrix, beautifully attired, took her seat at the piano just vacated by the great man, and rushed into the accompaniment of the song. She managed to make three more mistakes in the short introduction than she had achieved at her former attempt. Peter's face took on a look of firm determination, and he prepared to battle through to the end. If he was to be made to look like a fool before all those people he would look as little like one as possible. His only consolation at the end of the performance was that the accompanist had covered herself with at least as much confusion as she had caused to be thrown upon him, and he was in a mood in which nothing would have pleased him better than to tell her so if he had had the chance.

The chance came a little later, but he did not avail himself of it. The performers sat together near the piano, Peter and Miss Beatrix at opposite ends of a long settee. During a painful performance on the banjo by a very young American gentleman,

the great virtuoso, who had been soothing the qualms of the spinster lady with graceful politeness, turned to Peter and said: "I like to hear you sing. You use your brain, and your voice is musical. But your accompaniment was terrible. If you please, I will accompany you myself in your next song."

Then Peter risked everything—a second fiasco, and the probability of offending a man whom he would have given a good deal to know. "You do me a very great honor, Signor," he said; "but I am afraid it would be slighting a lady if I were to accept."

"As you please," said the musician, turning his back. Peter stepped boldly up to the lady whom he had refused to slight. "Signor Bellino has offered to play my next accompaniment," he said. She turned scarlet. "Very well," she replied; "I don't mind."

"But I refused," continued Peter. "I felt sure that you would play better this time." Then he returned to his former seat, leaving Miss Beatrix considerably flushed. She did play the next accompaniment better. She played it perfectly. It was to a simple Irish song, full of melody and pathos, which was received with a burst of applause, louder even than those which had greeted the two professionals, and an insistent demand for an encore. The Peter did a very bold thing, considering the eminence of his fellow performers. He put down on the music stand no less a work than "The Erlking," and said, "Play that!"

And Miss Beatrix did play it, with a fire and grasp that could hardly have been excelled by Belloni himself. Peter's triumph was complete. Perhaps, though, it was hardly complete enough to entice him to go up to Miss Beatrix after the concert was over and to say to her, boldly, "Why did you play that first accompaniment so disgracefully?" She eyed him coldly. "That is hardly the way to speak to me," she said. "In fact, now that this is over, there is no necessity for you to speak to me again at all."

"I should like, at any rate, to thank you for playing the last two songs so splendidly," said Peter. "Well, you can't do it now," she replied, somewhat inconsistently. "Here comes father, and he would be rude to you."

"Hang it all, when can I do it," said Peter, "if you are not going to speak to me again?" "Father doesn't get up very early in the morning," she said, in a low voice, before she was whisked off by an irate, white whiskered Knight, who cast upon Peter a look calculated to wither him on the spot, if he had not been in the process of adjusting his ideas to an entirely new development of affairs. It is not necessary to record more than a fraction of the conversation which took place during a half-hour's promenade of the deck before breakfast the next morning. Peter was up and out early, but not very long before Miss Beatrix Budd made her appearance. The other young man was five or ten minutes late, and was given to understand that his company was not required. The two of them were standing at the head of the companionway. "But, dearest," Peter was saying, "what about that little error of judgment of mine that enraged your father the other night?" "You needn't worry any more about that," was the reply. "I told him last night that it was his fault and he ought to apologize to you. He won't do so, but when you tell him, you will find him quite tame."

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Miss Beatrix gave a little laugh. "I knew it all the time," she said. The Sketch.

Death of Mother Veronica Rev. Mother M. Veronica, who died on Tuesday, was mother superior general of the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. Her death occurred in the convent of our Lady of Good Counsel, at White Plains, N.Y., the mother house of the order. She was 66 years old. Before entering the religious life she was widely interested in the charitable work in New York, and in 1870, with other well-known Catholics women, founded the Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls. In 1886, under the direction of the Right Rev. Mgr. Preston, V.G., she founded the religious order of the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, becoming its mother superior general, and continued so until her death.

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman towers.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued. "You knew enough about that one to pay ten thousand dollars for it?" he asked.

Banks, the lawyer, turned to Uncle Eric. "You will remember I advised you not to trust Docles in that matter?" he said, courteously. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if your nephew's suspicions were confirmed."

There was good, healthy rage purpling Uncle Eric's face now. He hit the table with the flat of his hand. "You come up with me to that gallery just this minute!" he roared. "And if I find out—"

"No time," interposed Banks. "I have to get back to Charleston tonight, sir—we can attend to that later."

"Oh, of course, yes—I forgot. Tomorrow morning, then, Hugh? There is a lot of tiresome business I must finish this afternoon."

Later, closeted with Mr. Banks, after poor Harold's effects had been finally settled, everything made clear, and nothing remained but to pay what debts were left, the lawyer looked at his client searchingly.

"You have not yet destroyed the will you made in favor of your oldest nephew?" he asked. "Remember, if anything happened to you there might be serious legal complications."

"We won't talk of that just now," returned Eric Lindsay, somewhat sadly. "Old friend, I am tired of heirs and of expectations, of luxury and wealth and position—of everything. I wish to God I were a man of the people—a man with but enough to keep the roof over my head."

"You have been unfortunate," said the lawyer. "Very unfortunate. You will bear in mind that I warned you the first time, very often—"

"Oh, I don't blame you at all, Banks."

