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VOL. IX.—NO. 40.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## DEATH OF MOTHER BERNARD

(Specially written for the Register.)

Almost within sound of the glad joy bells heralding the Golden Jubilee or Fiftieth Anniversary of the Foundation of the Community of St. Joseph in Toronto, Mother Mary Bernard Dinan, the link between the present and the past of the congregation, the sole survivor of the four co-foundresses of the Order in Canada, died suddenly, of angina pectoris, in the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, on Monday, the 20th inst., at 9.30 p.m. Her death came as a shock not alone to the Community whose joyful Jubilee Symphonies are changed to notes of mourning, but to the Catholic population at large who loved and esteemed the departed religious for her excellent qualities of head and heart, her magnificent generosity and noble spirit of self-sacrifice.

## MOTHER BERNARD'S RELIGIOUS LIFE.

The history of Mother Bernard's religious life is the history of the Community of St. Joseph in Canada. She was the youngest member of the little colony of four religious women who in the early days of October, 1851, left the great neighboring Republic to come to establish their Community on alien soil. Ostensibly from the States, they were, with one exception, not Americans. The Mother Superior of the little band first saw the light in beautiful France, sunny Lyons cradled her; Western Canada, even our own Queen City, was to be her tomb. Another claimed the Fatherland for her childhood's home; the Prussian and Bohemian forests were no strange places to the little German maid, who later with her French traveling companion was destined to lie in "God's Acre" at Toronto. Both were quietly to sleep together under the shadow of our beloved Maple before Sedan was fought and lost, leaving to a conquered nation its legacy of death and hate and shame. Even had they lived to see the disastrous war of 1871, it would not have severed hearts that religious ties had bound so closely. Together they would have knelt and offered their petitions for German Uhlan and French Chasseur; together they would have implored mercy for Landwehr and Gendarme. But the future was hidden from their ken and perhaps when the sad war was over and the German Eagle soared triumphant over the prostrate Lilies of France, two saints in Heaven were pleading for souls irrespective of country, friend or foe. Such were the two senior members of the Congregation; the third Sister was an American, a Quakeress who had been vouchsafed the gift of faith and in gratitude for that pearl of great price, had sacrificed her all at the Shrine of Religion. Born in New Jersey, she left the home of her birth to become a stranger in a strange land; to teach its children loyalty to God, sovereign and country.

## THE LAST OF THE BAND.

And last, the sole survivor, until one short week ago, of the little group, the one for whom fresh tears are falling and hearts are sorrowing to-day, the holy subject of

our obituary sketch, came from the dear Island Home, the abode of saints and scholars. She came with the warm fresh faith of her Celtic ancestors to implant the same in the hearts of Canadian children. Sun and moon and stars of Heaven harmoniously kept on their course during those long fifty years; season followed season in the flight of time, still the brave pioneer steadily kept at her post, faithfully working for the Master, faithfully teaching and caring the little ones of the flock, garnering rich treasures for the heavenly granaries, waiting for the summons of the King. It came, the sweet summons, suddenly, unexpected—it found her with hands full ready to receive the Crown. She who had given herself to God in her bright young girlhood, when but nineteen summers had passed over her brow, she whose soul had heard the mystic words "Hearken my Daugh'er, and incline thy ear, and forget thy people and thy Father's house," she who had generously, lovingly, ardently followed the Divine Call; surely she met Him with all the wealth of His love, Divine and human. Her lamp was lighted when the Bridegroom called, and although no anointing words were said over her, no parting Absolution blessed her; she had banqueted that last morning of her life on the Bread of Angels, her Divine Spouse had fed her with His own most Precious Body and Blood; the Sacramental words of Absolution had been pronounced over her; and can we doubt that our Blessed Lady, whose Altar she had visited but one half-hour before her sudden dissolution, St. Joseph, the loved patron, whose aid she had invoked in that last Community exercise, the nightly prayer, can we doubt that Mary and Joseph bore her pure spirit to the Throne of the Eternal and placed in the Everlasting Arms of the Almighty Father, her whose soul was defended in the last dread combat by whole hosts of heavenly spirits, the Guardian Angels of those little ones who for half a century in Academy, School and Orphanage, had received from her a mother's love and tender care; can we doubt that those Blessed Ones surrounded and sustained her ere her spiritual daughters could reach her couch of death, or be sure that that expiring moan was indeed her last. Thus departed in blessedness the last member of that little cosmopolitan congregation that since has multiplied its members a hundredfold and has reaped such a harvest of good during the fifty years of its existence in Canada. The deaths of Mother Bernard's three companions were similarly holy.

## MOTHER DELPHINE'S DEATH RECALLED.

The Mother Superior, known in Religion as Reverend Mother Mary Delphine, in the world as Mlle. Marie Antoinette Pontbonne, died a martyr of charity in 1856. She and her sister, Mother Fabronia Fontbonne, were two of the six Sisters who left Lyons in 1836, at the call of Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, to found the first American Convent of St. Joseph. After laboring with great success for some years, Mother Delphine was transferred to Philadelphia, where the young Community had been established in 1847, at the earnest request of the Right Reverend Francis P. Fenwick. Having accomplished her mission there, she was ordered by her Superiors to Toronto to establish the Canadian houses of the Order; she obeyed, and after five years of heroic labor and offering, was called to her reward in the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-fifth of her religious life. It may interest the friends of the Community to know that Mother Delphine was the niece of Rev. Mother St. John Fontbonne, re-founder of the Community of St. Joseph, after the French Revolution.

## MOTHER ST. JOHN SAVED FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

The life of Mother St. John, as also the life of her successor in office, Virginia Tezenas du Montcel, or Rev. Mother M. of the Sacred Heart, has been admirably written by the Abbe Rivaux, author of "Cours d'Histoire Ecclesiastique." In a masterly manner he records the history of the Congregation from its foundation in 1650 until the death of Mother St. John in 1843. From it we learn that the venerable Mother was one of the French Religious who lay in the Prison Saint-Didier awaiting execution and whom the fall of Robespierre the night before the date fixed for their death saved from the guillotine. Her Rosary, which soled her during her prison hours, was brought to Canada by her niece, Rev. Mother Delphine,

## Community of St. Joseph's Bereaved

### Death of Mother Bernard in Toronto and Mother Austin in Peterborough—Two Noble Women

who bequeathed it to Mother Bernard; it is now in possession of the Motherhouse, Toronto. Mother St. John's biographer likewise records that about three months after her precious death, one of her spiritual daughters went to the Venerable Cure of Ars to request him to offer some Masses for the repose of her soul. But the saintly priest refused, saying, "Your Reverend Mother de's not need them; she is high in glory. I know it."

## FOUNDRESS OF HAMILTON COMMUNITY.

Mother Martha Bunning, the German Sister before mentioned, died in 1868. In 1852 she had founded the Hamilton Community; later on had opened houses in the States; afterwards returned to Toronto, where ten days later she died; her body reposes in the same grave as Mother Delphine's. Sr. Alphonsus Margery, the convert Quakeress already named and after whom on account of her zeal for education the first city separate school in charge of the Sisters was named, labored for a time in Toronto; afterwards was sent by her Superiors to assist in the Hamilton schools; she died in that city, 1855, and was buried under St. Mary's Cathedral.

## AT REST.

Mother Bernard's remains were interred, Monday, the 23rd inst., by the side of Mother Delphine in St. Joseph's Plot, St. Michael's Cemetery. There, after nearly fifty years of separation, they are re-united, at last, so near the golden October days that she had been looking forward to with glad expectancy. Had she lived but one fortnight longer she would have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her coming to Toronto. Among the mourners who assembled at Sunnyside to assist at her obsequies, there was but one who had witnessed her coming half a century ago, name'y, Reiny Elmsley, Esq., of "Barnstable," Elmsley Place. As a little child he had accompanied his father, the late Hon. Captain Elmsley, who with the late Dr. King and other representative Catholics of the city, waited at Toronto Harbor to welcome the coming Religious. What feeling must have welled within him as memory recalled that 7th of October, 1851, when the little group of four unpretentious women first touched Canadian soil; how like and yet unlike the busy autumn day that saw the sainted Mother's arrival and that which witnessed her interment in the tomb. As he gazed upon her bier reverently borne from out the beautiful grounds of Sunnyside; along the pebbly shore laved by the bright waters of the lake; up the quiet avenue and park crescent in the direction of his own beautiful northern home; under the mighty archway erected to welcome the heir-apparent and his Royal Consort; past the magnificent conventual pile in St. Alban's street and Surrey place forming the Motherhouse, Convent and Academy of St. Joseph, whose site his own revered father had donated to the Community; out of the sound of its tolling bells, pealing a sad requiem for her who had helped to rear its stately halls; past its grassy lawns and flowering gardens; on again through the busy streets, onward to the cemetery gates—how he must have recalled that scene of fifty years ago when full of life and vigor and strength she came to our young city bringing joys to the souls of many! Then as now Nature's beauties were unchanged; the same blue Canadian sky bent over them, the same bright wavelets kissed the shore, the same luminously-tinted autumn leaves were even as they were half a century before; but the great city had changed. The Toronto of 1851 was not the Toronto of 1901. It had not then the teeming population it now contains; nor had the many modern appliances and conveniences that would have made easier the Community's labor been invented. The eleven hours' journey by train from Philadelphia, which we now make, occupied the poor Sisters exactly one week by boat and stage. This wearisome way of travel was for them, but the prelude to the life of trial and sacrifice that awaited them; for though Bishop de Charbonnel, who had urgently invited them to Canada, welcomed them with all the

warmth of his generous nature, the poverty of the diocese was such that despite his good will and earnest efforts and the generous assistance of the citizens of Toronto, the usual sufferings, privations and hardships of the pioneer's lot was their portion.

## IN THE EARLY DAYS OF TRIAL.

It is almost impossible to obtain the accurate account of these early days of trial. The members who entered the Community within a year or two of its foundation at Toronto, and who still survive, will not speak of the heroic sufferings endured. "Miserere Secretum est" seems to be their motto; they shrink from recording their virtues or of losing the reward of good actions now registered in Heaven. Only in the obituary records of the Community can we obtain some idea of the unparalleled hardships suffered in those early days of struggle. Writing of the patience and mortification of their deceased Sisters, the Community Annalist informs us that the day's labors often began at 2 a. m.; that manual work was interrupted at 5 for prayer, meditation and Holy Mass; then followed the usual routine of the ordinary Community day. This crippled resources, wretched accommodation, unsavory, scanty food, unsanitary class-rooms—all combined to undermine the strength of the young Canadian ladies who joined the Community at its commencement; no wonder many dropped off in the spring-time of their lives and the little Convent Cemetery was filled all too rapidly by those whose frail bodies could not sustain their strong and loving souls. We may number them with

"The noble dumb who did their deed;  
And scorned to blot it with a name,  
Souls of the high heroic creed  
Who loved Heaven's silence more than fame."

