

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 went 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 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 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. For 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.

Beign 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.  
 Boosters 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.  
 Richest 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 might  
 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 '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

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, 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 hereafter 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 Goodine, of U. Eingseler, 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 Parnelee'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 unshowered, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

When all other corn 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 lightning' an' fo' I knowed it they waillnt' nothin' lef'."  
 "Well! well! But what are you doing now?"  
 "Me? I'm waitin' fo' an yearthquake to shake dese 'taters outen de groun'."  
 —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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 The Rev. Joseph C. Campbell, professor of Moral Theology at St. Paul Seminary, died suddenly of heart 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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**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 or 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.  
 SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.  
 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-leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.  
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
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 For lack of red corpuscles in the blood, the lungs are weak, the action of the heart feeble, the stomach fails to properly digest the food, the liver, kidneys and bowels become sluggish and inactive.  
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 These ingredients are so combined in this great restorative as to act mildly and gently on the system, instilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves and through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every vital organ of the body.  
 Mrs. Riddle, Davidson street, Galt, Ont., states: "One of my children was pale, weak and sickly. The least exertion or exertion seemed to affect her nerves and at times she complained of very severe headaches. I got her a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before she had been taking the pills very long I could see a wonderful change in her condition. The headaches have entirely disappeared, her appetite is now good and there can be no doubt that this preparation was exactly what she wanted to build up her system."  
 It is interesting to note your increase in weight from week to week while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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The Children's Page

THE LIGHTHOUSE CHILDREN.

I'dly 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.

CHARLIE'S BURGLARS.

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.

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.

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION CURE BILIOUSNESS CLEAN COATED TONGUE

manded Jim, wide awake in an instant. "I was looking for you," explained Max, rubbing his head and feeling of his elbows.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

ONLY ONE PAIR.

Mamma—Why, Johnny, what is the matter? Johnny—My new shoes hurt my feet.

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.

A LITTLE LADY OF THE SOUTH.

The fine courtesy of the South as exemplified even by little children, is shown in this letter to the Atlanta Constitution from one of its readers:

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BRACKISH URINE

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.

Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Brain Fag, etc.

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO. 117 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO P. F. CRONIN, EDITOR

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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.

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.

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.

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 Omatata 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 foul 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 at 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 McEvay 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."

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 WOMAN'S DREAM

Is to possess all the charms of beauty nature will grant to few. To be the most beautiful amongst the beautiful, to be admired and followed by others: in short, to be

"The Leading Star" Is the aim of so many. In such a position we place every lady who has her appearance improved by one of

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OPERA GLASSES SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES Defective Vision Causes more headaches than all other bodily ailments. The remedy is properly fitted glasses. We can do it if any one can, and respect your pockets! F. E. LUKE, REFRACTING OPTICIAN, 11 King St. West, Toronto.

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 consultants 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 McKee 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" of postal nuisances is a direct violation of the postal laws. Inspector Craighthead 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 slaun" 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 Chabouillez 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 Chabouillez Square, but if there were any fatalities at all, the fact has been wisely kept from the public. Chabouillez 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 railroads 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." Evidence 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 those of 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 two 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 amongst 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 teaching 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 plains 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 was 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, 1866. 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, waiving 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 sulfating 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, pathetic 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 whirl 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 Sackem 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 basin.

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.

"No!"

"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.

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?"

"You 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 Beatleys—"

"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 strolling 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 Sackem 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 of 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

(Continued on page 7.)

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NINTH MONTH 30 DAYS		September		THE SEVEN DOLORS	
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENT	1906		
1	S.	w.	Elizabeth of Portugal.		
<b>Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost</b>					
2	Su.	g.	Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost.		
3	M.	r.	S. Philomena.		
4	T.	w.	S. Rose of Viterbo.		
5	W.	w.	S. Laurence Justinian.		
6	Th.	r.	S. John Before the Latin Gate.		
7	F.	w.	S. Hadrian III., Pope.		
8	S.	w.	Nativity of the B. V. Mary.		
<b>Fourteenth Sunday After Pentecost</b>					
9	Su.	w.	Most Holy Name of Mary.		
10	M.	w.	S. Hilary.		
11	T.	w.	S. Nicholas of Tolentino.		
12	W.	w.	S. Leo I., Pope.		
13	Th.	w.	S. Anselm.		
14	F.	r.	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.		
15	S.	w.	Octave of the Nativity of B. V. Mary.		
<b>Fifteenth Sunday After Pentecost</b>					
16	Su.	w.	Seven Dolours of B. V. Mary.		
17	M.	w.	Stigmata of S. Francis of Assisi.		
18	T.	w.	S. Joseph of Cupertino.		
19	W.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. SS. Januarius and Companions.		
20	Th.	w.	S. Agapitus.		
21	F.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. St. Matthew, Apostle.		
22	S.	w.	Ember Day. Fast. St. Thomas of Villanova.		
<b>Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost</b>					
23	Su.	r.	S. Linus.		
24	M.	w.	Our Lady of Mercy.		
25	T.	w.	SS. Eustace and Companions.		
26	W.	r.	S. Eusebius		
27	Th.	r.	SS. Cosmas and Damian.		
28	F.	r.	S. Wenceslaus.		
29	S.	w.	S. Michael, Archangel.		
<b>Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost</b>					
30	Su.	w.	S. Jerome.		

