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VOL. XIII., No. 32

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Sketch of the Career of a Distinguished Irish Canadian, Robert Baldwin Sullivan—Cousin of Robert Baldwin, the Father of Responsible Government—A Successful Lawyer, a Great Statesman, a Brilliant Man, and a Just Judge—Member of Many Administrations—Came to Canada from Cork County in 1819, with his Father, Daniel Sullivan—His only living Son, William B. Sullivan, a resident of Chicago.

This week I shall devote my space to one of the most remarkable Irishmen known to the annals of Canada, and perhaps next to Thos. D'Arcy McGee, the most eloquent and versatile. I mean Robert Baldwin Sullivan, statesman, orator, lecturer and jurist. He was first cousin to his namesake, the author of Canadian Responsible Government. He was a native of Cork County, an Irish county that gave many prominent men to Canada at a time when their merits were appreciated and their work was of value. Contemporary with Judge Sullivan in Canada were Robert Baldwin, "the immigrant"; Dr. William Warren Baldwin, the father of the statesman; William Wilcocks, who had been at one time Mayor of the City of Cork, and related to the Baldwin family; Hon. Peter Russell, who was a very prominent man in Toronto in its early days; W. A. Baldwin of Maskegoon; Rev. Canon Edmund Baldwin, of Toronto; Rev. Canon Maurice Baldwin of Montreal; John S. Baldwin, brother of Dr. Baldwin; Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin of Toronto; Alderman Morgan Baldwin; Captain, afterwards Admiral Baldwin; Captain Henry Baldwin of the merchant service; also Col. Baldwin of the Gore of Toronto, an officer under Wellington in the Peninsular War. And there was Hon. Judge Louis H. Drummond of Montreal, a representative man in his day; as well as Hon. Chas. Alley of Quebec, who was once Mayor of that city as well as an Executive Councillor of the Province. And I might mention William Murphy of Brantford, a great orator, who ought to have been a member of Parliament, and on account of his great talents, one of the Government. And I nearly forgot another prominent Canadian Corkonian who was a very prominent parliamentarian in his day—the Hon. J. W. Dunscombe, who represented Beauharnois County in Lower Canada for a while, in the early forties. Several of these gentlemen I have personal recollection of, for in my youth I was much interested in public men, especially public men of my own nationality. Cork has produced a great number of talented men, especially the City of Cork, which has given to literature "Father Prout" and McCarthy. Macaulay, the historian, has somewhere made the remark that a Cork man's chant usually went to his business in the morning with a book under his arm. To describe all the men of talent and genius that Cork produced would require a volume of itself. I would have to claim for such a volume a no less notable character than Sir Walter Raleigh, and Edmund Burke, "the greatest statesman of all time," and after whom many of the great statesmen of our day have been modeled. Burke's mother, from whom he acquired his genius, was a Cork woman. I have already in the past, written of the great race of Sullivans and O'Sullivans, who have distinguished themselves in other countries as well as Canada. The subject of this sketch I had the pleasure of knowing personally and I witnessed his funeral. I knew his two sons here in Toronto—Robert and William. Robert died here, when quite a young man and William has resided for many years in Chicago, where he is prominent in law circles. Robert was largely endowed with his father's talents, and was devoted to literature and law, like his father.

In the year 1819 Mr. Daniel Sullivan left Bandon, in the County of Cork, with his wife, for Canada. His wife was the eldest daughter of Robert Baldwin.

ert Baldwin of Summerhill, and they had a numerous progeny. I do not suppose that Mr. Sullivan, senior, was a native of Bandon, because there was not much use for people of his name in that locality, which was well known for the anti-Irish character of its people, who mostly belonged to the Orange persuasion. No doubt Mr. Sullivan was a lineal descendant of the great O'Sullivan-Bere, so renowned in Irish story, and whose territory was in a different direction.

Neither history nor biography enlightens us much about Daniel Sullivan. Indeed my friend, Morgan, Canada's biographer, says Daniel Sullivan's distinguished son was born in Canada; but he was not; he was one of the numerous progeny that accompanied their parents from the old land. I have known many Sullivans and many Daniel Sullivans, and the name "Daniel" is one to be found wherever there are Sullivans, and it is a mark of their Catholicity. Whether the first Canadian Sullivan was a Catholic or not, like most of them, I do not know; but there are, and have been, Sullivans who lost the faith, I know, and General Sullivan, famed for the part he took in the Revolutionary War of America, was one of those. Yet, Americans have thanked God that in the hour of their extremity Ireland sent them a Sullivan; and Canadians of all origins have reason to be thankful that Ireland, in the days of travail, sent them a Sullivan too.

Robert B. Sullivan had an elder brother named Daniel, who was in business in Toronto, and with whom he was for some time associated. Daniel was designed for the legal profession, but he died young. Robert fancied the same profession, and was articled to his uncle, Dr. Baldwin of Toronto. I find nothing about Mr. Sullivan's early education, but presume it was mostly domestic and obtained at home, as he was eight years of age when he came to Toronto. He was admitted to the bar of Upper Canada in 1824, and at once became prominent in his profession. I suppose in order that he might not be a competitor with his relatives, the Baldwins, he removed to the County of Middlesex—I suppose London—for some time. Yet his ability, his earnestness in the interest of his clients, became well known and he received many briefs from Toronto clients. One of his celebrated cases was in the contested election between Dr. Morrison, a Liberal leader and father of Angus Morrison, a late Mayor of Toronto, and Hon. John Beverly Robinson, the leader of the Family Compact forces, and was successful. He afterwards appeared as the defender of Francis Collins, an Irishman, who published the "Canadian Freeman" newspaper, and who was prosecuted for reporting the proceedings of the Upper Canada Parliament in his paper, which was prosecuted as a libel, and was successful. After the trial he showed his interest in his client's cause. He got up a petition to the Government in his favor. In consequence of his zeal in the matter a requisition was presented to him from the citizens of Toronto, praying for his return to the city, as the Liberals of Toronto needed the services of so able an advocate in their midst. With this requisition he complied, and ever afterwards while he lived, made Toronto, of which he became so distinguished an ornament, his home. This was in the year 1828. But he did not enter public life until 1834, the year Toronto was made a city, and its name was changed from York to Toronto, and was divided into wards. Then he became a candidate for Alderman for St. David's Ward, and was elected. William Lyon Mackenzie was elected first mayor of the city the same year. Next year he opposed Mr. Mackenzie for the mayoralty and beat him, although the latter was at that time the most popular man in the country. Mr. Sullivan at this time was not pronounced in his politics, and had been acting with a Conservative minority in the City Council; still he was always looked upon as a Liberal, because especially of his relationship with the Baldwin family.

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term of office, which was favorable to the Reformers. They found new allies in the French of Lower Canada, who were then Reformers for the greater part. Sir Charles was a sick man and he died in harness shortly after assuming the responsibilities of the Governor's position.

Then came Sir Charles Metcalfe and the tug-of-war for Responsible Government. He supposed he had the constitutional right to govern Canada himself, regardless of his advisers. The Ministry that he met was a Coalition Ministry, but the Reformers were a majority in the House and they insisted on a change of administration. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Sullivan and the others resigned from it, and their places were filled by Conservatives and supporters of Lord Metcalfe. The battle raged, the storm increased and an epoch was being made in the politics of the two provinces. Then the Baldwin-Lafontaine Administration came into power. Mr. Sullivan joining it and filling the position of Provincial Secretary. Among those who warmly espoused the cause of the headstrong Governor was the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, the most noted political parson this province ever produced. He wrote and published political pamphlets under the nom de plume of "Leonides," defending Lord Metcalfe's course; but he was ably met on the same field by Mr. Sullivan, who wrote under the nom de plume of "Legion." These were the most noted pieces of pamphleteering ever done in Canada, and like the Lincoln and Douglas joint debates in Illinois in 1858, are interesting subjects of conversation until this day.

In the crisis of 1837 Sir Francis Bond Head applied to Mr. Sullivan, whose term of office as Mayor had recently expired. The Governor, it has been said, was anxious to avoid being identified with the old and obnoxious set of politicians, and Mr. Sullivan occupied a position that did not compromise him with either party, and that would make of him a desirable ally. Mr. Sullivan accepted the position and had associated with him Hon. William Allan, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Baldwin, uncle of Robert; Captain John Elmsley, and a Mr. Cross. Mr. Draper, the Conservative leader, was afterwards added. The House of Assembly, however, passed a vote of non-confidence in the new councillors. Their terms of office were of words and an unseemly wrangle between the Governor and the Assembly.

In the latter part of 1839 Mr. Poulctte Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, assumed the Government, as successor to the Earl of Durham. His special effort was to effect a union of Upper and Lower Canada. He found political parties in a state of chaos. The notorious Hagerman was leader of the Tories. Mr. Baldwin was, of course, leader of the Reformers. Lord Sydenham was a man of great sagacity and discernment, and saw in Mr. Sullivan the man who had the ability to lend him the ablest assistance in the enterprise he had in hand. The Opposition to the scheme gave considerable opposition, mainly among the Conservatives, and considerable in his Executive Council. It is said Mr. Sullivan entered enthusiastically into Mr. Thompson's designs and used his oratorical powers with great effect. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Sullivan soon displayed great regard for each other. The official correspondence as found in the blue books shows how much Mr. Thompson was trusted by the Home Government and how much Mr. Sullivan was trusted by Mr. Thompson. In the great debate which the question of the Union gave rise to, Sullivan's speech was by all odds the ablest. Of course, the Union was carried and the first Union Parliament was held in Kingston in 1842. Mr. Thompson was created Lord Sydenham for his services, but he did not enjoy his new honors long, because shortly afterwards his horse fell with him and he received his death fall. He was buried in Kingston.

In the autumn of the year 1848 a vacancy occurred in the Bench of Upper Canada by the death of Judge Jones, and the vacant position having been offered to Mr. Sullivan, he accepted it. He had just made arrangements for his residence at Montreal, when he was obliged to return to Toronto, where he continued in the discharge of his judicial duties, until his early death, which occurred in the year 1853, in the 52nd year of his age. I witnessed his funeral cortege as it proceeded eastward to the Necropolis, from a window in the "Mirror" office, which occupied the spot now occupied by the Merchants' Bank of Canada; and strange to say, the funeral was by no means an imposing one, and looked as if it were a private burial. Why so great a man, who appealed so strongly to the sympathies of Canadians, if not of Irishmen, I never could understand, but such it was.

I have stated that Mr. Sullivan was a lecturer. In his day he had the Mechanics' Institutes in Canada, founded in England by Lord Brougham. Mr. Sullivan delivered some lectures for those Institutes. I well remember the one he delivered in Hamilton in 1847, the first time I saw him. It was on Home Manufactures. There were but few factories in Canada at that time and what there were mostly belonged to Americans. It may be said that lecture gave a great impetus to home industries. The lecture was carefully written out and delivered from the manuscript. A copy of it in its entirety was given to the Hamilton "Spectator" for publication. I had the honor of pulling the proof sheets of that lecture and handing them to him, and I well remember his appearance. He was tall and thin and dark, as a Sullivan ought to be. Some years ago I mentioned this incident to his son, Robert, in Chicago, when he said to me, "and don't you remember I was a little fellow with him." This son is publisher of a Law Journal and a Lawyer's Directory. His mother, years after his father's death, became the wife of Sir Francis Hincks; and there are in the Chicago family, Baldwins and Hinckses as well as Sullivans.

WILLIAM HALLEY.
 The London correspondent of The Globe telegraphs: In St. Peter's Cathedral on Monday Miss Margaret Lawless, daughter of Mrs. Emma Lawless of 63 Front street, became the bride of Mr. Richard Walters, second son of Mr. John Walters, contractor, of 208 Piccadilly street. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Father Stanley at 7 o'clock. The bride's brother and cousin, Mr. Edmund Lawless and Miss Minnie Holmes, respectively, acted as best man and bridesmaid.

THE CARMELITES

Privations of the Order Graphically Described

Little of the life of a Carmelite nun is known to the world this side the bars. Imagine eleven women entirely cut off from the world outside living 365 days in every year of their lives in almost absolute silence, penance, fast and self-denial; every hour of the day and much of the night spent in oft repeated prayer, with no food except the coarsest; wearing rough woollen clothing next their skins winter and summer, frequently adding to this discomfort sharp instruments of torture. The order still retains the term "discalced," which was applied in the early days when the nuns went barefooted. In modern times they wear stockings. These are made of rough wool, and are fashioned in a loose baglike form. The dress of the Carmelite is of coarse wool, with a brown scapular, which reaches from the throat to the hem of the garment. Over white bands which frame the face is worn a long black veil.

The Carmelite is received into the order robed in white like a bride, symbolic of a spouse of Christ. Her bridal robes are then discarded and with them all intimacy with the world. The day of the Carmelite nun begins long before the world outside her cloister is astir. Their fast is broken at 5 o'clock with black coffee and bread eaten in silence. Before the plate as an only ornament in their refectory is a human skull, reminding them to prepare for death. They abstain from meat except in case of sickness, and fast rigidly eight months in the year.

Following the morning repast, the black robed nuns go to the chapel and continue their long office of prayer. The morning hours are filled with work on vestments and scapulars. These nuns are noted throughout the world for their exquisite needlework. One of their strictest rules is that no one of them shall ever be idle, and even when they are ill, some bit of sewing is ever at their side.

The noonday meal of a Carmelite consists of two boiled vegetables, bread and tea and sometimes codfish. Tea, and in the afternoon hours of prayer and labor, no word of conversation is spoken. The evening meal and the night prayer close the day, and with the exception of a little hour before retirement when the nuns are allowed to talk, the day of silence passes into a night of even greater solitude. The sleeping apartment of a Carmelite is not much larger than a grave. The bed is composed of two pine boards laid across two wooden benches, a coarse tick filled with straw, a straw pillow, sheets of Saxony wool, winter and summer, and a brown woollen blanket. Above the head of the bed is hung a wooden cross without an image to remind the Carmelite that she herself must be attached to the cross of Christ. A plain table, sometimes a rough box turned on end, a wooden chair without cushion and a picture representing some saint or event in the life of Christ, complete the appointments of the cell.

After last chant, between 9 and 11 o'clock, the nun makes a strict examination of her conscience, closing her night suplication with an act of contrition. There is an hour of vigil kept on Thursday night in memory of the Saviour's agony in the garden of Olives. In the silence of midnight the veiled nun glides down the dark passage of the chapel and there, in the dim light of the sanctuary lamp, prostrates herself in a long hour of prayer. When a Carmelite consecrates herself to the cloister by solemn vows to God she prostrates herself upon the earth under a black pall as dead to the world. The habit she wears is also her shroud and she is laid to her final rest with feet all bare, as having followed Christ in the path of poverty. When dying, white roses are strewn over her virgin couch and in death she is crowned with flowers.