In those days of trial the Bishop did all in his power to lessen their privations; and he the saintly prelate, the scion of a noble house, who had fled from the honors and titles that pursued him, who had refused the appointment of Almoner to the Duchess of Berry, also the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as well as a seat in the National Assembly, he with voice and pen humbly pleaded for the young Community he had brought to his Diocese; no toil was too great, no labor too arduous that would conduce to the welfare of the Sisters; and fitting it is that among the honored names in St. Joseph's Annals none is more venerated, loved and cherished, more than that of Armand Francis Marie, Comte de Charbonnel, second Bishop of Toronto.

## GROWTH OF THE COMMUNITY.

The dark days of struggle passed, however, and with them the modest abode in Nelson street (now Jarvis), where the Community had first resided. Imposing structures have since arisen throughout the Diocese, convents, academies, high and separate schools; institutions of mercy have sprung up with marvelous rapidity not alone in our own Archdiocese, but in the neighboring Sees of London, Hamilton and Peterborough. If as Chateaubriand says "the most beautiful eulogy we can write on the life of a Religious is to present a list of the labors to which it has been consecrated," we have alone to say that St. Joseph's Convent and Academy, the House of Providence, Sunnyside Orphanage, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Nicholas' Institute, St. Mary's Convent and Select School, St. Joseph's High School, as well as the Separate Schools of St. Mary, St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Basil, St. Francis, St. Peter, St. Charles, St. Anne, St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart; likewise the Convents and Schools at Barrie, Oshawa, Thorold, St. Catharines, Lafontaine, Port Dalhousie and Merrittton, owe much to the labors and zeal of Mother Bernard, and form the noblest record of her lifework. The Convents of Hamilton, founded from Toronto in 1852, London in 1868, and Peterborough in 1890, indirectly owe their origin to Mother Bernard; the zealous, holy members of those three Communities continue her work of education and charity

in nineteen cities and towns of their respective Dioceses. Mother Bernard's views on education were worthy the spiritual, magnanimous woman she was; she believed that the best education for women is that which will best help her to become a perfect human being, wise and loving and strong. With Bishop Spalding she thought that the aim and end of education is to bring forth in the individual the divine image of humanity as it exists in the thought of God, as it is revealed in the life of Christ. She was convinced that science is but the handmaid of religion and that both should blend to cultivate the mind and teach the heart. That the high and holy principles with which she imbued her Religious Sisters did not detract from their successful instruction in all branches relating to secular knowledge, the Teachers' Records of St. Joseph's Community in the Education Department are the best proof.

## MOTHER BERNARD'S CHARITABLE LIFE.

Of her charities we can but say, they were boundless. She was a mother to the orphan and the poor, and that word "Mother" comprises all. Whose heart more responsive than hers to the call of suffering; whose ear more sensitive to the cry of pain? She esteemed it her highest right, her most glorious privilege to soothe the sorrowing and distressed. She considered the lessening of human misery, the rendering services to suffering humanity a glorious, God-given work that Angels well might envy. And fifty years of heroic practice of sympathy, self-sacrifice and self-effacement but perfected her in the sublime vocation to which she had dedicated her life. Of the inner life of Mother Bernard we do not purpose to speak; the subject is too sacred to record. Suffice it to say that though she held at times the highest posts in the Order, having been for a period Reverend Mother Superior of the Motherhouse and Superior at various times at the different Mission Houses, she could in dying say, as did a celebrated preacher: "I have been Superior of the largest houses of my Order, and all that is nothing to me now; but I have faithfully kept my Rule, and that is something." Her close communion with God and her interior spirit, characteristic of the saints, gave her spiritual strength to bear the trials, afflictions and crosses that are the inevitable portion of those whom God has specially marked as His own. Her sufferings were many and great, but her brave, patient, trustful; resigned heart bore them all sweetly and serenely; "In silence and hope she found her strength."

His Grace the Archbishop well described her character when in his funeral tribute he said: "She did much for God, but quietly, unostentatiously, never letting her left hand know what her right hand did." Seldom, the illustrious preacher went on to say, was grief so earnest, so heartfelt, so intense as that shown on the said occasion that brought them together. She whose Requiem had been chanted had been in the true sense of the word a Mother, a Mother in very deed to the orphan and the poor. She had done much for the Province, Catholicity in Ontario owed much to her; she had built up the Community whose members now mourned her; she had accomplished much for the schools and charities of the Archdiocese. And she had done all quietly, for she was one of those who wrought for God alone, whose true inner life was hidden with Christ in God. Silently, calmly her religious life had passed in deeds of goodness. Fifty years was a long span of life not given to all, and surely he might say "God's ways are not our ways" because in those long fifty years how often had not the departed one prayed to be delivered from a sudden and unprovided death; and she was cut off suddenly; but although her death was sudden, it was not unprovided, but precious in the sight of God. Many lessons the congregation could learn from her life the Archbishop added, and although they might not attain her high perfection they could imitate her virtues. While sympathizing with the Community who had lost her, he would remind them they mourned not as those without hope. He would ask the prayers of the congregation for the deceased whose soul might not indeed stand in need of them, but Almighty God would accept their pious suffrages and apply them to the souls of others. In conclusion he would but say as he had begun "Eternal rest, grant to her O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her." It was evident that His Grace would have spoken at great-

## DEATH OF MOTHER AUSTIN

(Specially written for the Register.)

At the House of Providence, Peterborough, on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at 3.30 p.m. Rev. Mother M. Austin, Superior of Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in the Diocese of Peterborough, surrounded by the sorrowing Sisters of the Community, departed this life. Her sickness was short. Ten days previously she visited the home of her beloved poor and among them she happily passed away. Her name in the world was Catherine Doran. Mother Austin was born March 22nd, 1838, at Gore's Bridge, County Kilkenny, Ireland. Her parents were residents of Kingston, and at the time were on a visit to their native land. Showing an early desire for the life of a Religious, she entered the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, January 13th, 1858, and there made her religious profession in 1860. Her virtues and talents soon brought her to the notice of her superiors, and in 1866 she was appointed to the responsible office of Mistress of Novices. In her was then conferred the training of the younger Sisters, and she fulfilled this duty with such zeal and earnestness and good judgment that she was again chosen for the same office in 1877. Many of the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose names are now household words in the Archdiocese of Toronto, owe to her teaching and example the foundation of the truly religious character that has marked their lives. Her experience in the Noviciate prepared her for the special work to which God called her.

Bishop Janiot, on his appointment to the newly-formed Diocese of Peterborough, knowing the zeal of the Sisters of St. Joseph in doing good, induced them in 1883 to take charge of the schools in Cobourg, and Mother Austin was appointed Superior. In 1890 the Sisters of St. Joseph also took charge of the Convent School in Lindsay, and the Hospital in Peterborough. They had already houses at Port Arthur and Fort William. The same year the Sisters in the Diocese of Peterborough were canonically separated from the Motherhouse in Toronto and became a distinct Community, under the jurisdiction of the present Bishop, Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor, D. D. Mother Austin was elected first Superior. A great work was before her. She had but nineteen Sisters, and had to provide for five different houses. She established the first Motherhouse temporarily at Lindsay. Very soon several young ladies applied for admission to the Sisterhood, and ever since vocations have been many. During her eleven years of administration, sixty-two young ladies received the Habit, and of these forty-six made profession, taking the usual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, that they might give themselves up wholly to the service of God. Mother Austin had her whole heart in the good work. Her's was the master-mind, which guided the young society, and at the conclusion of the term of her office was each time re-elected. In 1894 she

(Continued on page 4.)

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IRELAND

CRIMELSS IRELAND.

London, Sept. 23, 1901. Again and again has Catholic Ireland led the other nations of Europe in regard to crimelessness...

"ST. RONAN'S WELL" AND IRELAND.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Kiltruddery, the beautiful residence, near Bray, of the Earl of Meath...

THE IRISH IN ICELAND.

The Danish correspondent of the Morning Leader of London sent the following telegram from Copenhagen recently:

FRANCE

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY. M. Urbain Gohier, the effervescent opponent of the Church...

Tuesday last, dealing with Cardinal Vaughan's desire to have Assumptionists in London...

In the current number of The Etudes the periodical published by the French Jesuits, Father Burnichon distinctly announces that the Society will not apply for authorization to remain in France...

UNITED STATES

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. Archbishop Ryan, in welcoming the 27th annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union to Philadelphia...

told they are given the right by God and that all power is from God and that in that respect the power resisteth the ordinance of God...

CONFLICT OF CAPITAL AND LABOR.

"We see the conflict that is going on, and which is apparently to continue, between the upper and lower classes in society as we call them, between labor and capital."

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

"Your organization, according to its original plan, was not merely to consist of literary societies, but your ultimate power was to embrace all yours."

ENGLAND

CARDINAL VAUGHAN TO THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC CONFERENCE. My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I had proposed to speak to-night on the topics of present interest to Catholics...

ST. EDMUND'S RELICS

You have heard of St. Edmund the Martyr and King of East Anglia, and of the controversy that has arisen as to his relics...

Cathedral of Westminster. And His Holiness, DESIRING TO GRATIFY THE CATHOLICS OF ENGLAND.

and believing that Englishmen in general would be pleased to see the remains of a Saxon King brought back to England, obtained for us from the Archbishop of Toulouse what we all believed to be the bones of St. Edmund, the King...

EVIDENCE CAN BE OBTAINED ON OBSCURE QUESTIONS.

and the degree of doubt attaching to many statements can now be justly estimated. To none are the investigations of historical research more useful than to the Catholic Church...

CONVERTS FROM BROOK FARM MOVEMENT.

It is a curious bit of religious history that out of the young men who gathered around George Ripley at Brook Farm, a very large percentage became Catholics...

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deal with the relics of the saints—our love and veneration are for the person of the saint, and they are to this extent personal—that if we should venerate a spurious relic in the belief that it were genuine...

A STORY OF FATHER MATTHEW.

Good Words tells the following story about Father Matthew: Brougham told Father Matthew, the celebrated Irish temperance advocate, that he was extremely abstemious in the matter of wine in 1844...

A SWISS FOLK TALE.

At noon one day a young peasant sat by the side of a wood and, sighing, prayed to God to give him a morsel of food. A Dwarf suddenly emerged from the wood and told him that his prayer should be fulfilled...

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THURSDAY OCT. 3, 1901.

**THE REGISTER AND THE JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.**

To the Editor of The Register.  
 Sir—In your issue of the 26th instant the following "personal" item appears:

"Cabinet changes and judicial appointments are announced from Ottawa. Sir Louis Davies goes on the Supreme Court Bench. Hon. Dr. Borden becomes Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Hon. James Sutherland administers for the present the Department of Militia and Defence. B. M. Britton, K. C., Kingston, gets the vacant Judgeship in Ontario and Mr. Fotheringham the vacant position made vacant on the Quebec bench by Judge Gill's death."

