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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Canadians in the United States Who Occupy Prominent Positions—Distinguished as Educationists and Ecclesiastics—The French Canadians Slighted—Irish Canadians Very Prominent.

The "Munsey" Magazine of New York, in its July number, and in its series of articles descriptive of the various nationalities that go to make up the population of the United States, takes up the Canadians and says that with the exception of the Irish, Canada has been more generous in sending citizens to the United States than any other country. The article claims that there are more than a million and a half Canadians in the neighboring country. The writer is Mr. Herbert N. Casson, to whom I have already alluded when discussing his article on the Irish in the United States, in the same magazine. "The fact," he says, "that the Canadians are our fellow Americans, in the larger sense, is being recognized more clearly every year. We have lived at peace with Canada for nearly a century, but we never before have been so neighborly as we are to-day. The tide of emigration and capital is flowing both ways. A hundred and fifty thousand of our Western farmers and their families have recently been drawn across the border by offers of cheap land, and since 1900 a Montreal banker says our capitalists have invested twenty-five millions in Canadian enterprises. We co-operate with Canadians in all manner of enterprises. We trade our steel for their lumber, and our cotton for their cheese. We recuperate at their summer resorts, while they never miss our world's fairs. If it were not for the French-Canadians the wheels would stop in scores of New England factories and cotton mills. Until recently these thrifty and industrious people were not a permanent element in our population. They came and went over the border like flocks of birds. But now many of them are settling down and becoming American citizens, although they cling tenaciously to their French language and their conservative ways. They point with pride, as they should, to the fact that the brilliant premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is of their race."

This is about all the credit given and all the knowledge shed by the writer on the French-Canadian contribution to the making of the United States, when in fact no other nationality has done so much for its early settlements in the Mississippi Valley, of Old Kaskaskia, which was a French-Canadian town before the Puritans settled at Plymouth or the Cavaliers settled at Jamestown and established a graceful and enlightened civilization there, when all the rest of America was in a state of semi-barbarism. Saying nothing of their explorations and missionary efforts, they have earned many other titles to fame that should at least deserve a passing recognition. The historical reader will remember how Father Gibault, the patriotic cure of Kaskaskia, aided Geo. Rogers Clarke in the conquest of the West for the new republic at the revolutionary period, and brought Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other portions of territory into the Union. Considering how largely the French Canadians have been individually associated in all the northern and western states with American life and enterprise, I cannot but charge that they have been slighted.

There are given in the article twenty-six portraits of eminent Canadians in the United States, not one of

which is of a French-Canadian. They picture Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University; Philip Pitt Campbell, Congressman from Kansas; James T. McCleary, Congressman from Minnesota; James A. Hughes, Congressman from West Virginia; Jacob H. Gallinger, United States Senator from New Hampshire; the late Martin T. McMahon, Judge of the New York Court of General Sessions; Thomas Kearns, formerly United States Senator from Utah; John McVicar, formerly Mayor of Des Moines, Iowa; Elgin R. L. Gould, formerly City Chamberlain of New York; Brigadier-General Michael R. Morgan, a member of Grant's Staff during the civil war; Silas M. McVane, Professor of History at Harvard University; Simon Newcomb, the famous astronomer; Dr. William Osler, late of Johns Hopkins University; the Most Rev. James E. Quigley, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Chicago; the Rev. Chas. H. Fowler, Methodist Episcopal Bishop; the Rev. Chas. P. Anderson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Chicago; the Rev. Robt. S. MacArthur, a prominent Baptist clergyman of New York; Palmer Cox, creator of "The Brownies"; Chas. G. D. Roberts, poet, novelist and historian; Agnes C. Laut, the novelist of the Canadian North-west; Jas. J. Buchanan, banker and business man of Pittsburgh; James Douglas, President of the New York Canadian Society; James J. Hill, the great railroad builder of the North-west; Clara Morris, the famous emotional actress; and Jas. K. Hackett, the prominent actor in romantic parts.

About a dozen of those names are already familiar to me, but I was not aware that so many of them were Canadian born. I believe I can safely claim a number of those distinguished people to be Irish-Canadians—James T. McCleary, Jacob H. Gallinger, Martin T. McMahon, Thomas Kearns, John McVicar, General Morgan, Archbishop Quigley, Palmer Cox, James J. Hill, Clara Morris and Jas. K. Hackett, for instance. Educators number largely among the lot and President Schurman of Cornell University is presented as the foremost man among the group. He is a native of Prince Edward Island. James A. McLean is President of the University of Idaho; and James Reid, President of the Montana State College. "It was recently stated," says the writer, "that twenty-four of the professors in the Chicago University are Canadians." Many clergymen in the United States are also set down as Canadians, and besides Archbishop Quigley of Chicago, Archbishop Reardon of San Francisco is given a Canadian birthplace.

Canadians are set down as a very serious people and are given credit in this article for only one humorist, Judge Halliburton of Nova Scotia, author of "Sam Slick." But we have had humorists and many of them in the past. I can remember half a dozen or so in Toronto alone, who were all connected with three different humorous publications that in days gone by flourished here. There was William Rattray, author of "The Scot in Canada"; William Foster, a well-known young barrister and one of the founders of the "Canada First" party; Robert Sullivan, son of Robert Baldwin Sullivan, who died young; and Christopher Tyner, a well-known young journalist, all writers for the famous comic paper, "The Grumbler," which possessed more real classic humor and satire than any similar paper in America in its day. And there was "Terry Finnegan," the Irish humorist, poet and musician, who wrote for "The Pick," which was published by the writer of this. "Terry Finnegan's" real name was James McCarroll. He died in New York some years ago, leaving an extensive reputation behind him. There was a Montreal man, I think of Irish nationality, whose name I now forget, unless it was Lannigan, who was generally recognized as a genuine wit and humorist. And was not "Grip" of Toronto recognized as a genuine humorous publication that lasted for many years? When the writer was a boy many Canadian newspapers seemed to have an ambition to be humorous, such as the "Streetsville Review," edited by a Scotch clergyman named Solomon McGeorge; and the "Niagara Mail," edited by a decided genius named James Davidson. Hamilton, to my recollection, had two humorous publications, the "Lilliputian Argus" and "The Bee," at different times, edited by a funny journalist named William Smith. But these instances belonged to the decades of forty and fifty of the last century. "Grip," the most successful of the Canadian humorous publications, came later, and it was artistic as well as

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humorous. The writer in "Munsey" cannot boast, however, of the success of humorous publications in the United States, for most of those started there were failures, and many fruitless efforts were made to make humor a successful marketable commodity, before success came at last.

The article referred to is as remarkable for its omissions as its commissions. Where is the name of Major Richardson, one of the earliest of Canadian writers and the author of "Wacousta," a novel which has recently been republished here. Major Richardson lived many years in New York after he produced that work and there wrote "The Monk Knight of St. John," which I remember was suppressed by some authority for its immorality. There is no mention of Joseph Medill, the great editor of the Chicago "Tribune," who was born in New Brunswick, of Irish parents; nor of "Honest Tom" Brennan who filled many responsible positions in Chicago, besides that of a military officer during the war of the rebellion and was born also in New Brunswick and also of Irish parents. There is no mention of "periods" by the writer which sent men from Canada to the United States and from the United States to Canada like the American revolutionary period, which brought to Canada the U. E. Loyalists, and the rebellion of 1837, which sent many good Canadians to the United States, like William Lyon McKenzie, Marshall Bidwell and Dr. E. A. Thellier. Dr. Wolfred Nelson, however, has been reproduced as a physician in New York. A great

was for a time quite conspicuous until he was taken on the "Virginus" going to Cuba with a lot of recruits, by a Spanish war vessel, and was shot. Col. George Ryan, his brother, I remember seeing here after the war was over, collecting funds for the relief of southern people desolated by the war. Business conditions improved very rapidly in the States after the war was over and that fact kept the Canadians who had been soldiers there and brought many others over, as opportunities were much better there than here.

There is no mention in that article of the great work of the Shanley Brothers, Irish-Canadians, who built the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, after others had failed and which was considered then as great an engineering feat as the New York subway is now.

It is altogether silent, too, about Erastus Wiman, whose career in New York for a while was very marked in both a financial and political way. For twenty years he was a man whose acquaintance men of affairs thought well to seek, and his efforts for commercial union between the two countries attracted a great deal of attention. But after all, Mr. Casson has done well in so short a space in revealing to us so many men of eminence, so many Josephs in Egypt, that most of us had no idea of. I am happy to say that in the list the Irish-Canadians figure finely. In religion we have three archbishops of the Catholic Church, Reardon of San Francisco, and Quigley of Chicago; in railroad enterprise we have J. J. Hill of St. Paul, who is just now attracting more than usual attention. In politics we have McCleary of Minnesota, who is one of the ablest men in Congress; in journalism we can boast of Joseph Medill of Chicago; and in art, Clara Morris and Margaret Anglin.

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many of our people went to the States at the time of the MacKenzie emette, only some of whom ever returned. The hard times and politics sent a good many of our people over the border at the troublous times of 1849, when the parliament house was burned in Montreal by a Tory mob, and Lord Elgin was mobbed by the same class of people. Just before responsible government was won here there was an organized movement by some Liberal Canadians to form a colony in Iowa, and the late Peter Perry of Whitby and another prominent Reformer whom I do not now recollect, went over there to bring back a report on conditions, when Lord Durham's report came out and gave such good promise for the future that the scheme of Canadian colonization was abandoned. Then again the ill-advised and disastrous Fenian raid caused a large emigration of Irish-Canadians. At the time of the war of secession the Northern armies were very largely recruited by Canadians because that war affected business conditions here as well as there. And this reminds me that I remember two Irish-Canadian brothers from Toronto who divided and took opposite sides in that war and both won distinction. Those were the Ryan brothers—General W. A. C. and George. After the war of the rebellion was over Col. W. A. C. Ryan became the agent of the Cuban insurgents in the United States and

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tor of the evening will be the Hon. Paul Capdevielle, ex-Mayor and now State Auditor.

Archbishop Blenk was born in New Orleans in 1856. He received his earlier education in New Orleans, and later went to France, where he devoted two years to the study of philosophy. Later he went to Dublin, where he took a course in higher mathematics, and afterwards taught in St. Mary's College, Dundall, which is under the direction of the Marist Fathers. At the close of his engagement there he returned to Dublin, where he studied theology, and when he completed his course was there ordained priest.

He returned to America a year later and was made director of several branches in Jefferson College. This position he held for five years, when he was made president of the institution, but within two years he took another extended trip abroad. When he returned again he was appointed pastor of the Church of the Holy Name of St. Mary's, Algiers, La. His success in that uncultivated territory was a striking testimonial of his qualities for missionary work, and he was recommended for appointment as Bishop of Porto Rico by Archbishop Chapelle. His work in that new field further demonstrated his fitness for new pastures, and the zeal and ability that he displayed on the island aroused much comment through the land. On Feb. 19 of this year he was appointed Archbishop of New Orleans.—The Catholic News.

Resolutions of Condolence

At the regular monthly meeting of Branch 42, C.M.B.A., Woodstock, Ont., held June 5th, 1906, the following resolution of condolence was proposed and carried unanimously.

Moved by C. L. Henderson, seconded by Patrick Dean, that this Branch having learned of the death of the late Michael Davitt, known throughout the English-speaking world as the Father of the Irish Land League, journalist and statesman, and a lifelong advocate of equal rights for all British subjects, desire to place on record our appreciation of his life's labors, for the cause of Ireland and of the bloodless warfare he so fearlessly waged against the unjust and tyrannical laws, which had until the latter years of deceased's life governed Ireland.

We beg to extend to the widow and family of deceased and the people of Ireland in general, our most sincere sympathy in the great loss sustained through the death of so great a man, at so important a time in the affairs of Ireland, but bowing to the will of God, who doth all things well, our prayers shall ever be, that the good work which he began at the cradle and continued to the grave, may be crowned with success and stand as a living monument to his memory and that in the near future the people of Ireland may enjoy the fruits of his life's labors and that of his co-workers, namely, self-government for Ireland, which we Canadians enjoy.

May the soul of Michael Davitt rest in peace.

That a copy of this resolution be sent the widow of deceased, also to the Hon. J. E. Redmond, M.P., the Catholic Record, The Catholic Register, and the Canadian.

Signed on behalf of Branch 42, C.M.B.A., Woodstock.

JERMIAH LA FLAMME, President.
C. L. HENDERSON, Rec-Secy.

New Archbishop of New Orleans

The Most Rev. James H. Blenk, the recently appointed Archbishop of New Orleans, has set out for his new see. Archbishop Blenk succeeds Archbishop Chapelle, who died of yellow fever in New Orleans last summer.