Varied Commencement Addresses

An anxious inquirer was discussing with Bishop Prendergast the complex nature of some of his episcopal duties. "I should think you would find giving addresses at commencements particularly trying," said the inquirer questioningly. "I do," sighed the bishop. "How can you manage to find anything original to say year after year?" probed the inquirer, determined to get at the root of the matter. "Oh, I don't," said the bishop, his face lighting up and expanding into a whimsical smile. "I don't say anything original. Each time I simply use different adjectives."—Philadelphia Record

Catholics Loyal to Law

In those qualities and characteristics that touch the interests and affect the permanent welfare of the country, I venture to declare as my honest conviction that the Catholic population stand on the right side. They will ever be found defenders of the constitution and laws. They stand for order against anarchy, for the rights of property against confiscation. They will support authority in maintaining the public peace against the schemes and plottings of dreamers and conspirators. They stand for the marriage tie and the sanctity of the home against the scandal and abomination of divorce and the disruption of the family, to which divorce surely leads. They stand for liberty as against license, and, whatever the issue shall be fairly presented, I am persuaded that they will also be found on the side of temperance and temperance reforms, as against the evil and curse of the drink plague. The Catholic citizen who loves God and faithfully follows the teachings of the Church must love his country and cannot be otherwise than loyal to that country's best interests. We know no allegiance that can affect our loyalty and fidelity to the constitution and laws of the United States. The duty of Catholics in public life lies in acquitting themselves faithfully of their obligations as citizens, bearing always in mind what that obligation implies and imposes. A faithful regard for the constitution, a proper vigilance for the just administration of government, national, state and municipal; a conscientious exercise of the franchise without fear or favor, so as to promote the welfare of the state and the best interests of the community, and steadfast adherence to principles of order, honor and civic virtue. These qualities and characteristics constitute the ideal of the conduct and career of the Catholic citizen. You cannot "run" a country without God. That experiment has been attempted again and again; history abounds in examples and warnings as to the result. "God and our country" should be our accepted motto. Under it all can unite.—W. J. Onahan in Chicago Daily Journal.

STRATFORD ITEMS

Stratford, Aug. 8.—Miss Ethel Craig of Buffalo, N.Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ryan, Douglas street. Mrs. Frank Ducett and three children of Niagara Falls, N.Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ryan, Douglas street. Rev. Father Laurendeau, of St. Joseph's Church, is on a two weeks' holiday trip west. Mr. Raymond and Clara May Ouellette, of Detroit, are on a visit to their aunt, Mrs. E. J. Kneilt, Norman street. Mr. Albert Brandenberger, proprietor of the Theatre Albert, has rearranged and fitted up his opera house in first-class style, and will shortly re-open for the coming season, of which due notice will be given in these columns. Mr. Brandenberger deserves great credit for the manner in which he has conducted his business in the past and with the increased facilities which are now offered it, no doubt will be pleasant to the public and profitable to himself.

Funeral of Mr. Mace of Guelph

The funeral of the late W. A. Mace, manager of the Sleeman Brewing and Malting Company, took place on the 2nd inst., from the Church of Our Lady, Guelph. Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Donovan, S.J. The interment took place at London. The funeral was largely attended. Mr. Mace is survived by his widow and parents, and by his brothers Frank and Harry. Miss Alice Mace of Toronto is a sister.

Personal

Mr. Charles Murphy, barrister, and Dr. O'Brien, Ottawa, are in London, England. Dr. O'Brien has made professional calls at the great London hospitals and both gentlemen have visited the House of Commons, where they were taken in hand by Mr. Charles R. Devlin, M.P., and introduced to the Irish members. Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Blake and Mr. P. O'Brien, they have also been guests at all the social functions of the day.

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THE BELLE OF TO-DAY. The woman with the sense of humor is belle of the present day. She is the fashion. Men say she is a novelty.

KISS HER. Say, young man! If you've a wife, Kiss her. Every morning of your life, Kiss her.

A NOVEL COMPETITION. The two nieces were seated on the couch, one sewing and the other reading. The uncle was reclining meditatively in an easy chair.

LITTLE JACK HORNER. The origin of the poetical jingles known as nursery ballads is in some few cases well known. Thus "the fine lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" refers to the pilgrimage of the queen consort of one of the English kings passing through Banbury, where a cross was set up to mark her night's resting place, and ending at Charing Cross.

THE USE OF ONIONS. The onion, whether young or old, is a friend of mankind. It is good for a whole list of ailments. Now, that very fact ought to suggest that it contains something stronger than water.

HERBES O' VERTUE. Of high rank among the ancient and medieval "herbes o' vertue" was rue. This plant, "the herb of grace," probably gained its reputation for breaking the spells of witchcraft, because it was so often employed for sprinkling holy water.

gal in a magic mirror. Another favorite amulet was vervain, the holy herb, which was much used in ancient religious rites and subsequently for decorating the altars of churches. Roman heralds always crowned their heads with vervain when they either declared war or made a truce.

Powdered rosemary applied to the face was supposed to have magical effects for restoring faded beauty, and a bath of rosemary taken three times a day was said to restore youth and vigor.

Every good wife lets her man Kiss her. Be a man then, when you can, Kiss her. If you'd strike with telling force At the Evil of Divorce, Just adopt this simple course: Kiss her.

LITTLE JACK HORNER. The origin of the poetical jingles known as nursery ballads is in some few cases well known. Thus "the fine lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" refers to the pilgrimage of the queen consort of one of the English kings passing through Banbury, where a cross was set up to mark her night's resting place, and ending at Charing Cross.

When doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practicing deceit, the mind labors, and every day gets worse.

Itching, Burning, Stinging Eczema

WITH ALL ITS UNBEARABLE TORTURE IS ENTIRELY OVERCOME BY THE USE OF DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Itching skin diseases such as eczema, salt rheum and tetter are the despair of the doctors. They prescribe some relief for the itching or an internal medicine to act through the blood, but usually tell their patient candidly that they cannot cure such ailments.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A LITTLE STREET MUSICIAN.

(Frances Daor, in Montreal Herald.) Why his mother had named him Dante no one knew. She was an Italian peasant woman, not unlike every other Italian woman whom we see on our streets, and had emigrated to Canada with her stalwart dark-skinned husband.

Year in and year out, with his faithful burdy-gurdy and his faithful wife, the Italian Antonio plodded along from city to city's end. Usually they took the little Beatrice with them, carrying her in a box at the side of their musical stock-in-trade, but Dante remained at home, where he was practising diligently at the old violin his father had given him, and with which he was to go out, as his father did, to gather in coppers for the maintenance of the little family.

The next summer Beatrice came out with him. On a still smaller violin the four-year-old sister accompanied him, with her few quavering notes. They had not yet learned the language of their new land, so they could only shake their heads dumbly when anyone, attracted by the picturesqueness of the two children, stopped to speak to them.

THE POPULAR BOY. What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war, how many schools and colleges followed popular boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY. Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books pettishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the lawn.

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A FEW TESTIMONIALS

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY, Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905, and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefitted by its use.

BLOOD POISONING

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Aware of the impression he had made—few men were quicker than he at such discoveries—Mr. Chester followed up the blow by propounding certain virtuous maxims, somewhat vague and general in their nature, doubtless, and occasionally partaking of the character of truisms, worn a little out at the elbow, but delivered in so charming a voice and with such uncommon serenity and peace of mind, that they answered as well as the best. Nor is this to be wondered at; for as hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished.

Mr. Chester, with the volume gently extended in one hand, and with the other planted lightly on his breast, talked to them in the most delicious manner possible; and quite enchanted all his hearers, notwithstanding their conflicting interests and thoughts. Even Dolly, who, between his keen regards and her eyeing over by Mr. Tappertit, was put quite out of countenance, could not help owning within herself that he was the sweetest-spoken gentleman she had ever seen. Even Miss Miggs, who was divided between admiration of Mr. Chester and a mortal jealousy of her young mistress, had sufficient leisure to be gratified. Even Mr. Tappertit, though occupied as he has been in gazing at his heart's delight, could not wholly divert his thoughts from the voice of the other charmer. Mrs. Varden, to her own private thinking, had never been so improved in all her life; and when Mr. Chester, rising and craving permission to speak with her apart, took her by the hand and led her at arm's length up-stairs to the best sitting-room, she almost deemed him something more than human.

"Dear madam," he said, pressing her hand delicately to his lips; "be seated."

Mrs. Varden called up quite a courtly air, and became seated.

"You guess my object?" said Mr. Chester, drawing a chair towards her. "You divine my purpose? I am an affectionate parent, my dear Mrs. Varden."

"That I am sure you are, sir," said Mrs. V.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, tapping his snuff-box lid. "Heavy moral responsibilities rest with parents, Mrs. Varden."

Mrs. Varden slightly raised her hands, shook her head, and looked at the ground as though she saw straight through the globe, out at the other end, and into the immensity of space beyond.

"I may confide in you," said Mr. Chester, "without reserve. I love my son, ma'am, dearly; and loving him as I do, I would save him from working certain misery. You know of his attachment to Miss Haredale. You have abetted him in it, and very kind of you it was to do so. I am deeply obliged to you—most deeply obliged to you—for your interest in his behalf; but, my dear ma'am, it is a mistaken one, I do assure you."

Mrs. Varden stammered that she was sorry—

"Sorry, my dear ma'am," he interposed. "Never be sorry for what is so very amiable, so very good in intention, so perfectly like yourself. But there are grave and weighty reasons, pressing family considerations, and apart even from these, points of religious difference, which interpose themselves, and render their union impossible; utterly impossible. I should have mentioned these circumstances to your husband; but he has—you will excuse my saying this so freely—he has not your quickness of apprehension or depth of moral sense. What an extremely airy house this is, and how beautifully kept! For one like myself—a widower—so long—these tokens of female care and superintendence have inexpressible charms."

Mrs. Varden began to think (she scarcely knew why) that the young Mr. Chester must be in the wrong, and the old Mr. Chester must be in the right.

"My son Ned," resumed her temper with his most winning air, "has had, I am told, your lovely daughter's aid, and your open-hearted husband's."

"—Much more than mine, sir," said Mrs. Varden, "a great deal more. I have often had my doubts. It's a—"

"A bad example," suggested Mr. Chester. "It is, no doubt it is. Your daughter is at that age when to set before her an encouragement for young persons to rebel against their parents on this most important point, is particularly injudicious. You are quite right. I ought to have thought of that myself, but it escaped me. I confess—so far superior are your sex to ours, dear madam, in point of penetration and sagacity."

Mrs. Varden looked as wise as if she had really said something to deserve this compliment—firmly believed she had, in short—and her faith in her own shrewdness increased considerably.

"My dear ma'am," said Mr. Chester, "you embody me to be plain with you. My son and I are at variance on this point. The young lady and her natural guardian differ upon it, also. And the closing point is, that my son is bound, by his duty to me, by his honor, by every solemn tie and obligation, to marry some one else."

"Engaged to marry another lady?" quoth Mrs. Varden, holding up her hands.

"My dear madam, brought up, educated, and trained, expressly for that purpose. Expressly for that purpose—Miss Haredale, I am told, is a very charming creature."

"I am her foster-mother, and should know—the best young lady in the world," said Mrs. Varden.

"I have not the smallest doubt of it. I am sure she is. And you, who have stood in that tender relation towards her, are bound to consult her happiness. Now, can I—as I have said to Haredale, who quite agrees—I possibly stand by, and suffer her to throw herself away (although she is of a Catholic family), upon a young fellow who, as yet, has no heart at all? It is no imputation upon him to say he has not, because young men who have plunged deeply into the frivolities and conventionalities of society, very seldom have. Their hearts never grow, my dear ma'am, till after thirty. I don't believe, no, I do not believe, that I had any heart myself when I was Ned's age."

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Varden, "I think you must have had. It's impossible that you, who have so much now, can ever have been without any."

"I hope," he answered, shrugging his shoulders meekly, "I have a little; I hope, a very little—Heaven knows! But to return to Ned: I have no doubt you thought, and therefore interfered benevolently in his behalf, that I objected to Miss Haredale. How very natural! My dear madam, I object to him—to him—emphatically to Ned himself."

Mrs. Varden was perfectly agast at the disclosure.

"He has, if he honorably fulfills this solemn obligation of which I have told you—and he must be honorable, dear Mrs. Varden, or he is no son of mine—a fortune within his reach. He is of most expensive, ruinously expensive habits; and if, in a moment of caprice and willfulness, he were to marry this young lady, and so deprive himself of the means of gratifying the tastes to which he has been so long accustomed, he would—my dear madam, he would break the gentle creature's heart. Mrs. Varden, my good lady, my dear soul, I put it to you—is such a sacrifice to be endured? Is the female heart a thing to be trifled with in this way? Ask your own, my dear madam. Ask your own, I beseech you."

"Truly," thought Mrs. Varden, "this gentleman is a saint. But," she added aloud, and not unnaturally, "if you take Miss Emma's lover away, sir, what becomes of the poor thing's heart, then?"

"The very point," said Mr. Chester, not at all abashed, "to which I wished to lead you. A marriage with my son, whom I should be compelled to disown, would be followed by years of misery; they would be separated, my dear madam, in a twelvemonth. To break of this attachment, which is more fancied than real, as you and I know very well, will cost the dear girl but a few tears, and she is happy again. Take the case of your own daughter, the young lady down-stairs, who is your breathing image"—Mrs. Varden coughed and simpered—"there is a young man (I am sorry to say, a dissolute fellow, of very indifferent character) of whom I have heard Ned sneak—"

"Bullet was it—Pullet—Mullet?"

"There is a young man of the name of Joseph Willet, sir," said Mrs. Varden, folding her hands loftily.

"That's he," cried Mr. Chester. "Suppose this Joseph Willet now, were to aspire to the affections of your charming daughter, and were to engage them."

"My dear madam, that's the whole case. I know it would be like his impudence. It is like Ned's impudence to do as he has done; but you would not on that account, or because of a few tears from your beautiful daughter, refrain from checking their inclinations in their birth. I meant to have reasoned thus with you: husband when I saw him at Mrs. Rudge's this evening."

"My husband," said Mrs. Varden, interposing with emotion, "would be a great deal better at home than going to Mrs. Rudge's so often. I don't know what he does there. I don't see what occasion he has to busy himself in her affairs at all, sir."

"If I don't appear to express my concurrence in those last sentiments of yours," returned Mr. Chester, "quite so strongly as you might desire, it is because his being there, my dear madam, and not proving conversational, led me hither, and procured me the happiness of this interview with one, in whom the whole management, conduct, and prosperity of her family are centred, I perceive."

With that he took Mrs. Varden's hand again, and having pressed it to his lips with the high-flown gallantry of the day—a little burlesqued to render it the more striking in the good lady's unaccustomed eyes—proceeded the same strain of mingled sophistry, cajolery, and flattery, to entreat that her utmost influence might be exerted to restrain her husband and daughter from any further promotion of Edward's suit to Miss Haredale, and from aiding or abetting either party in any way. Mrs. Varden was but a woman, and had her share of vanity, obstinacy, and love of power. She entered into a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with her insinuating visitor; and really did believe, as many others would have done who saw and heard him, that in so doing she furthered the ends of truth, justice, and morality, in a very uncommon degree.

Overjoyed by the success of his negotiation, and mightily amused within himself, Mr. Chester conducted her down-stairs, in the same state as before, and having repeated the previous ceremony of salutation, which also as before comprehended Dolly, took his leave; first completing the conquest of Miss Miggs's heart, by inquiring if "this young lady" would light him to the door.

"mim, there's a gentleman! Was there ever such an angel to talk as he is—and such a sweet-looking man. So upright and noble, that he seems to despise the very ground he walks on; and yet so mild and condescending, that he seems to say, 'but I will take notice of it too.' And to think of his taking you for Miss Dolly, and Miss Dolly for your sister—Oh, my goodness me, if I was master would not I be jealous of him!"

Mrs. Varden reproved her handmaid for this vain-speaking; but very gently and mildly—quite smilingly indeed—remarking that she was a foolish, giddy, light-headed girl, whose spirits carried her beyond all bounds, and who didn't mean half she said, or she would be quite angry with her.