These last unhappy occurrences, concerning Harold, of course I heard nothing of—they kept them 'sub rosa' in a very clever manner. As for me and Mosheim, once they get their clutches on a man whose prospects look as bright as Harold Lind—"

"Don't go into details—things are had enough without bringing them up again. You see that they are paid what you consider a decent sum."

"Before I go I should like to say another word—it is in favor of that young fellow I met to-day."

"You mean?" "I mean that, with your very best interests at heart, I have kept track of the Northern Lindsays. It is well to know a few things concerning all possible claimants—especially on an estate involving such tremendous interests as this. From what I have heard, he is not the kind to disappear on you. You see," settling back in his chair, "he hasn't been raised in expectations—he has not been taught to look upon your wealth as his own. I think, to speak to you candidly, that you have at last found an honest man."

"My heart tells me so, Banks—because he is of my blood. But my common sense warns me to be careful. So I shall make no changes in my will—yet. I must see further. I trusted Laurence—"

"Can you stand perhaps a rather startling bit of news?" cut in the lawyer, quickly. "About seven months ago I received a letter from Costa Rica."

"Well?" "It was from a person who called himself Allan Fraser. Immediately that I received it I sent a man out to verify the facts therein contained. I took that liberty upon myself, because I did not wish to disturb you, and because I knew you would authorize my act, the story in the letter was true. I have in my possession the papers, documents, diary, seal ring, and gold watch of," he hesitated, with a keen glance into the old man's interested face, "of the late Laurence Lindsay," he finished.

"The late—Laurence—Lindsay?" said Uncle Eric. "The late—Laurence—Lindsay! Oh, my God!"

His head fell forward on his breast, the lawyer averted his eyes. "Allan Fraser wrote me that they had wandered there together from the pearl fields. He had been Laurence's chum and comrade for two years, and when he was taken with the fever he nursed him to the end, buried him, and sent his effects to me, as the dying man had requested."

"And no word, Banks—no other word?" "Nothing but what I tell you. Here in this package you will find the things as they were returned."

"Dead!" said Uncle Eric. "Dead!" His heart was stirred. At that moment he forgot everything but that he had loved the man of whom they were speaking.

"Poor Laurence, poor boy! Perhaps if I had been kinder—oh, what an old fool! Kindness would have been wasted on them—either of them. There was a black stain in the blood somewhere—they were both alike." He straightened up. "It's just as well that he died—it simplifies matters."

"Might I suggest again that it would be well for you to consider the making of your will," began the lawyer, in a hesitating voice. He knew how Eric Lindsay hated the word.

"Will! Don't mention will again—it's made out in favor of my eldest nephew, isn't it? Hugh's that, isn't he, in case anything happens? And as for me, I'll outlive your successor. Come down three months from now—I'll have my mind made up then."

"Take my advice, Mr. Lindsay—Uncle Eric got-up from the library table, swearing.

"I won't—that's all there is to it. I must have time—time to consider—to weigh things—to think them over. There, now, Banks, excuse me, but why in the world do you pestle me? I must and shall have my way in this matter. Come. Everything is settled, and I want you to drive with me over to the nine lands. Old Matthew will explain to you just how things are shaping themselves."

Uncle Eric was a poor companion

that evening at dinner. Hugh had no threat to the cause of his preoccupation, nor was he one to seek it, and he suggested early adjournment to the drawing-room without protest from the older man.

"It is too bad we cannot have some music," said Mildred, with a glance at the closed piano. "There was no reply, and for the next ten minutes the only sound in the room was the ticking of the onyx and gilt clock upon the mantel. Uncle Eric had not heard her speak—or would not condescend to answer her."

Gertrude, who loved idleness for its own sake at times, sat with her small hands folded in her lap, looking like a child who had been napped, and was hidden to sit still for penance. Hugh was too self-satisfied just then to crave physical exertion, for the dinner had been excellent, and he was only mortal man. His gaze wandered to his aunt, and with his mental habit of character study very much on the alert, for all his indolent appearance, he wondered why her thin, long face seemed to enquire, why there were such weary lines under her eyes, why the corners of her mouth drooped so.

In the name of activity, what is the matter with her? he thought to himself. "I don't hear them saying she's out of sorts in any way." He stretched his long legs a little, to settle himself more comfortably. "It isn't natural," he spoke the last words in a positive half-whisper, "it isn't natural."

Gertrude caught the muttered words, and followed his glance. Her lips twitched roguishly. "Of course it isn't natural, you foolish fellow," she said. "But just now it is thought to be fashionable."

The gaze Hugh turned upon her was not approving just then. She was altogether too observant, he thought, for one so young, and at that moment he did not like it. If Mildred Powell heard the observation and its import, she would give no sign, for she had learned to control her features—to school her lips and eyes. She was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, and her impassive manner chilled the more impulsive, affectionate Gertrude. Had she met the really lovable, earnest-hearted little creature half way, they could have been bulwarks of strength one to the other in the positions in which they were placed. Both were comparatively poor—with just enough to sustain them simply, modestly, if they depended on their own resources, and had not Lindsay Manor and Uncle Eric. He was very faithful in his trust where they were concerned—he paid as much attention to the investment of their small fortunes as he did to any of his most gigantic enterprises. Both girls were proud and independent. Both were practically alone—motherless, fatherless. But here the likeness ended. No living being knew what passed with Mildred Powell's soul. She wrapped her thoughts away from prying eyes, hid them alike from sympathy and scorn. Gertrude, filled with the milk of human kindness, giving love spontaneously, weeping bitterly when she saw it was not appreciated, sunny, joyous as a summer's day, thoughtful, gloomy, a child, a woman by turns—was, in fact, a problem to the older girl, who knew no change. Perhaps it was because the elder saw her life and its purposes spread out before her—and the younger knew not what life meant—yet.