When I read it I at once turned to your editorial page for your commentary. I was amazed to discover you had nothing to say! It is a well-known fact that through the length and breadth of this province Catholics were looking for an appointment from themselves to the vacant judgeship. We looked for it on the simple grounds of justice and fair play. The Government in offering the appointment to a Catholic gave its sanction to our aspirations. Formerly the Government pretence to justify their exclusion of Catholics from their fair share of offices was voiced in the well-known phrase: "Where are your men?" It occurs to me we should have very little difficulty in naming a dozen Catholic lawyers in this province whose talents and legal standing are not inferior to Mr. Britton's. Can it be possible that the Government concludes the Catholic vote is safe anyhow, as for twenty years it has kept the party in power in this province and that it is more important to placate other influential bodies? In any event this last appointment must be regarded as a slap in the face to every Catholic in Ontario. Let our so-called Catholic papers have not a word to say! They are dumb! We are not much surprised at this in the case of the other Catholic papers, which we know to be intensely Liberal first, and then mildly Catholic, but we looked for better things from The Register. We had hoped the well-known independence of its editor would be proof against the wiles of politicians and the seductive influence of the loaves and fishes. We had hoped that, Catholic first, it would "put up" a manly fight for the rights and interests of Catholics against friend or foe. Are these hopes to be disappointed? You alone, Mr. Editor, can answer this question.

I am yours, etc.,  
 ONLOOKER.

Toronto, Sept. 30th, 1901.

"Onlooker" is candid enough certainly towards the Catholic press. As far as The Register is concerned, we do not intend to waste time or words in defending ourselves against the insinuation he expresses. It is no reasonable cause for the public declaration of a suspicion that we have not given a hasty airing to our opinion of the Government's action in the matter of last week's judicial appointment. The Register is not a daily paper. When it speaks for the Catholic body, as it always has done and will continue to do, its voice will be deliberate and will command the approval of its readers without regard to politics. We are not hysterical.

The Government moved very deliberately in the matter of the Ontario judicial appointment, and the choice finally made could not possibly have been influenced by any light that the Catholic press could have shed upon the situation. The vacancy was allowed to exist so long that The Register had concluded months ago the Government's difficulty was wide alto-

gether of the Catholic interest in the question. In the first place, the appointment was offered to Mr. Foy, K. C., and when he declined, out of loyalty to his party, although Sir William Meredith and others before him had been influenced by no such bond of honor to the Ontario Opposition, it was immediately said that the Government could not afford to ask another Catholic to accept what Mr. Foy had refused, because such a course would imply that a man would be elevated to the bench principally because of his religion, and not because he was the most eligible and available member of the bar.

That, we say, was one construction of the case presented by Mr. Foy's refusal. "Onlooker" offers another when he writes: "The Government in offering the appointment to a Catholic gave its sanction to our aspirations;" and it was on this account, as he holds, that Catholics "through the length and breadth of the land were looking for an appointment from themselves to the vacant judgeship."

Neither construction is exact. The idea that because Mr. Foy refused all other Catholics were barred, is one that could occur only to the jealous minds of those who would like to see Catholics excluded from the honors and emoluments of public life, although free to shoulder the heaviest duties and responsibilities of citizenship and political service. This class, though small, is clamorous, and when Mr. Foy refused there was no time lost in getting up a petition to the Government. The Register is convinced that the Government, instead of regarding the petition in question as an impertinence, allowed it to carry more or less weight, sufficient at all events to allow the appointment to be made upon the sole score of political service.

We have not a word to say against Judge Britton. His appointment will not modify the expression of our respect for the judiciary, which is an essential of contented citizenship. But we do say that several Catholic members of the Ontario Bar could be named upon any one of whom, if the appointment were bestowed, there is no intelligent, liberal-minded non-Catholic in the province but would admit the best traditions of the Bench had been regarded in the choice. It may not be that the political service they had performed was in line with the work done by Judge Britton in recent years. We go further and admit that among the most eligible Catholic members of the bar Conservatives may be numbered. But the Government had in the first place chosen a Conservative in Mr. Foy, and having adopted that principle, which the late Sir John A. Macdonald was very proud of, they need not have thrown it aside, lest the Know-Nothings should say that they were appointing a man to the bench on account of his religion.

The declaration cannot too often be made by the Catholic press that we do not make religion a claim to office or public emolument. What we do declare is that Catholics should not be passed over on account of their religion to such a degree that the contrast between their proportion of the population and their representation in the high and honorable public places of the country has become a matter of notoriety beyond the bounds of Canada.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, in a manly speech in England the other day, and in an equally manly letter to The Times, which disliked the taste of the truth and undertook to criticize his words, told the English people that the Irish Catholics are the best (which in our modesty we will interpret as good as the best), citizens of Canada. The Catholic lawyers of Ontario of high standing and honorable reputation are not hard to find. But their representation on the Bench is unquestionably a reflection upon the independence of the Government in the making of judicial appointments. They are passed over for fear of raising a clamor among a small, noisy class, who have always grudged Catholics the enjoyment of the very-much lauded principle of equal rights.

The Register has nothing but a feeling of disappointment that the Government in its recent opportunity receded from a sound principle. We know that this feeling is general among the Catholic people of the province. We are entirely con-

vinced that Liberals share it as keenly as Conservatives, and we are glad of this because the Catholic people gain only credit and recognition for themselves by sinking politics every time they stand together for a sound principle. The Government lost an opportunity and made a mistake, from which, however, this one advantage accrues, that the incident will impress Catholics with the necessity of unity for their own and the public interest; they will watch the Government more jealously now, and they will be guided to courses of self-assertion and protection, perceiving that political divisions leave them stranded, while all others take the flowing tide of public favor.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY AND HOME RULE.**

The Ottawa Journal, which does not profess any political sympathy with the Irish people, discusses the "common sense" of the address presented by the St. Patrick's Society of Ottawa to the Duke of York, in which Irish Home Rule was pressed upon the attention of H. R. H. from the point of view of loyal Irish-Canadian citizens. The Journal recognizes in the spirit of the address a Home Rule spirit that "will not down," and from that standpoint continues:

"The sentiments expressed in this address of St. Patrick's Society are the sentiments of Irishmen who are citizens of a country which enjoys Home Rule. The fact that this country does enjoy Home Rule is responsible for the willingness of Irishmen here to express a regard for the empire which a majority of Irishmen at home would not express. Reasoning by analogy, why should we not believe that Home Rule for Ireland would result before long in a similar general will in the Green Isle to become voluntarily and aggressively part and parcel of the empire, which is by no means the case now?"

"The apprehension of the opponents of Home Rule is two-fold; one a religious apprehension of the possibility of injustice by the Roman Catholic majority to the Protestant minority; the other an apprehension that a majority of Irishmen would utilize Home Rule as a lever towards complete separation, which in turn would be a desperate menace to England in case of alliance between Ireland and a continental power.

"As regards the first apprehension, the religious one, it is impossible to believe, even though no better reason existed than a political one, that in a country with representative government and with various acts of politicians striving for mastery, any party could maintain power which attempted to deal unjustly with a million and half Protestants, one-third of the whole people. What would happen with Irish Home Rule would be that distinct political parties would form, each striving for power—Redmond, for instance, at the head of one; Healy at the head of the other; they fight even now—and that each would assuredly court Protestant support, or to say the least would be extremely careful not to offend Protestant sentiment. Not the least important or perhaps the least beneficial effect of representative government is the fact that racial or religious minorities, which are usually thin-skinned because they are minorities, are apt to receive from political parties a particularly careful consideration.

"As regards the other apprehension, that Ireland might cut loose altogether, strange would it be indeed if in an era when the whole English-speaking world is drawing closer together—in an era when the British empire in particular is otherwise consolidating—when Irishmen in the British colonies express sentiments such as that in the address of the St. Patrick's Society of Ottawa—when for a capable Irishman to be a leader in a separated Ireland would be a petty matter at best, contrasted with being a leader in the British empire—strange would it be, marvellous, indeed, if Ireland, bound close to England and Scotland by natural ties of speech, of position, of industry and commerce, of intermingling blood, and with one-third of its population as violently pro-British as any part of the population could be the reverse, would ever show the slightest tendency to plunge itself and the empire into

the cataclysm which would follow an attempt to break up the union. "Rather let us believe that the justice and common sense of Home Rule for Ireland—common sense if for no other reason than that at present the Imperial Parliament is choked up with multitudinous details of the pettiest local legislation, which should have no place in such an assembly—rather let us believe that Home Rule for Ireland would speedily result in a contented Ireland, in an Ireland becoming a new motive power in the empire; in a genuine friendship among all the British peoples at home, in an even greater friendship and homogeneity than now in the British colonies and possessions throughout the earth; in a removal of the greatest of all obstacles to thorough-going sympathy between the British peoples and those of the other great English-speaking nation, the United States; in a word, in a greater empire and a better world."

**THE PRECEDENCE PROBLEM.**

A tremendous fuss is being made over the limiting of the royal function invitations among the clergy in Ottawa to Catholics and Anglicans. Dr. Herridge has made an eloquent assertion of the Presbyterian claim, and several Methodist ministers have written to the newspapers.

There is really no reason why Canadians should have any denomination clash upon this issue. As a monarchical colony, something must be conceded to precedent; and precedents in this matter are not made or settled by the people of the colonies. Let the Presbyterians and Methodists draw up a petition to the Crown. One explanation offered by an Anglican clergyman is beside the mark. He says, if the Methodists and Presbyterians had Bishops they would be recognized like the Anglicans, who have Bishops. He might just as well say, if they had some other religion or denominational name, Anglican for first choice, they would pass. But their very existence is a protest against episcopal authority, and if the Crown were to admit them without the bishops it would mean a desertion of the established church constitution by law established; while if they were to create a house of bishops for the sake of securing invitations to state functions, that would mean a desertion of their very raison d'être. It is hardly a matter that can be compromised between the Established Protestant Church and the denominations that have further protested from Reformation Protestantism.

The Catholics have no need to interfere at all or to deny one denomination of Protestants more than another. It is, of course, strange that the Crown which admits on its title deed the blasphemous declaration against the Catholic faith, goes on honoring that faith in every day experience as if nothing had ever happened or no oaths had been imposed. But such is the Catholicity of the Church. It may be insulted, but cannot be denied. The Presbyterians and Methodists, who say their is no State church in Canada, are standing for a technicality. Royalty must go to church somewhere in the free colonies, and a new order of precedence cannot be framed for every royal tour. Royalty cannot, on the other hand, move anywhere around the empire without meeting the Catholic Church at every point. The speech of the Duke of Cornwall and York at Quebec furthermore showed that royalty today would not if it could, close its eyes to the glory of the Catholic faith, the coronation oath to the contrary notwithstanding.