"For my part," said Dolly, in a thoughtful manner, "I half believe Mr. Chester is something like Miggs in that respect. For all his politeness and pleasant speaking, I am pretty sure he was making game of us more than once."

"If you venture to say such a thing again, and to speak ill of people behind their backs in my presence, Miss," said Mrs. Varden, "I shall insist upon your taking a candle and going to bed directly. How dare you, Dolly? I'm astonished at you. The rudeness of your whole behavior this evening has been disgraceful. Did anybody ever hear," cried the enraged matron, bursting into tears, "of a daughter telling her own mother she had been made game of?"

What a very uncertain temper Mrs. Varden's was!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Repairing to a noted coffee-house in Covent Garden when he left the locksmith's, Mr. Chester sat long over a late dinner, entertaining himself exceedingly with the whimsical recollection of his recent proceedings, and congratulating himself very much on his great cleverness. Influenced by these thoughts, his face wore an expression of benign and tranquil, that the waiter in immediate attendance upon him felt he could almost have died in his defence, and settled in his own mind (until the receipt of the bill, and a very small fee for very great trouble, disabused it of the idea) that such an apostolic customer was worth half a dozen of the ordinary run of visitors, at least.

A visit to the gaming-table—not as a heated, anxious venturer, but one whom it was quite a treat to see staking his two or three pieces in deference to the follies of society, and smiling with equal benevolence on winners and losers—made it late before he reached home. It was his custom to bid his servant go to bed at his own time unless he had orders to the contrary, and to leave a candle on the common stair. There was a lamp on the landing by which he could always light it when he came late, and having a key of the door about him he could enter and go to bed at his pleasure.

He opened the glass of the dull lamp, whose wick, burned up and swollen like a drunkard's nose, came flying off in little carbuncles at the candle's touch, and scattering hot sparks about rendered it matter of some difficulty to kindle the lazy taper; when a noise, as of a man snoring deeply some steps higher up, caused him to pause and listen. It was the heavy breathing of a sleeper, close at hand. Some fellow had lain down on the open staircase, and was slumbering soundly. Having lighted the candle at length and opened his own door, he softly ascended, holding the taper high above his head, and peering cautiously about; curious to see what kind of man had chosen so comfortable a shelter for his lodging.

With his head upon the landing and his great limbs flung over half a dozen stairs, as carelessly as though he were a dead man whom drunken bearers had thrown down by chance, there lay Hugh, face uppermost, his long hair drooping like some wild weed upon his wooden pillow, and his huge chest heaving with the sounds which so unwontedly disturbed the place and hour. He who came upon him so unexpectedly was about to break his rest by thrusting him with his foot, when glancing at his upturned face, he arrested himself in the very action, and stooping down and shading the candle with his hand, examined his features closely. Close as his first inspection was, it did not suffice, for he passed the light, still carefully shaded as before, across his face, and yet observed him with a searching eye.

While he was thus engaged, the sleeper, without any starting or turning round, awoke. There was a kind of fascination in meeting his steady gaze so suddenly, which took from the other the presence of mind to withdraw his eyes, and forced him, as it were, to meet his look. So they remained staring at each other, until Mr. Chester at last broke silence, and asked in a low voice, why he lay sleeping there.

"I thought," said Hugh, struggling into a sitting posture and gazing at him intently, still "that you were a part of my dream. It was a curious one. I hope it may never come true, master."

"What makes you shiver?"

"The—cold, I suppose," he growled, as he shook himself, and rose. "I hardly know where I am yet."

"Do you know me?" said Mr. Chester.

"Ay. I know you," he answered.

"I was dreaming of you—we're not where I thought we were. That's a comfort."

He looked round him as he spoke, and in particular looked above his head, as though he half expected to be standing under some object which had had existence in his dream. Then he rubbed his eyes and shook himself again, and followed his conductor into his own rooms.

Mr. Chester lighted the candles which stood upon his dressing-table, and wheeled an easy-chair towards the fire, which was yet burning, stirred up a cheerful blaze, sat down before it, and bade his uncouth visitor "Come here," and draw his boots off.

"You have been drinking again, my fine fellow," he said, as Hugh went down on one knee, and did as he was told.

"As I'm alive, master, I've walked the twelve long miles, and waited here I don't know how long, and had no drink between my lips since dinner-time at noon."

"And can you do nothing better, my pleasant friend, than fall asleep, and shake the very building with your snores?" said Mr. Chester. "Can't you dream in your straw at home, dull dog as you are, that you need come here to do it?—Reach me those slippers, and tread softly."

Hugh obeyed in silence.

"And harkee, my dear young gentleman," said Mr. Chester, as he put them on, "the next time you dream, don't let it be of me, but of some dog or horse with whom you are better acquainted. Fill the glass once—you'll find it and the bottle in the same place—and empty it to keep yourself awake."

Hugh obeyed again—even more zealously—and having done so, presented himself before his patron.

"Now," said Mr. Chester, "what do you want with me?"

"There was news to-day," returned Hugh. "Your son was at our house—came down on horseback. He tried to see the young woman, but couldn't get sight of her. He left some letter or some message which our Joe had charge of, but he and the old one quarrelled about it when your son had gone, and the old one wouldn't let it be delivered. He says, (that's the old one does) that none of his people shall interfere and get him into trouble. He's a landlord, he says, and lives on everybody's custom."

"He is a jewel," smiled Mr. Chester, "and the better for being a dull one—Well?"

"Varden's daughter—that's the girl I kissed—"

"—and stole the bracelet from upon the king's highway," said Mr. Chester, compositely. "Yes; what of her?"

"She wrote a note at our house to the young woman, saying she lost the letter I brought to you, and you burnt. Our Joe was to carry it, but the old one kept him at home all next day, on purpose that he should not. Next morning he gave it to me to take; and here it is."

"You didn't deliver it then, my good friend?" said Mr. Chester, twirling Dolly's note between his finger and thumb, and feigning to be surprised.

"I supposed you'd want to have it," returned Hugh. "Burn one, burn all, I thought."

"My devil-may-care acquaintance," said Mr. Chester, "really if you do not draw some nice distinctions, your career will be cut short with most surprising suddenness. Don't you know that the letter you brought to me was directed to my son who resides in this very place? And can you desecrate no difference between his letters and those addressed to other people?"

"If you don't want it," said Hugh, disconcerted by this reproof, for he had expected his praise, "give it me back, and I'll deliver it. I don't know how to please you, master."

"I shall deliver it," returned his patron, putting it away after a moment's consideration. "Myself. Does the young lady walk out, on fine mornings?"

"Mostly—about noon is her usual time."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"Where?"

"In the grounds before the house—Them that the foot-path crosses."

"If the weather should be fine, I may throw myself in her way to-morrow, perhaps," said Mr. Chester, as coolly as if she were one of his ordinary acquaintances.

"Mr. Hugh, if I should ride up to the Maypole door, you will do me the favor only to have seen me once. You must suppress your gratitude, and endeavor to forget my forbearance in the of the bracelet. It is natural it should break out and it does you honor; but when other folks are by, you must, for your own sake and safety, be as like your usual self as though you owed me no obligation whatever, and had never stood within these walls. You comprehend me?"

Hugh understood him perfectly. After a pause he muttered that he hoped his patron would involve him in no trouble about this last letter; for he had kept it back solely with the view of pleasing him. He was continuing in this strain, when Mr. Chester, with a most beneficent and patronizing air cut him short by saying—

"My good fellow, you have my promise, my word, my sealed bond (for a verbal pledge with me is quite as good) that I will always protect you so long as you deserve it. Now, do set your mind at rest. Keep it at ease, I beg of you. When a man puts himself in my power so thoroughly as you have done, I really feel as though he had a kind of claim upon me. I am more disposed to mercy and forbearance under such circumstances than I can tell you, Hugh. Do look upon me as your protector, and rest assured, I entreat you, that on the subject of that indiscretion, you may preserve, as long as you and I are friends, the slightest heart that ever beat within a human breast. Fill that glass once more to cheer you on your road homewards—I am really quite ashamed to think how far you have to go—and then God bless you for the night."

"They think," said Hugh, when he had tossed the liquor down, "that I am sleeping soundly in the stable. Ha ha ha! The stable door is shut, but the steed's gone, master."

"You are a most convivial fellow," returned his friend, "and I love your humor of all things. Good-night! Take the greatest possible care of yourself, for my sake!"

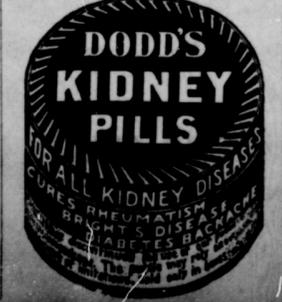
It was remarkable that during the

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for August 1905. Includes entries for St. Peter's Chains, St. Stephen I., Finding of Relics of St. Stephen, etc.

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whole interview, each had endeavored to catch stolen glances of the other's face, and had never looked full at it. They interchanged one brief and hasty glance as Hugh went out, averted their eyes directly, and so separated. Hugh closed the double doors behind him, carefully and without noise; and Mr. Chester remained in his easy-chair, with his gaze intently fixed upon the fire.

CHAPTER XXIX. The thoughts of worldly men are forever regulated by a moral law of gravitation, which, like the physical one, holds them down to earth. The bright glory of day, and the silent wonder of a starlit night, appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or in the moon, or in the stars, for their reading. They are like some wise men, who, learning to know each planet by its Latin name, have quite forgotten such heavenly constellations as Charity, Forbearance, Universal Love, and Mercy, although they shine by night and day so brightly that the blind may see them; and who, looking upward at the spangled sky, see nothing there but the reflection of their own great wisdom and book-learning.



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IRISH LEARNING

The opening of the summer Session of the School of Irish Learning took place on July 10 at the University College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Very Rev. Father Delaney, S.J., LL.D., presided.

Dr. Kuno Meyer delivered an interesting lecture on "The Making of the Irish Language." He said that in opening this third session of the School of Irish Learning his first duty must be to thank those who had co-operated in its work—those who by donations or subscriptions had contributed to their funds—the Treasury for the grant which the sympathy of Sir Antony MacDonnell with the objects of the School had secured for them; the governors and officers of the School, the authorities of the University College for their hospitality, the scholars who from the outset had generously placed their learning at the disposal of the School; Dr. Henry Sweet and Dr. Strachan, on whose shoulders the teaching, and with it the success of the School, rested in the first instance. He should also address a word of thanks to the students, without whom all their endeavors would be in vain, who, if anybody, were the School.

Those who had watched their work would, he felt sure, agree with him that the hopes and wishes expressed when the School was founded had not been belied, and that at last, for the first time in the history of modern Ireland, a centre had been established where the native as well as the foreign student could, without much expense, acquire and pursue the knowledge of the ancient Irish language and literature under able masters and in such a way that he would be equipped to take his part in the great work before them—the resurrection of ancient Irish literature. This work of theirs did not clash with that carried on by other institutions in Dublin or throughout the country—such as that of the Gaelic League or the Royal Irish Academy, or the School lately founded in Connacht.

Being genuine academic and scholarly work, it should, of course, some day find its place within a National University; but until that was founded he thought they should keep their independence. There were several features which distinguished this session from those previously held. For the first time they had been enabled to grant Scholarships for the attendance of the School on a larger scale and not only had students from various parts of Ireland availed themselves of this opportunity, but they welcomed that day among them from the first time students from the Highlands and from Wales, and even from distant America. Many of their first and second years' students had already contributed valuable work to the pages of their young periodical Eriu. This work of theirs was the best test of the knowledge they had acquired and would in their school take the place of examinations.

The origin of the Gaelic people, who for so long a time held undisputed sway in Ireland, their struggles with other peoples, whom they conquered, till they were in turn conquered—indeed, their whole history was reflected in that language throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The language spoken by them from the old stone monuments of Ireland, from the place names of the country, which without its knowledge must remain altogether meaningless, from the surnames of the majority of the people; it gave color to the English spoken by the majority of the people, and in it there was enshrined a marvellous mediaeval literature second in interest to no other. Gaelic was the westernmost of all Aryan languages. The science of comparative philology had long ago assigned to it a place within the great Celtic

group of languages which were once spoken throughout the length and breadth of Europe, with the exception only of the Far East and the peninsulas of Scandinavia, Greece and Southern Italy.

The Celts came into possession of Europe by conquest of the original inhabitants, on whom they imposed their language. The original inhabitants in learning to speak a foreign language would naturally carry into it much of their own idiom, both as regards the pronunciation, vocabulary and structure of the Celtic language, and, as the Celts were numerically inferior to the subject races, they themselves gradually came to adopt the altered idiom. The lecturer referred to the introduction of dialects among the Celtic-speaking peoples of Europe and to the coming of the Gaels to Ireland. It was a long-standing point of controversy between a group of Welsh scholars and himself by which route the Gaels arrived in Ireland. Professor John Rhys was the chief representative and protagonist of the theory that they came in the first instance to Great Britain, whence they were driven across to Ireland by a succeeding wave of Celts—the Britons. The truth was that all the various settlements of Gaels in Wales, as elsewhere in Britain, took place in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era from Ireland. They were the result of those very raids and conquests of which the Roman historians of that age had so much to tell them, when the Scots or Irish and Picts descended upon the coast of Britain. He believed no Gael ever set foot on British soil, save from a vessel that had put out from Ireland, and that the Gael arrived in Ireland not via Great Britain, but from the Continent, probably from Gaul.

The previous inhabitants were subjugated by the Gaels, and made to speak the language of the conqueror, or which it might be supposed that they left the impression of their own speech. There could be no doubt that the Roman alphabet had reached the Irish before the coming of Christianity. The conversion of the Irish to Christianity, which began perhaps as early as the second century, was the most important fact and factor in the early history of the Irish language, no less than in that of the nation. With Christianity came the art of writing on parchment. The Irish language was now fixed in writing with the help of the ordinary Latin alphabet, and it was enriched by a large vocabulary expressive of new ideas. In the monastic schools libraries were formed representing both the theological and secular lore of the age. Manuscripts were busily copied, and the attention of the scribes turned early to native literature, and Irish songs and poems were for the first time written down. They now approached the golden age of Irish learning and literature, extending from about the sixth to the ninth century. If they had no evidence at all of the influence which Christianity exerted on the life of the whole nation, they should be able to gauge its extent and intensity from the language alone.

He knew no other language which was so permeated with words and expressions derived from Christianity as Irish. If they desired a living example and proof of the intensely national character of the early Irish Church, they would find it in the religious literature of ancient Ireland. With a few exceptions that literature was entirely in Gaelic. While other nations on their conversion to Christianity abandoned the vernacular for the purposes of religious literature, and for this and all other religious and educational purposes adopted almost exclusively the Latin language, the Irish early set themselves to develop Gaelic so as to express all the new ideas and thoughts of Christianity; and while the clergy in other countries declared the national language too rude and barbarous to be made the vehicle of religious thought and poetry, the Irish employed it almost exclusively for these purposes. The lecturer also referred to the influence of the Norse invasion and of the subsequent English invasion, in moulding the Irish language, and he dealt with the struggle between the Irish and English languages for supremacy in the country.

He said that the full history of that struggle had never been written. Indeed the only one who had ever given an account of it was Dr. Douglas Hyde (applause) in the last chapter of the "Literary History of Ireland." The main result which stood out clearly for Dr. Hyde's investigations was the fact that in spite of statutes and laws designed to restrict and exterminate it, the Irish language stood its ground well throughout the land, and even within the Pale, till the seventeenth century. Even many of the children of Cromwell's soldiers in Ireland were not able to speak anything but Irish. He hoped that the time would not be distant when members of the Gaelic League or of that School would take up the investigation of the language during these later centuries, an investigation which must necessarily throw much light on the character of the Irish language of to-day.

