

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Fenian Movement of 1866—Some of the "Toronto" Boys that Went to Ireland to Raise the Standard of Rebellion—Murphy, Lamasney, Condon, Moriarty, O'Connor and Cullen—Thomas Francis Bourke—The Roberts Branch of the Brotherhood that Attempted the Invasion of Canada—The Gathering at Buffalo and Battle of Ridgeway—The Wily Scheme of United States Secretary, Wm. H. Seward—The Alabama Claims Settled.

I had almost forgotten that it is more than forty years since the attempted Fenian invasion of Canada. I was then a resident of Toronto and have a distinct recollection of that event. There were Fenians here then under the leadership of Michael Murphy, but they did not sympathize with what was known as the Roberts wing of the party, which was engaged in preparing to invade Canada. The other wing was known as the O'Mahony wing, whose intention it was to raise the standard of rebellion in Ireland. To this wing most of the Canadian Fenians belonged. Some of those men were on the way to Ireland were arrested and confined in prison in Cornwall, County of Glengarry. I do not remember now but a few of their names; those that I do remember were Murphy, O'Connor, Condon, Moriarty, Lamasney and Cullen. After a time they dug their way out of the jail and made their escape to the territory of York state, assisted by a young married woman, I believe, the wife of James O'Connor. Some of them did reach England and Ireland eventually, and distinguished themselves in a way. I do not know whether Michael Murphy got to Ireland or not, but I think not. Moriarty, Condon and Lamasney surely did, because they were arrested and tried for high treason. Moriarty became a leader among the Kerry hills; Condon operated in England, and Lamasney was the Captain McKay who led or attempted to lead the attack on Chester Castle, without any arms, trusting to capture the place by means of some ruse. I believe it was Condon, at his trial, who exclaimed "God Save Ireland" and gave rise to the song written by T. D. Sullivan of the Dublin "Nation," and which is now enthusiastically sung at all Irish reunions in the United States. He was sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment. After his release he went to the United States and received a government appointment at Washington. I believe, however, that he died there not long since. He was a native of Tipperary County. I have heard it said that his father was with William Smith O'Brien at Ballinacorney in 1848. Both Condon and his father were carpenters in Toronto. Lamasney was a printer by trade, who served his ap-



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prenticeship in the "Globe" office. After a number of years of imprisonment, he, too, was released, and went to the United States, where in Chicago and Detroit he was engaged for some time in the newspaper publishing business. The spirit of destruction was still within him as he returned to England and became a dynamitard. In attempting to blow up London bridge it is said he blew himself to pieces, in atoms so small that no portion of him could be found.

There was another Toronto man who was engaged in the Irish revolutionary movement of 1866, who seems to have been of more importance than any of the foregoing. It was Thomas Francis Burke, a painter by trade and a very able man. But I am not sufficiently informed to mention any of his particular escapades. I saw him in San Francisco in the early seventies, when he was on some revolutionary mission bent, accompanied by Thomas Clarke Luby, a prominent leader of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and a Protestant. Both are long since dead, and there is an end also to the propaganda of violence, although the Clan na Gael, who still flourish to some extent in the United States, oppose the methods of the Irish parliamentary party and delude some of their fellow countrymen into the belief that they are not effective.

Forty years ago the invasion of Canada by the Roberts wing of the Fenians culminated in disaster. Previous to the attempted invasion the stone quarries in the north-western section of Chicago resembled an armed camp. All along the Canadian border there was wild alarm. Preparations were under way for the raid now celebrated in history, through which it was planned to capture Canada as a step towards establishing the Irish Republic. Some fifteen hundred armed men who had been engaged in the war of the rebellion, had encamped in Chicago ready to march when the word was given. Colonel James Quirk, who had been second in command in Mulligan's Irish Brigade, organized a regiment of 800 strong, well disciplined, well armed, and fitted with uniforms. Their watchword was "On to Quebec!" Similar organizations were ready in various places all over the American union when the word was given. Their chosen commander, however, was either a coward or a craven, and under the disguise of drunkenness, hid himself when the time arrived for him to act.

The Fenian plan for the hostile invasion of Canada had the approval and connivance of the Federal Government. It wanted England brought to time in connection with the Alabama claims. Both England and Canada had shown themselves unfriendly to the Union cause during the war of the rebellion. William Henry Seward, a man of Irish descent, was the Secretary of State. He was considered the foremost friend of Ireland among American statesmen. Under these circumstances he determined to give England a taste of the kind of neutrality she had shown towards them and show how vulnerable was her Canadian frontier. The Fenians were supplied with rifles out of the government arsenal at Bridgeburg, Philadelphia. I happened to be in Buffalo on business in May, 1866, and met Colonel Michael Bailey on Main street of that city, who told me an invasion was sure to take place. He introduced me to a Col. Hoyer, an officer who accompanied him. "Yes," said the latter, "we will be over there on the first of June, so sure as you live."

Rumors of invasions came to us in Toronto from all points of the frontier, and our military authorities prepared to meet the invaders and drive them back. The central point for the invaders to meet was Buffalo. In the darkness of night at 2 o'clock on the morning of June 1, 1866, about 600 men crossed the Niagara river from Black Rock, three miles east of Buffalo and encamped within the grass-grown parapets of Fort Erie, a relic of the war of 1812. There were then about 30,000 armed men assembled in Buffalo. The 600 marched four miles down the river to Frenchman's Creek. Expected supporters failed to follow this small body, and a number of undisciplined stragglers wandered away and some of them returned to Buffalo, which reduced the effective force to about 350. In the evening scouts brought in word that two British columns were advancing upon them from Chippewa and Port Colborne. O'Neill,

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A CATHOLIC PRESIDENT POSSIBLE. Why Should There be "a Stir" on Account of President Roosevelt's Alleged Utterance? (From the New World.) The secular press throughout the United States has declared that President Roosevelt has caused "a stir" by stating in the message he entrusted to Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, for His Holiness Pius X. his expectation "that there will be Roman Catholic Presidents as well as Protestants." Let us plainly and seriously ask ourselves why should there be "a stir" on account of the President's utterance, which is an obvious interpretation of a fundamental principle of the Constitution? Are we Catholics, then, proscribed? Do we enjoy in fact, as in theory, equal civic rights in the United States? Why has no Catholic ever been elected President in the past? "Oh," some Catholics of the jelly-fish type will say, "we ought to be thankful for the freedom we enjoy in this Republic." Thankful to whom? To God, yes, whose overruling Providence has guided and will continue to guide the destinies of humanity towards the goal of liberty in America and throughout the world. Thankful to the American nation? Are we Catholics not an integral part and a most important integral part of the nation? To be thankful to oneself is an absurdity. Catholics might be grateful to the government of the Sublime Porte for concessions and privileges, because in Turkey the people are in theory and in fact subjects, not citizen sovereigns. But in the United States a public privilege is a public crime against the nation. The people have a Constitution and laws framed and enacted by themselves, of which the fundamental principle is "equal civic rights for all, privileges for none." Have not our people, to speak with great moderation, contributed as much to the origin, growth, defense and expansion of the Republic and its institutions as any other section of the population? Take any national interest, such as the sanctities of home life, the upbuilding of the country's industries, reverence for law, loyalty to religion, valor in the field, ability in the learned professions, disinterestedness in public life, and let us ask ourselves what class of American citizens have excelled the Catholics under any one of these categories? The daily press has spoken out plainly what every American citizen thinks secretly in his mind, namely, that Catholics, because of their religion, because of the undying hostility of the Masonic sects, are boycotted so far as the highest positions in the Federal Government are concerned. President Roosevelt, we believe, is fully conscious of the imperishable services rendered to the nation by its Catholic citizens of the present and the past and clearly foreseeing that men and women imbued with Catholic principles of family life, of property rights of devotion to orderly government, will be indispensable in the future war of all men of good will against divorce, socialism and anarchy, would gladly open up every avenue to public office, even to the White House, to Catholics.

John M. Thaler, twenty years old, of Baltimore, a member of the Redemptorist order and a student at Annapolis, and a fellow student, Edward Septon of Boston, were drowned near Annapolis last Sunday. The bodies were recovered after having been in the water four hours. Young Thaler was admitted to the Order August 2nd.

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TAKES CATHOLIC STAND

"Education Without Religion is Irreligious," Says Dr. Armstrong—Schools Cannot be Neutral.

The Rev. Dr. Armstrong, retiring moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, recently in session at London, Ont., gave an earnest discourse, in a most Christian spirit, on the crying need of definite dogmatic religious instruction as a part of the every day school work of the young. It is worthy of the attention of Catholics. He said in substance: The primary responsibility for the education and training of the children must rest upon the parents, but the greater part of the work is done in the schools. Parents have transferred a large part of their duty to the Public School. The school and the school teacher should therefore be expected to co-operate with the home in training a godly seed. The State invades the home and takes possession of the children and issues a mandate to parents. "You must send your children to our schools and you must pay for them, but remember we will exclude your Bible and religion." This has in it for Christian parents all the elements of injustice and tyranny. The State does not exist apart from the people who compose it. Christian parents should assert the right of their children to a Christian education in the schools they support. In a Christian country like ours the Christian Church and the systems of education should know no disagreement as to aim or method, but move in perfect harmony to the attainment of a perfect training of the young. No Christian parent should be content to have his child attend a school where religion is ignored or put in a corner. He is thereby doing irreparable hurt to his child. And no government has a right to exclude religion from a school which it compels Christian people to support.

STATE PATERNALISM. The State is becoming more and more paternal. It does not confine itself to the administration of justice or to the property, or to matters affecting our material progress, but it takes under its care the mental and moral welfare of the people, discerning that the greatness of a nation is reared, not on physical, but on psychological foundations. The Church helps the State when it creates noble characters and when the State therefore assumes to provide schools for the country there should be in them ample provision, not merely for mental training, but for moral training as well.

UTILITARIAN EDUCATION WRONG. Education in our school system should be conceived not from the utilitarian standpoint chiefly, but from the ethical. We, as loyal Christians, can acknowledge no system of education as ideal or liberal from which religion is excluded. Christian ethics should be at the very top of the curriculum of our public schools, high schools and universities. Our schools should be emblazoned: "Man shall not live by bread alone." Education should embrace the whole child and his whole life and destiny. To see life and see it whole, and to frame an ideal of education on this wholeness, is the duty of the home, the school and the Church working together. Modern education and modern civilization are in a large measure the product of religion. The Church should move firmly and rapidly, adopting new methods and insisting that religion take its rightful place in a system of education in which we are compelled to fit our children.

In England to-day the whole community is agitated, the very foundation of society quiver. The foe meets foe in deadly shock of wordy battle. What is the dispute? To determine how far religion shall enter into the school system of the land. In this country we have not these fierce sectarian blasts among Protes-

tant denominations, and the introduction of so much religious instruction in our schools would incur little difficulty and would do much good. THE COUNTRY'S GREAT NEED. There is a growing conviction that something must be done to purify and strengthen the moral fibre of the nation. The acknowledged growth of political corruption, the prevalence of "graft," the revelations as to the methods of insurance companies, trade combines, commercial trusts, etc., the constant reports of defaulters and embezzlers, the complacency with which transgressions against the principles of upright living are regarded by many of the community, the very fact that one of our leading journals could say in an article with the significant heading, "What Canada Should Most Fear": "The cardinal evil at work on every hand in Canada and the United States is the canker of unscrupulous and dishonest commercialism, the brazen disregard of the essential principles of business life by men who seem to be pillars of the social fabric." These and other facts indicate a call for prompt measures of moral reform. I contend against the separation between religion and the State, and I contend against the State assuming the power to establish a system of schools, exclude the Bible and religious instruction from them and compel us to pay for them and send our children to them. Schools cannot be neutral. Education without religion is irreligious. The negative character cannot long be maintained. The tendency is to become positively anti-Christian.

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Every 8th of September we are asked by the Church to commemorate the feast of the birth of the Blessed Virgin. We are led to think of what that day meant for the world. Before that day the world was under the wrath of God, because of the sin of our first parents. For four thousand years sin's awful cloud stood between heaven and earth and shut out the light of the divine countenance, but with the coming of Our Blessed Lady's birth all things began to be changed, for, conceived without sin, she was to be the promised virgin that was to give a Saviour to the world, and He to be no other than the Son of the Most High. All the feasts of the Blessed Virgin are very dear to the Catholic heart, but the feasts of her Immaculate Conception and of her Nativity are particularly so. Of her Nativity we love to recall it as the dawn before the day, the presage of better things, the promise of emancipation from Satan's enslavement, through that other birth in time, of Him Who would be born of her, Redeemer of Mankind. Happy day, then, that marked so great a change! And happy she through whom the blessing came! We who felicitate Mary on her glorious birth, should felicitate ourselves upon being so much blessed by it. And how may we show our gratitude to God and to Mary, His holy handmaid, unless it be by leading most pious lives so that we may one day reap in heaven the fruit of that redemption which she in the Divine Mercy was the worthy instrument to bring about? Let us, whilst commemorating her birth, ask of God the grace to be born in spirit again with her. If we seek her motherly care she will gladly bestow it on us. But to be her accepted children we must strive to imitate the perfections of her Divine Son and her own perfections. He told us to learn of Him, to be meek and humble of heart, and His Blessed Mother was a model of humility and of all the virtues. Grace it was that made her so, and grace will be ours to become good and holy if we only ask for it, and we can best receive it by seeking it through her powerful intercession. Deign then, O Blessed Mother of God, to make us thy children and keep us in the way we should walk by the graces thou wilt obtain for us! Let each day be a day of grace that by its light and help we may one day reach the heavenly mansions, there to be with God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and with thee, Heaven's Immaculate Queen, and all the blessed through all the ages of eternity.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

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The HOME CIRCLE

AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Boasters are cousins to liars. Courage in Christians means plenty of backbone. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shoots at others and wounds herself. Foolish fear doubles anger. God teaches us good things by our own hands. He has hard work who has nothing to do. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them. Just Christians can afford to be merciful. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a grand virtue. Not to hear conscience is the way to silence. One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow. Proud looks make foul work in fair faces. Quiet conscience is quiet sleep. Richness is he that wants least. Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater foes. The boughs that bear most fruit hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You never lose by doing a good act. Zeal without knowledge is fire without lights.

I'LL SEEK A FOUR LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four leaved Shamrock In all the fairly dells, And when I find the Charmed leaves, Oh how I'll weave my spells! I will not waste my magic night On diamond, pearl, or gold— Such treasures tire the weary heart; Their triumph is but cold.

But I will play the enchanter's part, I'll scatter bliss around; And not one tear nor aching heart, Shall in the world be found! Oh not one tear nor aching heart Should in this world be found.

To worth I will give honor — I'll dry the mourner's tears, And to the pallid lips recall The smile of happier years; And hearts that have been long estranged, And friends that had grown cold, Shall meet again like parted streams, And mingle as of old.

Oh thus I'd play the enchanter's part! Thus scatter bliss around, And not one tear nor aching heart Should in this world be found. Oh not one tear nor aching heart Should in this world be found.