New Orleans is making elaborate preparations for a great public reception in honor of the new Archbishop, who is its first native-born Archbishop. July 3 is the date selected, and it is hoped to make the reception one of the most brilliant events of the kind ever given in New Orleans. Short addresses of welcome will be delivered by Governor Blanchard and Mayor Behrman, and the ora-

Well Known Lawyer Elected

Mr. T. P. Foran, K.C., was elected recently for the fourth time, to the position of batonnier of the district of Ottawa. He was first honored with the position in May, 1903.

Mr. Foran was born in Aylmer, Quebec, March 14, 1849. He was educated at the University of Ottawa, where he took his B.A. in 1872 and his M.A. in 1875. He graduated a B.C.L. at McGill in 1870 and was called to the Quebec bar in 1871. He has practised with success in the Ottawa district ever since and has acquired celebrity in criminal cases, having pleaded no less than 17 murder cases and two other capital cases and in none was there a verdict of guilty in the higher offence rendered.

Mr. Foran has also taken a deep interest in educational, municipal and political affairs and from time to time has held various public offices in the gift of the electors.

Joseph Foran, the well known ex-journalist, poet and litterateur of the capital, is a brother. He lived for many years in Aylmer, but now resides in Ottawa, although his legal offices are in the Transpontine City.

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Consecration of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal

The consecration of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, took place on June 26th.

Present in the sanctuary were: Bishop Racicot, Auxiliary of Montreal; Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston; Fathers Demers, Choquette, Fallon, Twomey, McShane, St. Denis, LeCoeq, Singleton, Cullinan, Donnelly, Casey, Brady, Leonardo, Perrin, Elliott, Wulstan, O.F.M.; Ethelbert, O.F.M.; Christopher, O.F.M., O'Reilly and the priests of the household.

The musical portion of the ceremony was rendered in finished style by the Seminarians of the Montreal College, introducing the Gregorian plain chant as authorized by Pius X. and sung for the first time in this city. The Mass immediately after the consecration ceremony was celebrated by His Grace, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Perrin and Elliott, during which the boys of St. Patrick's School sang hymns prescribed by the ritual for such an occasion.

Letters of regret were received from His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, and His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who were unavoidably prevented from attending.

The decorations of the church were simple but effective. Bunting in dainty shades fell gracefully from the centre of the nave to the pillars, being caught there and held with shields and small flags, the light streaming in through the handsome windows lending charm at once bright and festive.

On the exterior might be seen the simple green flag flying from the belfry, while flung across the roadway from the parish hall, papal, green and Dominion flags were conspicuous. The presbytery was in gala attire. A huge green flag was draped over the main entrance, while from each window penants waved a welcome to the numerous visitors who sought admission. The institutions connected with the parish in the vicinity did their share in honoring the day, and their other-times sombre walls were enlivened with the green and the tri-color and the red. The consecration sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. McCullen, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

A Pagan Empire

Speaking the other day at Sydney, Australia, His Eminence Cardinal Moran said:

"In the daily papers this morning we have a record of the Empire presented to us. They tell us that it is a majestic Empire of 400,000,000 inhabitants, something like one-fifth of the whole human race; but there is one feature of it which certainly will be saddening to many, and it is that it makes out that we belong to a pagan Empire, and of this immense Empire only a little more than 50,000 are Christians—all the rest are pagans. Well, for my part, I do not like at all to belong to a pagan Empire, and the sooner we make the rest Christians the better it will be. I would like, before the close of the present century, that instead of having 360,000,000 pagans in the Empire, with only 50,000 Christians, we should be able to reverse the picture, and say that now, at the close of this twentieth century, we have not only 400,000,000, but perhaps 600,000,000 in the Empire, and of these only 50,000,000 are pagans, all the rest are Christians. It was thus that St. Gregory of old, at Constantinople, when he was closing his eyes in peace, asked how many heretics remained in the city. He was told that only a dozen remained. 'Well,' he said, 'thanks be to God; when I was made Bishop there was only one dozen Catholics; now the tables are reversed.' And it will be a glorious thing for the present century to reverse that picture of the Empire that we should have a grand Christian—shall I call it British?—Empire. I would be disposed rather to call it a Celtic Empire, as it will be sure to be at the close of the century, and not only Celtic, but truly Christian, with only a sprinkling of pagans here and there, just as a record of what once had been."

At the regular monthly meeting of Branch 42, C.M.B.A., Woodstock, Ont., held June 5th, 1906, the following resolution of condolence was proposed and carried unanimously:

Moved by M. Jordan, seconded by C. L. Henderson, that this Branch, having learned of the death of Bro. J. D. O'Connell, Godrich, son of our highly esteemed Second Grand Vice-President C.M.B.A., Mr. Bernard O'Connell, desire to convey to the widow of deceased our heart-felt sympathy in her bereavement.

That a copy of this resolution be sent the widow and father of the late J. D. O'Connell, also the Catholic Record, the Catholic Register, and the Canadian.

Signed on behalf of Branch 42, C.M.B.A., Woodstock.

JERMIAH LA FLAMME, President.
C. L. HENDERSON, Rec-Secy.

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At Ste. Anne De Beupre ON THE FEAST DAY

(By Margaret Lillis Hart.)

The following article written three years ago for the True Witness of Montreal, is in view of the approach of the Feast of Ste. Anne de Beupre, here reproduced:

THE WONDERFUL SHRINE.—It is surely no exaggeration to say that the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beupre is wonderful. To those who are familiar with it from childhood, who have imbibed its associations with their earliest breath and who perhaps have come to regard its developments as simply everyday occurrences, the shrine and its accompaniments may by familiarly appear to be merely ordinary, but to those who live within its atmosphere but for a short space once or twice in a lifetime, the impression produced is one not to be easily effaced, to such the whole appears indeed to be extraordinary, wonderful.

The first feeling is one of surprise and delight; surprise at the unexpected grandeur of the beautiful church and the many treasures it possesses and delight at the delicacy of detail and the general perfect harmony that meets the eye in whatsoever direction one may turn.

Considering the antiquity of the shrine and its history and despite the many thousands who visit it during the summer months, the marvel is that it is not more generally known, for surely no spot in the Western world is endowed with greater spiritual grace, more astonishing manifestations of the wondrous work which God performs through his servants, or more complete with everything that can delight the eye and please the heart of the Catholic pilgrim than that of the glorious shrine of Ste. Anne in the little village of Beupre.

To many throughout America and all the old province of Quebec, the story of Ste. Anne de Beupre is as well known as is that of their own family life, but there may be some who have not yet heard of the Breton navigators who early in the 17th century sailed the broad St. Lawrence and when a storm arose and they found themselves in imminent danger of being lost, implored the help of the bonne Ste. Anne, promising to erect in her honor a sanctuary on the spot on which they should land should she but come to their assistance. At once their prayer was heard. Next morning on finding themselves upon the shore of the river which had threatened to engulf them, they did not forget their promise, but immediately set to work and built a little wooden chapel in honor of their true friend, the good Ste. Anne. This was the first of the several chapels built on the spot then known as Petit Cap situated about twenty-one miles from the rugged and threatening front of the now city of Quebec.

Away back in the days when the French mariners sailed their own blue seas or walked amidst the smiling vineyards of sunny France, they had been accustomed to pray to the good Ste. Anne; she had been their patroness from time immemorial. Ever since the day when the miraculous bark set out from Palestine and manned by Lazarus accompanied by his sisters Mary and Martha bearing with them many relics, the most precious of which was the hallowed body of Ste. Anne, was borne to the shores of France, just so long have the French recognized her as their patron and benefactor. Thus it was the most natural thing in the world for the sailors on the St. Lawrence to ask the aid of the one to whom they had always appealed in the Old Land, and who in the past had never been found wanting or called upon in vain.

As far distant as 1667 Menseigneur de Laval the first Bishop of Quebec, placed the stamp of the authority of the Church on the special devotion of New France to Ste. Anne when in a pastoral letter to his people, he declared the feast of the saint a holiday of obligation, and this because "Christianity has in these countries a particular need of powerful protectors in heaven, and because we witness a general recourse of the faithful to Ste. Anne in all their needs, and that it has pleased God for some years past to manifest by a number of wondrous favors that this devotion is pleasing to Him."

THE BASILICA.—The present Church which contains the shrine is the fourth built upon the spot or within the vicinity of the little rude chapel of the Breton mariners. Let anyone who has not seen this work of art imagine himself at the door of its hallowed precincts. He is confronted by a lofty dome, sky-like in its coloring of blue, adorned with many golden stars and supported by gracefully proportioned and fluted marble pillars rich in exquisite veining of pink and red; these pillars stand on massive marble pedestals whose darker coloring sends out more strikingly the lighter beauty of the columns they support. The walls of the Church are of the same pearly stone showing the same reddish veining and the ceiling and sides are separated by a fresco of gold and white. Above this round the entire circumference of the dome are pictures graphically descriptive of the work of Ste. Anne, at Beupre. Side altars of Our Blessed Lord, the Blessed Virgin, Ste. Anne and other saints, each one a work of art and a study in itself, are round the Church and magnificent paintings in oil are lavishly displayed. The floor alone is a work worthy of great admiration. It is Champaign marble set in geometric designs and showing generously the Pompeian red now found so rarely. The altar railing of the whitest of white marble, displays the different scenes in the life of Our Blessed Lord and figures typical of the Blessed Sacrament. This railing is said to be handsomer than anything

of its kind, even in the greatest churches of the Eastern world. But it is within the sanctuary and directly in front that the eye finds its first attraction. Here is the grand altar also of white marble with rich adornments of brass, the dome upheld by graceful columns and the altar background of softened green and gold.

The foliage that adorns the altar, rising gracefully and generously on either side and almost meeting above, is singularly striking on account of its rare coloring. The bloom, a large bell-like bulb, is a delicate heliotrope in hue, and it together with white and delicate pink which alone are added to it, produce the effect of one great vine of exquisite shading, surrounding and embellishing the enclosure containing the tabernacle and costly ornaments of the altar.

Outside the rail and directly in front stands the celebrated statue of Ste. Anne holding the Child Mary in her arms. This is raised on a magnificent pedestal of highly polished onyx and surrounded by lights, flowers, and a pyramid of crutches, left by those who have partaken of the favors of the saint.

But it is when the Church is lighted for Benediction that the scene is most impressive. The floor from wall to wall is covered with kneeling worshippers, no aisle is visible; the electric lights appear all around the stately dome and the golden rays from the statue of Ste. Anne shine with renewed brilliancy when the bulbs of light surround it. The magnificent main altar is outlined at every point by tiny electric globes, the myriad waxen tapers burn with a softened radiance, the smoking incense rises and floats over the kneeling people; the rare foliage, the rich dark stalls in the sanctuary, the magnificent reliquary, the priests in rich vestments, the sweet toned organ rising through the Church, all tend to one grand harmony never to be forgotten; at the immediate time of Benediction, the lights around Ste. Anne go out, and the High Altar flashes forth in all its glory and proclaims that the Lord Himself is there supreme.

This Church after the old one had been taken down and the material used in the construction of a chapel near, was completed in 1876. The architecture is Corinthian, the Church measures two hundred feet in length by one hundred and five in breadth; the height of the interior is fifty-six feet, and the towers are one hundred and sixty-eight feet in height. In front are three doors flanked by fluted pillars on handsome pedestals; over the doors are carved the theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity; the great statue of Ste. Anne, fourteen feet in height, surmounts the whole. Facing the Church is an immense square with wide gravel walks, separating the lawns and beds of bloom; flags and pennants left by pilgrims at different times fly from staffs at every corner; the river flows near and the contiguous hills dotted with little white houses almost buried in the thickly growing trees, form a picturesque background for this unique shrine in honor of Ste. Anne, Mother of Our Blessed Lady and Grandemere de Dieu.

THE FEAST DAY, Sunday, July 26th, will be long remembered by those assembled on that day at Ste. Anne de Beupre. From five o'clock in the morning Masses were being celebrated unceasingly; main altar, side altar, chapels—each had its celebrant, the altar of Ste. Anne especially was stormed at an early hour by the Canadian priests from all over the Dominion anxious for the privilege of saying Mass at her altar. To and fro passed the vested levites, each with his server, and each taking position at an altar where already a crowd awaited him or by whom he was quickly followed. Seventy-five of God's ministers are said to have offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at Beupre on the feast of its great patron. Like the wise men of old they had come from afar; Washington, Boston, New York, Detroit, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, were amongst the names of the places whence they hailed. Three High Masses, one quickly following the other, brought the morning to a close. The last Grand High Mass was at ten o'clock, and at it the Archbishop of Quebec, who had come to honor the occasion, presided at the Throne. The celebrant was an old priest, whose white locks showed him to be a veteran in the service of the Lord. The Church was crowded, and all its grandeur stood revealed in the light of the morning sunshine; the music of the Mass was that of the Second Tone, sung by a male choir, with all the enthusiasm and devotion which the French alone seem able to impart, and the Plain Chant was varied by a "Salve Regina" of a more florid nature and a hymn to la bonne Sainte Anne.