Father Delaney, in expressing the thanks of the audience to the lecturer, alluded to Dr. Meyer's references to a National University, and said that the institutions of learning which had been established in Ireland by an alien Government did all they could down to recent times to stamp out amongst the Irish people that which next to a man's religion ought to be the first passion of his heart—the knowledge of his language, his race, and the traditions of his race.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, chapter 129, that all persons having claims against the estate of Alicia Baynam, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, spinster, who died on or about the 24th day of June, A.D., 1905, are hereby required to deliver to the undersigned, solicitor for the executor of said estate, on or before the 18th day of August, 1905, full particulars of their claim, duly verified by affidavit, and that after said date the executor will proceed to distribute the proceeds of the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice.

Dated this 9th day of August, A.D. 1905. W. T. J. LEE, Solicitor for Executor, Dineen Building, corner Yonge and Temperance streets, Toronto.

The QUIET HOUR

THE LOVE FOR GOD.

We flatter ourselves when we say that our love for God is very great. For often when we pray we do not say: "My God! I love Thee with all my heart?" Perchance these words come not from the heart, but are empty utterances of the mouth, the noise of a tinkling cymbal.

How, then, are we to test our love for God? What should be the measure of our love? Most ungrateful and ungenerous would we be did we measure out our love to God. The measure of our love for Him should be the measure of His goodness to us. This measure we can never hope to fill. But according to our weak nature our measure should be "God measure—pressed down and overflowing."

But there is a way by which we can tell whether our love for God is sincere and unselfish. There is a test by which we can know its value. We love God if we think of Him unceasingly. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." The soul is not where it lives, but where it loves. We love God if we often talk with Him. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Moses and the prophets, the apostles and martyrs, talked with God, as did also all His saints.

If we are zealous for God's glory, we love Him. When God visits us with affliction, love of Him silences our murmurs, it lifts up its voice to praise His goodness. Do we love God's word? Then do we love Him. Christ's delight was to be with the children of men, and we should rejoice in His messages to us, found in the gospel.

We love God if we love to obey Him. "If any man love me, he will keep my commandments." We love Him if we love our neighbor—if we seek his good in all things.

If thou wouldst know the strength and the value of thy love, test it; then thy own heart will answer thee.

WHAT THE MASS MEANS TO CATHOLICS.

Protestants, who do not understand the ceremony of the Mass, often wonder, says St. John's Quarterly, what there is in it to attract such close attendance. To them preaching and hymn-singing is the accepted form of public worship.

It would therefore be well to tell our non-Catholic friends that all the ceremonies have a meaning, and relate to the Passion of Christ. When, for instance, the priest begins the function, he kneels at the foot of the altar, and there he represents Christ in the bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemani. Then he goes up the steps and kisses the altar, and we are reminded of the kiss with which Judas betrayed the Master. Then he goes to one side of the altar and then to the other, and back to the centre of it, and we recall how our Saviour was led before Annas, and Caiaphas, and Pilate, and Herod, and back to Pilate, and finally to the hill of Calvary.

The priest washes his hands, and we think of Pilate doing the same and declaring that he is guiltless of this innocent blood. When the consecration takes place, and the Host is raised above the priest's head to be seen by the congregation, we behold Jesus nailed to the cross and lifted up to die.

And so the sacred drama goes on—He dies, He is buried, He rises again, He ascends into heaven, and the Holy Ghost comes down to bless the Church and abide with it forever.

With that blessing, given by the priest, the words are heard, "Go, for Mass is over," and the people having taken part in offering the Holy Sacrifice, depart in peace, thanking God for the grace of their presence at such celestial mysteries.

Is it any wonder that the Mass is a magnet and that Catholics do not need preaching, or music, or reading to increase its charm?

CONVINCED BY MIRACLE.

The following extracts from a letter received by Dr. J. V. Gallagher from Dr. A. P. Scully, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is at present travelling abroad, give a very interesting account of his close view of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Dr. Scully, says the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, writes from Rome:

"I had a particular mission to Naples for Saturday last, viz. to see the miracle of the liquefaction. As you know, Dr. C. and myself have talked these things over quite often in a somewhat skeptical strain. Like the man from Missouri, I had to see for myself. I got all the privileges extended me, and was as close to the vials of blood of St. Januarius as you are to this letter when you are reading it. I was the first to see and examine it when it was removed from the treasury. I followed in procession, next the chief of police, over a mile through the streets of Naples, never lost sight of the receptacle, got into the Church of St. Clara and on the altar with the Bishops and Cardinals, and was looking at the blood when the terrible moment of suspense arrived. It did not look as though it would liquefy. The Bishops and Cardinals prayed—but not yet. The wild, wild outburst of the Italians in the church beneath, the police and soldiers with drawn swords, all filled me with fear and awe. The Cardinal now read the life of the saint, when, lo! and before my eyes the very finger of God Himself seemed to descend from heaven, for slowly but surely the hitherto solidified mass began to slip from the sides of the vial and liquefy! I rejoiced with the others, for I had witnessed a miracle. As I said before, I was a skeptic, but now I am a converted one, for I know of nothing that could produce the change at that particular moment but the hand of God. You can tell my friends, and particularly Dr. C., who quotes White, that neither he nor White can get over it. Everything was open and above-board; government officials held the keys the very same officials who have investigated fully. It's no 'fake.'"

LIVE WELL.

An old painter of Siena, after standing for quite a long time in silent meditation before the canvas, with hands crossed meekly on his breast, and head bent reverently low, turned away, saying, "May God forgive me that I did not do it better."

Many people as they come to the close of their life, and look back at what they have done with their opportunities and privileges, and at what they are leaving as their finished work to be their memorial, can only pray with like sadness, "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"

If there were some art of getting the benefit of our own afterthoughts about life, as we go along, perhaps most of us would live more wisely and more beautifully. It is often said: "If I had my life to live over again, I would live it differently. I would avoid the mistakes which I now see I have made. I would not commit the follies and errors which have so marred my work. I would devote my life with earnestness and intensity to the achievement and attainment of the best things." No one can get his life back to live it a second time, but the young have no occasion to utter such an unavailing wish when they reach the end of their career.

SUPERSTITION.

It is a common saying among those who understand little of Catholic doctrine or practice that Catholics are superstitious. These same people may have the most absurd notions about religion. Many of them swallow at a gulp the foolish teaching of Mrs. Eddy or "Prophet" Dowie. Others profess no religious belief whatever. They proclaim themselves skeptics in religion and yet regulate their actions according to what they regard as "lucky," or "unlucky," signs to which a reasonable person would pay no attention whatever.

Others again consult in all seriousness fortune-tellers and other charlatans who make a living by deceiving the credulous. The fact that such fakirs can advertise so extensively proves that they find plenty of victims. There is more superstition in our large cities to-day, in spite of our boasted enlightenment, than has existed for centuries.

It does not go under the name of superstition. It is called clairvoyance, palmistry or some other modern name, but it is, for all that, but the rankest superstition.

There may be some Catholics who are so ill-informed or so credulous as to be deceived by the same or similar foolish practices. The reason is not in their religious training, but rather in the lack of it. Catholics who know their religion are not affected by this sort of mild insanity, which, with some outside the Church, passes for a religion. They have firm religious beliefs based upon adequate reasons. Only irrational belief can be classed as superstition—Omaha True Voice.

SAINT RUMOLD'S SHRINE.

Saint Rumold, founder and patron of the diocese of Malines, was an Irishman, and a native of Dublin. He preached the Faith in Flanders and Brabant, about the middle of the eighth century, and was slain at Mechlin by two assassins on the 24th of June, 775. The magnificent Gothic cathedral, which bears his name, is one of the finest in Belgium; and is, at once, a lasting monument of the deep veneration in which Irish saints are held by foreigners. Its steeple, which strikes the eye of the traveller long before he reaches Malines, is 348 feet high. And in the interior, among the numerous and priceless works of art presented by the piety of the faithful to the church of St. Rumold, not the least striking is the carved pulpit representing the conversion of St. Paul, the masterpiece of Verbruggen, the greatest of Flemish sculptors in wood. It also contains Vandeyke's Crucifixion, which Joshua Reynolds pronounced to be "on the whole, one of the finest pictures in the world."

In the olden town of Mechlin There stands a hallowed pile; And through Brabant, its belfry towers Are seen full many a mile— The Flemish burghers built it, Beside the Dyke's dark wave, To mark the spot where Rumold Of Erin found a grave.

For he had brought their Fathers For he had brought their Fathers The Gospel's living ray, What time the good Count Ado, In Mechlin towns, held sway— But their townsmen basely slew him; (Reproof their dark souls stung him; And 'neath the gore-tinged waters, His sacred corpse they flung.

Nor long their crime lay hidden— The Dyke gave back the dead, And the murder fiend pursued them Where'er from wrath they fled— And sore grieved was Count Ado, And tear-dimmed many an eye, That far from friends, the martyr Should, thus, amongst them die.

And still, tho' full ten centuries, And more have rolled away Since Rumold lived in Mechlin town, You'd deem it scarce a day— For 'en the very children there, Still speak the bishop's words; And point to strangers where he fell, Pierced by the murder's swords.

And tell how the cathedral Grew up, beside the tide— That on the very Baptist's day, With Rumold's blood was dyed— And how Verbruggen's chisel traced That wondrous change of Saul's, And Vandeyke's pencil Christ's last hour To place within its walls.

Once knelt I down within them, Before the jewelled shrine That held the stranger's relics— Whose home-land's also mine— And, as I blessed the altars there, Who built that glorious pile, Begg'd I one prayer from Rumold For the poor down-trodden Isle.

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Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat, likely for a laundry or dressmaking advertisement.

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MR. MACLEAN'S THEORY.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., has taken early occasion to address his constituents upon the events of the recent session of Parliament. By an ingenious and startling argument he attempts to connect the passage of the school clauses in the Northwest Provincial Government Bills with the salary increases put through immediately before prorogation.

Mr. Maclean next endeavors to forge a chain of circumstances looking to the impeachment of certain political leaders for bribery and treachery. Though he approves the increased salary of the Premier and declares himself to be in favor of the Premier's retiring allowance, he accuses Sir Wilfrid of being a party to the plunder of the Treasury.

It is novel and altogether characteristic of Mr. Maclean that he should devise and serve up for Orange consumption in this Dominion a fricassee of the history of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland which was carried by the agencies of bribery and treachery promoted by the extravagant use of the money of the state.

Mr. Maclean has been reading the history of the Irish Act of Union to no serious purpose, and that his talent for dramatic effect has dominated any disposition which he might have to respect the general public knowledge of the late session at Ottawa. The plain facts viewed by any sensible or dispassionate mind must destroy utterly the sensational theory propounded by Mr. Maclean.

Mr. Maclean indeed misses his mark when he endeavors to carry to a conclusion the assertions of his recent speech. In this he has made a mistake and the effect of this mistake must be to weaken the portions of his speech which are in accord with the intelligence of the country.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON FATHER NUGENT.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, has written a tribute to the character of the late Father Nugent that deserves to be published broadcast, not less for its beauty than its truth. We make the extract below from a letter to Father John Berry, printed in The Catholic Times. The Archbishop writes of his dead friend:

So gentle he was and sweet in temper; so ready to please, so unwilling to offend; so thoughtful of others, so forgetful of self—he was truly nature's nobleman. So loving he was of God, so anxious to promote His glory and to draw others to Him; so wrapped in the life and the interests of the Church, so jealous of its honour, so zealous to promote its welfare; so devout and pious in the daily practice of religion, so pure-minded and pure-hearted in his personal living; so effusive of charity towards the poor and the needy; so obedient to the promptings of the supernal life, so fragrant of saintliness, so rich in edification—he was truly the exemplary Christian and Catholic.

And as a priest—how high he bore the banner of the Apostle of Christ! Most active was he in saving souls. What he might do for souls was the question constantly present in his mind. How quickly he might respond to opportunities coming within his reach was the question always challenging his heart. And the work for souls which he coveted above all others was that which stooped to the most lowly, which comforted the most afflicted, which brought mercy and love to the most friendless, the most hopeless. The work itself and the blessing with which Heaven was willing to enrich it was ever the sole reward sought by Monsignor Nugent.

His disinterestedness was sublime, as was his fearlessness in the presence of difficulties. Difficulties there were, such as to affront unto despair men and apostles made of the more common stuff of mankind—lack of financial means, lack of encouragement, the deliberate opposition of open enmity, the frown and sneers of hidden envy, the solitude of council and action, which nearly always falls to the lot of the brave laborer venturing outside the lines of narrowing routine. But difficulties only lifted his soul to higher efforts, and pointed the more clearly the way to glorious triumphs.

Nor was the zeal of Monsignor Nugent the effervescence of an hour or of a season; it was the steady and unrelenting activity of a lifetime. Four score years had fallen upon him; a new charity seemed to him a pressing need; he founded a home for distressed and unfortunate motherhood. The ideal apostle of modern times and modern conditions—such I call Monsignor Nugent. Not to me, in this remote land, to enumerate the works of Monsignor Nugent in Liverpool. Someone in England, with mind to understand him, with heart to value him, with pen to picture him, will, no doubt, before long give us his biography. It will be a blessed book—the very perfume of apostolic priestliness and of holiest Christian love of fellow-man; it will continue the old hero among the living, even ahead of the coming years, an abiding example of zeal for religion, of charity towards the poor and the suffering.

Let not Liverpool claim Monsignor Nugent and the memories attaching to his name as its exclusive property. Too great he was to be limited even to a great city; he belonged to England and to Ireland, to America and to Australia, to the whole world; he labored for mankind everywhere, and his name will be venerated by mankind everywhere. Liverpool honors him; it should honor him. Liverpool lowered its flags as the news of his demise was heard; it is preparing to erect a statue to him in its public gardens. But outside Liverpool, thousands mourn his death and send upward to the Almighty a prayer for the eternal repose of his soul. So many there are, on islands and on continents, who owe him their life of body or of soul! So many there are who have been impelled to action by his word or example, or, at least, have revered him and in the name of Christianity and of humanity have rejoiced that such as he has lived among men. Monsignor Nugent, the sleep of death now holding you is the sleep of the mortal body; your spirit sleeps not; it lives, it reigns with God. To your spirit I speak; I do not say, farewell.

NATIONAL SPIRIT AND CANADA.

An interesting festival at Bruxelles, Manitoba, on the occasion of the celebration of the 75th anniversary of Belgian independence is reported in our contemporary, the Northwest Review. The inhabitants of the Belgian settlement, men, women and children, all wearing on their breasts the Belgian colors, gathered at Bruxelles on the 20th, when Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Heynen. Following a public reception outside the church door after Mass the Canadian and Belgian colors were entwined at the top of a cross-tipped flag staff. The Belgian Consul at Winnipeg, Mr. A. J. H. Dubuc, received an address from the settlers, one or two notable paragraphs of which we quote:

"Our Committee is proud to see a French-Canadian as our honorary chairman, who thus becomes a living symbol of the sympathy which unites the Belgian Catholics of Manitoba to their brethren of Canada.

"The French-Canadian people, the first Christian missionaries, the first pioneers, the first civilizers of the Dominion of Canada, and especially of Manitoba, are our elders in matters of colonization. They opened up these vast and fertile countries. We shall have to follow their lessons of abnegation, of work, of struggle and of victory.