WHAT HOUSE TO LIKE.

Some love the glow of outward show, Some love mere wealth and try to win it; The house to me may lowly be, If I but like the people in it.

What's all the gold that glitters cold, When linked to hard and naughty feeling; What e'er we're told, the noble gold Is truth of heart and manly dealing.

Then let them seek, whose minds are weak, Mere fashion's smile and try to win it; The house to me may lowly be, If I but like the people in it.

The lowly roof may give us proof That lowly flowers are often fairest; And trees whose bark is hard and dark May yield us bloom and fruit the rarest.

ERIN, MY QUEEN.

As the Dove for its true mate ravished, As the love for vain love lavished, As the bride for the bridegroom perished, As the mother for dead babes cherished, As the withered rose for its brightness, As the guilt stained soul for its whiteness, As the earth for its summer splendor, As the sea for the moonbeams tender, As the hero for vanished glory, As the sons for thy ancient story, My heart is sighing for thee, My lips are crying for thee Erin, my Queen. —Fanny Parnell.

SLEEP VERSE TO A GUEST.

A large summer hotel put these charming lines in each guest's chamber this season: Sleep sweetly in this quiet room, O thou, who'er thou art, And let no mournful yesterdays Disturb thy peaceful heart; Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest With dreams of coming ill. Thy Maker is thy changeless friend, His love surrounds thee still. Forget thyself and all the world, Put out each glaring light; The stars are watching over thee; Sleep sweetly, then—good-night.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Spanish Beefsteak.—Take a slice of round steak an inch thick; lay it on a pie-plate, add a little water to baste it with, and bake for thirty minutes; take it out and cover with a layer of sliced onions, bake until the onions are tender. Then add a

layer of sliced tomatoes and bake twenty minutes; sprinkle two table-spoonsful of grated cheese over the tomatoes, and place in the oven long enough to melt the cheese.

Graham Breakfast Cakes.—Mix one cup of graham flour with one cup of wheat flour, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of sweet milk. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water and add to a half cup of molasses. Add this to the batter and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes.

Stewed Crabs.—Mash fine the hard-boiled yolks of four eggs and rub to a paste with two table-spoonsful of soft butter, one table-spoonful of flour and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Scald one quart of milk in a double boiler; pour a little of it over the prepared paste and stir until melted, then add to the milk in the double boiler and stir until it is slightly thickened. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika and a dash of nutmeg and simmer for five minutes. Add one cupful of crab meat, boil up once, add one-half of a cupful of sherry and one half of a lemon thinly sliced and serve at once.

Compote of Peaches.—Cut the fruit in two and take out the stones. Put the fruit into boiling water and let stand for two minutes; take it out and put at once into very cold water. Peel and cover with a syrup made as follows: One pound of sugar, one pint of water, one-fourth of a cup of brandy, add a little lemon juice and simmer five minutes. Take from the fire, cool and serve.

Cup Cake.—Cream well together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Stir in alternately three cupfuls of flour and one cupful of milk. Beat well for five minutes, add the whipped whites of the eggs and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat for a few minutes and bake in a loaf in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

Chicken in Jelly.—Singe and draw a chicken weighing from three to four pounds, put in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Add a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley and a bay leaf, cook slowly until it is perfectly tender. When this point is reached, cut all the meat from the bones, put the bones back in the water, cover and let simmer gently for an hour. Cover one-quarter of a box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water, soak for thirty minutes, then add it to the bones; stir thoroughly, take from the fire and strain. This jelly should be perfectly clear. Add salt and pepper to taste, and remove every particle of grease. Select a round pan which will hold about two quarts. Put a layer of jelly in the bottom of the basin, and stand it in a pan of ice to harden, put the remainder of the jelly away in a place to cool, but not harden. When the jelly in the pan is hard enough to hold the weight of the layer of meat, and so on, begin by sprinkling a little chopped parsley first over the top of the jelly, then a layer of hard-boiled egg cut into rings; on this a layer of the chicken cut into small pieces, then another layer of the parsley, another of the egg, chicken, and so on until the basin is nearly full. Pour over carefully the remaining jelly, which must be perfectly cold, and

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stand the basin in a cold place for at least twenty-four hours. When ready to serve, wipe the outside of the pan carefully with a warm cloth, turn out on a dish, and garnish with parsley.

THE ROAD TO BEAUTY.

The more beautiful a woman is, the more painful is the road that leads to old age and vanished charms, and everyone should study how to retain them. Great is the shock when after a few years absence one sees the change that time has wrought in friends, and consequently must feel sure in themselves; but years deal far more kindly with some than with others, and the difference generally lies in the persons themselves. Those who look well, as some do to the end, have preserved and not given in to the assaults of time.

But happily there are not nearly such marked changes apparent nowadays in a few years as there used to be, because people devote themselves to the culture of the appearance, and tread the road that leads to good looks and to their preservation. The present methods of beauty culture do not assert themselves, and there is little trace of how it is done, says an article in "The Queen." If there is a visible "make-up" the success has only been a half-and-half one, for there is much moral restraint required to be beautiful. Look round at an assembly of people over thirty or forty. It is not their features, only that give them age, but the expression, the worried, hard look in the eyes, the peevish, discontented lines of the mouth, the lack of hope and joy visible on the face.

Cultivate happiness, smiles, and laughter; they keep you young. Take exercise in the open air daily; air is all essential. Begin from your earliest days to sleep with your window open, and not only have a bath every day, but rub and stimulate the skin in your bath from the head to the feet. Never neglect to go through some exercises which will keep the muscles in order, the head erect, the shoulders well thrown back; carriage stands you in good stead to old age.

LEAVING HOME.

Leaving home is to many a young man his making or his ruin. As to which it proves to be, depends largely on the kind of training he has received while at home, and the kind of stuff he is made of. To the young man of good parts, moral stamina, grit and common sense, nothing is a greater developer in the right direction than his getting away from home. Once out among strangers, the thoughtful care of loving parents is all gone, and he must now rely upon himself. Of the comforts thrust upon him hitherto by the loved ones at home, he is now deprived. Circumstances now compel him to think and provide for himself. Brought in to competition with others he must struggle to keep his place in the race of life, unassisted by friends. This, to the young man of good parts is the school of experience which develops energy, tact, self-reliance, and, in a word, makes of him a manly man. But if he is morally weak, vacillating, reckless, indifferent, venturesome, with little or no conscience, or has in him that peculiar selfishness which turns good talents and ingenuity into powers of evil, his leaving home soon works his destruction. The selfish, reckless young man on leaving home soon finds himself in partnership with the prince of darkness and on the highways to ruin. How important, then, that our boys all receive the proper training in the home so essential to qualifying them to safely take care of themselves after they have passed the home leaving time!

PARISIAN WOMAN'S STYLE.

In Paris they love to do odd and pretty things. So it is that the French woman is going out now in a dark wool plaid, which is made up in the most chic of fashions. A French woman stepped into her carriage the other day to make a few calls. She wore a blue and green wool plaid. The skirt and jacket were alike, but of course there were cuffs and lapels of plain green, and these were trimmed with a tiny bit of gold, without which no French woman thinks her costume is complete. The cut of her coat was the popular and fashionable Eton, which was so short that it showed a lovely emerald green shirt, which was embroidered in blue. And of course, her pumps were deep green kid, to match a pair of silk stockings of precisely the same hue.

No woman can beat the French woman when it comes to getting herself up smartly. Her gloves were green and they consisted of two pieces, namely, a little short wrist glove of green kid and a long green kid armband, which came down in a point over the top of the glove. An elegant gold bracelet concealed the point of union. It may be mentioned that she is never exceedingly stout, and that her waist line is never beyond certain proportions. For this reason, she can afford to girdle herself in the neatest and most becoming way. Were she to lose her trim belt line, she would feel that her last particle of self-respect had departed, and she must thereafter betake herself into a retreat for fasting, until the girdle zone had reappeared in all its delicate beauty.

CANDIED NUTS OR FRUITS.

Boil one-half pound of loaf sugar in one cupful of water. The syrup must not be stirred, and must boil furiously. Take the prepared fruit or nuts on the point of a large needle or fine skewer, dip them into the syrup, and then lay them on a dish that has been slightly buttered or oiled, or string them on a thread, and, after dipping, suspend them to harden. When oranges are used, divide them into sections and dry them on a sieve, or in a warm room. Cherries should be stoned.



A Result Of La Grippe.

RIVERSIDE, N.B., CAN. About three years ago my mother had the grippe, which left her body and mind in a weak condition. At first she complained of sleeplessness, which developed into a state of melancholia, then she could not sleep at all. She didn't care to see anybody, had no peace of mind at any time, and would imagine the most horrible things. We employed the best physicians but she became worse; then her sister-in-law recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using it a change for the better was apparent and mother became very fleshy on account of a voracious appetite, and got entirely well. We all thanked God for sending us the Tonic.

MARY L. DALY. Mrs. Mary Goodline, of U. Kingsley, N.B., Can., writes: "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me lots of good. I recommend it to everybody."

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The Demon, Dyspepsia.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parneelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

WHEN TO GET BUSY.

(Advice to Young Men.) When you are worried. When you have been disappointed. When the outlook seems hopeless. When the best girl in the world throws you over. When people repeat the things your friends have said about you. When you discover the unmistakable presence of sawdust in your doll. When the goal seems about as impossible as the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. When the scheme on which you've staked everything goes up. When you have about concluded that there is no use trying any more. When everything and everybody seems to conspire to keep you down. When the world and everything in it appears to be going to the dogs and you feel ready to go along. There is no cure like it.

HAVE FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE.

The wise and dainty housewife is never without a bit of green or blossoms of some kind tastefully arranged in the center of the family table. During the winter if she is not able to afford cut flowers, she has a growing fern to spread its leaves against the snowy cloth. Golden flowers of any kind always bring a suggestion of sunshine into a room and are wonderfully brightening in the dark corners. Nasturtiums are one of the favorite flowers for the house and table decorations, and their deep rich color is most striking against a highly polished mahogany table. A single flower in a long slender vase, a dark red American Beauty rose, or a huge chrysanthemum, is often more effective than a bunch of the choicest bloom.

Most women would find life a great deal more enjoyable if they would consent to regard the unimportant, trivial disagreeables of every-day life—differences with servants, dress-makers, and tradespeople—through the wrong end of their opera glasses. They would then see them as very small and far away, and could keep the large end to turn on the nice people and the things that they enjoy.

Robert Louis Stevenson's little prayer is worthy of a place beside every one's mirror: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Let us go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

WHEN ALL OTHER CURE PREPARATIONS FAIL, TRY HOLLOWAY'S CORN CURE.

No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

DEPEND ON PROVIDENCE.

A gentleman in the South was passing a potato patch and stopped to speak to the dorky who was lazily leaning on his hoe. "Howdy, Uncle, how are you feeling?" "Oh, Ise feelin' mighty fine, 'caze I sho' has been havin' good luck." "Is that so?" "Yes, sah, why, 'bout a week ago I had a lot ob trees fo' to cut down, an' a cyclone come erlong an' jes' natchely knocked 'em ovah fo' me." "Well, that is wonderful." "It sho' is, but Providence done helps me agin yistiddy. Massa tole me to burn up de strawsticks, an' heah come de lightnin' an' fo' I knowed it they waillnt nothin' left." "Well! well! But what are you doing now?" "Me? I'm waitin' fo' an yearth-quake to shake dese 'taters outen de groun'."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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

The Rev. Joseph C. Campbell, professor of Moral Theology at St. Paul Seminary, died suddenly of heart

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 100 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate. HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

COAL—COAL LANS

Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output. Quartz—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital. A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre. The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales. PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly. A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The leases shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river-leas. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

failure a few days ago. Father Campbell was a graduate of Maynooth College. After some years at the diocesan college of Monahan, Ireland, he was induced by Archbishop Ireland to accept a position on the theological faculty of the St. Paul Seminary.

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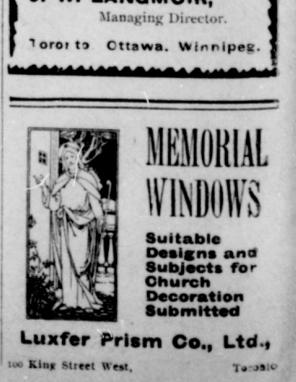
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The Children's Page

THE LIGHTHOUSE CHILDREN.

Ideally we rowed across the bay, The tide was calm, and the wind was fair, We drifted in past the jagged rocks To the lighthouse, and anchored there.

In the lonely brightness of sea and sky It seemed like some far enchanted isle, Where the footsteps of man had never been, And good spirits kept watch the while.

Along the sands, and the upward path, To the lighthouse door we made our way; There in the slanting shadow sat Three children, at happy play.

There was no one else, on the island's space No other mortal, from sea to sea; The winds and the waves and the skies were all— And the sunburnt children three.

Unstartled, fearless, a lovely group! Brown cheeks, brown eyes and brown tangled curls— They ceased from their playing to stare at us, A boy and two pretty girls.

We were friends as soon as we smiled and talked, We were children, too. For a long sweet hour We sat on the sands, and played with them, In the shade of the lighthouse tower.

Father and sister had rowed to town, But Ben would take care of them. Ben was brave, And mother is with us; the pointing hand Showed a lonely mounded grave.

Oh, strong, pure faith! She had given loved life, And loved and left them; yet near, so near, Was the yearning strength of the mother's heart, That her children could not fear.

The wild waste seemed like a hallowed spot, And we lingered on till the sun went down, Nor pushed from shore till we saw, at last, The boat coming back from town.

And often I think of that golden day, The lighthouse rising against the sky, The lonely grave, and the small brown hands That waved us a last good-by! —Madeline Bridges (Mary Ainge De Vere).

MOTHER NATURE'S INVITATION.

(By Bertha A. Joslin, Mass.) 'Tis the voice of Mother Nature, What does the old dame say? She is calling to the children In her ever winsome way, 'O! leave your books and studies And come with me and play,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

'They have told you of me, children, In the schoolrooms broad and fair, From whose widely swinging portals You are swarming everywhere, And I hear your merry voices Floating to me on the air,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

'Come, noisy boys and chattering girls, I'll give you of my best, Come, being the little children And I'll rock them on my breast, I'll show each day new treasures Till the sun sets in the west,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

'I've hung my trees with little homes, I've gemmed my bushes with birds, If you listen very closely You may understand their words, And I've filled my lakes with fishes, And my pastures teem with herds,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

'I have frescoed all my mountains, Till they flash with rills and flowers, Where the dryads dance and frolic With the winged-footed hours, And the berries hang in clusters, And the wild grape weaves its bowers,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

'And I've painted all my ocean, 'Tis a bright, abounding blue, And the white sea-gulls float over, And they only float for you, Oh, I've done my spring house-cleaning, And the world's as fresh as new,' Says Nature, Mother Nature.