**KING ALFRED AND THE MODERN ENGLISH.**

Mr. Goldwin Smith has been writing in a tone of fine derision of the Jingo attempt being made to claim King Alfred as the originator of the modern spirit of British Imperialism. English scholars are still a little too truthful to let such an attempt pass. When King Alfred ruled in Wessex and King Brian at Kincora England was a model Christian nation, engaged in rightful defensive war. "By his own efforts," said Dr. Garnett at the millenary ceremonies, "preserved his country, which at the time he succeeded to the throne was ravaged by the Danes, who had swept

away the monasteries, then the only seats of learning, destroyed all the literature they could find, and reduced the country to such a state of ignorance and barbarism that when Alfred expelled them it was said there was not in the South of England a single clergyman who knew Latin." At the British Museum there is shown the manuscripts in this language of Asser's "Life" of the King, the chief source of information about his career. Here is how Asser describes his occupations: "Meanwhile, amid wars and the frequent hindrances of this present life, the incursions of the pagans, and his own daily infirmities of body, the King did not cease to carry on the government and to engage in hunting of every form, to teach his goldsmiths and all his artificers, his falconers, hawkers, and dog-keepers, to erect by his own inventive skill finer and more sumptuous buildings than had ever been the wont of his ancestors, to read aloud Saxon books, and, above all, not only to command others to learn Saxon poems by heart, but to study them himself in private to the best of his power. He also heard daily the Divine office of the Mass, with certain psalms and prayers, and celebrated the canonical hours by night and day, and at night, as we have said, he was wont to frequent the churches for prayer secretly and without the knowledge of his Court."

**DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.**

Two Toronto Catholics are included in the short list of Canadians returned from the war whom the King has made Companions of the Distinguished Service Order. They are Capt. Macdonnell and Capt. Mason. The former was named by Col. Otter as the first Canadian to get into the trenches at Raardeberg and the latter was shot through the shoulders in the same charge, which led up to the moment he received the bullet wound which laid him by the trenches.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

It is said that Mgr. Falconi will succeed Cardinal Martinelli as Apostolic Delegate in Washington.

The Jesuits continue to hold their place in the ranks of Scientists. The visit of the British Association to Glasgow brought to that city a number of distinguished Jesuits. Father Cortie, S. J., one of the foremost of British astronomers, figures on the syllabus as the reader of a paper on an astronomical subject, while Father J. Cullen, S. J., submitted a paper on a most abstruse subject in mathematics still unfamiliar to all but the most advanced students of mathematical science. Mgr. Gerald Molloy, of Dublin, was also a visitor.

The Imperial Parliament will possibly have to face Parliament again in November, as a consequence of the renewed severe fighting in South Africa. The war is costing from a million and a half to a million and three-quarters sterling a week. The War Office estimates the expenditure at a million and a quarter only per week, but that convenient figure is arrived at by the artifice of leaving out all debts and only counting current expenditure. The Government before Parliament rose had only twenty millions sterling wherewith to "end the war," which it was "confidently expected" would have been terminated at the present date. The whole of the twenty millions at the present rate of expenditure must be exhausted within the next few weeks. The financial side of the war is becoming critical.

The Imperial-Unionist clique in the British Liberal party is bent upon doing all the mischief possible. It was this faction put up as the anti-Home Rule "Liberal" candidate Harmsworth of The London Mail, in the recent Lanark election, a trick that compelled the Irish electors in the riding to support an independent candidate. The result is that Lanark returns a Tory for the first time in history. Mr. William O'Brien, on the eve of the election, wrote the following letter to the Irish electors: "Am heartily in agreement with advice of Executive to our countrymen in Lanark to vote for Labor candidate against the Imperial Liberal and Tory. The Liberal party, in selecting one of the most aggressive of the newspaper Jingo's for their candidate, have only increased the confusion in their ranks, and confessed their incapacity to frame a policy of their own, while deeply affronting Irish feeling."

**DEATH OF MOTHER AUSTIN**

(Continued from page 1.)

the beautiful Sherwood property just outside the limits of the Town of Peterborough, now known as Mount St. Joseph, and on January 1st, 1895, it became the Motherhouse for the Diocese of Peterborough.

The duties devolving on Mother Austin as head of a newly-established Community were heavy and responsible. She had many things to contend with. The visitations of the different houses so widely separated was a task in itself which would alight weaker souls. She trusted in God, and He did not abandon her. The Community has very greatly increased under her gentle but firm rule. Both as a business woman and as head of a religious Community Mother Austin manifested wonderful judgment and increasing energy. She was an example of exalted virtue to her nuns. She had left all things to follow Christ, and she never turned to look back. "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart." These words of her Divine Spouse she always kept pondering in her heart. The meekness and kindness of her rule and the humility of her daily life became a continual inspiration to her children. While she could see nothing in herself to be proud of, and sought to give God all the glory of her works, she readily distinguished the virtues, talents and good qualities of others. For herself she would choose only the lowly places. If she was chosen for the higher places in the community, she could not see in herself the qualities the office seemed to demand. Here another of her great virtues shines forth. Her obedience alone caused her to accept any office. Those who knew her best often wondered at the low estimate in which she held herself. Yet her trust in God was supreme. He makes use of the lowly to confound the strong. He could make use of her, and to Him she gave all the glory. Her life was one of prayer, ever beseeching the Divine help and returning thanks for His grace that enabled her to do the work to which He called her. She sought only the justice of God. All other things were added to her. It was thus she accomplished the immense good that has rendered her memory blessed. In all things she was a model Christian woman and a beautiful example of the religious life.

The funeral took place Saturday morning from the Motherhouse, Mount St. Joseph. The sanctuary and entrance were tastefully draped. The Solemn Requiem was begun at 9 o'clock. The celebrant was Rev. E. H. Murray, P. P., of Cobourg, assisted by Rev. P. J. McGuire, Hastings, as Deacon, and Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Peterborough, as Sub-Deacon. The Gregorian chant was beautifully rendered by the Sisters, many of whom had come from Lindsay and Cobourg to pay the last tribute of their respect and love to their beloved Mother. At the conclusion of the Mass, Ven. Archdeacon Casey preached an appropriate sermon from the text: "And Jesus said to him, if thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven. Then come, follow me." (St. Matt. xix, 21). He made feeling reference to the many virtues of the late Rev. Mother, her piety, humility and eminently Christian character, as well as to the great success of her work in the Diocese. There were also present in the Sanctuary Very Rev. Dean Murray, of Trenton; Rev. Fathers D. O'Connell, Peterborough; Conway, Norwood; Fitzpatrick, Young's Point, and Phelan, Peterborough.

Among the mourners were her brother, Mr. P. Doran, Ottawa; her sisters, Mrs. Howland, widow of the late Governor of P. E. Island, and Miss B. Doran, of Kingston, and her two nephews, Mr. Ed. Dwyer and Leo Doran, of Kingston. Captain Rooney, Chairman of the Separate School, Cobourg, was also present.

A telegram was received from His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, who is now on visitation in New Ontario, regretting he could not be present, expressing his great sorrow and extending kindest sympathy to the bereaved Sisters, whose sorrow was most pitiful to behold on account of the deep love and veneration which they entertained for the venerated mother. Many prominent citizens of Peterborough were present to testify their respect for the deceased Superior and show their sympathy for the Sisters in their affliction. The funeral proceeded to the cemetery when all that was mortal of the late Superior was laid at rest. Ven. Archdeacon Casey officiated at the grave.

**A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL.**  
 —They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Par-melee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

THE EDITOR.

When last good nights have all been said And other folk are safe a-bed...

Who chases swift the "great idea," And molds (between his mugs of beer)...

Who writes of "truth" with grave intent And tells it, too, with honest bent...

Who thinks his pencil, small and round, Can turn the planet upside down...

Who with profanity defines All adverse thought as "senile whines Of reptile sheets?"...

Who pulls his collar while he tries To give the "trusts" two jet black eyes...

Who always takes the people's part And prods the "bosses" till they smart...

Who is it that to live must glean, And in the market place is seen...

And yet, O girls, I'd have you know He makes the nicest kit of you...

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The May number of the Annals of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith contains a statement of the receipts of the Association...

Table with columns for region (EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, OCEANIA) and amount.

Table with columns for region (AFRICA, AMERICA, OCEANIA) and amount.

Table with columns for region (AMERICA, OCEANIA) and amount.

Antagonism ..... \$1,355.03 St. Hyacinth ..... 881.01 Montreal ..... 499.13 St. Boniface ..... 354.11 St. Albert ..... 249.60 New Westminster ..... 185.76 Quebec ..... 59.45 Peterboro ..... 6.99

tributed among Catholic missions by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. The work of this great Catholic Association is God's own work...

PATRICK BOYLE TESTIMONIAL.

Intending subscribers to the Patrick Boyle testimonial are requested to send in their names and contributions as soon as possible.

Dear Sir—Having read with deep interest an account of the recent meeting of yourself and other friends of the late lamented Patrick Boyle at Toronto...

In order to promote the good object, meetings should be called in different sections of the Province, such as you have had in Toronto...

Later on, when my own projects are more advanced, it is my desire to send on my contribution, and have the pleasure of furthering, with other friends, what I believe is a deserved and meritorious effort.

Yours sincerely, J. P. MACMILLAN. Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 27, 1901.

Dear Sir—I enclose ten dollars (10.00) which you will please apply to the above fund. I trust the response to the request of the committee will be in keeping with the long and unselfish efforts of Mr. Boyle on behalf of his countrymen and co-religionists in Canada.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

DEATH OF MOTHER BERNARD

er length we do not so deeply affected, and his tender tribute of an overflowing heart that choked his utterance and caused his voice to quiver and break was more touchingly forcible than the rounded periods or polished phrases of the most eloquent panegyric.

THE FUNERAL.

The Requiem Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Vicar-General Michael's College as Deacon, and Rev. J. McGrand Sub-Deacon, Rev. Dr. Treacy was Master of Ceremonies. In the Sanctuary were the Rev. J. Hand, Rev. J. Walsh, Rev. F. Fraschon, C. S. B.; Rev. A. Stuhl, C. S. S. R.; Rev. Dean Morris, St. Catharines; Rev. T. Sullivan, Thorold; Rev. P. Lamarche, Rev. P. Ryan, C. S. B.; Rev. J. J. McEntee, Rev. J. M. Cruise; Rev. I. Mincan, Rev. J. Gibbons, Rev. D. Gallagher, Rev. E. Murray, C. S. B.; Rev. H. Canning, Rev. F. Gannon, C. S. S. R.; Rev. P. Bence, Rev. J. McEachern, Rev. W. McCann, Rev. G. Williams, Rev. J. Fraser, Rev. Brothers, Michael and Urbanus.

Mr. Dear Sir—Having read with deep interest an account of the recent meeting of yourself and other friends of the late lamented Patrick Boyle at Toronto, for the purpose of creating a fund to benefit his daughter, I write to say that the object has my warmest sympathy, and congratulate you for having contributed to it so munificently. It is my candid belief that if similar meetings were called in other parts of the Province, such as the one in your city the fund would be materially augmented and a large amount of success attained.

O friends of the dear dead Mother, you were so kind when difficulties beset her, so helpful when she needed your aid, be good to her still. Fifty years is a long period to account for when Infinite Purity and Justice holds the Scale.

Why weep the children with unusual weeping? Why deepest sadness on each little face? Against such grief is there no hope availing?

In loving memory of Mother Bernard, Superiora of Sunnyside Orphanage. Died Sept. 20th, 1901.