An impassioned sermon in French was preached by an eloquent speaker. We knew he was eloquent because the words came forth like the flow of a fountain, and his entire being seemed to vibrate with the thought he expressed; every gesture and motion added to the impressiveness of his message. How one wished for the power to follow him in every word he uttered, how blind at that moment seemed the indifference of those who living in Quebec do not avail themselves of their opportunities to acquire in all its fullness the expressive language of France. But soon our turn came. A young priest ascended the pulpit, and in loving, fervent words, told us of the power of Good Saint Anne. "Many of you," said the speaker, "have come from a long distance; you have spent your time and your means to reach this statue, and why? Because you feel that you have need of the help of the good Mother; you wish to ask her blessing upon your life or to obtain some grace, or some favor, for this good Mother is all powerful. The speaker concluded a touching discourse by exhorting his hearers to "pray, especially during the feast

that she may obtain for us to love Almighty God with our whole heart and our whole strength; then the day will come when we shall kneel before Almighty God and in her presence thank Him for all the blessings conferred upon us in life."

In the afternoon came Vespers and Benediction; the thousands of the morning had been augmented by two large pilgrimages, and now church and environment were simply packed; it is said that ten thousand took part in the exercises of the day. Between Vespers and Benediction the procession, always one of the features of the feast, took place. The immense throng headed by cross-bearer, emerged from the Church, the women first, then the men; on their came stretching out in long serpentine lengths along the broad and sinuous paths of the square facing the facade. Here were lay and religious, regular and secular; the laity in varied garb; the black robed Brother, the brown habited and white-corded Franciscan, the black cassocked secular, the several gimpes and veils of the different communities of Sisters, the rightly vested Redemptorist and the purple robed prelate were all here. A priest with stentorian voice intoned prayers to Ste. Anne, and away up on the hillside where we happened to be when the procession began to issue from the Church, we heard like the voice of another John, the cry of "Bonne Sainte Anne," and the answer from the moving masses "priez pour nous"; then the voices of the men singing verse after verse to the grand saint, in whose honor the feast was held. At the end of the line came priests richly vested carrying the relics of Ste. Anne in the magnificent reliquary; two relays were in attendance, one to relieve the other. Last of all came His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, a prelate of dignified bearing more than ordinary, and whose purple robes made him conspicuous wheresoever he moved. Back to the Church the procession wended to the singing of the "Magnificat," and then Benediction, at which His Grace officiated. How the dense assemblage managed to get into the Church is astonishing and more astonishing still was the order maintained, when, directed by a priest from the pulpit, and another at the altar, the people advanced to venerate the relics. The control of the dense crowd by those in charge was seen at this moment for all appeared to obey the command not to move a step until those in front had performed the devotion, and moved out by the side exits.

In the evening again came Benediction, again the sermons, again the tones of the fine organ assisted, by the Palestrina Society of Quebec; again the lights made plain every nook and niche, again the rays round Ste. Anne vanished, and the lights on the High Altar flashed forth; then the solemn Benediction over the hushed multitude who never again in that spot should thus assemble together; after this the hymn of triumph by the choir, and then leaving many at the feet of Good Ste. Anne, thanking her for favors in the past or seeking new ones for the future. Truly it was a day of joy!

Besides the ceremonies just narrated, other exercises had been going on at intervals in the vestry and side chapels; Confessions, blessing articles of devotion, renewing the "Annals," arranging for Masses, and performing private devotions. The Redemptorists who have charge of the Church, priests and brothers, are not idle; the work during the feast and at the time of pilgrimages is incessant, yet patience, urbanity, hospitality, enthusiasm and religious zeal are manifested on every countenance, and the tact with which they manage the multitudes composed of so many, and such differing elements, is admired by all who witness it.

DEVOTIONS AND RELICS.—The majority of those who visit Ste. Anne receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist; as a consequence Holy Communion is given almost throughout the entire morning; before and during the Masses the Blessed Sacrament is being continually distributed to the hundreds who approach the Holy Table.

No one visits Ste. Anne without ascending the Scala Santa. These are steps within a very beautiful chapel built upon a hill on the site of the old presbytery. The steps are in imitation of those ascended by Our Lord in the palace of Pontius Pilate; the faithful ascend them on their knees. This seems difficult, and in truth it is not easy, but none are deterred on this account; some repeat the devotion several times on the same day. The broad steps on occasions are completely covered by the kneeling pilgrims; no one pays much attention to his neighbor; some kiss each step as they ascend. It would seem that even the pilgrims of old could not impart more devotion into their exercises than is here displayed. The chapel contains precious relics, and is highly indulged, as indeed are all the chapels and altars in this favored spot.

Above the little cemetery, where lie those who for the past three centuries have given up their souls to their Maker in the little village, are erected a set of crosses each with a little kneeling bench at its foot, and at the summit a large cross with the figure of the crucified Saviour largely outlined. These are the Stations, by the exercise of which a great indulgence is obtained. Ste. Anne's well, the water from a spring in the vicinity, and through which many pains have been ameliorated or completely vanished, is a favorite resort of the traveller to Beupre. The water is taken away in bottles brought for the purpose.

The Memorial Church, built on the site of one of the older churches, is another object worthy of a visit. Here are several large paintings in oil, to each of which some historical tale is attached. One of these is a painting by Lebrun, given by the

Marquis of Tracy, in 1664, in fulfillment of a promise to Ste. Anne on being delivered from shipwreck.

The principal relics are a part of the finger and wrist bones of the dear saint; there is also a fragment of rock from the room in which she lived at Jerusalem.

To enumerate all the treasures of Ste. Anne and to describe them would take a small volume. Among them, however, is a superb chasuble given by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., father of New France. Amongst the many sacred vessels is a ciborium which has been used for generations in the parish. Here the practice so beautifully described by Brummond in his "Little Cure" is in constant practice; when the priest goes on a sick call he is vested in surplice and stole and preceded by a server ringing a bell and carrying a light, goes to the home of the sick one. The inmates of the houses on the way come to the door and kneel for a moment to adore the passing Saviour, and to say a prayer for the one in agony.

A large store is attached to the Church, where articles of devotion and souvenirs of many and pretty devices are to be had at reasonable rates. These are always blessed for the pilgrims. All along the street, too, are little booths at which are seated old men or young girls displaying their wares, which are very similar to those in the store at the Church.

CURES AT THE SHRINE.—The cures that have been going on at Ste. Anne's for over three hundred years have been the subject of much comment.

That there have been cures cannot be denied; the thousands of crutches, sticks, spectacles and other instruments by which deformed or debilitated nature aids her condition, are there as evidence that those who once needed them are no longer wanting in the direction of help.

Still there are many even amongst Catholics who find it hard to accept the theory that the cures at Beupre are miraculous. These do not deny that God is all powerful; they believe in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, they doubt not for one moment the miracle performed daily on the altar, yet they find it hard to understand the cures wrought so frequently at Ste. Anne de Beupre.

So-called scientists sometimes argue themselves and others into the belief that the whole theory of miraculous working can be done away with by the process of logical reasoning; that the cures when they do occur can be traced back to natural causes, to the influence of mind over matter or similar source. To such doubting ones the cure given by Our Lord to St. Thomas seems the best that can be offered; our dear Lord did not upbraid, but pitying the weakness of the doubter, said to him: "Thomas, come hither, place thy fingers in my wounds and thy hand into my side, and then thou wilt believe." So to such of the 20th century the advice of Our Lord might be given. Let them go to Beupre even if possessed of not one particle of faith; let them see with their eyes and hear with their ears and the evidence of their natural senses the confidence they will see in others will modify, if not altogether change their attitude, and they will at least say, "Lord it is good for us to be here."

This year Ste. Anne was not unkindful of those who came to her for aid. The case of an Indian was one that came within my own personal knowledge. On nearing the Church on the afternoon of the eve of the feast I saw a group in front of the door. It was easy to see by the excited looks of those gathered that something out of the common had taken place, and it was not long before I was told a miracle had occurred.

In the centre of the group stood an Indian apparently under middle age and with a very intelligent cast of countenance. He was standing unaided, though one foot was enveloped in bandages as though he suffered from some grievous wound or disease. On questioning him he said that he had just been cured. His story was that he had come from Maine for the purpose of asking the assistance of Ste. Anne; that for eighteen months the maimed foot had not touched the floor, being a prey to acute erysipelas, that a few minutes before he had been cured; he had used a crutch on entering the Church, but on leaving it he had left the crutch behind him. This was substantially his statement. On asking him how he knew he was being cured he seemed unable to express himself, but a light came into his eyes and seemed to illumine his face. Seeing his inability to express an answer in words, I said to him, "you can't tell, but you know, don't you?" He at once smiled his acquiescence; next day he was seen walking up the aisles of the Church, the once sick foot encased in the long discarded boot.

Another instance was that of Daniel Hoey, a little boy about nine years of age. He had been injured when eighteen months old, and had suffered from an apparently hopeless case of spinal disease. A year ago his mother heard of Ste. Anne's and undaunted by distance or expense—her home is in Pennsylvania—she took her two youngest children, one of whom was the little boy Daniel, and set out for the shrine; before they left the child was much improved. This year she brought him again; now he is so much benefited that the support without which he was before helpless, was taken off, and now hangs as a memorial of his cure on the altar. While the mother was telling his story the little lad was jumping around with all the vivacity of the healthiest of children.

Many are said to receive favors, and like the nine lepers, go away without making known the grace that has come to them. Doubtless, if all were made public the roll would be of much greater length than is at present estimated.

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The Children's Page

"KILLOOLEET." (The white-throated sparrow.) There's a wonderful woodland singer...

All day long in the sunshine, All night long through the rains, On the gray wet cedar barrens...

Whenever you dip a paddle Or set a pole in the stream, Killolleet marks the ripple...

Killolleet gives you welcome, Killolleet makes you free With the great sweet wilderness freedom...

Wherever you drive a tent pin, Or kindle a fire at night, Killolleet comes to the ridge pole...

The dark may silence the warblers, The heavy and thunderous hush That comes before storm may stifle...

The waning season may sober Bobolink, bluebird and quail; But Killolleet's stainless transports...

Henceforth you shall love and fear not, Remembering Killolleet's song Haunting the wild waste places...

And so you shall come without cunning, But wise in the simpler lore, To the House of the Little Brothers...

FIRST SUMMER COMPETITION.

- The following interesting questions are from the Boston Pilot: 1. What Apostle was a tax collector? 2. What boy had a many colored coat?...

TWO LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS.

Polly's Week. There's a wrinkle here and a wrinkle there, And bunches from foot to head...

Molly's Week. The sheets are straight and smooth and firm,

The wrinkles all have fled; The blankets and spread are tucked in tight, The pillows are always plumped just right...

A LITTLE BOY'S "PIECE."

A very old "recitation for a little boy" has been brought to light recently by a correspondent of the "Sun," who writes: "You'd scarce expect..."

You'd scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage; And if I chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero...

Or any land beneath the sun? Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great As any other sister State? Or where's the town, go far and near...

THE THREE GREAT I'S.

The boy had started out into the world to seek his fortune. He trudged sturdily along, whistling as he went to keep his courage alive...

"Give me a morsel to eat, for sweet charity's sake," said the beggar. "I have only enough for three meals," replied the boy...

"You have done well by me," said the beggar. "Perhaps one day I may be of help to you." With this she disappeared...

Everything looked so inviting, the boy thought he had found a good place for his noonday meal. As he dropped down beside a stream...

"Give me a morsel to eat, for sweet charity's sake!" cried the beggar. "All the food I have is barely enough for two meals," said the boy...

"My journey is longer than yours," said the beggar, "and I carry no food." As he spoke he looked so hungry and wretched the boy quickly made ready to share with him the second portion...

For Your Benefit "SALADA" CEYLON TEA

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handed him the entire last portion without a word. In the twinkling of an eye the beggar was changed. His rags fell away...

"I am your Guardian Angel," said he to the boy. "In three shapes I have been sent to try your mettle. Food shall be given you now...

"That is not a bad wish either," said the angel, and he gave the boy the Cup of Intelligence.

"That is the best wish of all," said the angel, and he clothed the boy in the Garment of Integrity.

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enum. No girl likes to be continually with a person who demands that she lose her identity and walk along a path laid down for her...

The advice to the domineering girl is to remember that the other people have ideas of their own, and that their suggestions may be as good as her own if not better.

"Children," she said, "to-day we are going to learn about the cat, and I want you to tell me what you know about it. Tommy, how many legs has a cat?"