Aunt Estelle took up a bit of embroidery now, a trifling thing, for her eyesight was poor, though she never confessed it, and glasses she considered an abomination. She wanted to ask Hugh questions, the more personal the better, but she dared not do so in her husband's presence. She wanted to hear more of himself and of his family affairs. And she knew he would not talk of these unless someone questioned him. Uncle Eric, with a book between his fingers, sat unusually silent, even for him, in his favorite chair under the reading-lamp. Then Gertrude, seeming to feel that she had some claim on her cousin by courtesy—because of the oneness of her religious belief—drew near to him, and started the conversation Aunt Estelle was longing for.

"Since we cannot play or sing or do anything but mope so soon after a funeral, let us talk," she said, smiling. "Or do you talk to us, cousin, about your home and your people. And about New York. Do you know I am just dying to see New York? It must be a wonderful place."

"It is a noisy, busy place, where everyone is in a hurry," answered Hugh, in his genial, mellow tones. Somehow, even in his gravest moments, his voice sounded deep and pleasant, a voice that one felt it good to listen to, it was so manly. "Where thousands upon thousands of people meet and jostle each other, and rush! Oh, how they rush! To work and from work. To pleasure and from pleasure. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

"How odd!" said Mildred. "How terrible!" was Gertrude's comment. "You would grow used to it," said Hugh, confidently. "When I left Westport I thought I never could. But I like it now."

"Is Westport quiet?" "Quiet? Well, comparatively speaking, not as quiet as Lindsay, of course, because this place is as large as our town." Eric Lindsay, listening idly, became interested now. "I love every bit of it, though. I am fond of the country, anyhow, and my mother could not exist outside of Westport."

"Is your mother nice?" asked Gertrude. "Forgive me—that is a silly question. But tell us all about her, won't you? I'd like to hear about a real live mother—I cannot remember mine, except that she had great, big, beautiful brown eyes."

Eric Lindsay's head sunk a little lower, and the room faded from his sight. He was walking down a rustic path in Lindsay forest—a path over-run with tangled creepers and

growing shrubbery, with the tiger-lilies in gassy bloom among them, and the roses peeping out from the wild vines that ran along either side of the road. He was straight and strong and supple as one of the pines above him, with youth in his veins, and his hair was black as coal. To his arm she clung—a little beautiful creature, with a face as rich white as the leaf of the magnolia in full bloom, and hair as glossy as its broad leaf—even so, she looked as Gertrude Waring did to-day. He remembered how the sunlight filtered through the trees, and touched the deep bronze of her hair into golden light. He sighed and roused himself. Alas, for the old days for the long forgotten faces laid away, for the hearts that beat no more!

"My mother," Hugh was saying, and the words penetrated to Uncle Eric's dim ears—ears that had been listening to the music of a voice dead to all earth-sounds for seventeen years, dead to him for thirty. "How can I tell you about her, cousin? We do not see anything but beauty in the faces of those we love—I think my mother the loveliest woman I have ever seen. She is only a little woman—just as high as my heart, I say to her—and her lips, perhaps, are not so red as once they were, nor her eyes as bright. But to me those lips are the sweetest and those eyes the brightest in the world. I have never heard her speak an unkind word. All her life long her motto has been, 'Do not judge'—not even in trivial things—and she practices what she preaches. That is all I can say about her—she is the best and sweetest and most loving woman on God's good earth."

The tenderness in his voice rang true. Gertrude looked at him with misty brown orbs. Aunt Estelle, sitting in her chair, felt a vague pain stirring at her heart. What was there about this young fellow—to awaken this longing, this overmastering wish that seized her—and which, had her lips been able, would have framed itself in the words, "Would that I had had a son like this, to speak of me in such terms as these, to love me as he loves his mother."

"My oldest sister is Agatha, named for my grandmother—Uncle Eric's mother. She is just like the picture upstairs—more like it than ever now that I had a better and longer look at it to-day. She is very dainty and aristocratic—and is engaged to be married."

"To whom?" cut in Uncle Eric, in a gruff voice. "To a young man named John Perry," answered Hugh, a little startled to find that his uncle was listening. "Is he rich? Is he of good blood—good family?"

"Good family? He's a business man—educated chiefly through his own efforts, clever, capable. I went to school with him, grew up with him, so I know that he is of good habits, and his people are all healthy. Better than that, he is of her own religion. Agatha is a lucky girl."

"Lucky? A Lindsay, too. La, pshaw!" Hugh was attacking the traditions of his race. Gertrude had been right in her assertion that he was almost his own age behind the times. He lived in the past—a distant, far away past, unconscious that the present was presenting its new and saucy, if very healthy, nose, right at his own doors. Hugh was bringing this present to him—bringing new ideas, new sentiments into the family circle.