'So I'm waiting for you, children, On the sea and on the land, You will find me if you wander, You will find me close at hand, Oh, Fairland stands ready, And I'll wave my magic wand, Only come!' says Mother Nature. —From American Bird Magazine.

"CANCER, ITS CAUSE AND CURE."

Send 6 cents (stamps) for this little book that tells of the wonderful cures made by our painless home treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

CHARLIE'S BURGLARS.

(By P. Burr Price.) Jack, a mischievous little coon, was at the bottom of it all. He was only a few months old when Charlie Burchard's Uncle Tom brought him up from Texas as a gift for his young nephew.

Charlie lived in a big city but had a large yard to play in. He loved all kinds of pets and had a fine collection of them. When his Uncle Tom marched in one day with Jack, he was beside himself with joy, as a coon was just what he had been longing for. He immediately took him out to get acquainted with the other pets and started to build a house for him. Matters went smoothly for a week or two. Jack was no bother whatever and everybody thought him about the cutest thing that ever happened, as he proved to be quite a trickster. He could sit up, walk on two feet and jump through a hoop.

The other pets received him in a friendly spirit and Charlie was about to open a zoo with Jack as the chief attraction when lo! the unexpected happened. One evening the Burchards had just sat down to dinner with Uncle Tom as a guest. Charlie talking at a great rate about his plans, when his little sister Annie exclaimed: "Look at the coon! look at the coon!"

Everybody turned and there, on the sill of the window opening out on the back yard, was Jack, his head cocked impudently on one side, surveying the room with great composure. Charlie rushed to the window calling: "Jackie! come Jackie! nice Jackie!"

But Jackie leaped from the sill and scampered away. His young master was surprised beyond measure as was everyone else, for the coon had heretofore been so gentle and tame. After dinner Uncle Tom and Charlie went out to see what was up. They found Jack in a tree and deaf to all their coaxing calls. Charlie was dumfounded and excitement ran high in the neighborhood. Some one climbed the tree, but the coon got into the next. He kept this up until he had tired his pursuers.

Across the alley from the Burchards' lived a man whose past record was unknown to the old residents. The man was particularly rough-looking. In the midst of the excitement he came over to assist in the futile attempt to capture the coon and proved to be quite good natured. The neighbors set him down as just a common, honest fellow and let it go at that.

Uncle Tom said the coon had gone wild again and it would be best for the children to let him alone, so everybody gave up the hunt, much to Charlie's disgust. The next morning his mother called his attention to the strange man who had helped in the search the night before, walking through the yard. "Go out and see what he wants," she said.

The man smiled when the boy accosted him. "I'm lookin' for the coon. Found him yet?" "No," said Charlie, "but I wish I could. Maybe he went down in the cellar. The door was open last night. Let's look anyway."

They went down and by the light of a candle explored all the dark corners but without finding Jack. Mumbling something to himself the man went home. After dinner he was seen again leaving the yard, and when Charlie rushed after him, he turned around and asked: "Found him yet?"

"No," said the boy. "I was in the cellar again, but he ain't down there." "No? I suppose he's somewhere in the trees around here," replied Charlie as he locked the gate and hurried to the house.

"Well, I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. Burchard when Charlie told her their rough looking neighbor had been in the cellar. "The impudence of him! To go down there by himself." Then she began to think.

"Charlie," she said, "I don't believe he was looking for the coon at all. He was examining the lock of the door." "Whew!" cried the boy. "Do you think so?"

"I know it," she said emphatically. "He heard you say the coon might have gone down the cellar because the door was open and he went down to see the chances of breaking in." "I'll bet he tries to get in to-night," cried Charlie standing first on one foot and then on the other.

His mother agreed with him. Both were pale with excitement. There was little in the cellar that anybody would want, which was the reason the broken lock had been so long neglected, but it wasn't comfortable to think of some one prowling below at night.

"We could nail up the door, or have the lock fixed," suggested Charlie. But his mother had an idea. She wanted to know just what kind of a man lived across the alley. If he was a thief it would do her good to find it out.

"We'll fix him," she cried. "We'll make a trap and catch him. Come Charlie. We'll do it right now. Don't say a word to your papa or Uncle Tom or anybody—do you hear?" "All right," agreed the boy.

In a little while the trap was finished. The door was left slightly open and on top, balanced so that the least movement would upset it, was a bucket, full of water. The bucket rested on the edge of a rope which

passed through a pulley a few feet away. To the hanging end Mrs. Burchard attached all tinware imaginable—saucepans, wash-boilers, dishpans, jelly tins, tea kettle, cake pans, coal scuttles and in fact everything she possessed which would rattle.

If the man would enter the water, falling, would drench him while the rope, which was held in place by the weight of the water, being free would release the tinware which would fall to the floor with sufficient noise to arouse the family.

The trap would thoroughly frighten the intruder without injuring him, a thing which Mrs. Burchard would not do under any circumstances. Their task being completed they returned upstairs, had supper with the rest of the family and in due time went to bed. There they lay awake to await developments.

To Charlie it seemed that he had lain there for hours but in reality it was a very short time, when from somewhere below there came a crash that in the silence of the night sounded almost unearthly.

Charlie sprang out of bed and rushed to the door. His father, mother and Uncle Tom were already in the hall and his little sisters were crying at the top of their voices.

The little party crept cautiously down-stairs to the cellar. Arrived at the trap, no burglar was to be seen although the door was wide open, the bucket had fallen and the tinware was scattered to the four corners of the room.

They had just concluded that the would-be robber had been frightened away and were returning upstairs when they were startled by loud laughing in the rear.

Looking around they saw Uncle Tom, who had remained a little behind, convulsed with merriment. The bucket had fallen opening downward. Just as Uncle Tom started to go after the others he espied a familiar ringed tail sticking out from under it.

Then it dawned upon him what had happened. Jack had fallen a victim of Charlie's burglar trap. As everyone had supposed he had been hiding in the neighboring trees and in one of his nightly prowls had knocked open the door and started the fireworks.

Jack quieted down after that and held a snug place in the hearts of the family.

BERT CONWAY'S SUCCESS.

"Albert Conway, come to my office after literature period to-day. I wish to see you without fail," said Father Merritt, and bidding good-morning to his pupils, left the classroom.

"Say, Bert, you will be troubled about that essay," remarked Jimmie Smith. "You can write in fine style and the subject is very easy. I know you could make a good composition of it if you try."

"Honestly, Jimmie, it is very hard for me to write an essay. I don't want to go into the contest, though I think it is about entering it that Father John wishes to see me."

Bert had guessed the prefect's desire to the letter. Father Merritt knew the boy's capabilities, and wished to develop the latent genius.

"Good-morning, my boy," he said, as Master Conway entered; "I wish you to compete for the essay prize. Your mother's happiness depends on your advancement; do not permit her to forfeit this on your account. Come, try; you may win."

These few words encouraged Bert. So he determined to make use of his imagination. To write a good essay meant much mental labor for the fortnight which remained until the close of the competition. Friday afternoon came, and Bert decided to think of "American Heroes," the subject of the composition. Scarcely had he arranged himself in the study hall when Jimmie Smith's cheery voice called, "Say, captain, all the boys are waiting in the ball grounds for you."

Bert was astounded. He had not thought that Friday was practice day and he knew what the consequences would be should he, as captain of the "Invincibles," absent himself. At length he replied, "Jimmie, tell the boys I'll be with them in a few seconds."

Slowly he laid aside his pen and left the hall. Two things offered themselves: To resign the captainship in favor of Will Pierce or to give up the contest. By doing the latter his mother would forfeit her happiness. These two great questions were to be solved within a short time, and Bert did not feel capable of the solution.

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS. CURE CONSTIPATION. CURE BILIOUSNESS. CLEAN COATED TONGUE. Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system.

have aroused our anger by an untimely act without an explanation. Therefore, you will be obliged to hear the disgrace if we have the misfortune to be defeated.

Bert left the ball grounds disgraced, but the words, "For my mother's happiness," lighted his burden. Victory greeted the "Invincibles" on the day of the great game. Bert Conway was the happiest boy in St. Charles College when he heard of this new triumph, though his resignation had been the greatest sacrifice ever demanded of him.

Several weeks had passed since the great game, and all the essays had been collected. Bert had worked hard and like all the other contestants, was feverish with excitement when the desired day arrived.

At three o'clock the students in the junior classes were assembled to hear the lucky boy's name announced. Their hearts were beating as Father Merritt ascended the platform.

"The gold medal," he began, "for the best essay on 'American Heroes' is awarded to Master Albert Conway, whom I heartily congratulate."

Before the astonished lad could reach the platform the entire mass of boys exclaimed, "So do we congratulate you, Bert Conway!"

Thus did Bert's troubles in the college terminate; the hatchet was buried forever.

In a great city Albert Conway has become famous for his orations. The gold medal which he won at St. Charles many years ago for the prize essay he has always worn.

"The remembrance," as he says, "of Bert Conway's first success." —Mary G. Doyle, in the Sunday Companion.

MAX AND JIM SETTLE A QUARREL.

Max was Jim's little cousin, and they were both visiting their Grandfather-Randall the day Max found a treasure.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he cried; "come quick, Jim, come quick! I've found somepin!"

"What is so wonderful?" asked Jim laughing at the way Max looked, with his round face all screwed up and one eye squinted shut as he gazed with the other through a bit of colored glass.

"The grass is red," Max went on, "and the trees and—Jim, why, you look like a lobster, or somepin that—here, give it back! It's mine! I wasn't through looking. It's mine, anyway!"

"It isn't yours now," declared Jim, holding the bit of glass beyond the reach of the chubby arms. "Cry baby selfishness!"

"You're the old selfishness your own self," screamed Max, chasing Jim around and around in a vain attempt to get back his glass.

manded Jim, wide awake in an instant. "I was looking for you," explained Max, rubbing his head and feeling of his elbows. "Why didn't you say you was here?"

"Jim lay still; so did Max, although there were stars in his eyes. "Here's your glass," offered Jim; "I said I'd give it to you when you caught me."

"I was going to let you have a look when it was your turn," explained Max, as he took the glass. "I've had my turn," replied Jim.

"Well, now, what are we going to do?" asked Max, stuffing his hands in his pockets and looking so comical that Jim laughed until his sides ached.

"Do!" he echoed; "stay here, of course." "I've got an idea," announced Max; "I know how I can get out!"

"Yes, you do," mocked Jim; "I guess if a feller my size can't do it, little kids better curl up and take a nap."

"I'll tell you somepin," Max continued, his face as solemn as an owl's. "You get down and let me climb on your back, and then—"

"Sure enough!" enthusiastically called out Jim; "now I know."

Without further talk the little cousin scrambled out of the pit from the top of Jim's shoulders, then started for help.

"Say, Max!" called Jim. "What is it?" asked Max, dropping on his knees to peep into the post-hole, giving Jim a comforting glimpse of his round, honest face. "Did you say somepin?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Say, Max, you won't tell our mothers about that old glass, will you?"

"No, cross my heart. I'll just say, 'Jim, he's in a post-hole, and he can't get out. You won't tell on me, either, will you?'"

"Not much, and I'll give you my dragon kite soon's I can get to the house."

"For keeps, Jim?" "Yes, sir; you're the best I know."

An hour later two small boys were sitting on Grandfather Randall's back steps eating watermelon as if nothing had happened.—Frances Margaret Fox in S. S. Times.

MOTHER.

In a beautiful suburban cemetery there is a grave marked by a plain marble slab, on which is this solitary inscription, "Sacred to the Memory of my Mother." To me no other words were needed to express the sanctity in which that spot was held, as that short sentence spoke volumes.

Ah, the mother, whose lifelong devotion knew no change, whose gentle hands ministered so tenderly to us when we were suffering; whose loving arms were about us, soothing us into forgetfulness of life's ills. No tribute is too great to render her, no honor too high to confer upon her, and verily "her children rise up and call her blessed."

Dear reader, are you conscious of the treasure God has given you in the one who has watched over you all your life? Can you ever do too much for her? If your home is crowned by a loving mother, care for her tenderly, treasure her advice, for she has trod the path you are now treading and has solved the problems which puzzle you so often; and if she goes before you into the "rest beyond," God grant there may be no sting in your sorrow; and as she "being dead, yet speaketh," you may follow her to the "beautiful gate," where she will be "watching and waiting for you."

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste, and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

GEN. GRANT AND THE NEWSBOY

"I happened to be a passenger on the same train with General Grant when he went down to Culpepper during the war," said Colonel John A. Wiedersheim, of Philadelphia. "His staff occupied one car and the general was in the car ahead."

"Well, along down the line a newsboy came aboard. There was some aversion on the part of the trainmen to allowing the newsboy in the car where Grant sat, but he finally made his way in. Grant was reading a paper, and did not care for copies which the youthful vendor proffered him. Thereupon the lad offered him a book on the life of Grant."

"Who's Grant?" inquired the general, as the boy showed him the book. "Are you an officer of the Federal army and don't know who General Grant is? You're not fit to wear the uniform."

ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Thad and Helen were on their way down town, and their way lay along the side of an athletic field shut in by a very high board fence. For a long distance the shadow of the fence fell across the sidewalk, which was covered with mud from recent rains. The day was bright, and the children wore no rubbers. They picked their way through little brown pools, and felt their feet getting damp, when Helen chanced to look across the road. She discovered that the walk on the other side of the street was shining and clean and perfectly dry, and she and Thad hurried to cross to the sunny side.

There is a sunny side to almost everything, if we take the trouble to look for it. Don't pick your way through the damp and chill, but get into the sunshine. "Keep on the sunny side!"

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

WHY TEACHER LAUGHED.

Little Sally came home from school full of indignation. She is only five years old, but she was as full of "mad" as her little body would hold. "Mamma," she said, "I think the teacher was real rude to me."

"Why, what has she done?" "She laughed at me—laughed right out loud." "I guess you did something to make her laugh."

"No, I didn't do anything." "Well, how did it happen?" "It was in the geography class, and she asked me what was the principal production of the Sandwich Islands, and I just said 'Sandwiches,' and she laughed."

ONLY ONE PAIR.

Mamma—Why, Johnny, what is the matter? Johnny—My new shoes hurt my feet. Mamma—No wonder, dear; you have them on the wrong feet.

Johnny—Well, I can't help it. I ain't g-got no other f-feet! Boo-hoo-oo!—Chicago News.

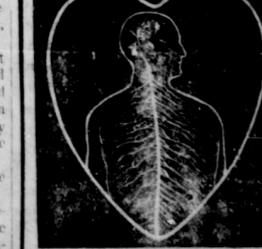
Pains Disappear Before It.—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale. Rheumatism and all bodily pains disappear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience teaches the user of the Oil how to deal with them.

Worth Knowing

Not only does the fly carry about on its feet and legs any disease germs that may be in local matter, but such germs taken into the body in food are known to remain alive in the intestines and also for days after they are ejected in the specks. By recent experiments this has been proved true of both the tuberculosis and the typhoid bacillus, the germs in the "speck" having actually given the disease from nine to fifteen days after it was deposited.