"The Belgian people do not forget that if at one time the French Revolution and Republic, at the end of the eighteenth century, did snatch away our national liberty, bringing us war, persecution, pillage and massacre, in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, it is also the monarchial France of 1830, which, in order to compensate for the mischief wrought in 1795, helped to definitively conquer its place amongst the free nations.

"Your presidency and your presence to-day, Mr. Consul, is a testimony to that friendship, that brotherhood, that alliance between our race and yours."

Another feature of the day was an historical and patriotic lecture by Mr. L. Hacault, a sexagenarian, 14 years a resident of Manitoba. He spoke upon the national motto, "Union gives strength," and applied it happily to the recent history of Belgium, wishing that in Canada also Belgian Catholics may always enjoy the freedom as it is understood in Belgium, that is to say, freedom of the popular school from any neutral or organized anti-Catholic influence.

We have had within the last week not a little foreboding of dire consequences to the future national life of Canada by reason of the settlement in our Northwest of European colonies in which the distinctive patriotism of the settlers will be kept alive. Why should this patriotism not be kept alive? Has Canada reason to expect aught but good from the survival of the nationality of all her adopted sons? We are a liberal and tolerant people, and as such we English, Scotch and Irish citizens need have no fear that our free institutions may some day be stifled by our neighbors and fellow-citizens of non-British birth.

HOT WEATHER YARNS FROM ROME.

A cable despatch to The New York Herald, republished in our Canadian papers, tells of the homesickness of the Pope, and adds: "It is believed he will leave the Vatican owing to this nostalgia and perhaps pay a visit to Venice, accompanied by his favorite niece, Gilda Pardini, who is betrothed to a Venetian nobleman, who is, however, without means."

This is very interesting and romantic, and would do credit to the imagination of the correspondent if it could be passed for original fiction. Alas, it is second-hand from Rome journals that have for weeks been telling all kinds of yarns about the Pope being resolved to depart from the Vatican for a change of air. The Giornale, of Venice, has been bringing the Pope to that city since the hot weather set in, and in one of its essays in veracity named the Minister of Brazil as authority for its statements. That Minister writes to the Osservatore Romano declaring that the story is fantasy pure and simple.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In connection with the announcement of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's selection to write the official biography of Cardinal Newman, it is interesting to note that there are now three biographies of English Cardinals in preparation. That of Cardinal Vaughan is due next year, and it is now announced that a new life of Cardinal Manning has also been commissioned. The biographer in this case is the Rev. W. H. Kent, a son of the well-known journalist and friend of Dickens, Charles Kent, and a member of the Religious Community of St. Charles Borromeo, founded by the Cardinal at Bayswater. Much new material is at the biographer's disposal, including an affecting diary kept by the Cardinal at Lavington during his wife's fatal illness; also that subject of many rumors—the paper on the Jesuits—suppressed by Mr. Purcell; and the important early correspondence with Gladstone, which that statesman, on Mr. Purcell's mistaken authority, believed and complained that Manning had destroyed. The volume will be ready for issue by Messrs. Burns and Oates at the end of the year.

The Catholic Register of Toronto is to be congratulated on having secured Mr. William Halley's reminiscences of Canadian history. Some idea of the scope and value of these interesting recollections may be formed from the fact that Mr. Halley describes events of which he was an eyewitness nearly sixty years ago.

Speaking of that eminent statesman, Lord Elgin, the greatest British Governor Canada has ever had, he says: "I well remember seeing the viceregal turn-out in Hamilton in the fall of 1847, when they opened the Provincial Fair in that city that year. I do not remember the exact date, but it was one of the wettest days I ever experienced. The crowd that met them along the streets was immense, and never before nor since did I ever see so many umbrellas in use. I well remember Lord Elgin's round, cheerful face, as his cortege proceeded along James street, southward, to the Gore, and his head bowing continuously to the right and to the left, while the cheers of the multitude were loud and hearty. There is no doubt but what Lord Elgin received

REPORT OF C.O.F. CONVENTION

We are indebted to Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., and High Trustee of the Catholic Order of Foresters, for the following report of the late convention held at Boston:

The 17th Convention was held in Boston on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of August. Delegates from Ontario were M. F. Mogan, Toronto; C. S. R. Beaudreault, Ottawa; Rogue, Ottawa; Seguin, Prov. Treas., Ottawa; Vincent Webb, Prov. Secy., Ottawa; Rev. Father Macdonald, Chrysler; Rev. Father McGuire, Rev. Father Newman, Mr. Foley, Ottawa; J. A. Chisholm, Cornwall; J. J. Guittard, Windsor; M. Gignac, Quinn, Ottawa.

Many important matters came up for discussion, including the question of further increase in the rates. This matter was deferred. The rates were increased in Dubuque in 1903. Since this time the Reserve Fund of the Order has grown by nearly \$450,000, until to-day the Reserve Fund has reached about the million dollar mark. The Order is to-day financially strong. One of the attractive features of the Order is the Sick Benefit Fund controlled by each subordinate court. In this way the members of the Order during their lifetime derive much benefit. The membership to-day is nearly 119,000, and is steadily increasing. New Courts are being formed in every jurisdiction. The question of debarment of men engaged in the liquor traffic was discussed at the Convention, but defeated. The question of reduction in number of delegates at International Conventions was discussed, but no change was made. There were many amendments made to the Constitution, but of minor importance. The delegates were royally entertained. The Governor of Massachusetts, through Lieutenant Governor Guile, extended a welcome to the delegates. Senator Sullivan, a Roman Catholic of Massachusetts, also extended a welcome, as did the Mayor of Boston. The Massachusetts Catholic Foresters of Massachusetts extended a welcome to the C.O.F. A feature of this welcome was the meeting of the First High Chief Ranger of the C.O.F. with the First High Chief Ranger of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters.

The officers elected were: High Chief Ranger, Thomas H. Cannon, Chicago; Dr. J. T. Smyth, Chicago, High Medical Examiner; J. B. Gendreau, Quebec, High Vice-Chief Ranger; Thomas F. McDonald, Chicago, High Secretary; John A. Limback, Cedar Rapids, La., High Treasurer. The local Doresters of Boston and Massachusetts entertained the delegates on Friday and Saturday at Mantsket Beach.

The expenses of running the C.O.F. compared with other fraternal companies is very low. The average cost per member is 69 cents. This shows that the C.O.F. is run on an economical basis. The Order is run with a view of giving to the members insurance or protection for their wives and children at as cheap a rate as possible, always remembering that every obligation of the Order must be observed and kept. The Order has the approval of the Catholic Church, and at the Convention telegrams expressive of good will were read from a number of the Bishops and Archbishops of Canada and the United States. Greetings were extended the C.O.F. from many fraternal organizations. The C.O.F. has only been in existence since 1883 and its extraordinary growth must be a source of satisfaction to the membership and Catholics generally. The C.O.F. pays monthly to beneficiaries of deceased members about \$100,000, thus showing the good work the Order is doing. This is independent of the sick benefits above mentioned. The Order has a fixed assessment payable monthly, so that every member knows exactly the amount he is called upon to pay. Every member of the Order is provided with a copy of The Forester, the paper of the Order, free. This official organ contains the minutes of every meeting of the High Court and a memo of every transaction so that every member, by reading the paper, has before him monthly the whole business of the Order.

Apart from the insurance side there is the social and fraternal side. Meetings are held twice a month. Members become acquainted. Sick members are visited and many a social evening spent. Debates are held, papers read and this or that topic discussed. On the whole the Order is doing magnificent work. Note.—The Catholic Register extends congratulations to the Foresters on their great development and on their excellent work, and wishes them every and ever-increasing success.

Mitchell—Bond

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Power street, on Wednesday morning, Aug. 2, at 8 o'clock, when Miss Elizabeth (Lizzie) Bond, daughter of Mr. Ambrose Bond, was united in marriage to Mr. Bernard Mitchell, son of Mr. W. J. Mitchell.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Sydney Bond, wore a becoming gown of cream silk eolienne, bouffant, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by Miss Lydia Mitchell, sister of the groom, who wore champagne eolienne and carried a sheaf of pink roses. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Leo Hourigan.

A reception was held at the home of the bride, where a dinner was served at which only the immediate relatives were present. The table was beautifully decorated with sweet peas and roses. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell received many pretty and costly presents. They left at 2 o'clock for Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls. The bride's going-away gown was of grey linen-silk, with hat to match.

A right royal reception that day in the Ambitious City, and that the people were well pleased with their new governor, notwithstanding the very unfavorable condition of the elements."—Northwest Review.

BELGIUM CELEBRATES ITS INDEPENDENCE

Belgium recently celebrated the diamond jubilee of its national independence. The Te Deum was chanted in every church in the land. Catholics above all other denominations have reason to rejoice for they have prospered under the 75 years' rule of the new regime. The revolution of 1830 rescued them from the clutches of a short-sighted and bigoted Dutch government, and endowed them with institutions which, however imperfect, they have used to good purpose, to secure both the temporal and the spiritual welfare of their country. They have given the world an object lesson, and show how Catholics can live and work and prosper in an essentially modern condition of existence. Belgium is essentially a modern state. The traveller is apt to forget this as he wanders through the markets and streets, with their quaint architecture, of many a Belgian city or town, as he places its picture galleries hung with the works of old masters inspired with the spirit of ages of faith, or as he visits the numberless churches of Belgium, monuments of the piety of long buried generations of worshippers. He forgets amid these marvels of art and piety that when the battle of Fleurus, on June 26, 1794, annexed the Belgic provinces to France, the French Republicans made a clean sweep of all the laws and customs of these provinces, and carved out of them a certain number of French departments on which the first republic and subsequently the first French empire, imposed their laws and institutions. So effective, indeed, was the work of destruction and reconstruction done by the French that in the laws of modern Belgium hardly a trace is to be found of any legislation prior to the French revolution.

The present relations of Church and State in Belgium and its hierarchy date from days when Bonaparte was first consul, though those relations have been greatly improved by the sound sense of the Belgians, and the hierarchy has been modified by changed circumstances. Conscription, the principle on which the army of Belgium is recruited, also dates from Napoleonic times. Able Belgian writers have given us, with much learning and research, national histories of their country, talking us back to times when lands now forming Belgium were under the rule of Austrian emperors, Spanish monarchs, Burgundian dukes, and even under their own counts, dukes and prince-bishops, to the days when Lower Lotharingia was a kingdom. But all through those ages the Belgians did not form a nation, and Belgium, unlike Italy, was not even a geographical expression. It was not, we think, until late in the eighteenth or early in the last century, that the word Belgique came to be a substantive.

The Belgians are a sturdy class of people, industrious, sober and enterprising. The fiercely active municipal life of the Middle Ages, to which so many noble town halls in Belgium still testify, and the gatherings of the old states-general of the Netherlands, prepared the people of Belgium to independent constitutional existence which, during the last three-quarters of a century, they have used to such good purpose. Roughly speaking the people of Belgium are divided between Flemings and Walloons, the former speaking a wholly Teutonic tongue, the latter French or a dialect thereof. The difference of speech might seem to point to a difference of origin, and certainly the Flemings, by calling their eastern and southeastern neighbors Walloons, that is to say Welsh or foreigners, seemed to think that the Walloons were no kith or kin of theirs.

On the first downfall of Napoleon the allies signed on May 30, 1814, the Treaty of Paris, which among other things stipulated that Holland should be placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange, and should receive an increase of territory between its borders and those of France, that is to say, virtually the territories now forming Belgium. The treaty of eight articles, signed in London on June 20, 1814, but only published a year later, settled the conditions on which Belgium and Holland were to become the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Powers were concerned in this treaty had a useful purpose, and was based on good principles. But it was one that required much tact in its execution. At first it seemed as if it would work well, and the Dutch king, in his visit to his new southern provinces, won much favor among his Catholic subjects. The return of Napoleon from Elba delayed until after Waterloo the completion of a constitution destined to weld Belgium and Holland into one kingdom. The States of Holland accepted the new constitution at once, but the Bishops of Belgium having protested against it as not containing sufficient guarantees for the Catholic religion, the assembly of Belgian notables rejected the constitution by 796 votes against 527. The Dutch king, nevertheless, arbitrarily proclaimed that the constitution was binding on all his subjects, and began to entertain a bitter feeling against the Catholics who opposed the voting of the constitution. The conflict between the Belgians and Dutch was thus launched.

The revolution is now a part of ancient history. Belgium has grown and prospered, and the old Napoleonic laws have been modified by parliament to suit the common-sense of the people. All denominations are now enjoying freedom of worship under the Belgic form of government.—Exchange.

Rev. H. A. Meahan Dead

Rev. H. A. Meahan, parish priest of St. Bernard's church, Moncton, N. B., is dead. Father Meahan was greatly liked and respected by all classes and creeds. He had the happiness of taking part in the ceremonies in Rome in connection with the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception and had an audience with the Holy Father. Rev. Father E. Meahan, Superior of St. Laurent College, is a brother of the deceased. R.I.P.

Clerical Changes in Guelph

Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., for the past thirteen years rector of the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, has been moved to Montreal. Rev. Father Sloane, stationed at Guelph for the past fifteen years, has left for Saint Ste. Marie. Rev. Father Connelley of Montreal, succeeds Father Kenny, while Father Coffey of the "So", a son of ex-Alderman Coffey and a native of Guelph, will succeed Father Sloane.

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New Use for Bees

A very curious and interesting investigation has been going on for some time past among naturalists with regard to the senses of the lower animals. It has been found that in most cases these are very different from ours, and it cannot any longer be denied that instances occur in which special senses that are not possessed by human beings are developed in animals. One of these, called "the sense of direction," enables bees to return from long distances to their hives unaided by any of the five different ways we have of recognizing our surroundings.

To test this matter thoroughly, the fertile honey-makers have been taken considerable distances from their hives, to localities which it was certain that they had never before visited; yet when set free they flew as unhesitatingly, as directly and as unerringly home as from places perfectly known to them.

A few years ago it occurred to a well-known bee-keeper that this remarkable ability on the part of bees might be made useful. Convinced himself that he could rely upon their speedy return from anywhere within the range of three or four miles from their hives, whether they had ever been at the place from which they started homeward or not, he set to work to test their ability to carry messages as do homing pigeons. He accordingly procured a few bees from a friend who lived on the further side of a barren, sandy tract of land which, offering no inducements in the way of possible food supplies, was never visited by the insects, and crossed over to his own home. Going to his garden with his children, he touched certain tiny packages, prepared for the occasion, with bird lime. Upon these were written, in minute handwriting, certain messages from his two little girls. The packages consisted of the thinnest paper fastened with the thinnest thread, and done up in the smallest parcels possible.

Releasing the bees, one by one, from the pasteboard box in which they had been imprisoned, he fastened with a trained hand each of the little packets to the back of a bee, which he then allowed to fly away.

Like homing pigeons, they started off at once across the unfamiliar desert for their home, arriving there in an incredibly short space of time with their packages secure upon their backs.

Archbishop Gauthier Sends Blessing

The Catholic Foresters, assembled at Boston on the 3rd inst., sent greetings to Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, and in return received a special blessing as faithful members of a great Church that was devoted to the cause of suffering humanity.

BOOK REVIEWS

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Many, even amongst Catholics, have a very mixed up or altogether erroneous idea of the correct answer to the question, "Is there salvation outside the Church?" The answer is given in a little pamphlet written by the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon John Vaughan. The name of the book is the same as the above question. It is necessary, or at least desirable that every Catholic should know the correct doctrine of the Church on this subject. Acquaintance with this little book will give the desirable knowledge. Mgr. Vaughan shows on the one hand how untenable is the view that it matters not to what church one belongs, and on the other hand he makes it clear that those who are innocently outside the visible fold are saved. The booklet may be had of the International Catholic Truth Society, Arburck Building, Brooklyn, New York, for the small sum of five cents.