Why weep the children with unusual weeping? Why deepest sadness on each little face? Against such grief is there no hope availing? May not the morrow fill the vacant place? The orphan and widow may weep on, The houseless and the homeless may deplore, For she who was their shield and stay has gone, And to her place on earth returns no more.

'Twas joy for her to bind the wounded hearts, And speak to them of Heaven's abounding love; To tell the little ones from their sins depart, Pointing from earth below to Heaven above. Warning the sinner of God's coming wrath, Showing how their way they might retrace Till they regain the narrow onward path, And find their footsteps fortified by grace.

Will she be missed by all the children there? For in the chapel kneel a suppliant throng, Praying for the Mother whom they loved so dear.

See now approach a little sorrowing band; Of young humanity. Some there are Who never heard a father's soft command, Who never felt a mother's gentle care, Like stricken ones until their cry she hears.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Boys' Honor Roll for September. Form IV.—Senior Division—Excellent, J. Heck, F. Coaghlin; good, C. March, Jos. Walker, Jas. Walker, Jos. O'Toole, F. Rooney.

Junior Division—Excellent, M. Meehan, E. Marrin, J. Tobin, J. Scott; good, G. Roche, E. Boehler, Thos. O'Hearn, W. Chase, P. Hennessey, J. Regan.

Form II.—Senior Division—Excellent, A. Guay, J. Hogan, J. Power, W. Shipley, A. Trayling, J. McNamara; good, J. Renall, S. Hogan.

Form IV.—Senior Division—1, Joseph Heck; 2, Frederick Coaghlin; 3, Carl March. Junior Division—1, Matthew Meehan; 2, Ewart Marrin; 3, Jos. Tobin.

Form II.—Senior Division—1, Russell Fox; 2, Norman Moore; 3, Ambrose O'Reilly. Junior Division—1, Carl Heck; 2, Francis O'Reilly; 3, Thomas Fox.

THE CORK EXHIBITION.

Mr. Charles Dawson, of Dublin, writes the following letter to the press upon the forthcoming Cork Exhibition, which is now engaging the interest of Irishmen all over the world.

Dear Sir—For the promotion of existing Irish industries and for the development of our industrial resources it is absolutely necessary that these should be well known, first to ourselves, and then to the commercial world.

How this object can be best achieved is a most important question, and it should be the main aim of the approaching Exhibition. If they are mixed up with, and, perhaps, overshadowed by, the production of other countries, they will be lost sight of.

There is now little more than a month to 31st October—to apply for space. If Ireland's industries and resources are to be displayed there is not a moment to be lost. I find from the report of our Exhibition here in 1882 there were 222 Dublin exhibitors of manufactures, and 167 fine art exhibitors.

Every day in France and Switzerland and America this great force is being diffused all over the land, not only to large factories, but to the workshops of small producers. Washing every success to the Cork Exhibition, and begging of Irish producers and possessors of raw material to put in a fair and imposing national exhibit.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF WINNIPEG.

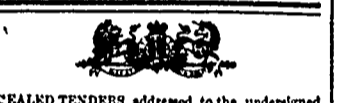
Our five Catholic Schools in Winnipeg are in full operation, as in past years, under the direction of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary and the Brothers of the Society of Mary of Paris, with a greater number of pupils than ever.

Catholics continue to pay taxes for the public schools. All the efforts put forth hitherto have aimed at securing for Winnipeg a modus vivendi similar to that which exists in the country in Catholic centres, with acceptance of school inspection and the necessity of having certificated teachers.

SALE OF TARA.

Irishmen throughout the world, says The Catholic Citizen, ought to be interested in an advertisement just being inserted in several Irish journals. This advertisement is none other than that, by private sale, under instructions from the executors of the late Patrick McNally, Esq., the famous and historic Hill of Tara is to be sold.

Think of it! Think of "Tara of the Kings," with all its historic monuments, including the old council chamber, where the Brehon laws were administered, the Croppies' graves, the king's chair, and supposed to be the resting place of the Ark of the Covenant, together with one of the best farms of fattening land in the County Meath, containing one hundred and fifty-five (Irish) acres, with farm yard, "held under lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, with covenant for perpetual renewal at the yearly rent of £240," in the language of the notice. Here is a chance for the O'Neills and O'Briens, and all the descendants of Irish kings, to purchase the ancient site and reflect on the greatness of their ancestors.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for fittings, Amourier, Windsor, Ont.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 10th of October, 1901, exclusively for the fittings required for the Drill Hall, Windsor, Ont. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of Charles Smith, Clerk of Works, Windsor, Ont. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Sept. 28th, 1900.

Advertising in the Register Tells

"I have been benefitted by my advertisement in The Register, and can trace many customers as a result of it." H. C. Tomlin, Toronto Bakery, Bathurst street.

Toronto, Sept. 17, 1901. Mr. P. F. Cronin, Managing Editor The Catholic Register: Dear Mr. Cronin—Permit me to add my congratulations upon the improved appearance of The Register under your management.

Allow me also as an advertiser to express my appreciation of the manner in which your mechanical department has always responded to suggestions given as to display etc., in advertising matter. This is a source of genuine satisfaction to one who endeavors to make his advertising PAY.

W. E. BLAKE, Proprietor Blake's West Side Catholic Book Store, Toronto.

The Highest Type of Excellence in Musical Instruments is Exemplified in BELL ART PIANOS and ORGANS. Every facility for investigating the merits of these High-Grade Instruments is offered by the BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO. GUELPH, ONTARIO.

MacNab & Co. No doubt you are thinking of your Furs for the coming winter. We invite you to see our stock of Sable, Seal, Blue Fox, Mink, Lynx, Otter, etc. We give references as to workmanship, quality and price. You can save money by buying now as summer prices still prevail.

F. MacNab & Co. 274 Yonge Street. Telephone Main 2205.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS EPPS'S COCOA. Prepared from the most selected Cocoa, and finished every-where for delicacy of flavor, superior quality, and highly nutritive properties. Sold in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homographic Chemists, London, England.

4 PER CENT. DEBENTURES. Debentures for \$100 and upwards are issued for terms of one, two, three, four or five years. Coupons are attached for interest from the date on which the money is received at four per cent. per annum payable half-yearly. Investigation solicited.

DID YOU EVER TRY A LOAF OF Tomlin's Bread. ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED. 56 varieties always on hand. Phone Park 553, and have us send you a sample loaf.

JUBILEE MISSIONS. We respectfully ask a trial order from the Reverend Clergy for Mission Goods. Our stock is new and complete. Usual terms. BLAKE'S Catholic Book Store, 602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

TO THE HOLY EUCHARIST. (From The Catholic Mirror.)

O sacred Highbler of Love, To minister unto our need; O miracle so strange, but grand, Our weary souls with life to feed. Angelic Mystery Divine, That Christ in man should come to dwell; To flesh and blood from bread and wine, Transformed at sound of altar bell. O Bridgroom sweet, in white array, Who hastens to the fainting heart, Within His arms to bid it stay, And find at last the peace it sought. O manna to the trembling lip, Which waits Thy purest breath to taste, How long the soul a drop to sip From out the Chalice waters chaste. O burning flower, sweet and bright, That scatters perfume o'er our way, O shepherd watching in the night, Come, lead us safely home, we pray. —Rexford J. Lincoln

Wrongfully Convicted

It was a bitter night in winter. The streets had been deserted at an early hour, and the wind that raged up from the sea tore at the shutters and banged at the doors, shrieking, whistling and roaring, till the townsfolk turned in their beds and muttered: "God save the sailor lads this night!" But some of the nervous old women covered their ears and said: "The good-for-nothing vagabonds!" For they thought the banging and shouting came from some ship's crew just landed, and hurrying to spend their money and vitality larking. Suddenly the win veered to the northwest, and whirling down out of the low black clouds came one soft white flake, then another, and another, until the air was as white as the surf bursting and flying out of the harbor bar. And all the time, in a side street of this water-end of the city, a man lay face down, a knife in his back and death on his lips and in his heart. And the snow gathered and covered the red stain that crept like a scarlet snake from the small wound and wrapped him in a winding-sheet whiter than any flax ever spun. And a ship drove safely into the harbor out of the storm, let go her anchor with a rattle and clank of chains and a hearty "Yo-heave-ho!" that rang merrily through the night; and one of the sailors—refusing with a laugh to wait for the daybreak—sprang into the dingy, pulled ashore through the angry water and struck out briskly for home. Such a little box of a home, set neat as a new pin, and an old mother in it dearer than all the world to the sturdy fellow tramping through the snow. "I told her I'd be there, and of course I will; for this here wind a-blowin' and the delay from the backin' and fillin' we had to do outside there, so's to get a good headway on th' old gal (the ship) ull have her that uneasy I know she won't sleep a wink this blessed—hullo! what's here? Git along, old chap! 'Taint safe for a feller to be takin' naps in this here temperator. Whew! 'ere's one thing I hate it's a feller a-makin' a beast of himself a-drinkin'. Mebbe, though, I'd been there myself if it hadn't been for Father Tom; so here goes to help 'em the man and brother." My Lord Almighty, what's this here? It's a knife, and the man's dead as a nail. Mur—

But an iron hand had him round the neck and the iron hand was clapped over his mouth, and he was dragged furiously here and there, while a stentorian voice rang out: "Murder! Murder! Murder!" In the mad struggle that followed David Jameson's clothing was torn from his back and his face bruised, though he defended himself so manfully that his assailant was put to it for breath wherewith to keep up his shout of "Murder!" The harbor watch ran panting to the scene, and before Jameson—bewildered by the sudden attack and exhausted by the violent tussle—could speak the man who grappled him poured out a voluble story. He had been coming along the street after spending the evening at Moreno's wine shop and had seen the two men struggling; this one had plunged a knife into the back of the other; he had fallen and died without a groan. Then the man stopped to—he supposed—riffling the dead man's pockets and he had seized him. "You lie!" shouted David. "The man must have been dead an hour when I saw him. He was covered with snow—" "Shut up!" said the harbor watch. And David's captor, with an expressive shrug and a flinging out of his hands, said: "Behold the knife, signor." The knife was a black clasp-knife, such as any sailor of any nation might carry; but the officer smiled contemptuously when Jameson de-