"Four," replied Tommy, proudly conscious of rectitude. "Yes, and, Daisy, what else has the cat?"

"Claws an' tail," murmured Daisy, shyly. Various other portions of feline anatomy were ascertained, and finally the instructor turned to one of the latest acquisitions of the kindergarten and said, sweetly:

"Now, Mary, can you tell me whether the cat has fur or feathers?" With scorn and contempt, mingled with a vast surprise, Mary said:

"Of course I do, mother; but we are not expected to know anything until we are taught."

A certain little girl, who had just begun to attend school, brought home a pumpkin seed, and told her mother that the teacher said the pumpkin would be yellow although the seed was white.

"And what will the color of the vine be?" asked the mother. The little girl answered that the teacher had not taught her that.

"But," said the mother, "you know, dear, for we have pumpkin vines in our garden." "Of course I do, mother; but we are not expected to know anything until we are taught."

A little boy, with an interest in the meaning of unfamiliar words, said to his mother, "What is the meaning of 'civil'?" "Kind and polite" answered his mother.

"What is the meaning of 'civil'?" "Kind and polite" answered his mother. "But," said the mother, "you know, dear, for we have pumpkin vines in our garden." "Of course I do, mother; but we are not expected to know anything until we are taught."

The shepherd dogs of South America have an extra duty to perform. The vultures are very cunning birds and the dread enemies of all sheep owners.

The cat was very highly regarded in England at one time, both as a rat and mouse catcher, and as an ornament to society.

The ancient Egyptians treated cats with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them. The most prominent cats were upon death embalmings in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings.

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A FRIENDLY WALTZ.

Dogs are usually regarded as the bitterest enemies of cats, but a famous German animal trainer has recently introduced some clever tricks in which both cats and dogs play a part.

In one of the acts Miss Mimisse, the cat, goes to a ball and takes her place in a chair, as becomes a modest young lady kitten. In comes Mr. Follette, the dog, and with many bows and smiles, invites her to dance a polka.

Miss Mimisse bows bashfully and takes Mr. Follette's arms and they dance off together across the stage on their hind legs. Of course everyone cheers.—Chicago Record.

REDHEAD JIM.

Jimmy Jones was his proper name When up from the country to school he came, But the only name that stuck to him Has the one they gave him of Red-head Jim.

It was house-afire and sorrel-top, And what would he take for the carrot-crop? But he only laughed when they badgered him— He was grit clear through was Red-head Jim.

Red hair was as good as the next, said he, If 'twas brushed and combed as it ought to be; 'Twas the brains it covered, it just struck him, That made the difference, said Red-head Jim.

His brains were all right, if his hair was red, So in study and games he shot ahead Till there wasn't a boy but was proud of him, Yes, proud of a leader like Red-head Jim.

And his teacher said with a quizzical smile, As he gave him the first class prize the while, Red heads were the best, it seemed to him, If they made such scholars as Red-head Jim!

—Blanche H. Heath, in Youth's Companion.

Prevent Corns and Bunions by Keeping Your Feet Healthy. "Foot Elm" Does This.

Foot Elm soothes a burning bunion and prevents corns.

IF (London Daily News.) If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too, We'd go and dwell in a pinky shell Down in the ocean blue.

And the fish would peep from the twinkling deep, And whisper, "Who are you?" If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too.

If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too, Our railway car would be a star, Dropped from the sky of blue, And we'd speed along to the mermaid's song.

Where emerald seaweeds grew, If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too.

If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too, We'd softly croon to the shadow moon When she dipped in the waters blue.

And we'd send a kiss as big as this —X! To the wee stars peeping through, If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too.

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Where emerald seaweeds grew, If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too.

If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too, We'd softly croon to the shadow moon When she dipped in the waters blue.

And we'd send a kiss as big as this —X! To the wee stars peeping through, If you were a fairy, little girl, And I were a fairy too.

What Closed Saloons Did for San Francisco

In its report of a recent confirmation service the "Monitor" of San Francisco, quotes the following notable passages from an address by Archbishop Montgomery:

"I need not dwell on the disaster of San Francisco, but I would say a few words on the abstinence from liquor which is still in effect. For a month now the saloons have been closed in San Francisco, and you need only ask any citizen his opinion of this movement. He will answer you as I do this afternoon when I tell you that the closing of the saloons was the greatest blessing ever held out to our stricken city. Why, at the last election, when we advocated a higher license to regulate the liquor traffic, men sneered and others brushed it aside as not worthy of consideration. When the earthquake and fire shattered men's nerves the authorities, civil and military, saw the necessity of keeping the multitude in check, and what was their first move? The closing of the saloons and confiscating of all liquors. The result was beyond their most sanguine expectation. The spider weaves his web around the doors of the police court rooms. The decrease in crime is phenomenal. Our people have borne up splendidly, and their courageous conduct is the marvel of the world. This would not be possible under the old order of things."

"Prohibition has received an impetus that years of preaching would not do for it. When we go to our citizens at the next election and say: 'We want your support in the high license question,' we will conclude our argument by saying to them as I say to you: 'You must stand by us, for in the dark days of disaster we stood by you and by the means of prohibition saved San Francisco.'"

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

Father Dinneen's Irish-English Dictionary

A few years ago, says the Chicago Citizen, some of the ardent working spirits of the Irish Texts society—an organization that, without much display, has done herculean service for Irish literature—conceived the idea of compiling a pocket dictionary of the modern Irish language. From various sources, including speakers of the living tongue in the purely Gaelic districts of the more Irish counties, they gathered a collection of about 12,000 words, and turned the collection over to a committee consisting of Father O'Leary, John McNeill and David Comyn. This committee, finding the work growing so large and full of possibilities, and being hampered by other duties, were eventually forced to give up the task. Then Father Dinneen was called in. He devoted himself exclusively to the undertaking, and might be found day after day during the progress of the work, poring over manuscripts in Trinity College, sorting his slips of words and overhauling in the minutest way all of the published lexicons then available. He states in his preface that he went through every page of the MS. dictionaries by O'Connell and O'Naughton also. Being a splendid Gaelic scholar himself, his mind being stored with knowledge gained at first hand, the result of his long and painstaking researches and ripe scholarship was an entirely new work—an up-to-date dictionary of the modern, living Irish language. Instead of a pocket dictionary we have a book of about 800 pages—a coin stone in the foundation work of the Irish Revival. It will prove simply invaluable to advanced students and speakers of Gaelic who desire to get in touch with the language as it is spoken and understood in Ireland. The book is beautifully printed in clear new type, on paper of fine quality, strongly bound, and in accordance with the spirit and demand of the industrial movement is, of course, "made in Ireland." For sale by the Chicago Gaelic Supply House, 1518 67th street. Price \$3.00, by mail \$3.25.

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TORONTO, JULY 5, 1906.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The sixteenth annual pilgrimage of the Diocese of Kingston, which is year after year augmented by pilgrims from all parts of Ontario, begins this year on Tuesday, July 24th, and arrives at the celebrated Shrine on Wednesday, the eve of the Feast of Ste. Anne. On Wednesday—the eve of the Feast—the church will be at the service of the Kingston pilgrims. The pilgrimage is under the patronage of His Grace the Most Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston, and in charge of Rev. Father J. D. O'Gorman, who is known throughout the world and whose beautiful church and presbytery of Romanesque architecture, are celebrated throughout Ontario. Father O'Gorman, the genial parish priest of Gananoque, succeeds Rev. Father Twomey as organizer of the pilgrimage, and the success of Rev. Father O'Gorman in every work he undertakes—a success arising from his fine executive ability and general alertness—speaks the success of the present pilgrimage. The promised presence of the Archbishop of Kingston adds greatly to the interest of the occasion, and present prospects are that not alone the Head, but a great part of Kingston diocese, will visit the famous Shrine. It is, however, a recognized fact that though Kingston is the accredited originator of the pilgrimage, that it is altogether a provincial event, hundreds throughout Ontario availing themselves of the opportunity to take part.

The pilgrimage proper will start from Whitby on the Grand Trunk, the fare being \$8.05, and from Myrtle on the C.P.R., the rate being \$8.00. This year promises to be a record one, the railways co-operating in every possible way, and the arrangements being as perfect as circumstances will permit.

Intending pilgrims will be supplied with all particulars on application to Rev. J. D. O'Gorman, Gananoque, Ont.

BIGOTRY.

Canadian thistles will grow on all kinds of soil, and ruin all kinds of farms. They do not thrive when the farmer is careful, prudent and industrious. And though hard to eradicate, they may be kept down. There is a plant in the social order which very much resembles the farmers' pest. It is bigotry. In its speed at spreading, in the difficulty of being uprooted, in the injury it does to individuals and society, it is like the thistles. And as the latter is no credit to a farmer upon whose soil it flourishes so is bigotry a disgrace to a community. We do not mean by bigotry firm adherence to principle or the faithful practice of a man's religious creed. Truth is one. To maintain two truths of the same order upon the same basis would be to contradict the normal condition of the human mind. Every scientist in such a sense is a bigot. A mechanician who holds that what is gained in power is lost in time, or who stands by rank as bigoted. To think at all is to establish a stand against which all else of the same order: may pass away, whilst the proposition remains. Bigotry has another element, rendering it odious to a minority and injurious to the whole body. This element is intolerance of those holding an opposite opinion. This is also the element by which bigotry is to society what the thistle is to agriculture—an unnecessary blot, blur and evil. This untoward element has grown where adherence to principle has failed to take root. And whilst adherence to principle has limited its sphere, intolerance has spread in ev-

ery direction, taking the place of charity and fair play, killing these by underhand action, stalking through the country in season and out of season—with lodge-room methods and dark lantern schemes, destroying the great social farm of a free country, and sowing thorns and thistles of ill will and hatred. We are, and we are not, astonished that this bigotry or intolerance asserts itself among the high officials of our commercial and banking institutions. A bank may make fifteen per cent. That is not enough. It must make more. And any person or thing which proves an obstacle to increased profits must be got rid of. Catholic clerics are not regarded by those directors as desirable. Things are therefore made unpleasant for the few who are employed, and special care taken that no more are taken on. Catholic money may be all right—in fact it is no different from other money. What then is the reason that a Catholic clerk is undesirable? Can it be that they are inefficient or careless? We do not believe that. As a class they are quite up to the mark. It is because of the intolerance of both classes—the directors and the ignorant people. Afraid that they will not get the deposits of one religious denomination when a clerk of another denomination stands behind the counter, they adopt the policy of exclusion, which does a thousand times more injury than increased business can do good. Bank directors we should have thought, were above such motives. But money is the meanest, hardest and most selfish motive in society. That we are not astonished at the increasing friction between the Protestant majority and the Catholic minority arises from the old teaching impressed upon us by Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He used to say that an Irish Catholic in order to get the same reward would have to do twice as much work and do it twice as well. What was true in his time is true still. Bigotry may not then have been found in banks, for banks were few. Now when they are many, and when their directors have to look in all directions for business, and when they have to stoop to low, mean devices, the same evil nature shows itself. With one hand the directors take Catholic money, with the other they keep back Catholics from obtaining a position. No Catholic need apply.

DR. BRIGGS ON DR. CRAPSEY.

Amongst the charges for which the Rev. Dr. Crapsey of Rochester, N.Y., was lately condemned, was the denial of the virgin birth of our Lord. Whilst many of the leading Protestant clergymen side with the teaching of Dr. Crapsey, one has been found, Dr. Briggs, who vigorously defends the dogma in the North American Review. It will be remembered that Dr. Briggs was himself convicted of heresy by a Presbyterian court. Last year he spent some time in Rome. And his article shows that either at that time or at some other he paid some attention to Catholic theology. To the Catholic mind nothing is more revolting than to deny the virgin birth of Christ. It kills the eternal, consubstantial Sonship, and it does away with the divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin. Its malice therefore is twofold—affecting as it does both the Son and Mother. Long ago the anathema of the Church buried such errors in graves from which they have never risen. The mystery of the Incarnation had been attacked in various ways by the old Greek heresiarchs—some declaring that Christ whilst above all creatures was only like to God, others that the union between the divine and human natures was not substantial, nor was it personal or hypostatic. In the Nicene creed as well as in the Athanasian, in the decrees of the councils all these points were forever settled. If a man wished to believe with St. Peter that Christ was the Son of the living God, he must admit consubstantiality of sonship, hypostatical union, virgin birth and others. A man might as well admit a triangle and deny that its three angles are equal to two right angles. Let us to Dr. Briggs. He maintains that biblical and historical scholars are as stout in their defence of the dogma as theologians. All criticism—both higher and lower or textual—supports it. Nor can modern science take sides; for it can neither verify it nor say it is impossible. So far as the philosophy of the question is concerned the dogma was assisted in the days when the strong systems of Plato and Aristotle held sway, and the dogma has retained its place through the centuries to the present time. The Dr. sees only two ways in which science may be more inclined to doubt what it cannot verify. Science admits of no exception, no mutability in God's laws. But whilst such an absolute denial may be made in arrogance, the only consequence we can draw from it is that science does not verify it. That denial by no means proves the impossibility. "Unless," says Dr.