"Then there is France. She is like you in appearance, cousin—a few years younger, and not—a little different," he had meant to say "not quite so pretty," but he thought better of it. "She is one of those sensible maidens—mother relies on her even more than on Agatha, who is always quiet and rather dreary. The youngest is Phil—a boy at school. He has wonderful ideas for his twelve years. I am quite proud of him. A bit noisy and turbulent at times, but very ambitious."

"I think I should like Agatha the best," said Aunt Estelle, languidly. "A darsay," was the young man's dry retort. Uncle Eric waited for more to come. It did not.

"I, too, think I should like Agatha the best," he said after a moment. "Tell me what you mean by your 'darsay.'"

"You really want me to?" asked Hugh. Some recklessness had possessed him ever since he entered the manor. He thoroughly enjoyed "having his fling," as his mother would have called it—telling home truths to a man who had never heard them.

Uncle Eric raised his eyes and looked at him contemptuously. He never knew quite what was coming next from him, and, stranger of all, he felt an overmastering desire to hear every word he had to say.

"I asked you to tell me," he said at last. "Well, then, I will. Agatha, I think, has inherited a good deal of what you might classify as the Lindsay pride. It is a cold streak to have in the blood—that pride. If she were here—"

"If she were here? Go on, go on," declared Hugh, speaking almost rudely, his eyes hardening, "cool and contained, self-possessed love nor giving it—self-possessed and chilling. She is better off in her own home atmosphere—with those she care for. Love is the only thing that can make a woman all God intended her to be. Wise love, true love, love well-directed."

"Humph!" said Uncle Eric. "How awfully romantic!" murmured Aunt Estelle. This new nephew interested her more than words could say. It was the first evening in her life for years that she had not fallen asleep.

But to Gertrude, listening with parted lips, the speech was terribly real; her face shone with that glow that seemed to creep into it when her heart was stirred. She was of an excitable disposition at best, and Hugh's words had set her whole soul on fire. She rose from her chair now, her little figure quivering, and in a trice was kneeling beside her guardian, her arms about his neck.

"Now, Uncle Eric, now, Uncle Eric!" she cried, half-sobbingly. "Don't you believe as Hugh does, don't you? Oh, Hugh!" with a glance of entreaty in his direction. "I only knew your mother—if I only knew what it was to be a sister—and a brother—and a—home—like yours!"

And bursting into a passion of tears, she hid her face on her guardian's shoulder. Aunt Estelle sat up suddenly, a displeased expression on

her fair, tired countenance, while Hugh was silent out of sheer distress and inclined to bite out his own tongue for the mischief it had done. He did not know what to say now—so he sat staring at his uncle and at Gertrude. And suddenly to his surprise, Uncle Eric put his hand almost tenderly on the girl's head touching it as if it were something sacred. There was wonder on his face—in his eyes. The soft curls twined about his fingers, and he continued to stroke them gently, nor did he glance Hugh's way again.

Silence reigned. Hugh felt that he had caused it, and was anxious to talk now on any subject, but conversation would not come. He racked his brains vainly for some topic, some words. After that first outburst of grief—the grief of a loving, lonely little heart—Gertrude was very quiet, rather ashamed of her impulsiveness, but too much surprised at her guardian's new-found tenderness to care much either way. Mildred was Hugh's only refuge, and in his embarrassment he turned to her. She was not looking at him nor at anything. She had been working at a dainty handkerchief—Aunt Estelle could not bear to see the girls idle in fact, her idleness was her chief complaint against Gertrude—and it lay spread out on her knee now. There was a tremulous quiver to her mouth Hugh did not observe. Feigning an air of unconcern he was far from feeling, he picked up the little bit of lace.

"How you women love these things!" he said with a low, mellow laugh. "She seemed to hesitate—then she turned her eyes upon him. They were shining, glowing, transfused. Her cheeks had lost their marble pallor, and were tinted now with pink, her lips were parted. Hugh sat dumfounded, he had been giving surprises ever since he came to Lindsay. It was his turn now to be surprised. He had spoken to be surprised, and the statue turned its face and he saw it informed by the woman's soul. Only a glimpse, just one glimpse before the veil was on. But it thrilled him to the core. He felt as if he were standing before some Sphinx—some creature who had looked on a wondrous mystery, and hidden its secret in her breast, locking it away and closing up all apertures for fear one spark of its glory or its beauty might creep through."

"You were upstairs to-day?" she asked, and he wondered why he had not noticed before how sweet her voice was. "That was where you saw Agatha's picture?" "Yes—in the gallery."

She averted her eyes, and he was glad, for it hurt him when she looked at him like that. He was afraid, too, that she might see the change in his face the astonishment on it. When she brought them back again they had regained some of their wonted coldness, and he could speak to her more freely.

"Do you—like pictures?" she asked, in a low voice. "Very much. Please God, some day I shall be an artist."

"Please God? How queer! Do you believe in God?" "Miss Mildred!" The note in his voice only brought a strange smile to her cold lips.

"Regular, isn't it—I don't know whether I do or not. Let us speak of the pictures. We have some very fine ones up there."

"And some very bad ones, too," he retorted. "That Meissonier is a clear forgery—and there's a landscape of the impressionistic school I wouldn't give house room for!"