clared it was not his and told them his sheath was empty only because he had lost his knife that very night coming into port—that it had been knocked out of his hand while he was cutting a way some raffle tangled up by the gale. And they carried him off with every indignity to the station house, treating with marked consideration the foreigner—an Italian—who had captured the desperate murderer at such a risk and after such a fight, and thanking him with some effusion for his offer to be at their service day or night so long as he stayed in port, noting down the place of anchorage of his vessel, for, of course, he was the only witness for the prosecution. Poor David! One hour before a free, light-hearted lad, springing home to his mother, his soul innocent of guile and his heart at peace with the world now disgraced, ironed at ankles and wrists, his heart a pit of rage and every muscle aching to get at the man who had lied away his honesty, his integrity, his liberty and—it might easily come to that—his life. The gaoler was a kind-hearted man, so when he came into the cell in the early morning he asked David if he had any friends he wished to see, and he, poor lad, with a ray of hope striking across his passion of rage and despair, cried: "Let me see Father Fahey." "Father Tom, is it?" asked the gaoler. "That's the one," said David, eagerly. "Oh, I know him!" said the man, with a broad smile, "and it's himself always has a joke and his good word for everybody. I tell him sometimes he's sent for so constant, he'd better just live here. Him and me'd make a good pair and trot well in double harness—me a-catchin' the 'corpus delictissus'" (he had his little vanities of fine language, this gaoler), and him a-nabbin' the bad consciences, 'Gillett,' says he to me no later than last Tuesday, when I'd said as much to him, 'Gillett, we've got responsibilities, both of us, and above all we've got to keep everything clean-washed and accounted for.' 'Yes, I cuts in, 'me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord.' That's just what I said—'Me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord'—and it was a pretty neat answer." And he rubbed his chin softly and repeated his own words several times with intense enjoyment of their neatness. "When can I see him?" begged David. "To-morrow, maybe." "To-morrow!" and his face fell back to its lines of misery. "Good Lord, man, my old mother'll hear it before that, and it'll kill her if it's broke too sudden to her! Father Tom's the only man that can do it." "Well, well," said the gaoler. "I'll telephone round for you; but—with a sudden sense of responsibility—"that was a shabby trick to play a messmate." "I didn't," said David, simply, and he raised his honest eyes to the gaoler's face. "I never saw him till—" "There, there!" said the gaoler, soothingly; "don't talk till your lawyer gets here." And off he went down the corridor, thinking as he did so: "He looks honest, but great Scott! you can never tell. They'll look like cheraphs and serabims" (his Biblical knowledge was slight and very mixed), "and all the time they'll be up to any dodge on the police docket. This feller's cut different from the heft of my birds, 'hough." An hour later Father Tom stood in the cell, and he took David in his arms and welcomed him as if he had come home laden with honors instead of crushed under the charge of crime. Then he said, gently: "Now, David, tell me all about it." And David told the whole story, beginning with the start from the ship and going circumstantially through the after events, from the brief but terrible struggle, over the dead man's body to the prison. Father Tom listened intently, and David, as he warmed up to his story, concluded with: "I am as innocent of that man's blood as you are, Father Tom; but if I had that Italian here I'd strangle him." Father Tom's only answer was to pull out the crucifix from his girdle, hold it up and point to the agonized figure on it. David hung his head, and with the cry "But think of mother!" the tears burst from his dry and burning eyes. Presently Father Tom said: "Now, David, let us kneel down and say a prayer." But Poor David's cry as soon as the Amen was said was again, "O, Father Tom! my poor old mother!" "Now, look here, boy," said the priest, with some severity; "do you suppose such a good Catholic as your mother is, is going to waste time mourning and weeping? If you had been guilty, then she might have broken her heart; but she'll have so many prayers to say for you and so many things to do for you—and she can come every day to see you, too—that the time will go by almost be-

fore you know it. I'll go to her now and tell her about it. And would you like me to send your skipper or any of your shipmates to see you?" "Not yet," said David; "tell 'em, though. And, father, tell 'em, too, I didn't do it." "Ay, ay, my lad, you may depend on that. Now, is there anything you want? Have you got tobacco and warm flannels and some money? Have you got your—oh, yes, there are your heads!" "Yes, sir," said David. "I've got them safe, but it's a wonder I didn't lose 'em in that scrimmage last night. I s'pose I would have done it if I hadn't strangled 'em round my neck before I went aloft yonder." "Keep up your heart, keep down your temper and trust in God," were the priest's parting words. "I'll send you some papers and I'll come back to-morrow." Then he went and had a little talk with the gaoler and asked such privileges as could be allowed the prisoner, and left the gaol with a heavy heart to break the news to David's mother, to get good counsel for him, to see the judge of the criminal court, whom he had so often to interview on behalf of prisoners, and to see the captain of the ship to which the young sailor belonged. And the farther he went the more depressed he got—the hour, the circumstances, the straight story told by the Italian all tended to push David nearer and nearer the gallows. There was a certain sort of good luck, though, for the court was in session, and a sudden lapse in the testimony in a long-drawn bank robbery case left a free day, which the counsel seized upon, asking the judge, in view of the peculiar circumstances, to call the trial, for the only actual witness, one Manuel Ignazio Pizarro, would have to sail with his brig—the Maria di Napoli—on the following Wednesday for Marseilles. There was some demur about precedent and so on, but the point was carried, and the 20th of December saw the court-room filled to hear the trial of David Jameson, seaman, for the murder of an unknown man on the night of the 13th day of that same month, in the year of our Lord, 188—. The court was opened with the usual formalities and the case presented by the counsel for the Government. Then, after a brief citation of the facts—"the terrible facts," they were called—the Italian, "whose tongue alone could tell the truth," was put upon the stand. He was a tall, well-formed man, but there was a furtive trick about his eyes, and the eyes themselves, though large and brilliant, were so near together that they seemed to cross at times; the eyebrows were heavy and met at the root of the nose, which gave a sinister look to his face, and his nostrils were thin as paper and vibrated with every breath. For the rest, he was handsome enough, and his picturesque though very theatrical costume was becoming, from the scarlet Phrygian cap and the wide gold rings in his ears to the curiously embroidered top-boots and the long Spanish cloak in which he draped himself (as he entered and departed) in folds that would have done credit to an ancient Roman. He told his story dramatically and with abundant gesture, and wound up by saying, "Doubtless, Excellency, it was some secret foe; for he stabbed him with such force, such savagery, and a blow in the back—Oh, treachery! Oh, cruelty!" "Stick to facts, sir," said the judge, impassively. The Italian shrugged his shoulders and bowed, but his eyes seemed to leap towards each other and their flash belied the wide smile that displayed his teeth, white and strong as a shark's. Then the cross-examination began. "At what time did you go to Moreno's?" "At 22 hours (10 o'clock p.m.)." "Where were you before that?" "Aboard the Maria di Napoli." "At what hour did you leave the ship?" "At 21 hours and a half (9:30 p.m.)." "Were you alone?" "When?" "When you left the ship?" "No. My mate was with me." "What is his name?" "Pedro Maria Allegrini." "Was he with you in the wine-shop?" "All the time." "Did you leave together?" "No." "Why?" "Pedro's head was heavier than his legs." "Where is Pedro Allegrini?" "Here," and he waved his arm towards a heavy, stolid man among the audience. His name was noted. "When you saw the two men—the prisoner and the deceased—what were they doing?" "Struggling; this one actively, the other like a man heavy with wine." And so on and so on, with a circumstantiality of detail and a dis-

tingness of outline that were appalling to Fahe. Tom and David's other friends. And when Moreno and Allegrini were called, they confirmed all that Pizarro had said up to the hour of his leaving the house, at 2 o'clock. The witnesses for the defense could only do negative service by testifying to David's previous good character, and this they did heartily; but the jury, after a half hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder, commending the prisoner, however, to the mercy of the court. When the foreman had spoken, a shrill, heart-broken cry rang through the room: "My son! my son! Spare him, your Honor! spare him! He's as innocent as a baby!" It was the old mother, who tore at her gray hair and beat her breast, while the slow tears of old age rolled down her cheeks. "Poor so!" said the judge, kindly; "I can only let the law take its course." Then she raised her tottering frame, and with hands and arms uplifted she cried: "Mirror of Justice, defend us!" It was a touching little scene, and many people in the court-room wiped their eyes, and the prisoner's drooping head, clenched fists and laboring breath bore witness to the anguish he endured. Father Tom came to him and spoke a few cheering words, then took the mother from the court-room, and the captain and some of David's shipmates followed him to the gaol to see him, but, finding they could not enter, stood about and talked in low voices of him as one already dead. During the week they came back one by one, the captain to shake hands and wish him kindly but vaguely "well out of it," the sailorman to shuffle their feet, shift their quills and sit about awkwardly and silently, the very force of their sympathy making them as undemonstrative as wooden figure-heads. Then they sailed away, and the Marie di Napoli spread her canvas wings for the Mediterranean, and the world forgot David—all except Father Tom and his mother and his lawyer, the latter of whom had become so deeply interested in his fate that, by incredible work and judicious appeal and presentment of the case in the right quarters (to say nothing of catching at every technical straw that could aid him) he secured a final sentence of "imprisonment for life at hard labor." But all this took months, and it was not until the gaol had blanched his face and the confinement almost burst his heart that David was taken to the penitentiary, and there, among forgers, murderers and criminals of all degrees and grades, put to work out a life of misery.

II.

Again it was a night in winter, and again the wind blew and the snow flew, stinging like a swarm of bees, just as it had blown and flown that other night three years ago, when, in that Northern seaport town, a man had been stabbed in the street and a young sailor was sent to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of—of the man who is now, on this bitter winter evening, creeping along against the houses of that same town, glancing first over one shoulder, and then over the other, with terror in his eyes and a shivering and racking of his body that made progress slow. Once or twice he stopped, panting for breath, but started up and hurried on again, looking back fearfully, as if pursued. Up the street a great block of carriages stepped the way. It was before the house of an old German merchant, who forty years before built his house in the then most fashionable quarter of the city. But business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until it was now the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball. This the Italian, of course, could not know, for he was a stranger, and was, moreover, half crazed with drink, but what he did know was that at the point there were people, there was life, there was the sound of human voices and, above all, there was light—light that kept at bay the terrors that rent his soul when night and sleep fell on the world. How he hated the dark. It swarmed with such ugly things, and a face—an awful face, with staring eyes and rigid lips—would start into such ghastly distinctness as soon as the sun was down. And it followed him like a shadow, hounding him from place to place, filling him with an unnatural vigor and an activity that tired out the stoutest of his boon companions, and when they slept, exhausted, it still drove him on tortured, agonized, panic-stricken, till



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Notice to Creditors  
In the matter of the Estate of George W. Rielly late of the Township of York, in the County of York, farmer, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 18—Chapter 129, Section 38, that all persons having claims against the estate of the said George W. Rielly, who died on or about the 9th day of January, 1897, are requested to send by post prepaid, or delivered to John O'Donohue, solicitor for the Administrator, on or before the 30th day of October, 1901, their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and that after that day the Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which she then has notice.  
Dated at Toronto, this 25th day of September, 1901.  
JOHN O'DONOHUE,  
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the day broke, and the sight of the crowds helped him to sleep and reason.

As he reached the awning and pressed close to the steps a carriage dashed up to the curb; the door of the horse was flung open for some parting guests, and for a few minutes a dazzling vision was revealed—fairies, shepherdesses, arquebusers, pages, halberdiers, kings, court ladies and queens in gorgeous colors and flashing jewels. But the Italian saw none of these; his staring eyes fastened on a stately figure that seemed to float down towards him between the rows of orange and palm trees that lined the staircase. On it came, tall in flowing raiment, a cloud of golden hair rippling over its shoulders from under a crown of light; in one hand a pair of scales, in the other a gleaming sword, whose point seemed to mark him from the throng.