Briggs, "we are prepared to exclude God from his universe and deny to him any immediate action in its interests, we must recognize that the incarnation was an event in which he would act directly, if ever, for it is God Himself becoming man. This, again, is dogma, back of physical science, but in no respect antagonistic with scientific criticism or inconsistent therewith. It is in a realm into which physical science cannot as yet enter, and may never be able to enter." This argument is not put with sufficient force or positiveness to suit us or answer a scientific objection. Dogma does stand back of physical science and mingle in its own very elements with all the scope and action of a master. Mystery surrounds the scientist in all his investigations and defies his explanation. His experiments, now separating compounds into elements, now uniting the elements into their whole, all prove that his power is most limited and his knowledge most superficial. He has not thrown aside the veil or measured the least step of omnipotence. All the progress of science and march of mind has brought man not one inch more within the hall of true knowledge and worship. However successful science may have been in ameliorating the material conditions it has accomplished nothing in the spiritual kingdom. Nor is it capable of accomplishing anything. It is unspiritual in its nature, its principles, and its teaching. Until it turns over a new page and starts with immaterial spirituality as admitted in the order of beings; until it admits the freedom and power of God to act when he chooses, it will approach no nearer to that greatest of all mysteries—the Incarnation. Then rejecting it as impossible science will try to throw Christ out of history, by calumniating and falsifying the teaching and action of His Church.

The strangest part of this critic's argument is yet to come. He holds that whilst the doctrine of the virgin birth is essential to the Church, it is "not essential to the faith or Christian life of individuals." "The doctrine," he says, "may for various reasons be so difficult that they cannot honestly accept it. They may content themselves with the doctrine of the incarnation and refuse to accept any doctrine as to its mode. They may even go so far as to deny the virgin birth, and hold to the theory of ordinary generation without accepting the legitimate consequences of that doctrine." A mystery may be difficult. And the very fact that it is a mystery characterizes it as difficult. The difficulty of a mystery is no reason for rejecting it. Again, supposing the Incarnation admitted how can an individual deny a consequence which Dr. Briggs claims to be essentially involved with its truth? But there is a very unsound principle laid down which being Protestant, places the individual private judgment above the Church. The Church must believe in the virgin birth whilst any individual need not. In fact he may reject it. So may it be said of any other mystery. Any individual member ought to be allowed the same right to hold or reject what pleases him. Where are we now? Rationalism; Protestantism; anywhere but where we ought to be. We are very far from that great central power which frustrated the error of Nestorius and saved the Incarnation and virgin birth hundreds of years ago. Whatever faith a member of the Church has he owes it to the Church, to which he must submit in the acknowledgement of revealed truth. The mission of teaching was given to the apostles, not to individuals. And men must hear the Church, or otherwise be rejected. To give the individuals the right which Dr. Briggs gives them is to divide and destroy the mystical body of Christ. It is poor logic, and shows a weakness due to early training, to find an argument so strong as that of Dr. Briggs, making for a great truth concerning our Lord Himself, yet terminating with the erroneous conclusion that the individual could choose which premises he wished. Protestant logic is weak and Protestant theology is worse.

Communication

There is an article in the Monthly Review for April, by Basil Tozer, on "Catholics and Journalism." It is written apropos of the retirement from the editorship of Punch of Sir Francis Burnand, which has called attention to "the remarkable increase in the number of Roman Catholics connected with the newspaper press of the United Kingdom that has taken place within, comparatively speaking, the last few years." Mr. Tozer made inquiries from proprietors of the larger British newspapers and on the whole received favorable replies to his question as to the lessening of prejudice against Roman Catholics as journalists. In one case, however, the prejudice was active and strong and because of the uniqueness this gentleman's opinion deserves to be quoted. He says,

"Personally I think it regrettable to say the least, that the power for directing public opinion should be placed to any great extent in the hands of either men or women who sympathize with the superstitious beliefs advanced by adherents to the Roman Catholic religion. For this reason I make it a rule to recruit my staff from persons holding religious views that coincide with the teachings of the old-established faith of this country. . . . No, I do not draw the line at either Jews or nonconformists; but I draw the line at Roman Catholics. From my knowledge of the world, which is considerable, I believe there are but few Roman Catholics who would let pass an opportunity of advancing the interests of their religion should a favorable opportunity of doing so present itself, and this being so, I realize to the full the inadvisability of letting Catholics get a wide foothold on the newspaper press."

One is tempted to ask this newspaper proprietor why, when he makes it a rule to recruit his staff from persons holding religious views that coincide with the teachings of the old-established Faith of this country, he should draw the line at persons holding religious views that coincide with the teachings of the older-established Faith of this country. Mr. Tozer refers to Mr. Henry Harland, who recently died, as a polished man of letters and a Catholic, and who in his earlier career had done some good journalistic work. His "Cardinals' Snuff Box" and "My Friend Prospero" have delighted many readers and will continue to be read for some years to come. The reference in the beginning of Mr. Tozer's article to Sir Francis Burnand, recalls the fact that some years ago one of the cleverest cartoonists on the staff of Punch was Richard Doyle, familiarly and lovingly called "Dickie Doyle." During an exciting time in the world's history, when prejudice against things Catholic was particularly active, Richard Doyle resigned rather than caricature the Pope. His son is Conan Doyle, the novelist and creator of Sherlock Homes. One is disappointed to find that the son of such a father is not a Catholic, but he has been punished for his connections. At the British election for Parliament, held during the Boer war, Conan Doyle was a candidate, but the essentially Irish and therefore vulgar name of Doyle directed suspicion against him, and he had to issue a pamphlet denying that he was a Roman Catholic. However, his disclaimer did not have the desired effect and he lost the election. It is difficult to decide whether to condemn the able, intelligent man who would do such a thing under such circumstances, or to condemn those whose attack made him think it necessary to do so. —Mr. Tozer's summing up in his article is that we are progressing slowly, but progressing, and in thirty years bigotry should be extinct. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. W. O' C.

Catholicity and Science

A German Protestant writer, named Dennert, has made an exhaustive study of the religious opinions of three hundred famous savants. The most illustrious names that have appeared during three centuries have been selected; men principally distinguished in the natural sciences—botany, geology, etc. Dr. Dennert's work has just been published at Berlin. It is an interesting record. For the first period of his investigations, including the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the author cites the names of eighty-two men, noted leaders in their particular domain, seventy-nine of whom were believers in Christianity. Among these are Newton, Huyghens, Leibnitz, Galileo, and Copernicus. In the second period, the eighteenth century, fifty-five names are given—five infidels, eleven of whose religious views are unknown, while thirty-nine admitted the existence of God, of the soul, and of revelation. We may remark among the most illustrious of these last the names of Herschel, Linnaeus, Werner, Boerhaave and Bradley.

The third period embraces the nineteenth century. Here the number of savants is considerably increased. Dr. Dennert cites one hundred and sixty-three illustrious names; of this number a hundred and twenty-four were believers, twenty-two held indefinite religious opinions, while only twelve were infidels. Among the latter are the names of such materialists as Tyndall, Huxley and Vogt; the infidels number Arago, La Place and Darwin.

While Dr. Dennert places the latter among the unbelieving fraternity, it is well to note that Darwin never declared himself a materialist. His views on God and immortality deserve to be quoted here. He says: "I have never been an atheist, in the sense of denying the existence of God. . . . The question whether there exists a Creator has been answered in the affirmative by some of the best intellects that ever existed. . . . An omniscient Creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the law imposed by Him. . . . An omnipotent and Omniscient Creator ordains everything and foresees everything." ("Animals & Plants," etc., III., 531.) "With respect to immortality, nothing shows me how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is, as the consideration. . . . That the sun with all the planets will in time grow too cold for life, unless," etc. "Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought. . . . that all sentient beings are doomed to annihilation after such long-continued progress. To those who admit the immortality of the soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful." To Herbert Spencer, the most certain of all truths was the existence

of an inscrutable power in which we live and move and have our being. To quote his words: "Over and over again it has been shown that by Persistence of Force is meant the Persistence of some Power, the nature of which remains inconceivable, and to which no limits of time or space can be imagined, and which works in us certain effects; and though this Power universally manifests to us, through phenomena alike in all surrounding worlds and in ourselves, the Power in which we live and move and have our being—this Power is and ever must remain inscrutable, yet the existence of this inscrutable Power is almost certain of all truths."

Among modern scientists of unswerving Christian faith are numbered a Hermit, Pasteur, a Huay, a Faraday, J. B. Dumas, Le Verrier, Cauchy, Ampere, Volta, and many others. In fine, among the three hundred names collected by Dr. Dennert there are about two hundred and forty-two with religious convictions, repudiating the doctrine of materialism, and loudly proclaiming the harmony between Faith and Science. As expressing the sentiments of innumerable Catholic scientists, we may quote a declaration of the illustrious Cauchy, one of the greatest mathematicians the world has ever seen: "I am a Christian—that is to say, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ with Copernicus, Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Grimaldi, Euler, Boscovich, with all the great astronomers, all the great physicians, all the great geometers of past centuries. I am even a Catholic; and if I am asked, I shall willingly give my reasons. It will be seen that my convictions are the result, not of prejudices imbibed from my birth, but of a thorough examination. I am a sincere Catholic, as were Corneille and Racine, La Bruyere, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fenelon; as have been and are still a large number of the most distinguished men of our age—those who do most honor to science, philosophy, and literature, who have contributed most to the glory of our academies. I share the profound convictions manifested, in their spoken and written words, by so many savants of the first rank—Hauy, Laennec, Ampere, Coriolis. And if I avoid naming those who remain, I can say at least that I loved to discern all the nobility, all the generosity of the Christian faith in my illustrious friends—in the Abbe Hauy and in the immortal Ampere." "Many of the Catholic scientists of whom mention has been made were distinguished no less for tender piety than for strong faith. Volta, for instance, one of the most illustrious, was "as pious as a nun." His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was known to all his acquaintances, who often found him with the Rosary in his hands.—Ave Maria.

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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 "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

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JOTTINGS

Rev. Father Rietvelt, C.S.S.R., has been appointed Superior of the Redemptorists and parish priest of Brandon, succeeding Rev. Father Borgouil (Superior), and Rev. Father Billeon (parish priest).

The Archbishop of Kingston has transferred Rev. Father Hartigan, of Nanawau to Deseronto, creating a new parish and has placed Rev. Father O'Connor, of Kemptville, in charge of the Nanawau parish.

At Niagara University a purse of twenty-five dollars in gold for the best Shakespearean essay was secured by John McGinly, of Utica, N.Y. Another purse for the best oration was won by William Liddy of the same city.

The Rev. Charles Cormack, whom the Sisters of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Halifax, received at their institution, an orphan, when he was but three years old, said his first Mass for them the other day. Father Cormack is now a priest of the Eudist order.

Princess Ena, in receiving the "Golden Rose," is the first member of the British royal family to be thus honored by the Pope since Pope Julius III. favored Queen Mary. The gift is of religious symbolism and its intrinsic value is about \$2,500.

Among the resolutions adopted at the convention of German Catholic Societies of New York, in Syracuse, N.Y., the other day, was one declaring that no Catholic family does its duty unless it subscribes for some Catholic journal.

The beatification of the thirty-three Carmelite nuns who suffered death at Compiègne during the Commune, took place in the Vatican Basilica. The Pope himself officiated at the ceremony and many French bishops and priests went to Rome for the occasion.

Dr. William Turner, a former professor at the St. Paul Seminary and who had charge of St. Luke's parish in St. Paul, Minn., has been appointed professor of philosophy at the Catholic University at Washington, D.C.

Rev. Father Rivet, O.M.I., of St. Joseph's scholasticate, Ottawa East, has been appointed pastor of the Yukon district, several hundred miles east of Dawson City.

Father Rivet was the first to volunteer for the work, and expects to be in his new field by September.

Rev. Father O'Leary, of Quebec, who has been employed as archivist by the Canadian Government, has been called to Washington by the Government, where he will be employed in the same capacity. Father O'Leary was one of the chaplains with the first Canadian contingent to South Africa during the war with the Boers.

At Rome, the choir of the Sistine Chapel has been reorganized by order of Pope Pius X. Under the new arrangement the sopranos will consist of 30 boys; there will be in addition, two first tenors, two first basses, three second tenors and three second basses. Perosi is the conductor, aided by an assistant conductor.

Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R., formerly provincial of the Western province of the Redemptorists, and at present rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, New Orleans, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on May 27. Rev. Henry Meurer, C.S.S.R., who was ordained with Father Girardey, and who is stationed at St. Michael's Church, Chicago, celebrated his golden anniversary in that city.

In September, 1908, Pius X., who will have been fifty years a priest - will celebrate his golden anniversary. At least, all the world wants to celebrate it. Committees are already at work in Rome and Bologna and all over Italy. Count Aquierini, who is the leader of the movement, is giving all his time and talents to making it a great success. All the bishops of the world are invited by this Central Committee in Rome to see that their flocks are represented.

A notable confirmation took place recently in Dublin, Ireland, at the pro-cathedral. Archbishop Walsh conferred the sacrament of confirmation on nearly a thousand children. The actual conferring lasted over two hours, and the ceremony was concluded by the administering of the temperance pledge and a strong exhortation to the children to faithfully discharge all their religious duties.

Father Hays, "The English Father Mathew," is in the United States, on his return home from a trip to Australia, where he went for the improvement of his health and to promote the cause of temperance, to which his life is pledged. It is gratifying to recount that the Australian tour was most successful, as many as 51,363 persons taking the pledge to abstain from intoxicating drink, making a total of 325,890 pledges administered by Father Hays in the past ten years.

The consecration of Monsignor Morris of Nashville as Coadjutor Bishop of that See, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Nashville, Tenn., on the feast of St. Barnabas, June 11. It was the desire of Bishop Morris to be consecrated in the Cathedral and on that day because of many sacred associations to him connected with the church and with that date. His father and mother were married in that church and buried in it, and he himself was baptized there, and since his ordination he served in the same church as a priest for thirteen years.

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University of Ottawa

The annual Commencement of the University of Ottawa took place on the 20th ult. Rev. Father Murphy presiding, and Rev. Dr. O'Boyle conferring the degrees. The long list of names of the recipients of University honors tells for the hard work of the year and the bestowal of the degree of Doctor of Laws upon three such public men as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, C.J., and John Read, Esq., F.R.S.C., speaks for the far-reaching view kept by the faculty upon the men of the day and their interest in and recognition of all that makes for the general good. Below is the list of honors:

The degree of Licentiate of Theology was conferred on Rev. Henri Racette, O.M.I., Lowell, Mass.

The degree of Bachelor of Theology was conferred on Rev. R. Villeneuve, O.M.I., Montreal, Que.; Rev. W. Lang, O.M.I., Akron, Ohio; Rev. U. Wilson, O.M.I., Ste. Genevieve, Que.; Rev. W. Chaput, O.M.I., Lowell, Mass.; Rev. P. Whelan, O.M.I., Killenny, Ireland; Rev. U. Robert, O.M.I., Montreal, Que.; Rev. S. Murphy, O.M.I., Lonsdale, Ont.; Rev. W. Connor, O.M.I., Lowell, Mass.

The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, London, Eng.; Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, C.J., Ottawa, Ont.; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., Montreal, Que.

The Degree of Licentiate of Philosophy was conferred on Rev. F. X. LeFebvre, O.M.I., Grenville, Que.; Rev. J. E. Caron, O.M.I., St. Charles, Man.; Rev. C. Paille, O.M.I., St. Charles, Man.; Rev. B. J. Kennedy, O.M.I., Sudbury, Ont.; Rev. J. V. Jodoin, O.M.I., Varennes, Que.; Rev. J. A. Coutrier, O.M.I., Valleyfield, Que.

The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy was conferred on Thomas Sloan, Vinton, Que.; Paul Bernier, Rimouski, Que.; John Marshall, Ottawa, Ont.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Charles A. Seguin, Ottawa, Ont.; Thomas Sloan, Ottawa, Ont.; William Derham, Ottawa, Ont.; James George, Eganville, Ont.; Geo. O'Toole, Ottawa, Ont.

The Degree of Bachelor of Literature was conferred on Donat Collin, St. Boniface, Man.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION. Successful Candidates in order of merit—Gilles Marchand, Champlain, Que.; Alide Beland, Louisville, Que.; Thomas Callaghan, Farrelton, Que.; Henri St. Jacques, Ottawa, Ont.; Charles Leclere, Quebec, Que.; Lionel Joron, Valleyfield, Que.; Eugene Guerin, Montreal, Que.; George E. Martel, Victoriaville, Que.; Philemon Bourassa, Yamachiche, Que.; Thomas Tobin, Ottawa, Ont.; James McNeill, Marysville, Ont.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION. Successful candidates in order of Merit—Harry Macdonald, McLeod, Alta.; Philip Kirwan, Ottawa, Ont.; Gerald Kirwan, Ottawa, Ont.; Alfred Cardinal, Worcester, Mass.; Louis Cote, Ottawa, Ont.; James Nevins, Ottawa, Ont.; Joseph Brennan, Ottawa, Ont.; Michael Smith, Pakenham, Ont.; Willie Lessard, Ste. Ursule, Que.; Rene Morin, Ottawa, Ont.; Arthur Courtois, Montreal, Que.; Willie Baril, Ottawa, Ont.; Laudas Joly, St. Caunt, Que.; Roch Allaire, St. Roch, Que.; W. J. Kennedy, Richmond, Ont.; Charles Gauthier, Alexandria, Ont.; Gilbert Gaudry, Hull, Que.; Nicholas Bawil, Winnipeg, Man.; Edgar Chevrier, Ottawa, Ont.; Gerald Dunne, Ottawa, Ont.; Vincenz Guilfoile, Waterbury, Conn.; Arthur Houle, Cheboygan, Mich.; Aurele Cote, Ottawa, Ont.; Albert Couillard, Ottawa, Ont.; Ivanhoe Destrochers, Ottawa, Ont.; Horace Legault, Ottawa, Ont.; Joseph Legris, Louiseville, Que.; Thomas Lalonde, Curran, Ont.; Alphonse Leclere, Quebec, Que.; Egeir Leduc, Lachine, Que.

COMMERCIAL COURSE. Successful Candidates for the First-Class Diplomas—Thomas McEvoy, Ottawa, Ont.; Henry Mauveil, Ottawa, Ont.; Carisse Hurtubise, The Brook, Ont.

Successful Candidates for the Second-Class Diploma—Thomas Killeen, Ottawa, Ont.; Fernand Hamel, Ottawa, Ont.; Edward Keane, Ottawa, Ont.; Simon Chalifour, Ottawa, Ont.; Alex. Macdonald, Ottawa, Ont.; Augustine Valentine, Ottawa, Ont. Successful Candidates for Entrance Certificate—Oswald Lauzon, Sudbury, Ont.; Napoleon Mauviel, Ottawa, Ont.; Hugh Brennan, Ottawa, Ont.; Mastai Charbonneau, St. Jovite, Que.; Henry Robillard, Ottawa, Ont.; Frank Brennan, Ottawa, Ont.; Hector Brisbois, Ottawa, Ont.; Oswald McHugh, Calgary, Alta.; Simon Chalifour, Ottawa, Ont.; Ernest Ouellette, The Brook, Ont.; George Doyon, Ottawa,

Ont.; Herve Vincent, Ottawa, Ont.; Robert Peachy, Ottawa, Ont.

MEDALS OF HONOR. CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Silver Medal presented by His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbarretti—Awarded to George O'Toole, Ottawa, Ont.

Silver Medal, presented by His Grace Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel—Awarded to Paul E. Bernier, Rimouski, Que.

Sixth Form.

Silver Medal, presented by His Excellency Earl Grey—Awarded to Jas. McNeill, Marysville, Ont.

Fifth Form A.

Silver Medal, presented by the Very Rev. Canon Sloan—Awarded to Thos. Callaghan, Farrelton, Que.

Fifth Form B.

Silver Medal, presented by the Very Rev. Vicar-General of the Oblate Order—Awarded to Lionel Joron, Valleyfield, Que.

Fourth Form A.

Silver Medal, presented by D. J. McDougall, Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Aloysius Murphy, Madoc, Ont.

Fourth Form B.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. Duhaud, O.M.I., Hull, Que.—Awarded to Alfred Verreault, Ottawa, Ont.

Third Form A.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. C. C. Delaney, Windsor, Vi.—Awarded to Gerald Kirwan, Ottawa, Ont.

Third Form B.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. L. Raymond, The Brook, Ont.—Awarded to Rene Morin, Ottawa, Ont.

Second Form A.

Silver Medal, presented by Very Rev. E. Tourangeau, O.M.I., Provincial—Awarded to Alan Fleming, Nehart, Montana.

Second Form B.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. O. Chevrier, O.M.I., Temiscamigue, Que.—Awarded to Melville Rousseau, St. Anne, Que.

First Form A.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. I. French, Killaloe, Ont.—Awarded to Lewis White, Lindsay, Ont.

First Form B.

Silver Medal, presented by G. La Romeo Guindore, Clarence Creek, Ont.

Highest standing in Philosophy, Gold Medal, presented by J. G. Warlock, Esq., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Thomas Sloan, Vinton, Que.

Highest Yearly Average in Philosophy

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. J. R. McEachen, Osceola, Ont.—Awarded to William P. Derham, Ottawa, Ont.

Highest Note in Mathematics.

Silver Medal, presented by R. Desrosiers, Esq., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Waldo Guertin, Ottawa, Ont.

Highest Notes in Canadian History.

Silver Medal, presented by James F. White, LL.D., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Harry Macdonald, Macleod, Alta.

MEDALS.

Gold Medal, presented by A. McMillan, Esq., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Thomas McEvoy, Ottawa, Ont.

Gold Medal, presented by Provost A. Allard, Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Fernand Hamel, Ottawa, Ont.

FOURTH COMMERCIAL. Gold Medal, presented by J. L. Chabot, M.D., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Hugh Brennan, Ottawa, Ont.

THIRD COMMERCIAL. Gold Medal, presented by T. Nolan, Esq., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Teddy Lisle, Doysminster, Sask.

SECOND COMMERCIAL. Gold Medal, presented by A. E. Lussier, B.A., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Athanase Juneau, Ottawa, Ont.

FIRST COMMERCIAL. Gold Medal, presented by G. H. Cote, Esq., Ottawa, Ont.—Awarded to Rodolphe Voligny, Ottawa, Ont.

Pleasant as syrup, nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Closing Exercises at Loretto Academy, Stratford

The Closing Exercises at Loretto Academy, Stratford, were held Wednesday afternoon of last week, when over ninety pupils of the institution were in attendance.

At 2.30 o'clock Very Rev. Dean McGee, Rev. P. Brennan of St. Mary's, Rev. F. X. Laurendeau of St. Augustine, and Rev. Fr. Emery of Kinkora, entered the hall. Then was opened a very pleasant programme, the first number being "Ha! Ho! Merry June," by the choral class, which was well rendered and equally well received, as were the "Morning Ramble" and "Lark," later on the programme, by the choral class also. The pathetic rendering of "Daddy" by little Angela Ryan, accompanied by little Miss Gertrude on the piano, was very touching, and extremely well given for two such young children. The beautiful melody, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile in Thy Eye," was sung by Miss Anna Monahan-Bayer of New York. The instrumental selections by Miss Edna Moore of the city, Miss Frances Chamberlain of Guelph, and Miss Marguerite Murphy of Toronto, were very pleasing and gave evidence of the high grade of the musical education at Loretto Academy. The little ones, too, contributed their little part by singing sweetly, "What the Birds Say," "Brier Rose" was recited by Miss Edna Moore in a most fascinating manner. Her elocutionary ability in this and that of Miss Marguerite Murphy in "The Madonna's Pendant," and "Mrs. McDuffy at a Baseball Match," showed in a marked manner the successful training given in elocution and physical culture at the academy by Miss Moscrip.

At the conclusion of the programme Very Rev. Dean McGee graciously complimented the pupils on the pleasing performance of their parts and on the honors received. He gave some very salutary advice as to the manner of spending vacation and concluded by wishing each and all very, very happy holidays.

Rev. Fathers Brennan, Emery and Laurendeau each spoke a few pleasant words of congratulation and encouragement to the pupils.

The joy of the happy occasion was somewhat marred by deep regret at the prospective loss of the following brilliant young ladies of the leaving class of 1906: Miss Anna Kennedy, and Miss Harriet Macklin of the city; Miss Annie Doyle of Mount Forest, Miss Alberta McNab of Belleville, and Miss Margaret O'Brien, Miss Christina McCallum, Miss Elfrida O'Brien, Miss Lily Mullins, of Toronto; Miss Emery Kelly of Kinkora; and Miss Edna Moore of the city.

HONORS CONFERRED.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, donated by His Lordship, Right Rev. F. P. McEvoy, Bishop of London, obtained by Miss Edna Moore of the city.