This is a very important point, as it establishes a new ground the danger of spitting in the streets or wherever flies can have access to the sputum. A lull in the efforts to prevent public spitting came on the discovery that tuberculosis germs, exposed to direct sunlight, must perish in from twenty to thirty hours, but since we discovered that the fly, who greedily feeds on sputum, can transport it to considerable distances and keep it alive and virulent for many days, the spitting nuisance has assumed a new importance.

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The Catholic Register

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TEL. MAIN 489

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906.

BRITISH SOCIETY.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the distinguished Jesuit and one of the most eloquent preachers in England, has for some time been denouncing most severely the sins of British society. No priest in the name of honor and conscience would touch upon such subjects unless there was a serious reason and the priest himself knew whereof he was speaking. Father Vaughan's opinions must therefore command attention and respect. Now he claims that if Herod and Salome came to London to-day they would find themselves perfectly at home amongst the "smart set" there; nor would Dives find himself a stranger or the worst amongst his modern imitators. "To-day," he said, "London from end to end is littered with broken marriage vows, and in the divorce courts nearly three hundred traitors to their troth are waiting to be relieved in this world of what God will not relieve them in the next." That is a very severe arraignment. No amount of wealth can excuse a return in society claiming to be Christian to the commission of sins which were once so severely condemned by the Divine Master. No leisured class can with impunity open so wide the gates of sloth as to admit the wildest demons to the ruin of their life and home, and what is worse, to the scandal and destruction of society. Luxurious waste is no charity. There may be display, but it lacks the essential element of charity, viz., self-denial. That society is honeycombed with historical besetting does not need the evidence of tribunals to prove. Nor should a venaal press undertake to apologize for them. The London Spectator thinks that Father Vaughan's picture is over-drawn—and that no good can come of such moralizing. To us the question occurs: Is society to hurl itself and its neighbors to destruction without rebuke or warning from prophet or preacher? That the smart set will not heed the word, or that they will give up their vanities and clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, is no reason why the heaven-sent moralist should be silent. Jeremias may weep over the city, and the city may not do penance. Jonas may grieve under the ivy, yet mercy may be shown to Nineveh. It is a moralist's duty to reprove, correct, condemn, admonish. But a time is come when the dizzy world whose head is turned with prosperity endure not sound doctrine; but according to their own desires they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears. Some of the seed sown may fall upon ground not too stony or too thick with thorns. A few may be brought to serious reflection and higher life. Nor can the condemnation of vice be merely limited to broad platitudes or attention called to common faults. The rich and the high-born have souls as well as faults. It may be hard for them to pass through the gate; and their wealth may be against them. Still if they learn the lesson of charity and moderation their example controls a multitude and swings a generation into the line of truth and duty. Others have no business sitting in judgment upon the case. If a class is condemned then the loss is theirs; they must look to it, correct the wrong and obey the precept. If in moral teaching the others have always to be consulted, if curiosity is to control the disciples and induce them to offend, then no good can be accomplished at all, preaching will cease and the observance of the Christian precepts and the practice of Christian virtues will be left to the choice of the few who will always be found to love the true and the good better than the degrading things of earth and sense. The Spectator, as might be expected, has lost the point of Catholic preaching. It

is never mere condemnation of class or individual. It is for the elevation of both. It relies less on itself than on the prayer which through so many sources affords it efficacy and strength to touch and reanimate. Society, as it appears in and through the smart set, needs both the cutting lash of the preacher and the oil and wine of healing prayer.

THE ABSOLUTE IDEAL.

In a small volume entitled "Science and Idealism," Prof. Munsterberg of Harvard University argues for an absolute ideal in both religion and science. Things which give the impression of the true and the beautiful may be relatively true and beautiful. But unless we look beyond these, unless we admit the absolute though we do not comprehend it, we are still in a world in which nothing has an absolute value, in which everything, science, knowledge, religion, morality, is relative. All is at best development, provisional—a practical shifting scheme without absolute dignity. Turning to the individual the professor says: "Every one of us lives in a chaos of experience. But by a fundamental act of our over-individual personalities, we transcend the chaos; we become intelligent subjects by creating a world which is common to us." Thanks, professor! But it is the philosophy of Fisk. It is all very well to argue for an absolute ideal. It is a very different thing to make that the act of our intelligence. All our knowledge is not relative. There is an absolute, though we cannot comprehend it. But the creative act is in the power of the absolute alone. To Him belong omnipotence, immensity unchangeableness. Were it not for His wisdom we might live in chaos. More correctly speaking, were it not for His wisdom, power and love we would not live at all. But by Him and in Him we live and move and have our being. Let us take the Professor's reasoning. We transcend the chaos. Whence comes the potentiality, the capability of making this fundamental act? What hope or expectation can man have that beyond this supposed chaos there lies order—a world of intelligence? The chaos of experience will be but the pathway to deeper chasms of doubt and inexplicable abysses. If man's knowledge is made up of experience, then he cannot transcend himself. Such reasoning is absurd, and like all absurdity, it will be thrown aside with either contempt or despair. If experience contains the sum total of all man knows, then must man turn to another source for truth. Kant saw this, and sought in morality what he did not find in the study of reason. Here he found, or thought he found, the reality of God, self, the world. But to divorce morality from a science of being, to divide reason into theoretical and practical, and then separate was ruinous to both. Pantheism and scripticism were the immediate and too common consummation of the Kantian reasoning. The argument of Fichte that by an act of an intelligence we create a world was one of these pantheistic developments. An ideal there must be, otherwise truth cannot be attained nor can morality be enforced. It cannot come from any human act, however exalted or intense that act may be. But it can be found by him who seeketh with simplicity of heart; for though it ever remains most high it stoops to communicate itself and its nobler lessons to man, and though incomprehensible its voice may be heard in magnificence and power. Then does it add to our human intelligence the gift by which we are enabled to transcend pure, simple sense and maiden reason. This ideal is God—a Personal God—with the most intimate relations between Him and His creatures. To know Him is our highest act. It was not, for it could not be, our act by which we created Him. He created us, not we ourselves. And in that act of creation He established those relations which, having their origin in His eternal love, have their term and coronation in our immortal happiness. Herein is truth, herein is morality, here is the absolute ideal.

UNION FOR YOUNG MEN.

Some months ago we published in these columns a series of articles pointing out the desirability and need for union of some kind amongst the different societies of the city, and we asked for co-operation with a view to acquiring a club-house or centre of some kind, around which all might rally and while keeping in view individual interests, would at the same time work for the general good. While a good deal of interest was awakened at the time, practical results were not discernible, and a certain amount of disappointment was experienced. Fresh impetus, however, is given to our thought on the mat-

ter, by noting the contemplated union of young men's societies to be held in New York during the present month of September. At this meeting it is expected that delegates from every affiliated society will be present and without being extravagantly optimistic, much may be expected. A suggestion here might not be out of place. It is too late for the great meetings lately held in Buffalo and Cleveland, but not for the one contemplated for New York. Why could not representatives from our Toronto societies take part if not as delegates at least as spectators, to return with new thought along the line of a confederation for the societies of our city. Catholic Toronto is fairly strong in organizations, but the spirit of federation is not yet in the atmosphere. The present is opportune for becoming imbued with the movement with which the air but a short distance from us is pregnant, and there is nothing so conducive to inspiration as personal contact with the actual workers in an object or cause. A few ardent workers charged with new thoughts and energies might be the means of awakening such action as would ultimately lead to a confederation of our societies and the much desired centre or club-house for their convenience and use.

FATHER DAMIEN'S COMPANION.

The heroic life and death of Father Damien, the devoted guardian of the lepers at Molokai, are to be repeated by his companion, Father Conrardi, a Belgian priest. This new apostle is about to start for China to found a leper colony near Canton. When a young priest he served the Omatale Indians for fourteen years. Then he journeyed out to the Hawaiian Islands where he lived amongst the outcasts on Molokai. There he remained eight years, staying alone even after Father Damien had died in his arms. These two living in huts on that lonely ocean shelf, spent their time in the horrid task of dressing the rotten limbs of the poor victims, and in working in the fields about the lazaretto. Here he and his martyr companion had instituted a hospital, and so inspired a body of nuns to come and nurse the poor lepers and bring to them the benefits of cleanliness. Now, as if the good he has done is not enough, Father Conrardi starts again to conquer another world and build for himself another monument. He starts at the bottom again; he goes to cook, to bind up decaying limbs and foulsores sores. He goes to inspire patience when he offers hope, to breathe resignation upon those whom he cannot cure. Near Canton Father Conrardi is to found another colony like that of Father Damien on Molokai. This zealous, loving priest goes to his own death where he will find life, and where he will give comfort to the most afflicted of his fellows.

LORD RIPON.

This distinguished nobleman has deserved well of the Catholics of England ever since his conversion. He never lost an opportunity in being foremost in charity and the cause of truth. Yet his last public utterance if not the wiping out of his previous defence, is strangely in opposition to the whole Catholic body. His Lordship has defended the Education Bill. His chief contention was that the bill showed no intention to belittle religious instruction or any interference upon the matter, and that the bill safeguards the rights of both Catholics and Anglicans. This is not the opinion of the prominent leaders amongst the Catholics, nor is it the opinion of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. The London Tablet feels disappointed; for it was Lord Ripon's presence in the Government which threw the Catholic vote so strongly for the Liberals. The Tablet thinks that his Lordship has simply been made use of to cover the radical attack upon the Catholic schools. It calls upon him to explain how he hopes to reconcile the provisions of the bill with the safety of the Catholic schools.

ARE WE BECOMING LESS RELIGIOUS?

The above question is the subject of a controversy going on in the London press, and attracting considerable attention owing to the prominence of those taking part, amongst those being Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the novelist, a one-time Catholic, and now the apparent opponent of any and all dogmatic belief. Here is one of the statements of the writer in question: "It appears to me that one fallacy runs through a great deal of the correspondence about religion, and that is the postulate that any form of ritual, including the ritual of going to a large stone building for the purpose of communion with the great Unseen, has any bearing upon true religion. The lesson that life has taught me is that it has none."

Now, it does not require any considerable knowledge of theology or even great powers for discernment of popular subjects, to see at once that the matter of religion is of very minor importance to the writer of the above paragraph. He is pre-eminently and conspicuously the novelist, not the theologian or even moralist; the desire uppermost being to get a good play of words and a corresponding arrangement of sentence. If the author were in earnest he would remember that a "large stone building" was never scheduled as an essential in the attainment of either religious knowledge or practice, and that a humble stable at Bethlehem was the first Christian temple of worship and that succeeding generations have produced martyrs who learned their faith in the catacombs and professed it in the arena or public market-place while their souls communed with the Unseen amidst flames from the burning pyre, or mayhap accompanied by the lion's roar. Here is another paragraph:

"The true tests of progress in true religion are (1) Is there a kinder and broader view of such subjects enabling all men of all creeds to live in amity and charity? (2) Are the criminal statistics better? (3) Are the drink returns better showing the same thing? (5) Is there more reading, more demand for lectures, more interest in science, showing that the mind is gaining upon the body? (6) Are the savings bank returns better, showing thrift and self-denial? (7) Are the trade returns better, showing greater industry and efficiency? (8) Are there more charitable institutions, and does man show more clearly his sense of duty towards the lower animals?"

If the framer of the above questions were also the framer of the answers, and if he spoke in accord with the teachings of the religion of his youth, he would be forced to answer in the affirmative with perhaps one exception, that is the question relating to the returns of the savings bank. How this has anything to do with religion is not quite clear, for while there are exceptions, it is the general rule that the penurious, miserly, dishonest and selfish are those who heap up riches, whilst the charitable and generous are but seldom visitors to the banks for savings. As to the other questions Sir Arthur Doyle must know that it is the very dogmatic teaching which he seeks to deride that has inculcated and forced into practice, the shining virtues which he professes to believe are untaught and unless the supposedly learned author is blind both physically and mentally he must know that the earth bears everywhere upon its surface, buildings and institutions the very stones of which would rise to rebuke him for his implied vilification and slander.

Fortunately the case of Sir Conan Doyle is so shallow that it deceives no one. An English paper speaking on the controversy, says: "Sir Conan Doyle will not succeed in convincing the man in the street by such logic as this—at present, at all events. The 'higher criticism' will have to work away a little longer first."

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX AT MONTREAL.

In the course of his address to the Liberal electors of St. Mary's Division of Montreal, Mr. Lemieux, referring to the relationship between the French and English speaking Canadian, said that if respect for one another were maintained there should be no end to the development of the Dominion. "You," he said, "as French and Catholics, are in a majority, but do you forget that there is an English Protestant minority at your side? I know you do not forget it, because it is our duty to respect and esteem the minority. Who among you would fail to acknowledge the rights of English Protestants, so powerful and enterprising as an industrial and financial factor in our midst, and who would attack their rights or fail to respect their religious opinions? I know they are ready to respect us as we are ready to respect them, and that means happiness and prosperity to all this great Dominion." This was the first appearance of Mr. Lemieux as Minister of Labor, and throughout he had a sympathetic and enthusiastic audience.

Loftus—Jordan

At St. Mary's church, Bathurst St., on Monday, the 3rd inst., the marriage of Miss Margaret Jordan of Toronto to Dr. Edward E. Loftus of Chicago, took place. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Adelaide A. Jordan, and Dr. Joseph Loftus of St. Catharines, a brother, supported the groom. Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann officiated. Dr. and Mrs. Loftus are spending their honeymoon in New York and other points of interest and will afterwards take up their residence in Chicago.

Death of Miss Anna Coulter

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult., the spirit of Anna Josephine Coulter, of McNab St. N., Hamilton, passed peacefully to eternity. The deceased, who was in her 17th year, was one of the most popular young ladies in the city, and her early death leaves a sad gap among a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Miss Coulter had been sick only two weeks, with typhoid fever, when the end came, notwithstanding the untiring care of a loving mother and sisters. Deceased was the youngest daughter of the late Samuel and Julia Coulter. She leaves a sorrowing mother and four sisters to mourn her untimely death. She was attended during her illness by Rev. Father Savage. Rev. Father Mahony read the litanies for the dying and just as the vesper bells were ringing her soul passed into the great beyond. The funeral Mass was sung on Monday morning by Rev. Father Savage at St. Mary's Cathedral, and after a short, impressive service at the grave her mortal remains were laid to rest in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. The pall-bearers were chosen from her nearest friends. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful showing what a general favorite the young lady was in the community. Let us pray that our young friend is reaping her reward and her immortal soul is enjoying eternal rest.

That authoritative publication, "The United States Dispensary," says that tea being peculiarly susceptible to extraneous influences, great care should be taken to preserve its virtues uncontaminated and its strength unimpaired and this is well done by the "SALADA" Tea Co., which packs all its tea in sealed lead packages.