"The Christian Maiden," a little book translated from the German, comes to us with a preface by the Right Rev. Wm. Sang, D.D., Bishop of Fall River. In the preface the Bishop says, "The Christian Maiden" offers our dear Catholic young ladies sound instructions for walking safely and loving what is true and beautiful. This really epitomizes the work. The publishers are the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass., and the price fifty cents.

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An Idol of New Mexico

It was the day of the Acoma fiesta. It was lonely dawn, but already the Pueblo was up and stirring.

Every particle of the dirt had been swept from the streets the day before, and the white-washed fronts of the houses huddling against the brown rocks were clean and shining in the gray light.

On a little distance a wrinkled old Mexican was building a fire in front of a tent, when half a dozen American tourists came out and began to climb the highest hill of Acoma.

"But it is worth it—oh! it is worth it!" exclaimed one of the girls, pushing the blonde hair from her forehead, and looking eagerly about.

All about below them lay a stretch of tableland, reaching away on every side to broken hills and mountains.

Along the terraced horizon of the west a black cloud stretched its ribbon length, while just above the line of hills that mark the east a group of scattering clouds were already shining in the light of the coming sun.

"It is glorious," said the girl who had spoken before, turning to the young physician standing next to her.

"It is said," he answered, "that the pueblo of Acoma once stood on the mesa ancantada, and one spring after a great deal of rain and wind, a great side of the hill slipped off."

"The dark-haired girl standing very near the edge of the cliff turned her head. She had not spoken since they gained the top. When she began to speak, it was in a clear, rich voice.

"I cannot explain how I feel about it," she said. "It is as if they were not real people—these Acomas. They tell me that the exploring priests found them here in the seventeenth century, worshipping their strange gods, and looking for the coming of Montezuma."

"The priest began to teach them, and they took kindly to the new religion, most of them, but some of them hated the new way. They were jealous for the old gods, and they even killed one priest."

"The padre who came afterward and took up the work must have been brave, devoted men. They have converted nearly all the Acomas—there is a church in each pueblo, and the priest is held in high regard."

"Look!" she cried, a second later, pointing to the stretch of tableland below. Where a few minutes before there had not been a moving object, there rode at the swinging gallop of their ponies lines of Navajos, their bright blankets and gaudy dress making streaks of vivid color in the waste of dusty green.

Four of the party on the hill walked over to the other side of the cliffs, but the girl with dark hair did not follow, and the young doctor stood near her, looking out to the west, where lay the long black cloud now tinged with red.

"The broad disk of the sun was clear of the horizon before the others returned, but the two had not spoken once in that time. When they reached the pueblo it was full of people. Men were going here and there, clad in loose calico shirts and blue overalls, shod with moccasins, and wearing slouch hats, or a strip of red cloth over their straight, black hair.

There were many women, too, short, good-natured, broad faces and black hair. Now and then would pass one in "American dress," but for the most part, they wore the curious Indian costume—the red-topped moccasins, the stockings made by winding strips of buckskin around and around the leg; the black mantan, a blanket-like garment fastened over one shoulder and beneath the other arm, reaching down to the knee, and pinned down the side with great silver pins; one or more little aprons tied about the waist, a loose shirt of calico covering the upper chest and arms; a gaudy ribbon-bordered square of large silk handkerchief fastened by a corner to each shoulder and hanging down over the back; a woollen shawl held over the head, and numberless strings of beads hanging about the neck.

ing I have seen among them," she said, and there was a little annoyance in her eyes as she avoided meeting those of the young physician.

By noon the crowd was packed along the sides of the square, and on the surrounding housetops. Indian women were carrying great baskets of bread and fruit to one side of the square, and the governor of Acoma was going here and there, carrying the symbol of his office.

Presently at one end of the square there entered a group of some twenty Indian men. The foremost carried a keg-shaped drum of skins, beginning to beat it as he entered. The others grouped themselves about him, and advanced, keeping time to the drum beat with their bodies, and their voices in a weird, loud chant.

Up and down, around and around, forward and back they danced, their bells jingling, the drum beating, their bells chanting, till the perspiration streamed down their faces, and the ears of the onlookers were weary of the sound.

It was growing late. The shadows of the low-roofed houses were stretched across the square, and the sun was hanging low above the western horizon when a group of Navajos came and stood near the tourists.

Suddenly Miss Burton gave a little cry. A Navajo had pulled a bottle from his pocket, and after drinking a long draught, handed it toward another. But a third brown hand seized it, and quickly drained the last drop, amid the angry gesticulations of the others. A fight was inevitable and in a second the bottle was dashed to the ground, and two of the drunken Navajos had made for each other with blows and drunken mumbled.

Another second and the other had drawn a knife from his belt and ran reeling toward the two. In his unsteady way he knocked against a group of Acomas, and a woman fell to the ground. It was the young girl they had noticed before, and as her boy husband turned toward the Navajo, Miss Burton cried out. There was murder in his face. At the girl's cry her companions turned. The Acoma had grasped the slim body of the Navajo and hurled him to the ground. In a twinkling he was up and making for his assailant. As they closed again the girl who had been knocked down gave a little scream. Her boy husband fell bleeding to the ground, the Navajo flourishing his knife above him.

The Indian women raised their voices in shrill cries of excitement; the girl-wife had thrown herself on the ground and was crying aloud.

Somehow Miss Burton heard only her cries. Every sound save that of the weeping wife fell heedless on her ears; every sight save that of the bleeding Indian and the tall figure of the Navajo was blotted out until she saw an American pushing the Indians aside—until she heard some one saying: "Go to the tent, some of you, and fetch my satchel. Stand back! Get up, girl. He's not dead. Carry him into some house."

Somehow all her nervous fear was gone, and she reluctantly walked to the tent with the others. It was two hours later, and the sun had already gone down when she found herself in front of the house, which they had carried the wounded man to. The doctor had ordered the crowd outside, but the Indians were standing thick about the door. They made way for Miss Burton, however, and she softly pushed open the door.

There was a pallet on the floor and the young doctor was bending over it. The wounded man was lying very still. The girl-wife was sitting on the floor beside him, rocking herself to and fro, and crying. The doctor turned his head as the girl came in. Then he spoke to the Mexican cook standing beside him.

"Tell her," he said, "that her husband will be all right."

At the sound of his voice the Indian girl started up with fear in her face. The doctor gave a few directions, and the Mexican translated. "I will come in again before I go away," he said. Then he turned to Miss Burton. "Shall we go?" he asked. "It is very warm here."

Without a word she turned and walked beside him. When they were half way to the tent she spoke. Her voice was very low, but firm. "How fine of you to go to him like that!"

"No," he said. "A doctor always feels that he must help where there is suffering; and, besides, I feel a human kinship with every one of them."

"Don't," she said, in a hurt voice. "I feel it, too, now. It is the girl's distress, or—"

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," he quoted softly. When she looked up at him her eyes were shining.

"Helen!" There was a question in his voice and in his eyes. "Yes," she answered, happily. "I love everybody this evening."

They are liable to five years' imprisonment for doing so. The reform law, made in 1867, prohibits it, and it is no dead letter either. This will show your liberty-loving readers what kind of liberty the Church has in Mexico, under a Masonic Government. It is of the same kind as their brothers in France give the French Catholics. The names of these two confessors of the faith are Father Retolaza and Father Cellallos. Senor Cabeza de Vaca is also imprisoned along with them on the same charge. Their trial is expected to be proceeded with in about a month or two, and they are already imprisoned for about three months, and were refused bail. The law is proverbially slow, but is the slowest in Mexico. Imagine what the consequence would be in the United States if the Government tried to stop processions on St. Patrick's day!

The golden jubilee of the Archbishop of Mexico, Monsignor Alarcon, was celebrated with more than usual splendor a few weeks ago. The Archbishop sang High Mass at the Cathedral, which was full, and after mass the Te Deum was sung by the priests and people. A reception then took place, during which his Grace was presented with a costly pectoral cross by the parish priests of the diocese. On the following Monday His Grace was presented with a case and a pair of American horses by the Catholic ladies of the city, in which His Grace took his first drive. In other presents include a costly pastoral ring, pieces of plate, porcelain ornaments, slippers, bonbons and sweetmeats, etc. On Tuesday a dinner was given to the real poor, lame, blind and halt of the city, numbering over 1,000. His Grace blessed them all, and also the good young ladies of the higher Catholic families, who catered to the wants of these afflicted children of humanity. The next day a dinner was given to all the poor children, and toys in abundance were the order of the occasion. His people showed him their love and appreciation for the long years of labor which he spent among them.

The marriage law in Mexico is rather peculiar, and puts the young people to a lot of trouble, which they have not to endure in other states or countries. The Government of Mexico does not recognize as valid, any marriage not performed in presence of the civil marriage is usually performed by a minister of religion, within the confines of the republic, is valid according to law. The result is, that all Catholics getting married in Mexico must be married twice and the civil marriage is usually performed in the evening of the day on which the real marriage was celebrated in the Church. The Council of Trent laws of marriage were promulgated in Mexico, many years ago. A marriage here is just twice as troublesome as anywhere else. Sometimes Americans coming down here marry Mexican girls in the Church only, and afterward desert them with impunity; also some who left a wife behind them in the states do likewise without fear of punishment for bigamy, as the state holds such marriage null and void. The poor girls have no redress, unless they insist on the civil ceremony first. Many cases of this kind are to be met with in this city.

Another cause that causes both expense and inconvenience is the one relating to wills. No man can make his will himself. If he does it is invalid; neither can he make a will for another man, unless he is a lawyer of Mexico. If a stranger dies here without a will, properly made by a Mexican lawyer, his property goes to the Government of the republic. Unless it is a large property it would not pay the expenses of the next of kin to claim it. Many cases of this kind have occurred here within the last few years, to my knowledge.

The National Museum in Mexico has been enriched lately with some historical relics. The flag of Hernan Cortes has been identified and pronounced to be genuine, by a government commission appointed for the purpose, and has been hung up in the museum accordingly. Other additions include the pen and ink stand used by General Comont in signing a decree of state in 1857. A scapular worn by General Mejia, and a small image of the Blessed Virgin joined with it, are also placed in the same glass case. A special vote of thank, was passed by the authorities of the museum to the donors.—Rev. Eugene Rickard in The New World.

The Canadian National Exhibition management have decided this year to give the people a great deal more for their money than they have ever had before, although the list of attractions has always been greatly in excess of that offered at any other fair on this, or any other, continent. Close upon \$40,000 has been expended upon special features, including the famous band of the Irish Guards, the Windsor Plate, which is a collection of art treasures, obtained from the wealthy Corporations of the City of London, the eminent British Universities, and the Castles of the King, by Sir Purdon Clarke, director of South Kensington Museum.

The Non-Catholic Mother Speaking of the Church's abhorrence of mixed marriages, Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, drew a distinction which is well worthy of note by our Catholic young men. His Grace said: "I desire to emphasize that it will be much easier for a Catholic young lady to secure a dispensation to marry a non-Catholic young man than it will be for a Catholic young man to obtain permission to marry a non-Catholic young lady. The reason is plain: A Catholic mother can train the children as Catholics, but the non-Catholic mother can scarcely be able to do this. Hence there is more harm in a Catholic young man than a Catholic young woman."

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IN THE GENERAL MANAGER'S CAR

(Continued from last week.)

"Oh, my, yes!" she exclaimed in an awestruck voice. "It was all so beautiful!"

"Sit down here," he gently commanded, pushing a wine, cushioned, dark rattan chair toward her, and drawing his own up to face it as she obeyed him. "We will have dinner in a few minutes."

"I don't know," she said, half fearful. "You didn't say just where we were to eat, and I—anyway, I wore my hat." He felt that she was appealing to him for guidance and protection.

"That was right," he said roundly. "Or, if you wish, you can lay it off at dinner. Just as you prefer. You are supposed to be at home here."

A colored man appeared at the narrow door. "Dinner is ready," he announced, and Maxson rose and said, "Come. This way," and led into the dim, narrow passage again.

She followed him, not to the expected dining-car ahead, but to the rear of their own car. Instead of the lurch and the sway, she stepped behind him into a brilliant room, full half a dozen yards long, light as day, bright with flowers, and in its centre such a table as she had never seen spread. She believed its china and silver were worth a fortune, and its napery was so fine that she hesitated to touch it. It was set for two. There seemed to be no other passengers. A flood of questions rose in her mind, but she did not ask them; she accepted the moment, and waited for what might happen somewhere, and she ate with uneasy thoughts of her poor little dress in the midst of this magnificence. Then a strain of dulcet music set the air throbbing to the step of a delicious waltz, and Maxson was genial and gentlemanly and entertaining, and finally she relaxed and yielded and began to enjoy herself without fear.

They sat a long time at the table, while Maxson told her about Meradith, and the way he had worked from the ranks, his kindness to the men whom he held in such obedience, and their affection for him.

"If it were daylight, and Meradith were here," said he, "you would see him pick up some battered old section boss here or there along the road, carry him half an hour in the car, and then pass him back. He would have some man or other in here half the time. He keeps close to his men. He has been one of them, is one of them yet, and they all know it. He can pick up a low point, or make a differential coupling, or skate along the roof on the steel and set brakes, or fire, or even run an engine, and they don't fool him."

And incidentally, while she thought he was doing most of the talking, the deftly led her to tell her own pitiful little story, barely short of hardship and full of sadness, struggle and disappointment. It would have moved a harder man than Maxson.

Then he opened a bookcase and took out the late magazines, and books that in all her hungry life she had never seen nor heard of. If he had next unlocked a safe and taken out with jewels she would not have been surprised, for as they had talked wonders had multiplied about them. A swinging dial that hung from the ceiling told which direction they were going, however they might twist and curve; another dial on the wall showed in plain figures how fast they were running; still to the rear, behind the room they sat in, there was a wide, saug porch, with roof and sides, and one of the staterooms was the most wonderful kitchen ever contrived of man. What else there might be for future revelation she could not guess.

He sat watching her as she eagerly scanned the bright pages in her hands, pretending himself to read. She stole a glance at him, not knowing he was watching, and their eyes met. She blushed with embarrassment, and he laughed.

"I own up!" he cried. "But, you know, that hat of yours is very becoming." Then he grew sober. "Let me suggest something," he continued. "Take such of these books as you want, and go to your room. The lights are good. You have had a trying day to-day, and you need rest. You may not feel sleepy, but if you don't, you can read."

"Yes, I think I will, if you don't care," she said, and obediently followed him to the door of her room.

"Here you are," he said pleasantly. "number three. I guess you can remember it. This is car 300; you know. Is there anything you want me to show you? How the lights work, or anything?" He glanced about in a comprehensive way, noting that windows, transoms, curtains and such details seemed to be right. Then he added: "Remember, if you push the button here the porter will answer. You will be called in the morning by the bell in your room here. Good-night!"

She watched his friendly smile fade away in the half light of the little passageway, and closed the door and bolted it. She had seen the car 300 in her little home town; had read about it and General Manager Meradith. Now it was her home for the night. To-morrow she would be working under his orders. A chill of nervousness ran over her—to-morrow!

The little gong in number three rang with such a buzz and jingle that it made the sleeping girl beneath it start till her head throbbed. Everything was strange—for an instant. Then she knew; it was to-morrow.