Honorable Mention in Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Emerita Kelly, of Kinkora.

Gold Medal for good conduct and fidelity of rules of boarding school, donated by Very Rev. Dean McGee, awarded to Miss Marguerite Murphy of Toronto.

Silver Medal for good conduct and fidelity to rules of boarding school, and by Very Rev. Dean McGee, awarded to Miss Margaret O'Brien of this city.

Gold Medal for highest standing in Entrance, donated by Rev. P. Brennan, to be awarded to the pupil who obtained the highest marks at High School Entrance Examinations which will be held next week.

Gold Medal for proficiency in English, donated by Rev. F. X. Laurendeau of St. Augustine, obtained by Miss Anna Kennedy.

Honors in English, obtained by Miss Harriet Macklin and Miss Annie Doyle.

Gold Medal for English Literature, donated by Rev. J. N. Campeau of Staples, and obtained by Miss Alberta McNab of Belleville.

Silver Medal for Junior Pianoforte, competed for by Miss Lily Mullins and Miss Marguerite Murphy of Toronto, and Miss Frances Chamberlain of Guelph, to be awarded by report of University Musical Examiner in a few days.

Silver Lyre for Primary Pianoforte, competed for by Miss Mary Halpin, Miss Gertrude Burnie and Miss Gertrude Crowe, also to be awarded according to University Examiner's returns.

Silver Medal for order and promptness, equally merited by Miss Alberta McNab, Miss Florence Puddicombe and Miss Frances Chamberlain, obtained by Miss Frances Chamberlain.

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CLASSES FOR SEPT., 1906.

High School Department—Form II—Miss Irene Sullivan, Miss Regina Roche, Miss Irene O'Flaherty, Miss Minnie Gleason (without science and Latin).

Form II—Miss Mary Kelly, Miss Emma Kneitl, Miss Mary Halpin, Miss Agnes Pearson, Miss Lillian McCallum, Miss Isabel Burritt, Miss Mary McIntyre, Miss Frances Glavin. Without Euclid, Miss Lella Duggan and Miss Marguerite Murphy. Without science, Euclid and Algebra—Miss Lucinda Whyte.

I. Form pupils to be decided by success at coming Entrance examination to High School.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Promotions from Senior Third to Junior Fourth Class—Misses Merita Duggan, Reta Stock, Merlyn Bowker, Brien Cryn, Marie Jacques, Gladys McMenomy.

From Junior Third to Senior Third Class—Misses Loretto Wingefelder, Annie Pringle, Marjorie Baker, Norah Dillon, Clarence Macklin, Clebus Ryan.

From Senior Second to Junior Third Class—Misses Kathleen Dillon, Marie Radour, Olive Sannigan, Kathleen Kelly.

From Junior Second to Senior Second Class—Misses Eleanor Scanton, Esther Pigeon, Frank Walsh. From Division Second Class to Junior Second—Misses Zeta Power, Kathleen Kennedy, Marie O'Brien, J. Wingefelder.

From Part Second to Division Second Class—Misses Helen McCarthy, Marion Bowker, Hazel Stock, Norah Flannigan, Loretto Tobin, Carroll McIlhargy, Adalbert Dillon, Barbarite McIntyre.

Part Second—Madeline O'Donoghue, Robert Armstrong. Part First—Mary Kelcher, Wilfrid Badour.

Primary Class—J. Lloyd, Gregory Hagarty, Vincent McCarthy, Katie Lloyd, Annie Burke, Josephine Dillon, Alice Pigeon.

A Merry Heart Goes All the Day.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise, and for the speedy treatment of colds and coughs it is a splendid medicine.

According to a press cablegram from Rome of recent date, the Congregation of the Propaganda has decided to propose to the Pope the appointment of Rev. Wm. J. Foley to be Archbishop of Halifax.

Rev. William J. Foley, D.D., is pastor of St. Michael's Church, Tusket Wedge, Yarmouth county, N.S.

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parnee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression and reviving the flagging energies.

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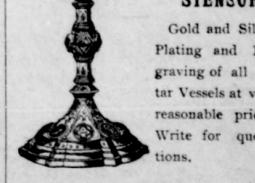
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The HOME CIRCLE

AN IRISH DIVORCE. They were humble, born in Ireland, on hillsides long ago...

The other from the Shannon, near where it joins the sea, The only thing in Ireland that one is sure is free.

She came, they wed, the years rolled on as happy as the day, On which they pledged each other faith and knelt as one to pray.

The children came, the years rolled on in peace and sweet accord, As waters flow along the hills in vineyards of the Lord.

Then came the time when harvest ripe, in richness full of years, The white-haired mother went to God in spite of children's tears.

Two months had passed since she was laid beneath the sacred sod That covers those their children love who rest in peace with God.

THE MONKS OF ERIN. The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their names are treasured still In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign hill.

At Rome and Hy are honored, and remembered still with love, At Lucca, St. Frigidian, in a church ablaze with lights.

Quaint Mechin's noble temple to an Irish monk is raised; In every home in Mechin St. Ru-mold's name is praised.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives In the stainless Church of Ireland, and in her priesthood's lives.

STUDY OF DRESS.

Cheap fashions in Paris do not mean cheap finery, and that is why Frenchwomen dress well. When they want finery they pay for it, and when they can't afford it they go without and dress according to their means.

Experts say that the very cheapest dress which a Parisian shopping girl can buy—one at 19 francs (\$3.80), for instance—has a style about it and is in the fashion.

would no more think of going to her work in an unfashionably cut dress than she would of hanging cheap ribbons, sham lace and tin ornaments round herself.

THE IDEAL HOME.

A celebrated lecturer once described an ideal home. It was certainly an earthly Eden, the abode of love, peace and happiness.

"My remembrance of my own home is just the opposite to the one I had in mind. It was a fortunate day when I was thrust on the charity of strangers.

We all know the story of John Howard Payne, whose "Home, Sweet Home" has found an echo in the hearts of all who ever heard it.

It is lamentably true that those who possess things of greatest value often find them in least regard. Those who have happy homes should consider themselves blessed beyond measure.

A CATHOLIC PEASANT'S HOME.

In a series of brief though most interesting sketches of "The Contadino of Italy: His Manners and Life," Signor Felice Agnostino is depicting in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette" the Italian peasant as he is, untouched by the blight of socialism.

THE SPANISH QUEEN'S FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Everyone has long ago recognized the benevolent part played in Princess Ena's romance by the Empress Eugenie, who on May 5th attained the great age of 80.

Rekindles Life In the Nerve Cells

AND BY INCREASING NERVE FORCE RESTORES VITALITY TO EVERY ORGAN OF THE BODY.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Suicide, insanity, falling sickness, paralysis; these are some of the results of worn-out nerves.

The time to begin the restoration of the nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when you find yourself unable to sleep at nights, suffering from headaches or neuralgic pains, indigestion or weak heart action.

Loss of flesh and weight, growing weakness and debility, a tendency to neglect the duties of the day, gloomy forebodings for the future, are other indications of depleted nerves.

You cannot liken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any medicine you ever used. It is a nerve vitalizer and tissue-builder of exceptional power.

Naturally and gradually it rekindles life in the nerve cells and forms new red corpuscles in the blood—the only way to thoroughly cure nervous disorders.

Mr. James Doughty, 5 St. James street, Galt, Ont., writes: "For a long time I had been troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness and nervous headache. I got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and began a treatment with this medicine. It steadied my nerves, made me rest and sleep well and relieved my head. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they do the work quickly and satisfactorily."

stigmatized children born in France on March 16, 1856—the Prince's birthday. The number of authenticated births amounted to 1,834.

It may be truly said that history, certainly modern history, affords no parallel to the utter tragedy of pathos which the ex-Empress personifies. Crippled with rheumatism and living the life of a recluse, she passes and repasses, lonely and disregarded, on her way through the Riviera and her home at Farnborough through the splendid capital of which she was once the dazzling beautiful Queen.

CONSIDERATION.

If you are the mainstay of your little household, don't take the good out of the service by constantly reminding your family of the fact. Don't render filial or sisterly duty with the air of a martyr going to the stake.

Don't sulk if after a long day's labor you come home to a house not quite so well kept and garnished as it should be; or if your evening meal is unnecessarily belated. You may be very tired; you may have had a day filled with petty worries and annoyances for which you would like to claim sympathy, but if you cheerfully overcome your nerves, offer a willing hand to right domestic shortcomings, and firmly suppress your desire to talk about your grievances, you will not only have exemplified the little virtue of consideration in a high degree, but you will also have performed a penance more pleasing to God than fasting or vigils.

Then you can accept the unwelcome mandates of authority cheerfully. We Americans especially like to have our own way; yet without that due subordination of which it is so distasteful to hear, the great business establishment, no less than the religious house, would fall to pieces in a short time. Let us make a virtue of necessity, and be nice about the discipline which, after all, ensures our livelihood.

We have also a chance to practise the penance which makes us safe with God and the courtesy through which we shall be beloved of our fellow-creatures, in every day intercourse with our fellow-workers. Don't be churlish about sacrificing a bit of the noon-hour to some service to a delicate or inexperienced associate. Refrain from commenting on the peculiarities of another, however glaring these may be, or how strongly soever they appeal to our sense of humor.

THE REAR GUARD. He strolls in to Mass at the "Sanctus," Or maybe a moment before; And lest he should bother his neighbors, He drops on one knee at the door.

Good seats near the altar are vacant, In fact there is room and to spare; But why should he push himself forward? He'd be so conspicuous there.

He doesn't look up at the altar, But keeps his gaze bent on the floor; We notice him yawning a little, As though it all were a bore.

He squats for the last benediction, And then, ere the service is through We look for him there in the background And find he has melted from view.

So strange! Now we fancied we saw him Last night at the vaudeville show; It seemed to us then he was fighting To get in the very front row.

He must have been there before seven— Oh, surely some minutes before; He headed the line that was waiting Outside of the gallery door.

And when the door opened, good gracious! How active he was in the race, Upstairs, and then over the benches And down to the very first place.

My! how he applauded the singing, And laughed at the jokes that were cracked; His eyes never leaving the footlights, Transfixed till the very last act.

This can't be the same man this morning, This slowest and dullest of chaps; We must have seen some other fellow Last evening—his brother, perhaps.

TO MAKE YOUR WORK EASIER. Respect it, Take pleasure in it, Never feel about it, Put your heart in it, See the poetry in it.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Price 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows: "I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

Work with a purpose. Do it with your might. Go to the bottom of it. Do one thing at a time. Be larger than your task. Prepare for it thoroughly. Make it a means of character-building. Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial.

Do it in the spirit of an artist, not an artisan. Make it a stepping-stone to something higher.

Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before. Make perfection your aim and be satisfied with nothing else. Do not try to do it with a part of yourself—the weaker part.

Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done. Regard yourself as a co-worker with the Creator of the universe.

Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be. Recognize that work is the thing that dignifies and ennobles life. Accept the disagreeable part of it as cheerfully as the agreeable.

Remember that it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height. Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind—all the faculties—in the faithful doing of it.

Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive. Use it as a tool to develop the strong points of your character and to eliminate the weak ones.

Remember that every vocation has some advantages and disadvantages not found in any other. Regard it as a sacred task given you to make you a better citizen and to help the world along.

Remember that every neglected or poorly done piece of work stamps itself ineffaceably on your character. Write it indelibly in your heart that it is better to be a successful cobbler than a botched physician or a briefless barrister.

Refuse to be encouraged if the standard you have reached does not satisfy you; that is a proof that you are an artist, not an artisan. Educate yourself in other directions than the line of your work, so that you will be a broader, more liberal, more intelligent worker.

Regard it not merely as a means of making a living, but first of all as a means of making a life—a larger, nobler specimen of manhood.—Success.

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READING ALOUD AT HOME. Young girls should be encouraged to read aloud frequently. There is no lovelier accomplishment. Not the declamatory style or reading which professional elocutionists acquire, and which, because it is intended for public use, has a degree of exaggeration in both its tones and its action, but the quiet, sweet sympathetic and intelligent rendering of a book into the living speech is what we should seek for.

A girl frequently spends a great deal of time over studies which will do her very little good in her future life, says Woman's Life. The art of reading well and acceptably would enable her to grace any circle of friends; it would assist her to brighten the household, it would perhaps cause her to be as eyes to the blind and as an angel of relief in the room of the invalid.

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

Calendar for July 1906, titled 'SEVENTH MONTH 31 DAYS July THE PRECIOUS BLOOD 1906'. It lists the days of the month, the day of the week, the color of vestment, and the feast day for each day.