Consecration of Rev. Dr. McCarthy

The consecration of Rev. Dr. McCarthy as Archbishop of Halifax will take place on Sunday next, the 9th inst. It is expected that the gathering of prelates and other ecclesiastics will be the greatest ever held in Canada. His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate, will officiate at the ceremony. Other prelates reported to be in attendance are Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, Archbishop Bruchessi of Montreal, Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Archbishop Begin of Quebec, Archbishop Howley of Newfoundland, and their Lordships Bishops McEray of London, Casey of St. John, McDonald of Prince Edward Island and Bishop Barry of Chatham, N.B.

Homes Wanted

Good Catholic homes are wanted for the following children: Three girls, aged 8, 6 and 2 years, also two boys about 12 years of age and a baby boy about one month old. Applications for these children will be received by William O'Connor, office of Neglected and Dependent Children, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND. Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly collection, 3s. 6d.

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

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

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham." "ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton." Address—FATHER H. W. GRAY, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

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A SUPERIOR SCHOOL IN EVERY RESPECT ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. During July we had fifty times as many calls for office help as we had graduates going out, and during August sixty-seven times as many. This is the school that is constantly "going ahead" and not "standing still" or "backing up." Write for beautiful catalogue. Now is the time to enter. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal COR. YONGE AND ALEXANDER STS.

JOTTINGS

Eight students of the North American College, Rome, were ordained priests recently by Cardinal Respighi, V.G., at St. John Lateran's.

The Education Bill has passed its third reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 192. It now goes to the House of Lords.

Mr. Melville Staley of Kingston has left for Boston, where he will enter the Jesuit College to prepare for a course of five years.

Very Rev. M. F. Fallon, provincial of the Oblates in this country, has left to attend the General Chapter of his order, soon to be held in the Eternal City.

The Pope has sent his blessing to the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals, and to all who protect from abuse and cruelty the dumb servants given us by God.

A young Franciscan friar, Emille Delannay, just two years out from France, was drowned in the Riviere des Prairies at Cartierville, near Montreal, Aug. 30th.

After conferring with his consultors Archbishop Moeller has concluded to set next Ash Wednesday as the date when the churches of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati must comply with the regulations of the Holy Father's Motu proprio on church music.

Hon. J. J. Foy has sent to the daily press, asking proprietors "to kindly discontinue" the practice of publishing racing information, advertisements of races or any selections in the sporting columns referring to them.

About 1,500 people from the surrounding country witnessed the late ceremony of the ordination of Rev. Corbett McRae in St. Raphael's Church, the ceremony being performed by his Lordship Bishop McDonald of Alexandria. This is the second ordination which has taken place in the historic church, the first being the ordination of the present bishop of the diocese, 25 years ago. This is the first ordination performed by Bishop McDonald.

It appears that the "endless chain" prayer nuisance is a direct violation of the postal laws. Inspector Craighead of Pittsburg, before whom the matter was laid, so expresses himself and he adds that if the names of senders are placed in his hands he will enter suits. Little sympathy will be felt for those who, against numerous warnings by Church authorities come to grief through persisting in this superstitious practice.—The Monitor.

Mrs. Alice O'Day has completed arrangements for converting her \$200,000 home near Springfield, Mo., to the St. de Chantal Academy of the Visitation nuns, in which order she will soon retire from the world. The property is given to the Sisterhood in fee simple without reservation. It is to be converted into a boarding school for girls at once, and the academy will be removed from St. Louis.

The scholarship presented to Trinity College, Washington, by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H., has been won by Miss Molly Murphy, of Norwich, Ct. To attain the scholarship one of the requirements was a competitive examination in Latin, French, German, English, Irish and American history, geometry and algebra. In two of the examinations Miss Murphy stood 100.

Visitors to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, London, will see the nuns moving out about the wards clad no longer in the black familiar garb of the Sisters of Mercy, but in white linen. To the Sisters themselves is due the credit of taking the initiative in bringing about this practical and useful reform. The objections to habits that could not be washed constantly were serious when these were worn by nuns whose life-work was in the hospital. Accordingly permission was sought from the Holy See, and was duly granted for a change of dress.

NIAGARA EXCURSIONS.

The Niagara River Line steamers Chieora, Corona and Chippewa, are carrying large crowds to and from the city these days. The excursion rates of \$2.00 to Buffalo and \$1.50 to Niagara Falls, round trip, are a great inducement.

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THE RAMBLER

Still on the Wing—What He Thinks of Montreal—A "Stop Off" at Cornwall

"Bannaght Lath," said I, as on my way to the railway station at Alexandria, I shook the hand of that fine type of the Scottish Canadian, Mr. D. A. McArthur. "Gho dhe thu slau" was the rejoinder, and fortified with a benediction which I highly appreciated, not only because of its quality and its quantity, but because it was tendered to me through the medium of my mother tongue; I boarded the train eastward bound. Passing Glen Robertson, Coteau Junction, Vaudreuil, and several other points of lesser importance, we reach after a pleasant run of about ninety minutes, the Grand Trunk Railway station at Montreal.

What pleasant changes have taken place around here since I first saw it, now just 40 years ago. It was then called "The Bonaventure St. Depot," was situated in what was then regarded as the western end of the city, and was composed of a wooden "shack" bearing strong resemblance to many of the drill sheds of a later period. We glided in on a rough road, and on cars which would be scarcely tolerated to-day, and after bestowing some attention to baggage, we reached the open air and faced the sea of mud which seemed to have an undestructible abiding place on Chaboillez square. Oh, murder! What recollections fill the mind as I run my pen across this paper. I have never heard of the number who met with death whilst struggling with the mud of Chaboillez Square, but if there were any fatalities at all, the fact has been wisely kept from the public. Chaboillez Square, like everything else, has been revolutionized in appearance since I first saw it. Beautifully paved, it is as smooth as a mirror, and dotted here and there with charming flowerbeds, no wonder it has been regarded as a thing of beauty, a welcome to the strangers, and a joy to the people of the commercial metropolis.

Montreal is a point from which railways radiate in almost every direction, and I am safe in saying that in every ten minutes during the day and night, a train leaves some one of her palatial stations, bearing away people to their homes, or as the case may be, those on business or pleasure bent, whilst others bear off to the distant merchant the rich productions of Canada, or the valuable imports from distant climes.

Montreal impresses the stranger at once that it is a "live city." Evidences of wealth and of business activity and enterprise abound on every side. Walking along St. Paul St. and the other streets contiguous to the St. Lawrence, one not only sees on every side vast commercial emporiums, but an army of carters hauling away to the different railway stations the various articles of merchandise which those immense warehouses contain. The streets of Montreal upon which retail stores mostly congregate, such as avenues of commerce as Notre Dame, Craig, St. Lawrence Main, Ontario, Dorchester and St. Catherine's streets are well known theatres of commercial activity. I shall never forget the difficulty which I met with whilst endeavoring to get inside the ever-crowded store of Mr. R. Walsh, 824 Dorchester street. A number of customers, quite naturally, wanted to get out in the open air, whilst another batch wanted to get into the store. I was one of the latter number, and encountering a well known man from Jurors street, my troubles had their beginning. "Pho Shorp on Dhoul," said he, "are you going to crush me to death?" "Dho Chorp on Dhoul," said I, "are you going to crush me to death?" "If you don't stand aside and let me have a little fresh air this hot day, I'll knock you into smithereens."

The discussion between the ins and the outs continued in a friendly way and resulted in that little man being carried home to Jurors street on a stretcher. Montreal is a city of magnificent churches, of educational institutions, of hospitals, and of asylums, where human suffering or human want in its various forms are ministered to, and to give a detailed description of one-half of these alone would be too much for the time at my disposal, as well as too heavy a draft on the available space of any newspaper. I cannot, however, refrain from reference to the Church of Notre Dame, which very justly is the crowning glory of Montreal, as it is the greatest triumph of ecclesiastical architecture in British North America. Visitors to Montreal from all parts of the world, never deem their aims accomplished until this stupendous edifice is examined both from exterior and interior points of observation. St. James' Cathedral, modelled after St. Peter's at Rome, looks down from the crest of a hill on Dorchester St. on the business portion of the stirring city, and is one of those grand edifices in which it justly takes great pride. This is also visited by tourists and transient guests to Montreal of all creeds, colors and climes. Shall I omit reference to "old St. Patrick's," that grand temple which Irishmen, many of them now, alas, no more, planted on the slope of a hill through their slender means and their wealth of faith? Shall I mention the names of those lovers of Ireland and of Ireland's faith who founded this sacred edifice so dear to the Irish Catholic heart, or shall I omit names of those valiant soldiers of the cross who have ministered at its altars from the days of that herculean monarch among priests, Father Dowd? Ah! I cannot do them justice; most of them have passed to their reward, but they leave behind a monument to commemorate their love of Ireland and their devotion to

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the faith for which she had suffered.

I am frequently asked about the standing of Irishmen in Montreal. Have they increased in numbers, have they increased in wealth, and in social position, is the character of the questions to which I have been subjected. Well, in reply to those delicate, if not impertinent, interrogations, I have to say that up to the present moment I have never had an opportunity of examining the bank account, the bonds, or the mortgages of one solitary Irish resident of Montreal. I believe that this great city has an Irish Catholic population of over 40,000, of which a fair proportion are comparatively wealthy, whilst the largest proportion is made up of men who are well able to educate their families, well able to pay their way, and well able and cheerfully willing to discharge their obligations to Church and to society. With one answer I may say that the Irishmen of Montreal are independent. True, they have not amongst them a solitary millionaire to bring either honor or dishonor to the Irish race, and from my heart I thank God for it. The Catholic Church can get along without the aid of the Irish Catholic millionaire, as she has been compelled to get along without the aid of his family after he has passed away.

One certain feature of Montreal Irish society has been frequently brought under my observation, and I write it, the sense in which I do so must not be considered as disparaging. It is this: that most of the successful men of Montreal, whether in law, politics or commerce, are Ulstermen, or the sons of Ulstermen. This has been very puzzling to me. The lands of Ulster were all confiscated and planted with foreign mercenaries; and the Catholics—the rightful owners of the soil—were driven to the barren mountains, where, as a rack-rented tenantry, they were allowed to eke out a precarious subsistence. So well was this understood that in most of the nine counties of Ulster Catholics bore the distinctive appellation of "Mountain Men." Well the "Mountain Men" managed to get away by some means and just now we find them or their descendants rulers in many parts of the New World.

Death has recently claimed some well known Irishmen of Montreal. Within the last two months F. B. McNamee, a notable figure in Irish Catholic circles, passed over to the silent majority. Frank McNamee was a man of wonderful energy, and being resourceful to a degree, people who knew him feel no surprise at his business career terminating successfully. He was a liberal supporter of every good cause, but that which goes the greatest length in singling him out as a man of a generous and philanthropic nature, was the part he took in founding The Catholic Sailors' Club. With this valuable and much needed institution the name of Frank B. McNamee will forever remain linked.

In political conflict the Irishmen of Montreal have borne an important part, and it is pleasant to look back upon the fact that that portion of the great city which was regarded as distinctively Irish, was, with a slight interruption, always represented by able men, who reflected honor on our race. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, who suffered martyrdom for devotion to the best interests of his native land, was the first of that galaxy of talent and of patriotism whom I can now recall. That brilliant Irishman, who has immortalized the past glories of that Erin which he loved in matchless prose and poetry, told a Wexford audience, in a memorable address, some unpleasant truths, and wound up by advising Irishmen to stop at home, an advice that is now repeated by the purest and best men of our race. It is not necessary to review the storm of fury, which was aroused by the uncontrovertible facts related by poor McGee. Demagogues on both sides of the Atlantic, some of whom were ready to die for Ireland, but not a bit more so than they were to live the easy life of a secret service agent, joined in a chorus of fierce misrepresentation, and with malignant hate that daring Irishman was pursued until he fell a victim to a noble sense of duty, at the Dominion capital, by the assassin's bullet.

Another episode in the life of Mr. McGee will bear repetition here, and

this occurred when he was endeavoring to save Irishmen from the treachery of Irishmen. It will be remembered by many of those for whom I am now writing, that in the 60's a band of hot-headed enthusiasts, many of whom had escaped with their lives from the Valley of the Shenandoah, the swamps of the Wilderness, or the plans of Gettysburg, crossed over from Buffalo, skirmished around and planted an Irish flag on British soil. I have heard that their contemplated scheme was to march in a northerly direction, seize the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and turn those refugees for decayed politicians and useless scions of Ministers and Members of Parliament, into barracks for Irish troops; that then the march eastward was to be continued until the Union Jack was hauled down from the Quebec Citadel and ultimately meet the British navy either on the St. Lawrence or Atlantic waters, and send the whole establishment away down to the very bottom. Those enthusiasts had sympathizers in Canada and right well did McGee, a Minister of the Crown, know it, just as he knew that every "circle" in affiliation with them, had amongst its most boisterous members, a trusty agent of the Canadian Government. Poor McGee gave sound advice at that critical moment. He knew that the informer was despised by Irishmen, but it must be with a pained heart he knew, as many besides him have known, and felt, that neither the British Government nor that of Canada, had ever any trouble in purchasing from a ready seller, the sworn testimony of a traitor. These were the crimes for which this peerless orator and sincere lover of his country lost his life at the hands of a ruthless felon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee represented the constituency now called St. Anne's, at the time of his assassination.

As this communication has been drawn out to an unreasonable extent I must postpone further consideration of matters relating to Montreal and for a future occasion. Meanwhile I can be found in Lindsay, Ont., where all communications, except "dunning letters," are sure to reach me.

RAMBLER.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER
(Continued from page 1.)

wards Governor of New York state and twice President of the United States. About 39,000 Fenians who had assembled at the frontier were transported to their homes at the expense of the Federal Government.

The scheme of wily Secretary Sedward and President Johnson in demonstrating this particular source of danger to England proved successful and soon afterwards the British Cabinet settled the Alabama claims.

The day that the Fenians crossed to Fort Erie many of the people of Erie county, State of New York, gathered on the banks of the river and cheered the invaders. They displayed their sympathy by furnishing the men with many things for their comfort and praised their valor. They appeared sympathetic and pleased, because they had been greatly incensed at the course of the British and Canadians in sympathizing with the rebellion and offering the rebels many signs of their favorable feeling.

I was in Toronto on that memorable second day of June, 1868. The excitement was very great. Business was suspended. The alarm bells were rung. There were frequent dispatches from the front. O'Neill's name was in every mouth. One report made the Fenians about to be annihilated. Another report was disastrous. When a few of the Queen's Own had fallen, some one went about the streets, wailing that our poor boys were being slaughtered. Great hopes were being placed on the regulars who had been sent over to the field from Toronto; but they moved so slowly and so cautiously that they failed to catch up to the enemy. The weather, however, was so hot that many of the soldiers dropped by the wayside. The "Globe" office was the centre of information. Mr. Geo. Brown, the editor of the "Globe," harangued the crowd from time to time and gave out the news. There was much satisfaction when it became known that the United States

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Government had interfered and arrested the Fenians. Then there was heartfelt mourning for the poor fellows that had fallen in the fray. There was a general recognition, however, of the soldierlike quality of the Fenians by the returned men, who it was admitted, had treated their comrades kindly. There was no inhumanity on their part charged. Many stragglers among the Fenians camp followers were arrested, tried in Toronto and sent to Kingston penitentiary.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, accompanied by Rev. Father Kingsley, lately paid a visit to Oka, near Montreal.