"Speculum Justitiae!" he shrieked; "yes, I did it—I did it! I murdered him! Take me—"

And he fell grovelling at the feet of the policemen, who had forgotten their official stolidity to stare, open-mouthed, at the lovely Angela von Henkeldeyne, who, in her costume of "Justice," had wrought such innocent vengeance.

On principle they seized the Italian for a rowdy, but his repeated cry, "I did it—I murdered him!" soon attracted their attention, and as he struggled in a fit they called up the patrol wagon and took him to headquarters. There the police surgeon took him in hand, until finally, at daybreak, he recovered consciousness. On being told that he could not live through the next night, he asked for a priest, and who but Father Tom was brought to the poor wretch, who told the following story:

He had played, he said, in the wine shop that night until midnight with a stranger, who lost heavily to him and drank deeply as he played. But his losses did not seem to depress him and the wines did not confuse, and Manuel said:

"You are a gallant man, signor. You lose with grace and courage." And he had answered with a laugh. "I can afford to. I have \$50,000 here." And he touched his breast. Manuel raised his eyebrows. "Don't you believe?" asked his companion, with some heat.

Manuel bowed derisively. "Hang it," said the man, "I'm telling you the simple truth. Look here." And he drew out and opened a small doekin bag slung around his neck, showing a diamond the like of which Manuel had never beheld.

"It sent madness to my head, father, and I felt I must have it. But he tucked it away again and rose. 'I must go,' he said; 'I have already stayed too long.' I pressed him to wait, but he got restless and looked at me suspiciously. I asked where we might meet the next day and drink our glass and play our little game of mora. But he answered he didn't know—his was here to-day and there to-morrow and far away the day after. I laid my hand on his arm. 'Come, crack another bottle,' I urged. But he shook me off roughly and pushed out of the wine shop, saying: 'Enough's as good as a feast.'

"I knew the house. There was a cellar that gave on the street he must pass. I said: 'I must have a bottle of lachryma, the vintage of '73.' I went below—the landlord knows me—and I opened the cellar door and stole after him. In the dark I tracked him and struck as I sprang on him. I wrenched the bag from his neck and nearly shrieked as something soft and cold, like a dead finger, touched my cheek. It was a snowflake, and I ran in hot haste back to the shop, so no tracks could be left. The whole affair did not take twenty minutes, and I came back into the room and drank and played. But the diamond in my breast burned like a coal, and I thought its rays of splendid fire must be seen, and in at the windows the dead man's face seemed to look, but that was only the snow flying past, and I felt drawn back to the spot, as if he had his hand at the sleeve of my jacket. But this I fought against, until I suddenly remembered with terror I had left my knife sticking in the wound, and I knew I must have it at any risk. As I crept along I saw a sailor coming up the street. He stopped; he touched the body. Here was my chance. I sprang on him, dragging him here and there—and he fought well, that boy! like a wildcat—and I shouted, 'Murder! murder!'"

"It all turned out as I hoped. The watch-poor fools!—never thought to see whether the man was stiff, and when the Coroner arrived he was too stiff for question. Then came the trial, and there the first stone struck me."

His face was distorted with emotion.

"That boy I pitied—yes! But it was he or I, and I preferred to go free. The lies I swore to did not trouble me at all, for lies and I were bosom friends; but when that old woman raised her hands and cried out, 'Mirror of Justice, defend us!' I felt a fear, for my medal hung at my neck and the only prayer I had

said for years was, sometimes, an 'Ave,' I faintly, I suppose, but it was so—I said it. And like the thunder on the mountain came the meaning of that prayer—'Speculum Justitiae.' And from that day I was a haunted man. Waking, that face followed me—the face I had struck into stone by a knife blow, and if I slept I saw always the same thing—myself trembling before a great balance and a sword hanging over my head; but two hands—a woman's hands—held down the scale-pan and held back the sword, and through a mist a face sweet and sorrowful looked down at me, like the 'Dolorosa' in the home chapel where I made my first Communion. And my terror lest the hands should slip or move would wake me with a start, and there would be the dead man and—and my memory waiting for me."

His voice sank to a whisper and his eyes stared gloomily into space.

"What a life it has been," he went on, wearily. "I dreaded to be robbed, and yet I dared not sell for fear of detection; I could not drink for fear I might betray myself, and for months the diamond hung like lead on my breast. Then I went to South America, and from there to Paris, where I sold it, well, with a good story of how I found it at the mines and smuggled it away."

"Bad luck followed me. The money went at play—I lost, lost, lost at everything; rouge-et-noir, vingt-et-un, roulette, mora—all were alike against me. Everything I touched failed. My crew got the fever. My Maria was lost off the Bahamas. My savings went in a bank failure."

"Then I began to drink hard, and I kept jolly fellows about me—loud fellows, boisterous fellows—and would hear no word of prayer hereafter; for the devil ruled my soul and I knew I was outcast from heaven."

"To-night the end has come, for I saw with these" (he touched his eyes), "not sleeping, not dreaming—awake—the Mirror of Justice. But she no longer stayed the sword, she no longer touched the scales. She held both in her own hands—"

He stopped, shuddering violently.

"My son," said Father Tom, "what you saw to-night was not Our Lady, although she might well have come from heaven to cry justice on your two-fold crime." He told him what had really taken place, closing with: "Now, be a man and a true son of the Church. Come back to the manhood and faith you have betrayed. That you repent truly of these sins I firmly believe, but prove it by confessing before the proper officers of the law; set free the innocent man who drags out his days under an unjust sentence in the penitentiary, and rest assured when you are weighed in the great scales of eternal justice our Lord's cross will outweigh your sins."

Manuel nodded his head, and with a great effort raised his eyes to Father Tom's. They were still far too near together for honest dealing as the spirit understands it, but there was a new light in them.

"Father, I will; but I fear I could not do this if I did not know I was going to die. I would not have the courage. I, who call myself a gallant man—I am a coward."

And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

Father Tom felt a knot in his own throat at this confession, courageous in its weakness, pathetic in its falterings, and although the words of St. Augustine seemed to stand out before him in letters of fire, he thought of that hill on which once hung three crosses, and he heard a thinner cry: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" and the voice that answered through the gathering darkness across the shuddering earth, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." And while he sent for the nearest Magistrate he said such words of hope as the Church alone can breathe to the penitent, teaching as he did in the meaning of it true repentance and filling the sinner's heart with humble hope.

And after all was over Manuel begged to see David.

"I dread it, but I cannot go until he forgives me," he said.

And somehow, in spite of technicalities, Father Tom managed it so the two men met on the third day; for Manuel spoke the truth when he said he could not go without forgiveness, and he lived on until then, to the amazement of the prison physician.

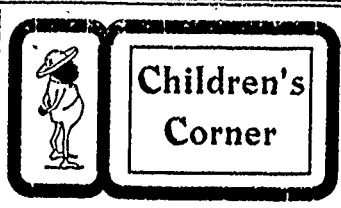
At first David refused outright to see him, for his heart was bitter with the load of anguish borne through these three fruitful years. But Father Tom "talked to him," and his mother gave the final stroke that determined him.

"Ye must go, David," she said, as she hung on his neck.

And old I thought of the two men as they faced each other!

Where is David now? Well, his story got about and there was quite a furore of sympathy. Some good soul started a purse, and big hearts and good incomes ran the money up to enough to buy him a half share in a schooner, of which he ultimately became owner and captain. His old skipper wanted him back, but he did not need to be any man's man now, except his own—and Our Lady's.

The old mother lived to dandle his children on her knee and to take them on sunny Sundays sometimes to Father Tom's and sometimes to a quiet graveyard by the shore of the bay, where they would kneel by a small slab of gray granite and pray for him who slept below. And then as they rested before starting home, small hands pulled the weeds from the grave and picked the lichens from the letters of the inscription, sometimes spelling them out as they did so. And the spelling read: "Pray for the soul of Manuel Ignatius Pizarro."—Catholic Fireside.



**Children's Corner**

A BOY HERO.

It might have been a mistaken idea of boyish honor that prompted him to do it, but who could not but admire the spirit of the little fellow who, while he lay dying in a New York hospital the other day, refused to tell the name of a companion who had pushed him from a freight car and brought him to his death. "Don't cry, mamma," he said, after his crushed legs had been amputated. "It wouldn't be fair to tell. He didn't mean to hurt me." And with his hand clutching his mother's tightly the boy who was true to his chum even to death passed away.—American Boy.

**LITTLE FOLKS' LITTLE JOKES.**

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Bob one day, "when you stroke pussy's fur this way you can feel the electricity, and when you put your ear down you can hear her trolley!"

A mother asked a little boy on his return from his first day at school how he liked the teacher. He said: "Mamma, she is the funniest teacher I ever saw. She didn't ask me a thing 'cept 'hat I didn't know.'"

"Garrison, you have a hole as big as a quarter in the heel of your stocking," said an Indianapolis mother to her little 5-year-old daughter one evening recently.

"Mamma, you exaggerate so," replied the little one. "The hole isn't bigger than 15 cents."

**A THOROUGH GOER.**

Laura and Bessie Mason were spending a week at Grandma Strong's. Grandma was a sprightly old lady, and although so aged, she did her own work, and almost the last thing Mamma Mason said when her daughters left her was: "Now, girls, I hope you won't be a care to your grandma; I'm sure if you try you can help her in many ways."

The morning after their arrival, when they had finished a hearty breakfast of broiled chicken and golden corn-cakes with delicious syrup from grandma's own maple grove, Bessie said: "Do let us help you do up the work, grandma."

Grandma smiled. "I like to wash my china myself," she said, "but I'll tell you, my dears, if you really want to help me, I'd like to have you sweep up the kitchen and dining-room every morning. You can take turns at doing it."

"Well, let me do it this morning, then," said Laura. "Bessie is so poky particular about everything that it takes her forever and a day! And I'm in a hurry to run out and play!"

Laura went vigorously to work—too vigorously, perhaps, for she tossed the broom so high that the dust rose in great clouds and set grandma sneezing and made the yellow cat seek refuge under the stove. He wasn't troubled there, for I must confess that Laura didn't sweep under the stove at all. She sifted other places too. She let the big rocking-chair stay where it was and merely swept around it; she never looked behind the door for bits of lint collected there; not a corner was swept, nor did she stir grandma's footstool.

Grandma Strong said not a word, however. She went on washing her pretty pink and white china and hummed her favorite hymn, "A Charge to Keep I Have!"

The next morning it was Bessie's turn. First of all she dusted the chairs and set them in a row out in the entry. Then she took a newspaper and covered the stands of plants. "Mamma says plants breathe through their leaves, and it isn't good for them to get dusty," she remarked.

She put a newspaper over the little table on which lay grandma's work-basket and "Saints' Rest." She removed from the room the garments hanging there. Then she began to sweep, taking short, quick strokes. Not a spot was left untouched. All the corners, behind the lounge, under the stove. Last of all she lifted up grandma's footstool.