And it was to-morrow for J. Dunlop Maxson, too. Ten minutes after he had shown Edith Gordon to her stateroom the night before he got a message. It was dated Chicago, and signed Parkins, and it should read: "Wade's Meradith meant you bring Hampton, clerk in office G. R. Wade. Hampton follows on forty-three."

Maxson sat up till midnight, smoking, reading, figuring out the error with the Morse code, and picturing the consequences. He found that the order of dots and dashes was the same in both readings. A little carelessness in transmission and receiving and a little bungling guess-work had done it. He saw that the burst of the general manager's prophetic official could be very emphatic upon occasion. He saw a sweet, innocent young face clouded with the anguish of bitter disappointment and bewildered with tears. And he had glimpses of a vision of himself essaying the latherly role of comforter with only fair success. Then

he went to bed, and in five minutes was asleep. That was as long as any burden not distinctly his very own ever weighed on his buoyant spirits.

Once Edith Gordon had spent a night on the train in a chair car. The adventure still haunted her after the fashion of a fiendish nightmare. The aching weariness, the drafts and chill, the heavy air, the awful discords of noisy sleepers, the endless passage of persons through the train, the glare of light in her eyes, the Procrustean tortures of that rack of torment miscalled a chair—how they all made mocking parade of themselves as she luxuriated in the generous appointments of stateroom number three of the general manager's car!

"Good-morning," said Maxson, springing from his chair as she came softly into the office at the front of the car. "You look charmingly fresh for a young lady who has been awake and read all night. And now I suppose you are hungry enough to eat the cook?"

No, she hadn't thought of hunger. She had been more interested in that which was to be seen from the window. They were running swiftly through the green bottomlands of a Western Iowa stream, and the country houses, the fields, the woods, the cattle, the little towns and their ugly red elevators, and the bucolic people on the wooden platforms at the stations, all struck home upon her. She had often seen the rural scene, as it was passing now, and had envied the favored mortals privileged to occupy such a wheeled palace. So a charming breakfast passed, and half an hour on the observation platform in the rear, where she softly said to herself, "How lovely it all is! How beautiful!" while Maxson watched her with keen, comprehending eyes.

All she saw of Omaha was the glimpse of trainsheds, high brick buildings, cinder yards and sooty switch engines which she caught from the window of the rear apartment of the 300. She was there by Maxson's suggestion. "Mr. Meradith may bring somebody abroad with him on business," said he, "so you'd better wait here till he rings. I will be on hand to make you feel acquainted."

The 300 was quickly switched to the rear of the Prairie Flyer, by orders all understood, and the Flyer was starting, when the general manager, with the grace gained by long practice, swung easily aboard, alone, leaving a group of three men with whom he had been talking.

"Hello, Dun," he said, shaking Maxson's hand. "Here all right?"

"Well," drawled Maxson dubiously, "I am here, but I don't know how near right you will think it is. This is the message I got at 2:30 yesterday afternoon, and he placed the bungled telegram in Meradith's hand. 'Of course,' he added, after a fraction of a minute, in which brief space of time the mobile face of the general manager underwent some interesting changes of expression, 'of course, I suspected a mistake, and got Parkins to tracing for it, but I didn't hear till we had been on the train an hour. Then this came.' He handed over the correct reading.

"Till we were on the train an hour?" queried the general manager, with a heavy emphasis on the "we," and a queer look at Maxson. "Who is 'we'?"

"Don't shoot—till you see her, Charlie," pleaded Maxson. "She is a poor young thing from the country, as sweet and innocent as a flower out there, as poor as it is possible to be, and as pretty as a picture. She came to me a month ago, with a note from a friend of mine, hunting work in Chicago? You can imagine that, can't you? She was trying to forget a stepmother she had in Iowa, and she had a great deal of money and very little money, but after trapping the town for a situation about three weeks the money outlasted the hope. She was headed home when this fool message of yours came along. I spoke to her about it, and she cried at the chance. I couldn't swear you didn't mean what this said, and I couldn't find out, and so I brought her. Now I just want to say this: if you don't want her, you needn't be burdened with her. I told her it might be three weeks, and it is going to be three weeks, even if she quits right now before she begins. Break it to her as gently as you can, ship her back home first-class, and look to me for her pay at twenty a week, and transportation and incidentals—only don't you hurt her. She has stood enough, and she can't stand anything of that kind, and I won't."

The general manager stood and looked at Maxson; not in anger, but as though he were striving to grasp some definite notion of the situation. At last he said, "Where is she?"

"In the rear parlor. She will come when you ring," replied Maxson.

The general manager unlocked and opened his desk, and seated himself at it. The big bundle of letters that had reposed in the general office the day before he released from their rubber band and disposed before him. Then he rang.

When she came timidly into the room, barely past the door, her cheeks pale with a bright spot in the centre, her eyes wide and nervous, her face faintly smiling in sheer fright, he rose from his chair. In all his thirty-eight strenuous years he had not seen a fairer woman.

And as he stood looking at her, the girl saw not the imposing presence she had expected, but a man rather under than above the average height, slender of waist yet broad and square of shoulder, and steady and reserved of manner. His mouth face showed force in every line and curve; his hair was the soft, untouched brown of a lad, but his eyes were the eye of an eagle. It seemed to search her through and through.

Then he lifted his hat, took her slender trembling hand, and yet she did not know why, for there seemed nothing to fear. She gladly sunk into the chair he asked her to take, while he studied her a little longer, and asked her kindly questions about herself, her skill and experience at work. She wondered if he was able to read her unfitness. How was she to know that he was gazing at her because he could not take his eyes off her face?

"Here are three typewriters, Miss Gordon," he said. "Which do you prefer?"

"Oh! I can use them all," she said in a scared little voice; then, with greater courage, "but I like this make best, I think." She indicated a machine she had used most.

"All right," he pressed a button, and the colored man came. "Peter, letterheads and blanks for Miss Gordon. Now, Miss Gordon, if you are ready I'll let you take a letter." And her dash into the "we" began.

"I did that to try her," the general manager explained in his mildest voice. "Every stenographer I have ever had, but one, would hand in anything I handed out had grammar, and spelling, and all, with occasional fresh spelling thrown in. But do you see how this came back? Everything as straight as the book itself. By George, she's a wonder!" Then he looked hard at the young man and added: "And you've put me in a nice fix!"

"Well," said Maxson warmly, "fire her, I'll pay the freight, I tell you." "You knew that a woman had no more place in this car than a pet pony, and yet you believed that fool message."

"Fire her!" half shouted Maxson. "Give her a good letter, and fire her so far you'll never see her light, and draw on me."

"She is nothing but a full-grown, innocent, unsuspecting, confiding child," the general manager went on, as though talking to himself, "and she trusts us implicitly—you can see it in her face. Just a sweet, unconfaminated child, tramping around the country with two sweet things like you and me, and no chaperon!" pursued the general manager, as though he had not heard a word. Maxson merely twisted in his chair and chewed at his cigar. His hat was tilted so that the general manager could not see the smile on his face.

"Giddy old bachelor of a general manager," continued the melancholy, at conferences of shippers, and banquets of Congressmen, and gentlemen's agreement meetings, with a girl with a notebook and the face of an angel tagging round after me. Lovely arrangement! Friend of mine fixed it up for me! And she's a lady, too, and too guileless to see where it puts her. A lady." His voice had begun in derision, but it ended in pathos.

"Yes!" snapped Maxson, making a fine show of hot temper as he swirled about from the window, "and a lady who broke down and cried at the sight of honest work, and ready money. I can just tell you that I am glad I brought her. You ought to have seen her take in the car last night. This trip has been a vision of fairyland to her."

"Yes," said the general manager, drily. "That makes it easy to drop her off now." Then he turned to his desk again.

It was a busy morning he put in with his new clerk. There were things that puzzled her, but she was alert to learn. Letters, telegrams, memoranda and what not accumulated first in her notebooks and then on the desk. She forgot the sway and rumble, the strange new country which she had never seen before, but which was now steadily slipping by her window as she worked. For she wrought on with an intensity that won Meradith's respect for her powers and affection for her steadfastness. Her awe had abated, but there remained with her the uplifting sense of elation. She was the right hand of one of the great industrial forces of the country; no longer a passer in a passing private car, but an essential part of the great machinery of brain and nerve within it. She forgot the lapse of time. Meradith said: "I think that will do for this morning, Miss Gordon. Now, if you will go to your room and get a bit of rest we will have lunch in half an hour." He held open the door for her, and she slipped, smiling and happy, into the passageway.

The luncheon, gay with Maxson's jest and Meradith's quiet repartee, surpassed in interest for her the other meals she had eaten. After it they all sat together on the rear platform while a swift hour hurried fifty miles behind them. Then they two returned to their work, while Maxson, wholly satisfied with himself, smoked and napped.

At five o'clock they were still at it, and the work they had gone through surprised Meradith herself, yet her hand was as nimble and her touch as certain as when she began, and he was wondering how long she would last, when Maxson came in. "I guess we all hit the lunch counter this evening," he remarked. "That good-for-nothing cook of a cook got left back there at Jewell, where they cut off the flyer." She looked at him and wondered, for she had not known they had been cut off from anything.

"Well," began the general manager, and a conference followed that seemed likely to end in nothing, till the girl, with alarm at her own audacity, projected herself into it. Her proposition was vehemently vetoed by Maxson as absurd, but the general manager heard her plea. "Let me try it," she coaxed. "I know all about home cooking, and I believe I can manage this, if you will show me a little."

"All right," he said, taking possession of her as Maxson stepped back. "We can do better than John, and I know it."

There was fairly room for one in that little gallery, but they both crowded into it, somehow, and prettily soon they had found the provisions and the can opener, and got the range fire going, so that things began to take on a promising tinge. The girl pinned her skirt up about her, and took on a very housewifely look as she got out the flour and began to dabble in it with bare arms. The general manager insisted on peeling the potatoes, at least, but she told him they were not to be peeled. He was so much in the way that she finally stopped short, looked at him, laughed and said, "Excuse me, please, but won't you let me call you

"What I need you?" The shyness was gone; that was a flash of girlish mischief in her eyes, and after he had looked at her a moment he went, like a schoolboy sent home. Of all the dinners ever served in the general manager's car better had there been the equal of that one. There might have been better broiled steak, or baked potatoes, or tea biscuit, or dessert, but not while Meradith had had the car. The serving, he knew, had never been approached, for Edith Gordon herself insisted that she should wait upon them.

Then, while Meradith lingered at the table, Maxson, with profusion of attentions, made her sit down in the place he had left and devoted himself to waiting upon her. He overwhelmed her with officious service till from protest she fell to laughing, and the general manager commanded him, in his sternest manner, "Dun, behave yourself, or I will take care of this table myself. I am not going to have my chief clerk worried by your foolishness." After this they drew into conversation, Meradith and she, and a very pleasant talk it proved, while he sat and forgetfully toyed with a half-loose button on his coat as he leaned back in the chair and watched her. She rose, begging to be excused, and stepped to her stateroom. When she came back she had a needle and thread.

"May I sew it on properly?" she begged. "It may get lost, you know."

"That's right, Miss Gordon," cried Maxson. "Mend him up! Poor old helpless bachelor, he's always getting out of fix! So help me, Charlie, it looks good to see you fall into competent hands once in a while."

The girl blushed, and turned so her face was hidden from them—both, Meradith on his feet as she plied her needle near his heart. Under pretense of raising his unlighted cigar to his mouth he made shift to shake a fist over her head at Maxson, showing him at the same time a countenance so ferocious that it would have terrified any other man into abject silence; but his manner was reverence itself when she bent her face close to him and bit the thread. Then she slipped back to her stateroom, and the instant she was gone Meradith's eyes fastened on Maxson, fairly glowing.

"Dun," he said questioningly, scanning Maxson's face, "do you?"

Maxson deliberately lit his cigar, and then leisurely returned look for look. "No," he said, calmly, "not at all." He seemed perfectly disinterested.

"Well, then," said Meradith, his firm face growing firmer, and his eyes gleaming, "I do." And with that she came back.

Immediately behind her entered the train conductor with a telegram. The general manager took it, read it, and pondered deeply. Finally he looked up, to find the girl's gaze directed straight at his face. He seemed to rouse, almost as though he had been drowsing. He rose and said, "Will you take a letter, Miss Gordon?" and then led the way to the office at the front end. There he sat down at his desk, resting his elbow on its edge and holding his head in his hand, while she waited, pencil poised, a long time. He was apparently so lost in thought that he had forgotten her, but at last he looked up and said, most irrelevantly, "Maxson told you it would be three weeks, did he?" She looked at him, wondering, "Your work for me," he explained.

"Oh, yes," she said. She caught a meaning from his words that made her grow very sober. She was afraid of what was coming.

"That was when I expected to be rambling all over the west," he said, his voice plainly suggesting that he meant to announce something distinctly painful to them both. "But this message here, and he waved it before her wide, timorous eyes, 'tells me that what I was coming out here to do has all been done. We shall be in Denver in an hour, but we shall go no farther. We turn right around there, and start straight back to-morrow noon.'

She began to understand and her face became pitifully anxious.

"If we had gone on, as I expected," the general manager said, "I should have needed you all the time."

"So then he should need her no longer!" She struggled hard to wink back the tears, but she felt them coming. He was going on:

"And it would have been a beautiful trip for you—and for all of us!" he said. "The mountains are beyond Denver, and the canons and the beautiful things to see almost every step of the way. And farther on, beyond all the mountains, there is the sea, and other cities where it is always summer. It would have been a fine trip!" He stopped because the wistful longing of her face and the tell-tale gleam of her eyes tied his tongue. Then he said very gently, leaning toward her and holding her eyes with his: "I wonder if you would have cared to go on and see it all. Would you?"

"Should she indeed! Since it was not to be, nor the three weeks of work, nor the chances it was to bring nor the money, she could not answer for the starting tears and the tightness in her throat, but she only nodded her assent.

"Because you know, Edith," the general manager said, leaning still nearer to her and taking her hand in his, and slipping the pencil from it and holding it close in his own, "we cannot go on now, but we will come back soon and see all this, and more,

sha'n't we?" He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them. "Shall we not come again, dear?" he was asking, while to her his voice seemed far away, and the little room whirled about her. "In the car?" Just ourselves! And see it all? Edith dear! When shall it be? When will you marry me?"

Then he knelt by her chair, and held her, softly crying, in his arms till she could find her voice, and be sure she had heard him and not the voice of a dream.

Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmedee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

The Boys
Where are they?—the friends of my childhood enchanted—
The clear, laughing eyes looking back in my own,
And the warm, chubby fingers my palms have so wanted,
As when we raced over pink pastures of clover,
And mocked the quail's whir and the bumble-bee's drone?

Have the breezes of time blown their blossoming faces
Forever adrift down the years that have flown?
Am I never to see them romp back to their places,
Where over the meadow in sunshine and shadow,
The meadow-larks trill, and the bumble-bees drone?

Where are they? At dim in the dust lies the clover;
The whip-poor-will's call has a sorrowful tone,
And the dove's—I have wept at it over and over—
I want the glad luster of youth, and the cluster
Of faces asleep where the bumble-bees drone.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

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WHAT DID SHE MEAN? "Now, Tommy," said his mother, "I want you to be good while I'm out." "I'll be good for a penny," replied Tommy. "Tommy," said she, "I want you to remember that I cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES STANDARD OF THE WORLD

In and Around Toronto

ST. MARY'S C.L.A.A.

The above Association held their annual excursion to Niagara on Tuesday of last week.

RETURNED FROM EUROPE.