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THE DERELICTS

Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his official chair and let his clear gray eyes rest critically upon the rows of pathetic faces before him.

The clinical hour was almost up, the day sweltering hot and the patients, victims for the most part of the persistent sultriness and the lack of that potent therapeutic agent, a little brightness in their dreary lives, must soon make their way through the furnace-like streets to the sulfocating kennels where they had their wretched beings.

His eye picked out several of his old "chronics"—a little broken-down ex-officer of the French army; a pretty woman of not more than twenty-two, who gave her name as "Mrs. Morell," and who was recovering from a rather suspicious case of gas poisoning; two little shopgirls, with pale, pathetically cheerful faces; a tough old adventurer and gold-seeker racked from dissipation; a poor but handsome Armenian student with a pleasant voice and wonderful eyes. The fine brow of the doctor corrugated.

Personally, he was in striking contrast to his patients, strong, handsome, elegant, a product of the best in the land. Immaculate from the top of his aristocratic head to the tip of his polished boot, he seemed as impregnable to the assault of vulgar germs as might a crystal globe.

A thought flashed through his alert mind, was dismissed with a frown, crawled back, then was gathered up and put in action.

"The following patients will please remain." His voice was as cool as the whir of the fan above his head. He called a dozen names; the other patients trooped out.

"I have asked you to remain," he said, "because I feel that you all need a little outing to assist my treatment, and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to-morrow on a trip down the Sound."

There was an astonished silence. "I should like to have you meet me to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. I will make all the arrangements, and if any of you wish to bring a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. To-morrow is Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, then the little Frenchman, M. Lajoux, stepped forward with a bow.

"M. le Docteur honors us. Me, it will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation."

"Good," replied Ogden heartily. "How about the rest of you? We will have the boat all to ourselves." The astonished patients having by that time recovered, there was an unanimous acceptance.

"That's first rate," said Ogden. "I'll look for you all to-morrow morning. Mind you, don't disappoint me. It's part of your treatment, you know," he added with a kindly smile.

The Japanese lanterns that fringed the veranda of the club house at Sagem Harbor were burning a pale yellow in the white blaze of a great mid-summer moon. In the intermissions of the dances there were wafted across the still water the tinklings of mandolin and guitar, musical laughter and deeper voices, mellowed by the amplitude of the space, from the fleet of little yachts at anchor in the basia.

Miss Gladys Harte rested her round elbows on the rail of the rustic summer house on the point of rocks and gazed long and thoughtfully at the great moon whose counsels are so fraught with danger.

"That is right," observed Dr. Moore, who was standing at her shoulder. "Look at the moon!"

"Why?" she demanded, glancing around at him with a defiance out of keeping with the glamor of the night.

"Because the moon is the best ally a man can have in a case like this." "I have heard that it is supposed to be the cause of insanity," she replied saucily, "but I supposed that your specialty was diseases of the heart."

"Then I fear that my time has been wasted," he replied mournfully. "Look at the moon some more, please, quick—before it gets behind that cloud!"

She shivered slightly and drew the cashmere scarf about her bare neck and shoulders. The moon vanished and a pale shadow enveloped them, but he could see that she was regarding him seriously.

"That is the trouble, Ogden," she replied, "there is always a cloud in the background. I must look quickly—before the shadow falls." She turned from him until he could see only the contour of brow and cheek and firm little chin.

"But that is natural, dear—" he began. She looked up swiftly. "You must not call me that, Ogden. I have not said that I would marry you."

"But you will, won't you, dear?" he pleaded. "Why not?" he asked quietly. "Because I don't love you. Nor do I think," she pursued relentlessly, "that you love me."

"Then you don't know anything about it," he replied calmly, "because I do." "Words are so easy," she observed coldly. "I don't believe that I quite understand you, Gladys," he answered rather formally.

She turned to him in sudden anger. "Can you blame me, Ogden?" she asked swiftly. "Last week I wanted you especially for a sailing party which Jack Reddington was getting up, but no, you had an engagement."

"But that was one of my clinic days—" he interrupted, a slight change in his voice. "Yes, and you were unwilling to

give it up for just one afternoon for me."

Again he interrupted her, coldly. "Do you realize, Gladys, that there are about fifty sick and destitute people dependent upon me?"

"Yes, could have got some one else to take your place for that one day."

"But, you see, I understand their cases, and they want me." "And of course you can sympathize with them in that—" she began, a trifle sarcastically, then paused, a little conscience-stricken.

"No, Ogden, you were right in that, of course. But, then, when I wanted you the next day for a bridge party at the Beutleys—"

"I went to see one of my dispensary patients who could not get to the clinic, a poor little actress who got ptomaine poisoned at a table d'hôte—"

"Spare me the details. Surely there were plenty of doctors closer at hand!" "Gladys," he said sternly, "one would think to hear you talk that you were as cold-blooded as a snapping-turtle, whereas you are actually as kind-hearted a woman as—"

"Thanks," she interjected dryly. "The trouble is that you have been brought up in the lap of luxury and know absolutely nothing about poverty and suffering. If you would only come with me some afternoon—"

"That is all very interesting," she interposed, "but permit me to remind you that you are interrupting the thread of my argument. Yesterday I took advantage of your insistently repeated requests to use the Lotus, and made up a little party for to-morrow afternoon. Now you tell me that you have made other plans for Sunday—"

"But, my dear girl," he cried desperately, "why didn't you let me know? I promised the Lotus only yesterday afternoon to some friends."

"Why can't you tell them that they must wait?" she asked sharply. "Because—" He hesitated—"I cannot," he finished abruptly.

"Who are they?" she asked indifferently, albeit with a slight tremor in her voice. "They are patients of mine. See here, Gladys, you know perfectly well that you can have the boat any time you want her, for the rest of the season—for good and all; but I just can't disappoint these people to-morrow!"

"Oh, very well," she answered lightly. "It really is of no consequence. Your uncle said that we could use the schooner if we wished."

Promptly at seven bells the following morning Ogden stepped into the Lotus cutter and was pulled smartly in. It was a glorious August day, and Ogden walked slowly up and down the pier awaiting the coming of his guests.

They were punctual in arriving and with their coming the young physician experienced a succession of shocks. There are few people so destitute as to be unable to rally for an outing, and while Ogden was personally acquainted with the conditions, financial as well as physical, of his prospective guests, he had not reckoned on the ingenuity born of poverty and the paradox of lower mathematics where nothing plus nothing equals something.

M. Lajoux was the first to arrive. The little Frenchman was elegantly attired in a stylish blue serge suit, immaculate linen, patent-leather half-shoes and a new Panama hat—all doubtless borrowed for the occasion.

"Ah, Docteur Moore!" cried the volatile patient, his quick eye taking in at a glance Ogden's costume, the cutter and the yacht, "it is upon your yacht that we are to sail! What happiness!" A pathetic note crept into his voice as he concluded wistfully, "It is many, many years since I have had the pleasure of being entertained aboard a yacht." His face brightened. "Holla! Here come the others!"

Ogden glanced up and discovered the old prospector, who was walking down the ill-paved sidewalk, one of the little shopgirls on either arm.

"Morning, Doc!" called the miner cheerfully. "Here we are—me and the gals. I met up with 'em on the First Avenue horse car and tuk 'em right in tow."

"Good," replied Ogden, cheerfully, noting with fresh surprise that the hardened old "rustler" was, when carefully groomed, a really distinguished-looking man, tall and with a stern, deep-lined face, grizzled; and that, although bearing the marks of dissipation, he was not without a certain dignity of presence. The two girls were prettily and tastefully dressed in fresh muslin frocks, and their pale faces were flushed with pleasure as they gazed in breathless admiration at the yachting costume of their host.

"Say, Doc," observed the miner, who was neatly clad in a well-fitting frock coat, fresh linen, flowing black scarf and polished boots of the "congress" type, "I tuk advantage of your liberal invite to fetch an old friend o' mine—old Major Harris. I ran into him the other day down to the Mills Hotel."

"Glad of it," said Ogden heartily. He glanced up to see a daintily-gowned woman carefully picking her way between the piles of fire-proofing with which the wharf was strewn. Not for several seconds did he recognize in the flushed and pretty face that was upturned to him the unfortunate victim of the illuminating gas.

"I'm very glad that you could come, Mrs. Morell," he said cordially, then turned to the others.

"Those of us here might as well be getting aboard. The boat will have to make another trip. We'll leave the Colonel as chairman of the reception committee."

The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm waters of the Sound.

The day had been one of unalloyed

delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at ease with their novel surroundings before Hell Gate was reached.

From the first their delight in the swift motion claimed all of their attention. They overhauled waddling excursion steamers, skimming past them with aristocratic ease, the target for scores of admiring eyes. They had seen the big cup defenders out for practice sails, and listened with deepest interest to the skilled but comprehensible comments of their host on these marvels. Later they had landed at Lobster Bay, where a delicious "shore dinner" had been served them at the Casino.

Ogden from the bridge where he had gone to speak to the captain, contemplated his guests thoughtfully. His eyes rested upon them successively. The Armenian student, a handsome fellow naturally and becomingly dressed in a suit of clothes given him by one of the clubmen for whom he rendered valet duty, might easily have passed for an aristocrat. The same was true of M. Lajoux, with his little ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. Martin, the grizzled miner, and his loquacious old friend, Major Harris, were the typical statesmen of the Southwest. As for the women, Ogden thought that he had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests. Yet all these people represented a class as far removed from his set as if they had belonged to a different race. They were the "other half," "the herd"; indigents; objects of charity. He felt that he was drawing closer than ever in his life to the deep truths of humanity. His firm lips came together with a new decision.

"Every Sunday hereafter," he said to himself, the clinic gets a seventh share in this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!"

He walked aft and a moment later was pointing out various places of interest on either shore to Mrs. Morell and the little shopgirls. While so occupied the captain approached.

"Dr. Moore," he said, "the Aurora is becalmed on our port bow and is signaling that she would like to speak to you, sir."

Ogden glanced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the evening before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind. Had he sighted her in time he would have instructed the captain to give her a wide berth. As it was, there seemed to be no way of avoiding her, especially as she was the flagship of his home club and owned by his uncle.

"Very well," he replied; "rub over and see what she wants."

The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner, which lay motionless, a silent tower of tall canvas, creamy pink against the lan. In the shadow of the mainsail was a bright little group of people, and as they moved down alongside, a handsome, middle-aged man in ducks and serge walked to the rail and hailed them through a megaphone.

"Can you take us aboard and drop us at the Yacht Club? The tide's turned ahead and this calm is likely to last until midnight."

Ogden's face hardened a trifle. Just for the instant it struck him as a shame that these rich pleasure-seekers could not leave his poor little party of patients to enjoy their day in peace. Still, it was impossible to refuse the request, especially as the Sagem Harbor Yacht Club was only ten miles to the westward and directly in his course.

"Very well," he replied, a bit stiffly. "Shall I send a boat?"

"No, we'll take one of ours." He wheeled about. "Call away the cutter."

"A-w-a-y, cutter!" sang the mate, and the smart sailors sprang to the boatfalls. A few moments later the deep-laden cutter shot alongside the Lotus and a gaily chattering party filed up the little accommodation ladder.

The newcomers proceeded to distribute themselves about the decks of the little yacht, some glancing curiously at the rather odd-looking group of people under the after awning. For Ogden himself there existed absolutely no doubt as to the ethics of the situation. The patients were his invited guests, and as such were the peers of any who chose of their own accord to make use of his vessel. While the numbers made a general introduction uncalled for, he would not hesitate to present any individual of either set who happened to become adjacent.

He saw at once that the party which had just boarded his yacht was the one arranged by Gladys Harte, and for the entertainment of which she had asked him for the Lotus. He could easily guess that the girl herself had vehemently opposed the transshipping, but had doubtless been overruled by the others.

She flushed angrily as her eyes fell upon Ogden, who was standing by the head of the ladder to receive his self-invited guests.

"I am sorry that we were obliged to inconvenience you," she said coldly, at the same time unable to avoid a curious glance toward the people aft.

"I am sorry that you should feel so about it," he replied evenly, stepping aside to let her pass.

"Great luck, Ogden—catching you just as we did!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and he turned to face the Commodore. "Might have drifted around here all night." He glanced aft.

"Who are your friends? Anybody I know?"

"I fancy not, uncle," replied Ogden, dryly. "They are patients of mine whom I have asked for a day's sail."

"By George, that's clever of you! Eh, Commodore?" commented a rather adipose man standing by the rail. "Nothing like a steam yacht to drum up practice! I wonder that more struggling young practitioners don't use them."

"Why, you see, Bentley," replied Ogden, "pills don't bring as big a profit as soap. Besides," he pursued thoughtfully, "drumming isn't included in the early stages of a medical education."

Mr. Bentley laughed with a slight effort and walked forward. The Commodore whistled softly under his breath.

"By the—I say, you got him with both barrels that time, Ogden. Don't you think you have it in a little solid?"

"Oh, no, he's fairly thick in the pelt! Besides, why can't he mind his own business? Hello, Van Beuren!" he called genially to a pleasant-faced young fellow who was walking past.

"Hello, doctor! I say, doctor, who is that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly," Ogden led him aft.

"Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr. Van Beuren," he said quietly, adding, "M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley."

Ogden saw the color stealing into the woman's face, as did also Van Beuren, who, a trifle puzzled, opened the conversation casually. Ogden paused to speak to the little shopgirls, who were stealing admiring glances at the women from the schooner. As he strolled forward again he observed that the genial Commodore had entered into conversation with the minor and Major Harris.

"Dr. Moore!" called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognized her as a young widow who was rather celebrated about the Yacht Club for her harmless gaieties.

"Who is that stunning-looking young man with the eyes?" she whispered.

"He is an Armenian, Mrs. Townsend. He is studying law in New York."

"Oh, do bring him here. I want to talk to him."

Ogden walked over to the Armenian and told him his mission. The young man was delighted.

Leaving them Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the angry flash from her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amazement.

"I say, Dr. Moore," exclaimed the young man, "can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Townsend really is?"

"I think so," said Ogden. "Well, I'll bet you don't! He's a valet in the Powhatan Club!"

Ogden's straight eyebrows came together and his cold gray eyes grew stony.

"Do you know what else he is?" he asked.

"What?"

"He's a guest aboard my yacht, and as such is not open to criticism."

The young man drew back a trifle, and Gladys came to his rescue.

"That appears to cover a multitude of delinquencies," she retorted. "One of the young ladies in pink sold me several yards of silk the other day in Terne's."

"Indeed! I fail to see that that is anything against her."

"If you must invite valets and shop-girls and people like the woman with the dyed hair, I should think that at least you might refrain from introducing them promiscuously to your friends," said the girl in a low voice.