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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.

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were probably the missionaries, who were led not by a desire for adventure or for spoil, but by a disinterested zeal for souls.

The names of the Jesuit priests mentioned in the petition for canonization are: de Brebeuf, Daniel, Lalemant, Garnier, Chabonel and Jogues. The names of the friars, Goupil and Lalonde.

Isaac Jogues was of a character not unlike Garnier. Nature had given him no especial force of intellect or constitutional energy.

Rene Goupil was the first of these martyrs to give up his life. He was a layman who, from religious motives and with no hope of material reward, had taken service with the Jesuits.

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.

A Magie Pill—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances conquered in one, it makes its appearance in another direction.

The Negro Nun
One of the most picturesque sights of the Vieux Carre of New Orleans is the Negro nun.

Martyrs of Early Canada
The petition recently presented to the mayor of Montreal to be forwarded to the Pope, asking that canonization be conferred on six Jesuit Fathers.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

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returned to Canada, and shortly after his death in company with the friar Lalonde at the hands of the same Mohawks to whom he had gone on a mission.

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.

Brebeuf and Lalemant were taken in much a similar way at St. Ignace not many months afterwards. They did not, however, find so quick and comparatively easy a death.

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.

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black through all the lighter shades up to a dirty, freckled, red-haired white, all cleanly dressed, all well behaved, all quiet as mice.

There are children from Mexico, the West Indies and South America, these latter, the children of well-to-do parents, who pay generously for their keep and insist upon those seductive accomplishments—fancy work and piano music.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman'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 "leakage" that is going on.

All through the South, especially along the Alleghenies, are thousands upon thousands of families with purely Gaelic names—O'Neills, McCarthys, Lynches, Caseys—while everywhere are Fitzgeralds, Burkes, Roches and others who came over with Strongbow, and all Baptists or Methodists.

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, wherever a young Catholic man or woman settles down and gets married, the children are almost inevitably brought up as Protestants.

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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. There were also present by invitation representatives of the Gaelic League in the person of Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, President of the League, and Mr. William Halley, our "Old Timer."

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. A nation that ignores the law of Sunday, says the Messenger, is a nation that does not pray, and the article finishes with the injunction, "Let us then, resolve to gather round the altars of God on that blessed day, to make reparation to his outraged Majesty and to ask His mercy and compassion. The members of our League should give the example of fidelity in this respect. To whom, if not to them, may both pastors and people look for the strict observance of the laws of God and His church."

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. Of a certainty, nothing so engrosses and distresses us as these eventualities, and would to heaven that we had some hope of being able, without infringing the rights of God, to make this essay, and thus to deliver our well-beloved sons from the features of such manifold and such great trials.

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. We in no way doubt that the Catholics will fully comply with our desire, and we shall ardently seek to obtain for them by the intercession of Mary the Immaculate Virgin, the aid of the Divine goodness.

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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 \$1000 per share. This calculation is based on sound and conservative business 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 \$1000 per share.

OUR FALL TERM Begins on Sept. 4th. Before you decide it will pay you to write for the Calendar of this, the oldest commercial school in Canada. Our courses of instruction are the newest, and our facilities for placing young people in good business positions are unequalled.

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OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY, Banker and Broker, 61 Confederation Life Building, Main 3290, TORONTO.

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, near the main entrance. An alarm was given to the Berkeley street hall, and the fire was extinguished before it could spread to the main corridor. The loss was about \$300.

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: Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction: 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. We have allowed you to wait until to-day for the satisfaction of your desires, by reason not only of the importance of this great question, but also and above all by reason of the quite special charity which binds us to you and to all your interests because of the unforgettable services rendered to the Church by your nation.

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, prelates, politicians and laity all being interested. It is the "Sunday Rest" which when developed extends itself into the methods and manner in which Sunday is best spent. The Canadian Messenger treats the subject in a very inter-