Again she smiled. "I have never met—your—kind—before," she said, picking out the pattern of the Renaissance in her lap, and speaking without fear or favor. And yet we meet quite a lot of people; now, of course, we are very quiet. But they were all too much afraid—or too proud. Even strangers are not honest with Uncle Eric."

"Yes?" He had no comment to make. "There is a portrait upstairs—a portrait of—a young man. It is in an alcove there. Did—Gertrude show you—that?"

"It was not in the alcove yesterday. And to-day when I went in, it was out against the wall again—even as it stood when I first saw it. You mean Lau—"

"Oh, hush!" She glanced at Uncle Eric almost fearfully. But his head was bent over Gertrude—he was murmuring something in her ear. "Do not speak that name aloud—do not. It is forbidden—tabooed. You saw the picture, then?"

"Yes. It is wonderful—magnificent."

"I really think so—really? I like it myself—very much—though I see it but seldom. It is banished, they say someone is always taking it out of its hiding place, and Uncle Eric gets so angry, so very angry. It is awful to hear him sometimes. Did you ever see Laurence Lindsay?"

"No," said Hugh, adapting his tone to hers. "He must be about thirty now, isn't he? I never met him or came in contact with him. But from that picture—I stood, one whole hour looking at it to-day, and I am not ruled by sentiment or fancy. One can read the future of the man in his wonderful eyes. The artist who painted it made it a labor of love."

"It was, it was," said Mildred, in a strained voice. "He possessed an almost magical power of fascination, I hear," went on Hugh. "It was a pity—so talented, so handsome, so nobly gifted, and with so weak a will! What a combination!"

"He suffered most," said Mildred. "He was not to blame."

"Ah, Miss Powell—when many gifts are given much is expected in return. It is a dreadful thing to be unfaithful to one's own conscience. Laurence wasted, abused, de—"

"Don't!" said Mildred. "You—you never met him. You mustn't judge him, not you, a stranger. He was not like others. He may yet achieve success."

"Perhaps," said Hugh. The impression forced itself upon him that he was giving her pain, though her face seemed cool and composed, she was not one to betray herself twice. "Of what value is this meteoric display? A quiet, honest, able life is worth more to the world than these brilliant comets who flash across our sky and disappear in a shower of sparks."

"Truly are you modest—comparing your life to Laurence's."

The mockery in her voice humbled him strangely. Perhaps it was his sturdy pride he had been congratulating himself that he was not as they had been. It was well to have it brought

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry, under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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O.M.B.A. CONVENTION NOW IN TORONTO.

This week the O.M.B.A. branches of Toronto, have the honor and pleasure of giving welcome in the Queen City to the fraternal branches of the Association from all over Canada. Delegates to the number of four hundred are present, and it is expected that the results of the meetings of this large body will be issues of much importance to the internal economy and external discipline and public presentation of the Society.

The convention will last during Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and the meetings will be held in the large assembly room of the Temple Building. Arrangements have been made for the reception and hospitable entertainment of the guests by the Toronto branches, and if any differences of opinion may arise respecting the technical work of the Association, it is hoped on every hand that the convention will at least be able to be unanimous in expressing pleasure regarding their visit amongst us. Different committees have the work of preparation in hand, the arrangement of hospitality being in charge of Mr. M. J. Quinn and the committee of reception at the reception room at the Union Station in charge of Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan. Addresses will be given on behalf of the corporation, the C.M.B.A. of the city, and the sister societies, that representing the city to be read by the mayor or acting mayor and the address from the Toronto associates by Grand Deputy M. J. Quinn, representative of branch No. 49; Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., and Mr. M. F. Mogan will speak on behalf of the sister societies. The order of procedure embraces the march to the cathedral on Wednesday morning and the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the mass by Rev. Father Rhoder, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, and the sermon by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, an adjournment until 2 p.m., afternoon session from this hour until 6 o'clock; evening session to convene at 7 o'clock. The hours of meeting on Thursday and Friday are from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m., when an hour will be allowed for luncheon; afternoon session from 2 until 6, evening session to meet at 7 o'clock and to last so long as work of interest demands the attention of the meeting.

The most important matters now claiming the attention of the four hundred delegates representing four hundred branches of the Association are one and all of interest, and in some cases of vital moment to the members. That dealing with the change of rates is most drastic in character, involving a proposed increase of from twenty to ninety-five per cent, according to age, a rider to this will be that in future assessments be paid in twelve monthly instalments instead of as heretofore. It will also be proposed to lessen the number of delegates, the decrease to be radical, fifty being the number thought of instead of the present four hundred; local conventions will be proposed as advisable. Instead of the selection of three auditors as at present, the engagement of a chartered accountant to look after the financial work of the association, is proposed. The introduction of a sick and funeral benefit and also of a "sign" of recognition amongst the members are amongst the subjects under discussion.

DEATH OF MR. ANDREW COLLINS.