"Pardon me, but I have not introduced any of your party to my guests without being requested to do so. Also permit me to point out the fact that I had invited these people whom you find aboard, whereas, if I must say it, the rest of you have invited yourselves!"

Gladys' face paled with anger. "Will you be so good as to put us ashore?" she asked in a voice that choked a trifle.

"Immediately. There is the Yacht Club right ahead," Ogden bowed and walked away. Before he had taken a dozen steps he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, turning sharply, saw Van Beuren. There was an expression in the young man's frank eyes that brought the blood to Ogden's face.

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he said, "I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away. I am going to find something for that little chap. We can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business." He held out his hand, which Ogden took, blushing furiously and hopelessly embarrassed for the first time in the whole day.

Van Beuren laughed and turned away. They had by this time entered the basin off the Yacht Club and presently the engines stopped, then went astern and the yacht's momentum ceased. At the same time the Yacht Club launch swept alongside in answer to their signal, and the party from the schooner prepared to disembark.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant as she was about to descend and held out her hand to Ogden, who was standing by the rail.

"Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself"—she paused, and, at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys, whom she was delaying, gazed at her in surprise—"and about you," she added. "I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes—and I think that you are a dear!" she added impulsively and hurried down the steps, a suspicious moisture in her sweet eyes.

Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

One side of the mid-summer moon had softened like a luscious peach which has hung too long upon the bough. That evening it had risen blood-red, flushed from its haste to mount guard upon the destinies of men and maids, but it cooled as it

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Mrs. BRONSON Lusk, Aymer, Que., writes: "I
have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry
for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is
the only medicine which brings relief in so short a
time."

lifted higher and now shed downward
a soft and mellow radiance.

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat
upon the broad seat of the veranda
had watched its upward course, un-
moved, ignoring the potent summons
even as he had ignored those of a
pair of big blue eyes which many
times that evening had sent their
pleading message.

"Ogden," said a soft voice at his
shoulder, a voice that held the faintest
suspicion of a quaver. He arose
quickly to his feet.

"Yes, Gladys."

"Ogden, I wish to have a talk with
you." A certain pleading accent of
the voice bled its dignity. "Come
down to the summer house, where we
will not be disturbed."

Side by side, yet separated by an
infinite distance, they passed across
the dewy lawn. At the entrance to
the bower the girl turned to him sud-
denly and raised her wistful face.

"Ogden, can you forgive me?" Her
voice contained a passionate appeal.
He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not, Gladys," he an-
swered in a tone of deep regret.

"Why not?" she demanded, almost
fiercely.

"Because—you see, you insulted my
guests; not openly, to be sure, but
through me. I would not have blam-
ed you—in fact, did not blame you for
what applied to me personally—but,
you see, one's guests are sacred, espe-
cially when they are so unfortun-
ate as to be unable to defend them-
selves."

"But I did not know that, Ogden.
I did not understand. It never oc-
curred to me that they were your
clinical, charity patients. I do not
know much about people outside of
my own caste, as you said the other
day; but I thought that your clinic
people were very poor, destitute."

"They are. I doubt if the dozen
people that you saw would be able to
raise fifty dollars all together."

"Then you won't—forgive—me—
Ogden?" It was the faintest whis-
per.

"I am very sorry—" he began
coldly, then paused, finding the words
difficult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and
started to walk back toward the club
house. The mellow moon rays rested
lovingly on the fair, thoughtless head,
now wiser than a week ago, wiser
for the knowledge of some of the ex-
quisite pathos of humanity. Ogden
saw her round shoulders lift suddenly
and caught a low, heart-rending
sound.

"Gladys!" He reached her in one
swift stride. His strong arms drew
her to him, her own crept softly
around his neck. Her tear-stained
face was close against his chest.

"Oh, Ogden—" she sobbed.

"Hush, darling! Of course, I'll
forgive you."—Henry C. Rowland in
Pearson's Magazine.

Martyrs of Early Canada

The petition recently presented to
the mayor of Montreal to be for-
warded to the Pope, asking that cano-
nization be conferred on six Jesuit
Fathers, who in the early days of Cana-
dian history, sacrificed their lives to
their devotion to the spiritual
welfare of the savages, has had the
effect of once more drawing public
attention to those distant days when
Canada was in the making, and when
the zealous missionary or intrepid
voyager were the solitary outposts
in the march of civilization. Of those
times Canadians can never know too
much and can never feel too proud;
for in them and in the deeds of hero-
ism and self-sacrifice which they pro-
duced were laid the seeds of the fu-
ture greatness of the Dominion.
Though the past of Canada is laid in
comparatively recent years in the
ancient standing of the nations of
Europe is considered, still it is a
fact which for the qualities of the
picturesque, the romantic and the
brave, has never been surpassed.
Hardy couriers des bois, dressed in
the spoils of the chase, gallant sol-
diers of the old regime in gay silks
and sweeping plumes, black gowned
priests and friars, all filled with the
same untiring energy and doubtless
courage, crowd the pages of early
Canadian history as in the scenes
of a romance. And amongst them
all, if degrees can be distinguished in
such extreme bravery, the bravest

were probably the missionaries, who
were led not by a desire for adven-
ture or for spoil, but by a disinter-
ested zeal for souls, and who endur-
ed toil, privations, and sufferings such
as would seem to those who read
their story in these latter years to
have almost been beyond the power
of man. And not infrequently it
happened, as in the case of those
whose canonization is now petition-
ed for, that they consummated their
work by giving up their lives at the
hands of those to whose spiritual wel-
fare they had devoted them.

The names of the Jesuit priests
mentioned in the petition for cano-
nization are: de Brebeuf, Daniel, La-
lame, Garnier, Chabonel and
Jogues. The names of the friars,
Goupil and Lalonde. Of all these the
first, Father de Brebeuf, was the
most striking figure. "He was," says
Parkman, "the masculine apostle of
the faith, the Ajax of the mission."
A man of tremendous physical force
and endurance, Nature had given him
all the passions of a vigorous man-
hood, and Religion had crushed them,
curbed them, or tamed them to do
her work—like a dammed up torrent,
sluiced and guided to grind and saw
and weave for the good of man.

Side him, in strange contrast, stand
his co-laborer, Charles Garnier. Both
were of noble birth and gentle ra-
ture, but here the parallel ends. Gar-
nier's face was heartless, though he
was over thirty years of age, and his
constitution, bodily or mental, was
by no means robust. With none
of the bone and sinew of rugged man-
hood he entered, not only without
hesitation, but with eagerness, on a
life which would have tried the bol-
dest; and, sustained by the spirit with-
in him, he was more than equal to
it. His fellow missionaries thought
him a saint and all his life was a
waiting martyrdom.

Noel Chabonel came later to Cana-
da than these two, and it was not
till 1643 that he reached the Huron
mission. "He disliked the Indian
life—the smoke, the vermin, the filthy
food, the impossibility of privacy. He
had also a natural inaptitude to
learning the language, and labored at
it for five years with scarcely a sign
of progress. But in spite of these
natural deficiencies for the task which
he had taken upon himself, he refused
to return to France and made a vow
to remain in Canada till the time of
his death—a vow which he carried out
to the letter."

Isaac Jogues was of a character not
unlike Garnier. Nature had given
him no especial force of intellect or
constitutional energy, yet the man
was indomitable and irrepresible, as
his history shows throughout. For
the other members of the group of
Canadian martyrs there are but few
means of characterizing them other-
wise than as their traits appear on
the field of their labors.

The long journeys performed by
these devoted soldiers of the Lord,
the terrible privations they suffered
in the wilderness where they were
obliged to go for days at a time
without food, the almost incredible
toil they accomplished the innumera-
ble adventures they met with from
savage beasts and still more savage
men, their many hair-breadth es-
capes, though they form one of the
most interesting and inspiring parts
of Christian annals, are all too long
for insertion in so brief an account
as this. The most that can be given
here are some few details of their
deaths.

Rene Goupil was the first of these
martyrs to give up his life. He was
a layman who, from religious mo-
tives and with no hope of material re-
ward, had taken service with the
Jesuits. In the month of August,
1646, he in company with Father
Jogues and another layman of the
name of Couture, were with a party
of Hurons paddling up the St. Law-
rence at Lake St. Peter, when they
were suddenly attacked by the war
party of Iroquois who, after killing
most of the party, conducted the re-
maining members, among whom were
the three religious, to the Mohawk
towns. The tortures which the pris-
oners endured on the way from their
fiendish captors are almost beyond
belief, and were equalled only by
those which they suffered when they
had reached their destination, where
they were led from one town to an-
other to be tortured by its inhabi-
tants. They survived this dreadful
ordeal, however, and strangely enough
Goupil's death came all of a sudden
through the mad rage of a young
Iroquois at the friar having made the
sign of the cross on the head of a
child. This was regarded as an evil
spell and in revenge the Indian drove
his tomahawk into the head of the re-
ligious, who fell dead with the name
of the Redeemer on his lips. Jogues,
after innumerable adventures and suf-
ferings, finally effected his escape
to the Dutch settlement of Manhat-
tan and so on to Europe, whence he

returned to Canada, and shortly after
met his death in company with the
friar Lalonde at the hands of the
same Mohawks to whom he had gone
on a mission. A pestilence in the
Mohawk villages was attributed to
sorely on his part, and he and his
companions were both killed by being
brained with a hatchet. In Jogues
died one of the purest examples of
Christian heroism which this West-
ern continent has seen.

Daniel met his death at the St.
Joseph Mission, which was on the
south-eastern frontier of the Huron
country. During the absence of a
large body of the warriors a war
party of Iroquois broke in upon the
little village. All fled except the
dauntless priest who, robed in full
vestments, advanced to meet the sa-
vage enemy who riddled his body with
arrows and bullets and then threw it
into one of the burning dwellings.

Brebeuf and Lalameant were taken
in much a similar way at St. Ig-
nace not many months afterwards.
They did not, however, find so quick
and comparatively easy a death, but
were made the victims of their cap-
tors' most exquisite ingenuity in
the art of torture. Brebeuf was
tied to a stake and scorched from
head to foot, his lips were cut away
in order that he might not address
his converts, around his neck was
hung a collar of hatched heads heated
red hot, boiling water was poured on
his head, strips of flesh torn from his
limbs and finally he was scalped. He
bore all these fiendish cruelties with
unflinching courage and the savages
finally in despair of breathing his re-
solution, tore out his heart and de-
voured it in the hope of sharing in
his bravery. Thus died Jean de
Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron
missions, its truest hero, and its
greatest martyr. Lalameant, physi-
cally weak from childhood, and slender
almost to emaciation, was consti-
tutionally incapable of such a dis-
play of fortitude. After being wrap-
ped in burning bark he was led back
to a hut and tortured there all night,
till one of the Iroquois growing weary
of the entertainment, killed him with
a hatchet.

Garnier died at St. Jean, a mission
in the country of the Tobacco Na-
tion. This was also surprised by a
war party of Iroquois and Garnier
was shot as he was running about
giving absolution to his people. He
was not killed instantly, but with his
last dying energy was dragging him-
self towards a wounded convert when
an Iroquois rushed upon him and
brained him with a natene.

Chabonel was the last of the group
to suffer martyrdom, which he met at
the hands of a renegade Huron who
met him in the forest when he had
been deserted by his escort, fleeing
from fear of an Iroquois war party.
The murderer afterwards confessed
that he had killed him and thrown
his body into a river, after robbing
him of his blanket, his clothes, his
hat and the bag in which he carried
his books and papers.

Thus perished eight men whose lives
were one long devotion to the spiri-
tual welfare and uplifting of the sa-
vages of the new world, and who for
the accomplishment of this end en-
dured every toil and privation, en-
countered every peril, and finally gave
up their very lives. Their history is
one which for devotion to high
ideal and unflinching heroism stands
high in the annals of all time and
adds a new dignity and lustre to the
story of Canada.—Montreal Star.

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a foe
with which men are constantly grap-
pling but cannot exterminate. Sub-
dued, and to all appearances van-
quished in one, it makes its appear-
ance in another direction. In many
the digestive apparatus is as deli-
cate as the mechanism of a watch
or scientific instrument in which even
a breath of air will make a varia-
tion. With such persons disorders of
the stomach ensue from the most tri-
vial causes and cause much suffering.
To these Parnee's Vegetable Pills
are recommended as mild and sure.

The Negro Nun

One of the most picturesque sights
of the Vieux Carre of New Orleans is
the Negro nun. Come upon her where
you will, and as often as you may,
she is ever a fresh delight. Her de-
mure, downcast face, her severe garb,
and, above all, that snowy bonnet, in
striking contrast with that black
face, make something so vastly dif-
ferent from what we are accustomed
to in the women of her race.

One of the Sisterhoods is that of the
Holy Family, domiciled in Orleans
street, in the great gray brick build-
ing not a stone's throw from the
Blossom Close of the St. Louis Ca-
thedral. This building used to be the
Orleans Theatre. In its great rooms
were held famous quadroon balls.

But ring the bell of that door now
and it is opened by a black Sister,
and as at her invitation you walk
across that tessellated hallway it is
impossible to so wrench the mind as
to realize that vanished past—so
sharply drawn is the difference be-
tween it and the present.

This particular order was founded
before the war by three rich, intel-
ligent free women of color. Its work
is altogether good. Its first care is
that of orphaned children, then of
those whose natural guardians are
neglectful or cruel. This latter field
of labor is a wide one, as the aver-
age colored parent makes a fetish of
the rod and punishes her children
brutally.

black through all the lighter shades
up to a dirty, freckled, red-haired
white, all cleanly dressed, all well
behaved, all quiet as mice, at
least when visitor are present.
There are children from Mexi-
co, the West Indies and South
America, these latter, the children
of well-to-do parents, who pay gen-
erously for their keep and insist up-
on those seductive accomplishments—
fancy work and piano music.

The most of them have some educa-
tion and the mothers superior of the
different orders are women of much
intelligence and ability.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle-
man's Brace, "as easy as none."
50c.

Lost to the Faith

The gains that the Catholic Church
in America has made by conversions
are large, but they are probably more
than offset by the constant "leak-
age" that is going on. In the South
especially, the loss has been notice-
able. Writing in the Boston "Pilot,"
Michael Lynch gives the following ac-
count of the process by which Catho-
lic families in the South are lost to
the faith:

"All through the South, especially
along the Alleghenies, are thousands
upon thousands of families with pure-
ly Gaelic names—O'Neills, McCarthys,
Lynches, Caseys—while everywhere
are Fitzgeralds, Burkes, Roches and
others who came over with Strong-
bow, and all Baptists or Methodists.
The very name of the present Mayor
of Birmingham, Ala., where this is
written, is Ward, and he succeeded
Drennen. There people know that
their names are Irish and that they
have Irish blood in their veins. And
they are proud of it—indeed so proud
of it that it is almost the first
thing they will boast of. And they
are just Irish, purely Irish.