"Why-ee!" she exclaimed in surprise, stooping and picking up a tiny round yellow—something. "Here's money! a real gold dollar!"

"Yes," said Grandma Strong, composedly, though her black eyes twinkled as she looked at Laura. "Yes, Bessie, I put it there yesterday morning for some little girl who, in sweeping clean, should find it!"—The Companion.

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Wm. ROSS, Manager.

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HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

**OBITUARY**

**DEATH OF MR. P. J. DOWNEY.**

Guelph, Sept. 29.—Patrick Joseph Downey, one of the pioneer school teachers of this section of Ontario, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. Collins, in Renfrew, on Saturday, aged 81 years. Mr. Downey began teaching in Adfala Township, Simcoe County, in 1842. He came to Bramosa Township a few years later, and afterwards to Guelph, where he taught in the old school near the G. T. R. station, a building which has long since succumbed to the ravages of time. Mr. Downey retired in 1880, his last position being in Puslinch, where he taught for 24 years and gave to that section the name of Downey's, which it still bears. An idea of the improvement that has taken place in our educational facilities during the last half century may be gained from the fact that when Mr. Downey began teaching it was the custom for the teacher to board at the homes of the children, each family taking him by turn. The seats in the schools in those days were rough hewn planks, supported by stakes driven into the logs around the walls of the buildings. Deceased was born in the City of Cork on St. Patrick's Day, was christened Patrick and left Ireland in the ship St. Patrick. He was a whole-hearted and thorough an Irishman as this rather remarkable coincidence would indicate, and was known for his uniform courtesy, hospitality and kindness. His wife predeceased him nearly four years ago. The surviving children are Edmond J., Cleveland; Frederick, Toronto; Joseph P., editor of The Guelph Herald; Mrs. C. C. Collins, Renfrew, and Catherine, a member of the Community of Loreto.

**THE MARKET REPORTS.**

**Wheat Continues Weak—The Live Stock Trade—Latest Quotations.**

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 1.

Wholesale trade circles are fairly active for this season. Travelers are coming in good numbers and they are usually well distributed showing that sales are quite numerous among country retailers in various departments of trade. The demand for flour for shipment to inland water points is good and will be sure to expand considerably this month. The farmers' deliveries of new wheat and other grain at the country markets are increasing and that is causing the supply of money to become more plentiful. As a result payments by retail merchants are steadily improving. The movement of agricultural products for export will be very large, and that should materially improve trade conditions. Values of general staple goods are steady to firm, and a few advances in prices are noted this week. There is a good demand for flour and the market is active. The price for flour is 6 to 6 1/2 per cent. for mercantile discounts and 6 to 6 1/2 per cent. for call loans.

**Toronto St. Lawrence Market.**

Receipts of grain on the street market today were much heavier than usual. Prices generally were steady. 1000 boxes of colored chaff were sold at 50¢ bid, but no sales were made.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000; good to market steers, \$10 to \$12; poor to medium, \$8 to \$10; stockers and feeders, \$5.25 to \$6.25; cows, \$4.00; heifers, \$4 to \$5; canners, \$2.50 to \$3.25; bulls, \$1.75 to \$4.75; calves, \$2.50 to \$5.00; Texas fed steers, \$3 to \$4; western mixed butchers, \$4.50 to \$7; good to choice heavy, \$6.70 to \$7.10; rough heavy, \$6.30 to \$6.60; calves, \$6 to \$8; hogs, \$4 to \$5; native lambs, \$2.50 to \$4.75; western lambs, \$2.40 to \$4.40.

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**LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.**

**ANOTHER TORONTO MAN TO THE FRONT.**

Mr. J. C. Conlin, formerly with the Adams & Burns Co., wholesale grocers of Front street, Toronto, has been made manager of the Vancouver branch of the large wholesale liquor firm of Pither & Leiser, whose business operations extend to the Klondike. His Toronto friends wish him success in his new position.—Vancouver Daily Province.

**FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL.**

The Feast of St. Michael, the titular saint of St. Michael's Cathedral, and of the Archdiocese of Toronto, was celebrated at St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday last with ceremonies of unusual impressiveness. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop, the Rev. Dr. Treacy being deacon and Father Canning sub-deacon, with Rev. Fathers Ryan and Rohleder deacons of honor, and Rev. Father Brennan of St. Basil's master of ceremonies. Rev. Dr. Teefy delivered an impressive discourse on the celebration of the festival.

**MARRIED IN ST. PATRICK'S.**

On the morning of Sept. 29, St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, was the scene of an attractive ceremony, when Miss Rose O'Dea was united in marriage to Mr. P. O'Mally, of Chicago. Special music was rendered for the nuptial Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Stuhl, who also performed the marriage ceremony. The bride was handed over by her step-father, Mr. J. Tolland, while her cousin, Miss M. J. McGahey, acted as bridesmaid. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. M. McGahey. After the ceremony breakfast was partaken of at the home of the bride. The presents of the bride were many and very beautiful. At 2 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. O'Mally left for Chicago via Buffalo, where they propose taking in the sights of the Pan-American.

**ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. PATRICK'S HALL.**

St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul street, was so overtaxed on Monday evening, when Mr. E. A. Cullerton presented the famous pictures of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, that hundreds went away unable to gain admission. A score of gentlemen invited to the platform were in the overflow; and the entertainment was repeated on Tuesday evening, so that there would be no disappointment. On the second occasion the hall was again crowded. Many of the city clergy, Mr. Foy, K. C. Mr. E. J. Hearn, Alderman Burns, Mr. Guay and others were present. Father Barrett, C. S. S. R., presided, and introduced the lecturer, also closing the entertainment with an eloquent appreciation of its religious and scenic excellence. Mr. Cullerton is at once an entertaining lecturer and an expert in the mechanical branch of his work. His pictures are splendid and his descriptions vivid and brief. He has reduced to a minimum the glancing motion which so often takes away from the life-like feature of the moving pictures. The Passion Play was represented in its most impressive scenes. The attention of the audience is completely absorbed, and the lesson left upon the heart is deep and ennobling. This part of Mr. Cullerton's entertainment is on a par or above the high priced illustrated lectures that occasionally are given in the largest halls of the city. The Irish scenes took the audience through the streets of Dublin, along the famous glens of Wicklow, down to Blarney and Killarney and by Limerick and Connemara to the north, terminating at Belfast. The moving pictures showed General French going into action, the relief of Ladysmith, as well as Boer commandoes in action and trekking. They brought some of the realities of war very near to the eye. The proceeds of both evenings went to St. Patrick's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which Mr. Cullerton is a member.

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD.**

In a very lonely valley close by a river side,  
Stands a pretty little cottage,  
wherein but two abide,  
The door's ajar, and seated we see a lady there;  
And by her sits her husband, a man with snow-white hair.  
This has been their home forever, since the day that they were wed,  
And their children's little children call it "The Old Homestead."

Away around this cottage all is still and free from care,  
Save the tiny humming bee and the birds high in the air  
And the rushing ranging waters, that o'er the stones do glide,  
And 'neath some weed-and-bushes their dark green shadows hide;  
And the little fragrant wind that plays and drives our stream ahead,  
Are all the sounds that meet the ear 'round the Old Homestead.

But this house was not always gladdened by the sound of children's play;  
Whose voices were far sweeter than the song bird's softest lay;  
But they're parted now and scattered, into men and women grown;  
And the two dear aged parents spend their last days all alone.  
Dreaming of their absent darlings, fondly thinking of their dead;  
And of many happy memories that still throng the Old Homestead.

**The Two Scorpions**

**ALCONOL AND MORPHINE.**

An Antidote Discovered.

A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs, even in the most hopeless cases, is attracting a good deal of attention among those interested in temperance work. The medicine is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless and absolutely free from narcotics. It leaves no evil after-effects and can be carried in the pocket and taken in absolute privacy, thus dispensing with the publicity, loss of time and expense of an institute treatment. The medicine has been tested and is vouched for by "The Viceroy of St. Michael's" Rev. Father O'Connell, Rev. Father Strubbe, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Egger, Rev. Father Gaule, Rev. Father Coventry, Rev. Father McCallen, Rev. Father Gaughren, Sister Augustine, Sister William, S. S. E. Sister Athelburga, and many others.

Full particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. Dixon, No. 81 Wilcox Street, Toronto, Canada.

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From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No. 1, Montreal: "I frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for all the little ills, cuts and sprains, as well as for all bowel complaints, in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have on hand."

Used Internally and Externally.  
Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

**Teachers Wanted.**

**WANTED**—For S. S. - NO. 1, Rutherford—a Catholic teacher; holding a second-class certificate; desiring to commence at once; applications, stating salary and experience, to be addressed to H. Jackman, Killarney P. O., Algoma West, Ont.

**WANTED**—IMMEDIATELY—CATHOLIC teacher—salary for balance of year, \$100. Address John E. Sullivan, Kingsbridge, Ont.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000; good to market steers, \$10 to \$12; poor to medium, \$8 to \$10; stockers and feeders, \$5.25 to \$6.25; cows, \$4.00; heifers, \$4 to \$5; canners, \$2.50 to \$3.25; bulls, \$1.75 to \$4.75; calves, \$2.50 to \$5.00; Texas fed steers, \$3 to \$4; western mixed butchers, \$4.50 to \$7; good to choice heavy, \$6.70 to \$7.10; rough heavy, \$6.30 to \$6.60; calves, \$6 to \$8; hogs, \$4 to \$5; native lambs, \$2.50 to \$4.75; western lambs, \$2.40 to \$4.40.

**Leading Wheat Markets.**

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Chicago	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
New York	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Toledo	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
St. Louis	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Minneapolis	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Milwaukee	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Detroit	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
St. Paul	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2

**British Markets.**

London, Oct. 1.—Open—Wheat on passage, sellers indifferent operators; parcels No. 1 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 2 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 3 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 4 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 5 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 6 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 7 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 8 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 9 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 10 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 11 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 12 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 13 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 14 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 15 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 16 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 17 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 18 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 19 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 20 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 21 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 22 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 23 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 24 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 25 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 26 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 27 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 28 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 29 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 30 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 31 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 32 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 33 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 34 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 35 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 36 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 37 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 38 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 39 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 40 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 41 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 42 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 43 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 44 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 45 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 46 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 47 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 48 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 49 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 50 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 51 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 52 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 53 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 54 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 55 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 56 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 57 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 58 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 59 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 60 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 61 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 62 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 63 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 64 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 65 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 66 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 67 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 68 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 69 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 70 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 71 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 72 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 73 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 74 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 75 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 76 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 77 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 78 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 79 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 80 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 81 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 82 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 83 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 84 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 85 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 86 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 87 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 88 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 89 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 90 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 91 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 92 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 93 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 94 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 95 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 96 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 97 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 98 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 99 northern spring, 48s 6d; No. 100 northern spring, 48s 6d.

**DEATHS**

**TOOHEY**—At London, on Friday morning, Sept. 27, at 1.30, Mrs. Catherine Toohey, aged 80 years, widow of the late Patrick Toohey.

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