Amongst the deaths of last week is that of Mr. Andrew Collins, which took place at his late residence, 537 Lansdowne avenue, on Thursday last. Deceased was a native of Dublin and a great lover of the Emerald Isle, which he visited some years ago; he had resided in Toronto about twenty years, making his home in the west-end, where he and his family were most respected members of St. Helen's Parish. Mr. Collins had been ailing slightly for some years, but until a few moments before the end came death was quite unexpected; the cause of death was heart failure. For many years Mr. Collins had retired from the active work of market-gardening in which he had been previously engaged. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place from St. Helen's church on Saturday morning, the High Mass of Requiem being sung by Rev. Father McGrand and the pall-bearers being Messrs. Morrow, Hartnett, Boland and Treacey. The sudden nature of the call adds greatly to the sympathy extended to the family of Mr. Collins, who leaves three sons, Patrick, John and Christie, and five daughters, Mrs. Hogan and the Misses Margaret, Annie and Rose, and Sister Mary St. Paul of the Good Shepherd Community, Wheeling, West Virginia. R.I.P.

THE LATE AUGUSTUS DUGGAN.

The family of Mr. John Duggan of 8 Duesch street, have now to mourn the loss of a son taken from them by death after but a very short illness. Mr. Augustus Duggan, known familiarly as "Gus," was well known in the city and most popular with the young men of his acquaintance, amongst whom his untimely death is much mourned. The young man was in his 29th year; the cause of his death was appendicitis, which proved fatal after an attack of but three days' duration. He was one of the firm of Duggan Bros. and a member of the Cathedral parish. He is survived by his parents, five brothers and four sisters, namely, John, Thomas, James, Charles, Edward, and Mrs. McCarron, Mrs. Cader of Montreal, and the Misses Maggie and Nan at home. R.I.P.

ORDAINED AT ST. BASIL'S.

Rev. J. Costello was ordained on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock at St. Basil's church. Account of ceremony in next week's issue.

RETURNED FROM IRELAND.

Rev. Father Gallagher, P.P., Toronto Junction, returned on Friday of last week from Ireland. His trip was a most successful one, and he describes the magnificence of the ceremonies at the opening of the Cathedral at Armagh to be beyond the power of words to express. To hear the orator of the occasion, the great Archbishop Healy of Tuam, who is surely the greatest of Erin's eloquent sons of the present day, is in itself worthy of a trip across the ocean. Speaking of conditions generally in Ireland, Father Gallagher found them much improved.

A CORRECTION.

In the account of the reception in St. Joseph's Community in last week's issue, a mistake occurred in one of the names. It was to witness the profession of Sister M. Ursula that her brothers the Rev. Fathers McEchren were present.

MISS ETHEL MACPHERSON.

Many in Toronto will be grieved to learn of the death of Miss Ethel Monica MacPherson, which took place at Buffalo on the 19th inst. Miss MacPherson, while a late resident here, made many friends, and her death, though not unexpected, is much deplored. R.I.P.

FRANK HUGHES.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes of 126 Empress Crescent, on the death of their only son and eldest child, Frank was a bright little fellow of eight years and a promising pupil of the school of the Holy Family Parish. The cause of death was somewhat peculiar, an abscess developing in the leg after bathing in the lake, and eventually proving fatal. The little lad suffered much and young as he was wished to die. His intelligence and pious dispositions were such that he was given his first Holy Communion just three days previous to his death. The funeral took place from the Holy Family Church to the family plot in St. Michael's Cemetery.

MISS LOUISA KELLY.

The funeral of Miss Louisa Kelly, daughter of Mr. Richard Kelly of Euclid avenue took place at the Church of St. Francis on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and her death marked the first break in the ranks of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, that parish. Though the deceased young lady had been ill for nearly two years, her early death was none the less a severe blow to her father and the sisters and brothers who survive her, and the large congregation which fairly crowded the church on the occasion told of the general sympathy and the high esteem entertained by all for the deceased girl. The funeral cortege was met at the door of the church by the Sodality carrying their banner draped and the members wearing their veils and badges. The open ranks formed a body-guard as the remains of their late companion were borne down the aisle, six members acting as pall bearers. Rev. Father McCann, P.P. officiated and the writer presided at the altar. Other hymns were sung by the Sodality during the progress to and from the altar. Interment took place at St. Michael's cemetery. May she rest in peace.

O'CONNOR-HEYDON.

On Tuesday, the 23rd inst., the marriage of Miss Mary Greacy Haydon, daughter of ex-Councillor O'Connor, to Mr. Charles Heydon, took place at the parish church of St. Cecilia at 10 a.m. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Gallagher, P.P., assisted by Rev. Father Doherty. The High Mass before which the ceremony took place was also officiated by the writer. Instead of the usual Holy Communion and groom receiving Holy Communion and the music during the mass and being of a very devotional character. The bride, gracefully gowned in flowing white silk, elaborately trimmed with silver sequins, and wearing a snowy bridal veil, entered on the arm of her father. She was preceded by little Miss Ethel Maloney as flower-girl, carrying a basket of white roses, and by her bridesmaids, Miss Birdie Heydon, a sister, and Miss Holmwood of Buffalo. The bridesmaids were gowned in white and carried pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. A. O'Connor. Dr. Crawford, Dr. C. Heydon, Mr. T. Heydon and Mr. Johnson acted as ushers. The writer presided together with the large number who gathered to witness the event, more than tested the seating capacity of the church, many having to stand in the aisles. During the mass a "Salve Regina" by Dudley Buck was sung by Mr. P. J. Costello and the "Ave Maria," by Miss M. A. Midleton, and while the party were retiring the "Fidelity and Truth" was rendered by Miss E. F. Scott. Miss McEnaney presided at the organ. The altar and sanctuary were decorated with palms, smilax and many beautiful white blossoms. After the ceremony the guests—about fifty in number—drove to the home of the bride's parents where they were sumptuously entertained. The wedding was generally pronounced to have been one of the prettiest seen for a long time in the western part of the city.