"These people are all Protestants
to-day, and the perversion is going
on even at this moment. In any of
the larger cities of the South, where-
ever a young Catholic man or woman
settles down and gets married, the
children are almost inevitably
brought up as Protestants. He or
she are perhaps the only ones of the
faith for miles around. They never
see a priest, the neighbors are kindly
and friendly, the one set of children
associate with the other, and from
the Public school they drift into the
Sunday school. The Catholic father
or mother, as the case may be, gives
up in despair and sullenly acquiesces,
remaining themselves of no religion
the children and the children's chil-
dren are Protestants, and to the his-
torian Scotch-Irish, for once Protest-
ants even a McCarthy or a Lynch is
no longer a Celt.

"That this is no fiction I can testi-
fy, since in Virginia three years ago,
I saw a case in point. In the oldest
town now existing in the State, one
whose name is celebrated in Ameri-
can history, lived a very respect-
able man, a mason by trade, and do-
ing a good business. He was the son
of an Irish father and mother and
had a very Irish name. They were
the only family of the kind in the place,
and no priest ever came their way.
The father and mother as well as the
son were still Catholic, but never had
a chance to go to church except on
the rare occasions in which they vis-
ited Richmond, Norfolk or Newport
News. But the two daughters, when
they did go to church, went one to
an Episcopalian and the other to a
Methodist. It was church societies
and entertainments that won them.
The parents could not stop them, for
in the South parents seem to have
less control over their children than
even in the North. That is how the
Catholic Church has lost in America
and is losing. Perhaps some of the
money spent in a rather doubtful
task in China and Japan might be as
profitably employed on traveling mis-
sionaries here in the South and in the
North among those of our own blood.

"The institution of slavery greatly
hindered the growth of the Church in
the South, through hindering immi-
gration to that section. It is worth
remembering, however, that Catholic
slave-holders very numerous freed
their slaves long before the abolition
movement, and that the free colored
population of Baltimore and New Or-
leans, early in the nineteenth cen-
tury, made possible the foundation
of two religious communities of col-
ored women, the Oblate Sisters of
Providence, in Baltimore, and the
Sisters of the Holy Family, in New
Orleans—both to-day flourishing in the
cities of their beginning, and estab-
lished in other parts of the country.

"The South on the whole, however,
was Protestant and Anglo-Saxon.
Not until after the Civil War was
there a chance for the white immi-
grant of the Catholic faith, and by
that time he was fixed in his habits
of landing at New York and Boston.

"The Southern Bishops had difficul-
ty in providing for their own flocks
after the war. Resources were at
ebb-tide, and so were vocations. The
Catholic English as a sort of repara-
tion for their country's part in col-
onial days in establishing slavery in
the South, sent us the Josephite Fa-
thers for the Negroes. They still re-
main, doing excellent work, but are
now an independent organization.

"The Paulists began a few years ago
to reach out to the whites, and among
the many converts made
through the priests of the Missionary
Union are those whom we may call
accidental Protestants, children of
Catholic instruction and worship be-
fore they knew what the Church is."

If attacked with cholera or summer
complaint of any kind send at once
for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's
Dysentery Cordial and use it accord-
ing to directions. It acts with won-
derful rapidity in subduing that dread-
ful disease that weakens the stron-
gest man and that destroys the you-
est and delicate. Those who have used
this cholera medicine say it acts
promptly, and never fails to effect a
thorough cure.

In and Around Toronto

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF CANADA.

An organization of Toronto Highlanders held a quarterly meeting at the Temple Building on Saturday evening last, when there was a large attendance present, especially of ladies.

After the routine business was over Mr. Murray, the society's piper, was presented with a beautiful set of bagpipes, which cost \$100.

Addresses were then in order, Mr. D'Arcy Hinds being first called upon as President of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Hinds, in an eloquent but brief address, set forth the objects of the Gaelic League and described the work it was doing in Ireland and America.

The next speaker was Mr. Alexander Fraser, who is, without doubt, the best Gaelic scholar in Toronto.

The last speaker was our "Old Timer," whose remarks were both humorous and historical and which we may present to our readers on another occasion.

The audience were invited to attend the September "Ceilidh," to be held at the residence of Mr. Robertson, 294 Avenue Road, on the 15th inst.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED.

The schools of the city re-opened on Tuesday morning, Mass being celebrated at 8 o'clock in all the churches for the special intention of the children and the general success of the schools.

From the pulpits, too, were heard exhortations on the present standing of our primary educational institutions, the Entrance examinations of the past two years having shown that the pupils of the Catholic schools were not only equal but in many instances superior to those competing with them from the Public schools.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY FOLEY.

The death of Mrs. Mary Foley, widow of the late John Foley, which occurred at her home last week, removed from St. Helen's Parish one of its oldest and most faithful parishioners.

The funeral took place on Thursday last, Rev. Father McGrand singing the Mass of Requiem. The O Salutaris was finely sung at the Offertory by Mr. Henry Boland.

INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

For the members of the Sacred Heart League the intention for the month of September fits in very appropriately with what has been the subject of much late thought throughout Canada.

esting way, beginning with its observance under the old dispensation and giving the fact of the Resurrection of our Divine Lord as the chief reason for the change of the day of rest, from Saturday to Sunday.

NEW PRESBYTERY FOR ST. FRANCIS.

At High Mass on Sunday last at St. Francis, the pastor, Rev. Father McCann, announced that the time was now opportune for seeing to the matter of a new house for the use of the parish priest, and for any assistants who might be sent to the parish.

ST. FRANCIS' SANCTUARY

The members of St. Francis' Sanctuary Society had their first meeting of the scholastic year last Sunday. The most important feature of the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing year.

By arrangement with Rev. Father McCann the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered during the week for above intention.

FRANCIS CARROLL, Pres. WILLIAM KELLY, Sec'y.

FIRE IN ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

St. Paul's school had a narrow escape from being destroyed by fire on Saturday evening last. About 10.30 p.m. a passerby noticed flames coming from an alcove used for storage.

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY.

The feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, which occurs on Saturday next, will be observed as a day of devotion, the solemnity being transferred to the following day, Sunday.

MR. HALLEY WILL LECTURE.

At the next meeting of the Toronto branch of the Gaelic League a paper will be read on "Footprints of the Celt," by Mr. William Halley.

The Holy Father to France

The full text of the recent encyclical of Pope Pius X. to the French Bishops, fixing the attitude of the Church to the State in France, has been received. It follows:

We are about to discharge to-day a very grave obligation of our office, an obligation which we assume towards you when we announce, after the promulgation of the law creating a rupture between the French Republic and the Church, that we should indicate at a fitting time what it might seem to us ought to be done to defend and preserve religion in your country.

Therefore, after having condemned, as was our duty, this iniquitous law, we have examined with greatest care whether the articles of the said law would leave us any means of organizing religious life in France in such a way as to safeguard from injury the sacred principles on which Holy Church reposes.

Putting aside, therefore, these associations which the knowledge of our duty forbids us to approve, it might appear opportune to examine whether it is lawful to make trial in their place of some other sort of associations at once legal and canonical, and thus to preserve the Catholics of France from the grave complications which menace them.

But as this hope fails us while the law remains what it is we declare that it is not permissible to try this other kind of association as long as it is not established in a sure and legal manner that the Divine constitution of the church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and of the bishops, as well as their authority over the necessary property of the Church and particularly over the sacred edifices, shall be irrevocably placed in the said associations in full security.

It remains, therefore, for you, venerable brethren, to set yourselves to work and to employ all means which the law recognizes as within the rights of all citizens to arrange for and organize religious worship. In a matter so important and so arduous you will never have to wait for our assistance.

It is not difficult to foresee the nature of the recriminations which the enemies of the Church will make against our present decree and our orders. They will endeavor to persuade the people that we have not had the interests of the Church in France solely in view.

These recriminations, with others of the same sort, which can be foreseen from certain indications, will be disseminated among the public in order to excite irritation. We denounce them now and henceforth with the utmost indignation as false; and it is incumbent upon you, venerable brethren, as upon all good men, to refute them in order that they may not deceive simple and ignorant people.

With reference to the special charge against the Church of having been more accommodating in a similar case outside France, you should explain that the Church has acted in this way because the situations were quite different, and above all because the Divine attributes of the hierarchy were, in a certain measure, safeguarded.

But it is quite otherwise to-day in France, there the makers of this unjust law wished to make it a law, not of separation, but of oppression. They affirmed their desire for peace, and promised an understanding; and they are now waging an atrocious war against the religion of the country, and hurling the brand of the most violent discords and thus inciting the citizens against each other.

Assuredly, they will tax their ingenuity to throw upon us the blame for this conflict and for the evils resulting therefrom. But whoever loyally examines the facts of which we have spoken in the Encyclical Veneremur Nos. will be able to see whether we have deserved the last reproach. We, who, after having patiently borne with injustice upon injustice in our love for the beloved French nation finally find ourselves summoned to go beyond the last holy limits of our apostolic duty, and we declare that we will not go beyond them—rather whether the fault does not lie entirely with those who in hate of the apostolic name have gone to such extremities.

Therefore, if they desire to show us their submission and their devotion, let the Catholic men of France struggle for the Church in accordance with the directions we have already given them, that is to say, with perseverance and energy, and yet without acting in a seditious and violent manner. It is not by violence, but by firmness that, fortifying themselves in their good right as with in a citadel, they will succeed in breaking the obstinacy of their enemies; let them well understand, as we have said, and as we repeat, that their efforts will be useless unless they unite in a perfect understanding for the defense of religion.

They now know our verdict on the subject of this nefarious law; they should whole-heartedly conform to it, and whatever the opinions of some or others of them may have been hitherto during the discussion of the question, we entreat them all that no one shall permit himself to wound any one whomsoever on the pretext that his own way of seeing things is best. What can be done by concord

of will and union of forces, let them learn from their adversaries; and just as the latter were able to impose on the nation the stigma of this criminal law, so by their united action will our people be able to eliminate and remove it.

In this hard trial of France, if all those who wish to defend with all their power the supreme interests of their country work as they ought to do in union among themselves with their bishops and with ourselves for the cause of religion, far from despairing of the welfare of the Church of France, it is to be hoped, on the contrary, that she will be restored to her former prosperity and dignity.

As a pledge of heavenly gift and in testimony of our paternal benevolence, we impart with all our heart the apostolic benediction to you, venerable brethren, and to the whole French nation.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on Aug. 10th, the Feast of St. Lawrence, the martyr, in the year 1906, and the fourth of our pontificate.

(Signed) PIUS PP. X.

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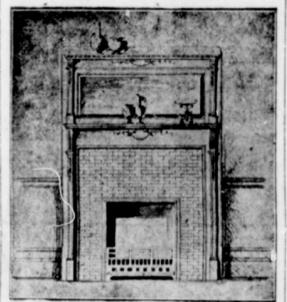
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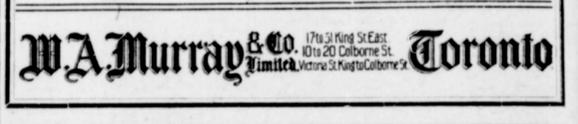
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Coal is the basis of all industrial and commercial wealth. Coal-mining in British Columbia has always been a great success. It is a great deal like diamond-mining in South Africa—a bonanza of the first magnitude.

The great mountain barrier of the Rockies shuts out the eastern coal, leaving the great Pacific coast to be supplied by the British Columbia fields, excepting a small tonnage from the State of Washington.

The United States navy of the Pacific division get all their supply from the Dunsmuir Coal Mines on Vancouver Island, and pay the duty on it, but neither the Washington nor the Vancouver Island coal is of any use for furnace and small-er's coke, because the coal from both of these places contains a great deal of sulphur and does not make good smelter's coke.

Nevertheless Dunsmuir made millions after millions every year from mining coal, and died a few years ago the richest man in Canada. He made all that coal, and his mines will be productive for generations to come, and are worth more to-day than thirty-five years ago, when first opened up.

OPPORTUNITY.

To see it and grasp it in time, makes a man the master of his destiny. DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY HONESTLY, AND LOTS OF IT? Would you like to become interested in a coal proposition in British Columbia, and make \$10,000 in three to four years from now on an investment of \$200.00? We offer you the opportunity to do this.

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Millions and millions of dollars have been made in coal-mining year after year by all those engaged in the business, and to prove this we refer to the statistics on coal mines for the year of 1902, where it is shown that nine of the leading bituminous coal mines in the United States and Canada made the enormous profits of \$37,450, 987 (one year's earnings).

There is no field of investment more absolutely safe and profitable than coal-mining.

We now offer to the public 100,000 shares of the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company's treasury stock at the low rate of

TWENTY FIVE CENTS PER SHARE

The par value of this stock is one dollar, and is fully paid and non-assessable, and shareholders are exempt from personal liability. Once paid and secured it is settled forever.

This Amalgamated Coal Company controls 17,500 ACRES OF COAL LAND in Nicola Valley, B.C., and according to coal experts reports this great area is underlaid with inexhaustible quantities of high-class bituminous coal, the best for steam, blacksmithing, and cooking purposes, estimated to contain approximately 1,400,000, 000 TONS OF COAL.

TWO RAILROADS.

are now building into the Nicola Valley, the Canadian Pacific and the V. V. and E. (Great Northern), and the C.P.R. has already constructed and completed a line fifty miles, whereas the V. V. and E. are rushing the work as fast as money and labor can do it, and it is expected to reach Nicola by Christmas.

This is certainly a rare opportunity for the small investor. For \$250.00 you can now buy 1,000 shares of the Amalgamated Coal Stock, which in a few years may pay you a yearly revenue or income of \$10,000, figuring the dividend at \$10.00 a share (the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. paid a dividend last year of \$10.00 a share). This is an illustration to show what a few hundred dollars invested in the year means to investors. The Crow's Nest stock was offered to the people in coal stock form at ten cents a share, and is to-day worth over \$250.00, which may be realized what this means for you? That the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Co. the belief of those who have seen and examined the properties and are familiar with the local condition in that country. Get in on the ground floor. Act quickly, and do it now. Do not ask your neighbor for his advice. Use and act on your own judgment. It will soon be taken. Call early or write, and we will give you any further information that you may desire.

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TWO YEARS FROM NOW

the stock should begin to pay handsome dividends, and in another year or two may have a cash valuation on the market from the dividends it then will pay of at least \$100.00 per share. This calculation is based on sound and conservative business judgment, and on well-tried laws of natural growth. It is quite safe to say that when the Amalgamated Coal Company shall have fully equipped its four properties, and can produce coal and coke on a large scale, which may require six to seven years to accomplish (taking the Crow's Nest Coal Co. as an example), this \$100.00 per share.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. To see it and grasp it in time is the keynote to success and wealth. This is meant for you. This is your greatest opportunity.

Fathers, mothers and guardians, who have the welfare of your children at heart, and want to provide for their future needs, write us for information, and ask or write for printed prospectus and reports, etc. We will send you samples of the coal and of the coke, and the assays of the coal from Government officials and other authorities.

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