Rev. Father J. M. Cruise, P.P., of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, has returned after a short trip to Europe.

FUNERAL OF MR. W. H. ROSE.

The funeral of Mr. W. H. Rose took place from his residence, 76 Sydneyham street, on Wednesday morning, to St. Paul's church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery.

FEAST OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

The Feast of the Transfiguration was celebrated on Sunday, at the Cathedral His Grace the Archbishop preached on the Feast. A large number of visitors to the city were present.

ST. PATRICK'S.

At St. Patrick's on Sunday the Feast of St. Alphonsus, founder of the Congregation of the Redemptorists was celebrated by a solemn High Mass and Benediction.

MR. L. V. McBRADY, K.C., RE-ELECTED.

Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., has just returned from attendance at the Convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Mr. McBrady was re-elected to the position of High Trustee, an office which he has already held for the past two years.

AUSTIN MALONE WINS.

Master Austin Malone of Spadina avenue, and a pupil of St. Peter's School, is the winner of the scholarship promised by Rev. Father Minehan to the boy in his parish school who would take the highest number of marks at the Entrance Examination for the High Schools.

A SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDED.

Miss Alicia Baynam, an Irish lady, for some years resident in St. Patrick's parish, has bequeathed the sum of three thousand dollars to the Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's, for the purpose of founding a scholarship in the Redemptorist Community. Miss Baynam was a convert who ascribed her conversion to her grandmother, whose name was Garrett. The scholarship is, therefore, to receive her name and will be known as the Garrett Scholarship.

RETREAT AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

The second annual retreat of the Sisters of the Community of St. Joseph's is now being held. Rev. Father Younan, Paullist, of New York, is giving the Retreat, which will end on the 15th, the Feast of the Assumption, when a ceremony will take place in which seven young ladies will receive the habit, and sixteen will make their vows. One hundred and thirty-five members are taking part in the Retreat.

WITNESSED CURE.

A lady of Toronto, who was one of the late pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, was witness to some of the cures on the Feast of St. Anne. A little lad of about four years of age who had never walked, was seated on his mother's knee before the Shrine. Suddenly he got down from his mother's lap and walked down the aisle. He was afterwards seen to walk as though always accustomed to the use of his limbs. It is sometimes difficult to get direct witnesses, and on this account this particular case is mentioned.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Hynes and daughters of 375 Birkley street, are on the Saginaw trip. Messrs. M. P. Mallon and T. Mullins have just returned from Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh of 543 Walmer Road, are spending a few weeks in Atlantic City. Mr. F. Doran of Buffalo is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Mallon of Dundas street. Mrs. J. T. Dunn of Chatham is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. L. V. McBrady. Rev. Father Jeffcott of South Adela, and Rev. Father Minehan of St. Peter's, have changed places for a week or two.

CHANGE IN LAW FIRM.

Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., has lately taken into partnership Mr. John R. O'Connor of Ottawa, late of the firm of Kidd and O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor is a graduate of Ottawa University and was for some time lecturer in the same institution. He was also at one time on the staff of the Mail and Empire of Toronto. This latest acquisition to the firm of McBrady and O'Connor promises to add much to an already always successful firm.

DEATH OF MRS. BROCK.

It was with much regret that news of the death of Mrs. Mary Brock was learned by her many friends in the city. Mrs. Brock had been ailing for some time, but nevertheless the end, which occurred at St. Michael's Hospital on Sunday, the 5th inst., came as something altogether unexpected to many among her acquaintances. Mrs. Brock was the widow of the late George Brock and mother of Mrs. James Carroll of St. Francis' Parish. She was well known in Toronto, having been in business in different parts of the West End, though retired and living with her daughter for some years past. Mrs. Brock was of a genial and social disposition, a kind neighbor, a devoted mother and a practical and fervent Catholic. The funeral took place on Tuesday from 210 Dundas street to St. Francis' Church, where Mass of Requiem was said by Rev. Father McLean, P.P., and thence to Mount Hope Cemetery. Much sympathy is

A Very Sad Case

Worry over the arrest of her son James, who is held on a charge of murder with two other men, in connection with the death of Fred. Fieldhouse, at Hamilton, recently, brought on an illness which resulted in the death of his aged mother, Mrs. Ellen Nealon, widow of the late John Nealon. "Died of a broken heart" was the verdict of the doctors who attended her. Since the arrest of her boy she had been failing fast and the feeble, grey-haired old woman, who was obliged at the inquest to give evidence that might lead to putting her son in the shadow of the gallows or send him to prison, excited the pity of the jurors and officials. A few days ago she was taken seriously ill, but those about her thought it would not result fatally. She passed away quite suddenly, however, at her late residence, 256 Bay street north. It was in front of this house that the fatal row started. Mrs. Nealon tried to keep her boy out of it, and it was through this that she became one of the witnesses for the crown. It is not likely that her death will affect the trial any, as her evidence was taken at the inquest.

During her illness she constantly raved about her unfortunate son and called for him in vain. As it was not thought her illness would be fatal no effort was made to let the son have a last look at his dying mother. The funeral took place from her late residence, 256 Bay street north, to St. Mary's Cathedral, where mass was celebrated by Father Ferguson. Father Mahoney conducted the service at the grave. The pall-bearers were J. Desmond, J. Sullivan, D. O'Connell, P. O'Neil, John Dillon and D. McCrystal. The Minister of Justice was not in Ottawa at the time, but a telegram was received from the Deputy Minister to the effect that he had not the power to give an order for the release from jail of Mrs. Nealon's son to attend the funeral.

Registration of Marriages

Hon. W. J. Hanna, through Doctor C. A. Hodgetts, has issued new regulations respecting the registration of marriages. There are between 18,000 and 19,000 marriages each year, and from 600 to 800 of these are registered, while many are delayed in some instances 15 months. Under the old regulations all licenses were held in the possession of the officiating clergyman, but under the new law these must be indorsed, and forwarded to the department of the registrar-general. All marriages must be registered by official card, giving full details to the division registry. Formerly the issuers of licenses retained the affidavits, but in future these will be filled out by the issuer on the back. Both affidavits and licenses will be placed on file in the department. Envelopes will be supplied to issuers of licenses for the return of information and for the use of the clergyman officiating. Some efforts will be made to have the marriage laws amended in the near future, to prevent the large number of objectionable marriages at border points.

Mgr. Sbaretta, Papal Delegate, visits the Soo

As the steamer Saronic came into port shortly after six o'clock, on her trip from Sarnia, a large crowd of citizens stood on the government dock to welcome one of her passengers, namely, Mgr. Sbaretta, the Pope's delegate to Canada. While yet some distance out His Excellency could be distinguished among the passengers on the hurricane deck, and courtesies passed between him and the people on the wharf. After raising his hat as an acknowledgement of the greeting of the people he hurried away and when the boat had tied up, appeared at the gangway, where he was informally welcomed to the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie by His Lordship Bishop Scollard, and to the parish by the Rev. Father Lusier of the Sacred Heart church, and by Mayor Plummer on behalf of the town. Among the people on the dock when the boat arrived were the boys of the separate school and the men of the parish, who marched there in a body.

His Excellency, Mgr. Sbaretta, and His Lordship Bishop McEvay, of London, by whom he was accompanied, were escorted to carriages and driven up town to the Sacred Heart church where another large crowd was gathered to greet him. The church was beautifully decorated with orange, white and blue bunting and Sacred Heart flags and the altar was adorned with a profusion of flowers, candles and electric lights.

On the visitors entering the church special music was rendered by the choir and at the altar Bishop Scollard addressed the papal delegate in words of welcome to the diocese. Bishop Scollard spoke for about 20 minutes, referring particularly to the recent organization of the diocese and giving some figures as to its extent which is such as to include 30,000 church members, of whom 4,000 are Indians. J. J. Kehoe, Judge O'Connor and S. Marchildon entered the sanctuary and the former read an address of welcome from the parishioners and societies. Mgr. Sbaretta made an extended reply in which he congratulated the people on the organization of a new diocese, which he found to have been done in an excellent and admirable manner. He spoke also of the education of the young and laid great stress upon it as the fundamental necessity of both their religious and secular life. The church ceremonies were closed by His Excellency performing benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Mgr. Sbaretta will remain in the Soo a couple of days and then continue his trip to Port Arthur, and

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The Rev. Mgr. Bernard

Mgr. Bernard who is to replace the late Mgr. Decelles, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, is in his fifty-eighth year, having been born at Beloeil, on December 29th, 1847. He pursued his classical studies at Montreal College, and later at the Grand Seminary in this city and at Sorcel. On October 1st, 1871, he was ordained priest in his native village. After serving a short time as curate at St. Denis, he was made superior of Sorcel College in 1872, and retained that position for four years. In 1876 he came to St. Hyacinthe, first as pastor of the Cathedral, and later as a canon. Then he was made archdeacon in 1877, becoming assistant secretary and later secretary and chancellor of the Archdiocese.

In September, 1893, he was made Vicar-General by Mgr. Moreau, and Mgr. Decelles hastened to confirm the appointment when he succeeded to the see. Before his death Mgr. Decelles received, through Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, a cablegram from Rome which rejoiced him greatly. Although he did not reveal its contents he gave it to be understood that Mgr. A. X. Bernard would be his successor. It is even stated that the cablegram contained the news of Mgr. Bernard's appointment as coadjutor, with the right of succession. Although he did not express any disinclination to the dying Bishop, Mgr. Bernard, as soon as the subject was broached afterwards, refused to accept the recommendation of the Bishops and the chapter of the diocese.

He stated that his health was so poor that it would be impossible for him to assume the onerous duties of the high office to which he is called. It seems that Mgr. Bernard has now been prevailed upon to alter his decision.

Mgr. Bernard belongs to a family many of whose members have joined the priesthood. Two other brothers and several cousins are in the ranks of the church. Other members of the family are Dr. A. A. Bernard, of St. Henri, lately the Conservative candidate in Hochelaga, Mr. L. E. Bernard, K.C., and Mr. L. A. Bernard, druggist. One sister, Mrs. J. M. A. Denault, wife of a well known newspaper man, resides in Montreal.

A City Shoe Tax and Catholics

If there were a city shoe tax that supported a city shoe shop that turned out shoes for the city taxpayers—two pairs of shoes a year, gratis; and if that city shoe shop should turn out nothing but No. 10's year after year, and your measure was 11, what would you do for shoes? Would you hobble about in 10's? Or would you, even after being forced to pay your shoe tax, go and pay a second price for a pair that would fit you? This is just what the Catholics are doing for an education. They pay the education tax, but the education they get for it is not good enough for them. So they pay a second price to have what is good enough for them. The tax they pay and do not profit by goes to diminish the expenses of those who are satisfied with the common education. And yet we hear some of these people whose school bills the Catholics are helping to pay, we hear them abusing the Catholics as the great enemies of education. If a man paid your shoe bill as well as his own, would you say he hated shoes? Would you say

that he went barefooted himself and was trying to force everybody else to do the same? And yet this charge would have as much truth, reason and gratitude in it as there is in the charge some people make against the Catholics as being the enemies of education.—Catholic Home.

A Convert's First Mass

Rev. Royal B. Webster, erstwhile a follower of John Wesley, saw the "Light of the World" as this century broke upon humanity and on Sunday, July 2nd, said his first mass at St. Mary's Church, Stockton, Cal.

Father Webster is a Stockton young man, having been born a little over twenty-six years ago in Stockton, and is one of the youngest men to be ordained for the priesthood. He comes of Puritanical stock. He is connected on his mother's side with many prominent New England families, all of Protestant predilection, and on his father's side with a Scotch settler in colonial Massachusetts.

The new priest's family were Methodists. He joined that church on probation at the age of 10 and was later admitted to full membership. In 1900 he announced his intention of withdrawing from Methodism and embracing Catholicism and studying for the priesthood. Father Webster is a graduate of the Stockton high school, where he was at the head of a class of fifty-five. He taught school for two years in San Joaquin and Stanislaus counties. He has completed the full course at St. Mary's Seminary, a Catholic theological school in Baltimore, and was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons on the 21st of last month in the cathedral at Baltimore.

Death of Sir Ambrose Shea

London, August 2. — Sir Ambrose Shea, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Newfoundland, 1855 to 1861, and Governor of the Bahama Islands from 1887 to 1894, is dead.

Hon. Sir Ambrose Shea was a son of the late Henry Shea, merchant, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and was born there in 1818. He was educated in his native city, afterwards entering mercantile life, having a most successful business career. Sir Ambrose Shea entered the Newfoundland Assembly in 1850. He was sent as a delegate to the Quebec Union Conference in 1864, presided over by the late Sir E. P. Tache, and was on other missions. He was commissioner from Newfoundland to the Fisheries Exchange in London in 1883, and drew up an exhaustive report on the results of the display in so far as they affected the interests of his colony. He was created a K.C.M.G. the same year. Sir Ambrose Shea became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahama Islands on July 11, 1887. On leaving there in 1895 he was presented by the people with a service of plate "as a testimony of his signal services to the colony by the establishment of the now famous ability of his general administration." He was a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Harding—Callan

The marriage is announced of Miss Pearl Mae Harding, niece of Mr. Robert Begley and cousin of Ald. T. J. Begley of Peterborough, to Mr. J. J. Callan of Cambridgeport, the Church of the Holy Ghost, Brockton, Mass., was the scene of the happy event and Rev. Father J. F. Hamilton officiated.

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TEACHER WANTED: Junior room, Hastings, R.C. Separate School, duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$250.00 per annum. Applications with testimonials received until Aug. 1st by John Coughlan, Sec.-Treas. Hastings P.O., Northumberland Co., Ont.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO, ONT. AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 11, 1905 OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FROM 9 a.m. Tuesday, Aug. 29th TO 10 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 9th

The Days of the Exhibition Saturday, Aug. 26th, Preparation Day. Monday, " 28th, Exhibitors' Day. Tuesday, " 29th, Opening Day. Wednesday, " 30th, School Children's Day. Thursday, " 31st, Manufacturers' Day. Friday, " 1st, Press Day. Saturday, Sept. 2nd, Commercial Travellers' and Pioneers' Day. Monday, " 4th, Labor Day. Tuesday, " 5th, Stock Breeders' and Fruit Growers' Day. Wednesday, " 6th, Farmers' Day. Thursday, " 7th, Americans' Day. Friday, " 8th, Society and Review Day. Saturday, " 9th, Citizens' Day. Monday, " 10th, Get-away Day.

MUSIC IN ABUNDANCE By the Best Bands in the Country and the Famous Irish Guards A concert by massed bands, including the Irish Guards, will be given each evening on the grounds at 6 o'clock. From time to time excellent bands will perform, while that of the Exhibition will play in front of the Grand Stand every afternoon and every evening.

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Talks with Parents The above is the title of a little book that has just come to hand. It embraces the lectures or "talks" dealing with the obligations and duties of parents toward their children. Rev. Father D. V. Phalen is the editor. The first eight "talks" are by Father Phalen himself and the ninth and tenth are respectively the work of a Dominican Father and of a Superiora of a Convent in England. The whole is a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages, which might be carried in the pocket of an overcoat or in a lady's satchel. The book contains the desirable quality of being very readable, the advice it contains being given in so simple and attractive a manner that actual enjoyment accompanies the process of becoming instructed.

It is quite evident that the nature of both parent and child have been made the subject of much study by the author, and the results of this study are given to the reader in a form which if attended to, will certainly tend to the great betterment

The Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 1 and 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 was entitled to 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 first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (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.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1899.

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.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroads, and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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