HENRY W. POWER.

Henry W. Power, proprietor of the Power Hotel, corner Queen and Bathurst streets, died on Friday morning after an illness of over a year. Mr. Power was born in Toronto and had kept the Power House for twenty-four years; he was also a partner of Power and Chantler, importers, 27 Melinda street; he is succeeded in the firm by his only son. The funeral took place on Monday morning from St. Mary's church, to St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Frank Campbell and family of 62 Spadina avenue, are summering at Sydenham Lake; they expect to be absent until some time in the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Madden, 23 Widmer street, are visiting Mrs. J. Connelly of Orillia.

Mr. Chas. J. Phillips of the "Northwestern Chronicle," St. Paul, Minn., called on The Catholic Register, while passing through to begin work on the Catholic Press of Washington, D.C.

BASILIAN FATHERS RETREAT.

A week's retreat for the members of St. Basil's Community was begun at St. Michael's College on Monday evening. Members are here from Assumption College, Sandwich, Owen Sound, Amherstburg and the three colleges of Texas.

SUCCESSFUL EXCURSION.

The excursion of the A.O.H. on Wednesday of last week turned out to be all that it had promised. The members from Toronto shared in the magnificent parade which took place through the principal streets of Niagara Falls, N.Y. and afterwards dined at the International Hotel. The remainder of the day was spent in interchanging greetings with the many members from the different parts of the state assembled to hold their Convention.

New York's First Saint

Father Jogues to be Canonized—Life of Hardship Associated with the Early Days of the Empire State.

The Empire State is soon to have its first saint, the Rev. Isaac Jogues, the famous Jesuit missionary martyred by the Mohawks 250 years ago, is to be canonized, thus adding another chapter to the Roman martyrdom and welding another link to the endless chain of saints of the Catholic Church.

Under the direction of Rev. Father Wynne, S.J., and other Jesuits connected with the local houses of the order the entire data for the process of the canonization has been gathered and forwarded to Rome. Father Ignace Bonatti, S.J., who is stationed at Rome, is to be the postulator of the missionary's cause, and will present to the Roman Congregation having charge of such serious business 126 "reasons" or "points" in the declaration of the missionary's holiness of life and purpose. The most powerful argument, however, will be proof that Father Jogues "shed his blood for the faith," together with an authenticated list of the miracles wrought at the shrine erected in his honor at Auriesville.

At the same time that Father Jogues' process is being conducted the merits of Rene Goupil and Katherine Tekakwitha, companions of the martyred Jogues in life and death, will also be considered, and, in all probability, they will be raised on the altars of the Church at the same time.

While the name of Isaac Jogues is written deep in the history of the Empire State, but few knew that it was proposed to elevate the martyr to the rank of saint. The data for the process of canonization has been gathered quietly.

"It has been long and tedious labor," said Father Wynne, editor of the Messenger, who is personally interested in the canonization, "but we are in hope that the end will bring the reward sought, namely, the canonization of Father Jogues and his companions."

The life of Father Jogues is part and parcel of the history of New York in the seventeenth century, and incidentally, reveals the struggles, privations and holiness of life and purpose of the pioneer missionaries of the East. Father Jogues consecrated his life to the preaching of the gospel to the Iroquois tribes of Indians then encamped about the Canadian borders and throughout the Empire State. He rendered the French Government valuable service in concluding a treaty of peace with the Iroquois, and in numerous other ways sought to bring about a friendly alliance between the various tribes and the reigning powers.

On October 16, 1664, after days and nights of brutal treatment, he was beheaded at a place called Ossernenon, now Auriesville, N.Y., where he had come to save Goupil had previously been tomahawked. A few years later a shrine was erected at Auriesville to the memory of the "martyred of the Mohawk," and a year after year thousands of pilgrims from all parts of America visit it, and many miracles are said to have been wrought.

A modern chapter rises above the spot where the blood of Jogues and his companions flowed. The pilgrimages will be larger this year than heretofore on account of the interest in the canonization process.

He was ordained to the priesthood in 1636 and a few months later ordered to the mission fields of Canada, which embraced New Amsterdam and the adjoining country. He was a native of Amboise, N.Y., and admission to the Jesuit order at the same time as Jogues, but was denied on account of his sickly condition and here young Goupil gave the world a lesson of self-abnegation and the exertion of a powerful will with few parallels in history. Admission to the order in France denied him, he followed Jogues to Canada, and offered his life as a nurse to the sick and wounded. He later joined the missionaries to the Hurons.

Father Jogues became seriously ill while in Canada, and, after his recovery, was sent with a Father Garnier to the Petun Indians. Here he got his first taste of life in the new world's wilderness.

When they reached the Petun's camps this tribe gave them the same reception which has been meted out to missionaries of all denominations by barbarous tribes. They were looked upon as sorcerers and driven ruthlessly out into the storm. They retraced their steps, subsisting on berries and a tea made from the bark of trees. They reached their Canadian mission exhausted, but after a few days the intrepid Jogues started out in a canoe to Sault Ste. Marie, some 250 miles from the Canadian mission.

He returned to Quebec, and after ten days set out with Rene Goupil and a party of Hurons. He seized every opportunity to proclaim the principles of Christianity, and his first work on reaching the settlement would be to erect a cross. Oftentimes, his biographers say, when his companions missed him, they found him kneeling in the snow praying for the conversion of the heathen tribes.

The Iroquois were then on the war path and had a deadly enmity for the French missionaries. During an engagement between the Hurons and the Iroquois, Jogues and Goupil were taken prisoners.

An opportunity was given Father Jogues to escape, but he refused to leave Goupil, deeming they should die together. They were it the design of God. During his captivity he stole away several times to administer the sacrament to dying Christians, and lost no opportunity to explain the gospel to those of the tribe who would listen.

This enraged the leaders of the Iroquois. They fell upon him with clubs and beat him until insensibility. When revived they tore off his finger nails with their teeth, and they took the end of the forefinger of each hand and crushed the bone until nearly all the fingers were amputated.

Jogues and his companion, on the lived in route to the settlement, but sponded to this barbarous punishment by kneeling and praying for their murderers. Aside from other indignities they were made to carry heavy burdens on their lacerated backs.

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The Religious Life

Peterborough, Aug. 18.—On Monday morning the Chapel of Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph for the Roman Catholic Diocese of Peterborough, was the scene of a beautiful, solemn and interesting ceremony—four postulants received the holy habit and seven novices made the final vows.

The ceremony began at nine o'clock in the presence of the immediate relatives and the friends of the young ladies who entered upon the respective stages of their devotion to a special religious life under vows of poverty, charity and obedience. The beautiful Chapel was adorned with the usual floral decorations, and even the outside approaches to the building.

A procession had been formed in the Community Room of the Mother House, and proceeded to the Chapel in the following order: First came two beautifully dressed little girls, carrying the baskets containing the habits of the Order to be assumed by the postulants. Then followed the seven novices, who were to make their final vows; next came the postulants to receive the holy habits. These were attired as brides, significant of their becoming the brides of Christ. They wore robes of white and white organza over white satin, and upon their heads were floral garlands, and bridal veils, and in their hands they carried bouquets of white carnations. Each of the postulants was attended by a little maid of honor, white robed and with a garland of flowers on her head. The procession, closed by the Rev. Mother Superior, Mother Ann, and Assistant Superior Mother Annunciation, entered the Chapel, and occupied the places assigned.

The ceremony began by the celebration of Low Mass by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Mr. Victor McFarland. Within the sanctuary were also Rev. Father Bader, C.S.S.R., and also Rev. Father Bader, C.S.S.R., rector of the recent retreat at the Mother House, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore, Rev. Father McGuire, Hastings, and Rev. Father F. O'Sullivan, Lindsay.

The music was provided by the Sisters' choir, accompanied by the organ and two violins. Following the service of the mass, came the special sermon preached by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, of Ennismore. The sermon, which was an eloquent and beautiful one, dealt with the significance of the solemn and decisive step that day taken by the holy girls to which they had devoted themselves, opened up, and also referred to the triple nature of the vows they had made, including poverty, chastity and obedience.

The postulants for the holy habit then answered the questions prescribed for such occasions, which they retired to the Community Room, where they were invested with the holy habits, shortly, returning to the Chapel. The young ladies who took the habits, were all of Peterborough. Their names in religion as well as the names of the maids of honor, were as follows: Miss Mamie Mahoney, Sister M. St. Madeleine, maid of honor, Miss Madeline Rutherford; Miss Lillian O'Brien, Sister M. St. Bernard, maid of honor, Miss Helen O'Brien; Miss Annie Coughlin, Sister M. St. Bertha, maid of honor, Miss Kathleen Gorman; Miss Lizzie O'Brien, Sister M. St. Patricia, maid of honor, her little niece, Kathleen O'Brien.

The novices then entered the sanctuary, and each in turn, in an audible voice, pronounced the final vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. They received also the cross of their profession, and his Lordship the Bishop, briefly addressed them, congratulating them in suitable terms upon the happy choice they had made in devoting their lives to the service of Almighty God, and of His Church. The ceremony concluded with the chanting of the psalm, Te Deum Laudamus.

This concluded the ceremony, and the novices, and those who had by their act and the ceremony of the morning separated themselves from the world, repaired to the Community Room, where they received the congratulations of their friends. The names of the professed Sisters are: Francis Sullivan, Sister St. Mary of Lourdes; and Lizzie Lynch, Sister M. St. Gerald, Peterborough; Mrs. Le Beau, Sister M. Eugenie, Sturgeon Falls; Katie Greenan, Sister M. Perpetua; Miss Carnody, Sister M. Cyril; and Miss Fleurey, Sister St. Agnes, Lindsay; and Miss Sibley, Sister M. Francis Joseph, Toronto.

There are now seventy-four professed Sisters of the Order, which was established in the diocese in 1890, thirteen novices undergoing the usual novitiate of two and a half years, and four postulants, a total of ninety-one. The Mother House of the Order, formerly in Lindsay, was removed to Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough, nine years ago.

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