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Thady O'Brien's Fortune

Dr. O'Rourke had just returned from a professional call one biting December morning. On alighting from his carriage he caught the eyes of his daughter, as she stood at the front window, riveted on some object at his horse's head, with an expression of countenance in which pity and mirth seemed to be struggling for the ascendancy.

"Hello! you little omadhaun," he cried, "who pays you to hold a horse that wouldn't run if you whipped him?"
"Is it me ye mane, sir? It's the less trouble to hold him, then, if he won't run," said the boy; "an' if your honor should forget to gimme the sixpence, I'm no poorer than I was before!"

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor; "it's a wit we have! Here, Tom," to the groom, who had come upon the scene, "turn the horse into the stable and this little Arab into the kitchen, and administer some hot coffee with rolls, and half a pound of chops."
"Sure, that will not be bad to take," said the urchin, following the groom. "Your honor has the name of the best doctor in the country."

Dr. O'Rourke, at his comfortable breakfast with his family, soon forgot that such a being as Thady O'Brien existed; but his daughter Lucy, who had youth and charity on her side, descended to the kitchen to see for herself how the shivering little boy looked after a warm breakfast. On her return she said:
"Well, father, your little patient says he is ready to go now."
"Patient? Oh, the little rogue! I sent into the kitchen for his breakfast! Well, why doesn't he go, then?"

"Because, he says, you would never forgive him if he left without paying his respects. Biddy says he has kept the kitchen in an uproar of laughter."
"Ho! ho! Well, we might as well have a laugh, too. Have him passed up, Lucy."
"Now, then," said the doctor, affecting a stern look as Thady awkwardly bowed into the room; "now, then, young man, what do you wish to see me for?"

"I'm entirely too much like yourself to forget that, your honor. Sure, you don't give up a case till you're regularly discharged."
"Indeed!" said the doctor, laughing heartily. "Pray, what have you been doing all your little life?"
"Oh, sometimes wan thing, an' sometimes another, sir."
"But what were you doing last?"
"Ate me breakfast at your honor's expense."
Lucy now laughed, but her mother, who had been looking with pity at the lad's unprotected feet, brought forward a pair of one of the children's shoes and bade Thady put them on.

"Oh, millia muther!" shouted Thady, throwing up his hands with well-feigned horror. "Is it me mother's son would do the likes o' that?"
"Whatever it is you would not do, pray?" the doctor sternly asked.
"There's many things I wouldn't do, your honor," looking roguishly round the little circle, "an' wan o' them is to disgrace the shoes of a son of your honor's by puttin' me naked feet into them. Sure they never saw the like."

"What is your name, and where do you live? Have you a place, or do you want one?" asked the doctor, rattling one question after the other, in order, if possible, to confuse the young hopeful.
"Thaddeus O'Brien, Elind Alley," answered Thady, putting his hands behind him and standing erect. "No, sir. Yes, your honor. Five o' them. No, sir. I wish I had. If your honor would only try me."
"Are you really in distress or only shamming?" the doctor inquired after a half dozen of "Ho! ho!" at the lad's rosy wit.
"Maybe I shammed hunger, your honor," said Thady. "Ask Biddy if I ate any breakfast; then go an' ask me mother an' five sisters when it was that they took mate enough off the table to feed six—after they had done."

"Another hint, Mrs. O'Rourke," said the doctor, smiling. "Just fill a basket for this original."
Thady was soon fitted out with shoes, warm socks and a basket of broken food.
"Now," said the doctor, "will you be sure and come back to-morrow morning?"
"Will a duck swim, your honor? Will a fly come back to the traacle?"
"Be sure, then, and bring home the basket," said Mrs. O'Rourke.
"I'll do that, me lady, an' I'll do another thing, too," said Thady, making his best bow as he backed out of the room, wishing them all 'the top o' the morning."
Thady O'Brien, on the whole, left a good impression on the doctor's family. The doctor was captivated by his ready wit; the wife and daughter pitied his evident though uncomplaining destitution. The key to the little living enigma, in a word, beyond which no city reader will need any explanation: Thady was, or rather had been, a "newsboy"; as such he had acquired development for the natural aptitude of his tongue—as he had learned the readiness of reply and keenness of repartee which astonished the doctor's household. Thady's father had died but a short time previously, after a long illness, which had eaten up the small earnings of the little family and sent their moveables, one by one, to the pawnbroker's. Contemptible as these poor chattels seemed, every sixpence is a treasure to the suffering poor, and the widow O'Brien was looking in vain for some article convertible into

cash, though ever so trifling, when Thady arrived with his basket of provisions.
"Oh, Thady, dear," said his mother, as she spread out the food on the table before the famished children, "ye must have begged hard to get all this."
"Sorry a bit, then, did I get beggin'?" answered the boy. "I tould them me mother an' five sisters were starving with cold an' famishin' with hunger, an' begged for a penny or two to buy them bread; but the people either pushed me aside an' looked 'You lie!' or tould me so, an' done with it. At last," and here the little fellow stood up proudly, "I tried another way for it."

"You didn't stale, Thady?" cried his mother, looking frightened. "An' ye have shoes an' stockings to your feet, too! That it should ever come to this!"
"Is it me own mother that asks me that?" said Thady, his eyes glistening with tears of pride and sorrow. "No, I didn't stale, mother. I shamed a rich an' good-natured man out o' what he'll never miss—an' look how it helps the childer! Take a-hout yourself, mother. I've had me breakfast—an,' by the same token, the same man is good for to-morrow."

A rude knock at the door interrupted Thady.
"Come, Mrs. O'Brien," said an equally rude man, entering the little room abruptly, "if you can't pay your rent, it is high time that you made way for those who can. Three weeks behind time, terms weekly in advance. It is a hard loss to us, but we shall have to put up with it, I suppose, and let you go Scot free!"
"Let us go! Where are we to go to?"
"Well, that's your own lookout, you know. We can't harbor you rent free any longer, at any rate. What, Thady, comfortable shoes and stockings, eh? You've improved on yesterday. You must be fitted out, I suppose, whether your mother's debts are paid or not."

"Troth, sir," said Thady, a little angrily, "they worn't bought, they're a free gift, an' made by a man who don't grudge you your shoes, nor the heart o' the man who stands in 'em."
"Hoity-toity, little Thady bantam! I meant no harm, I'm sure," said the man, provoked, but ashamed to betray it. "You might as well have begged money to keep a house over your head as shoes for your feet, while your hand was in."

"Beggars can't be choosers," said Thady, with provoking calmness. "If they could, we shouldn't be your tenants."
"I'll choose for ye," said the man, now thoroughly enraged. "Don't let me find you here to-morrow. If I do, the whole troop of you will be bundled off to the poorhouse—except you, sir, and you shall be sent to a reformatory."

"Maybe ye think ye carry the keys of all them places in your pocket," said Thady as he shut the door after him.
A gentleman of some five-and-twenty, handsome and cheerful, entered a few moments later.
"Hey-day, good people! All in the dumps. Who's sick?" he said.
"No wan, sir," said Thady.
"Na? But you all will be if you don't keep warmer. Come, Mr. O'Brien, tell us all about it?"
Thady told him.
"Och, two, three, four shillings, is it?" said the newcomer. "Well, I can't afford to give you that. But I'll tell you what, my little man, I'll lend you five—four for the rent and one for capital to start you afresh on."

Thady and his mother overwhelmed him with thanks, which he did not stop to hear, but was off before the widow could reach him, or she would certainly have thrown herself at his feet and clasped his knees.
"Come, father," said Lucy O'Rourke the next morning, "do lay down that prosy pamphlet and come to breakfast. You are too old a man to be so completely swallowed up by the shop. You care more for a gallopot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious old medical periodical than see your fam!"
It is too bad, confess now, isn't it?"
The good doctor smiled with arch meaning as he laid aside his magazine and took his seat at the table. "You are right, Lucy," he said. "Physicians are such nuisances that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and as to that number of the 'Medical Review,' it is a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half filled with a paper contributed by some young quack Cromie, or Crosbie, or some such name."

Lucy blushed and laughed, and laughed and blushed again. Her weapons were now fairly turned against herself.
"Well, my dear, did you miss any spoons yesterday?"
"O'Rourke inquired of his wife a moment later, and being answered in the negative, the old gentleman continued: "Then, unless little Thady considers your basket worth more than anything he could get here to-day, he will come back this morning."
"To be sure he will come," said Mrs. O'Rourke.
"To be sure he will, father," said Lucy.
"Och, well—perhaps," said the doctor, pretending to have his doubts.
Biddy here announced that the young gentleman was already below stairs.

"Give him some breakfast, Eddy," said the doctor, "and then send him up. Now you see," he added, turning to his daughter, "that little Thady is deep. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while."
"Och, shame, father!" said Lucy. "How can you be so uncharitable? He knows that honesty is the best policy."
"Very good! Very good!" said the doctor. "And I'll tell you what, my pretty prophets—I know you

believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own faith. You shall marry this young Dr. Cromie, or Crosbie, or whatever his name is, whenever Thady has a house to let you."

Before she could reply Eddy announced a caller. It was one of the doctor's tenants, and he directed that he should be shown up. He was a lessee of several large houses in a poor part of the city, which the doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal, but wished it on diminished terms, as he said there was a prospect that certain contemplated improvements in the city would ruin the property.

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor; "a hard improvement, that. They pay me little more than the taxes now, and if they are improved at this rate I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir."
At this moment Thady made his appearance at the door. Lucy went to him and entered into conversation with him. He looked like another boy this morning. Hope and pleasure shone in his face, and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful.

The doctor's lessee soon took his leave, having first conversed in an undertone a moment or two, with a frequent look towards Thady. The doctor's countenance showed that the lad had gained little in this interview.
"Now," said the doctor, as Lucy led the lad to him, "your name is Thaddeus, I believe?"
Thady bowed.
"I am very sorry to learn," the doctor went on, "that you are a very bad and a very impudent boy—though I might have guessed the last."

Lucy and Mrs. O'Rourke looked astonished, and poor Thady, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head and burst into tears, "Sure, sir, that will be news to me mother, wherever you heard it."
"Come, come, sir," said the doctor, "no more play with us—we've had enough. I don't want to condemn you unheard, and if you are deserving I would do you good. Now answer me straight, what have you ever done to maintain yourself?"
"I sold the papers, sir."

"I see. Yes—that explains something. Why don't you sell them now?"
"Och, my father, sir, took sick, an' was very bad, an' wan day with another, sir. I spent me little money, an' other boys got me customers, str, an' me heart was gone, an' me mother an' sisters were starvin', an' the rent wasn't paid, sir—an' the Lord save you and yours from tastin' the bitter cup!"
"Och, sir, there's many ways in the world, an' them as travels wan don't know the stones in another! Two or three days, sir, I shivered bare-footed in the cowl, an' tould the people what I've tould you just now, sir, an' I couldn't get a sixpence; so I thought o' tryin' another tack, an' your kind face, sir, made me try it on ye—an' that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no blackguard, if I look wan."

"Very well put in—very well told, Thady. But I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is mine, and your landlord is my tenant."
"Then I hope," said Thady, "he's a better tenant than landlord."
"Och, he tells me that yesterday you lied to him—that you hadn't a shilling in the world."
"Lied to him! Sure, it was the blessed truth, sir!"
"Och, look at him, your honor! Think o' the backbite! He knows I am poor, he says, an' he threatens me with the reformatory for not paying me mother's rent. An' maybe he didn't tell ye, sir, that he tould me that I might have begged money as well as shoes, an' abused me for the very kindness which your lady had for me. An' then he says I stole the money, an' still he puts it in his pocket 'bout a tear."

"Thady, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you haven't helped yourself yet. Tell me honestly, where did this money come from?"
"Och, it was loaned to me, sir. Maybe, sir, you'll be a better tenant than landlord."

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Lucy, ye think the impudent little blackguard has no friends; but there is a God above who remembers the widow an' the fatherless, an' He sent a friend to us when we was all in the sorrow. An' it isn't the first good thing He's done, sir. He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, time an' again, to relieve the pain o' the poor who couldn't give him fee or reward, an' he's put his hand in his pocket over an' often to pay for the medicine for the dyin' men when he knew he could not live so much as to thank him—the blessings o' heaven fall on him for it! An' now me poor father is in heaven, an' Dr. Crosbie may wan day meet him there—maybe it be a long day off! Good mornin', ladies, an' you, too, sir; an' when next ye would play with the poor, don't put the farce before the tragedy, sir, if ye please, sir; for that's not the way at Blind Alley."

Lucy was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement at the little fellow's eloquence.
"Here Thady—stop!" shouted the doctor as the boy moved away. "Your name is O'Brien and the doctor's is Crosbie, eh?"
"Och, yes, sir."
"Och, yes, sir," continued the doctor, "is the 'Medical Review,' in which your father's case is prominently set forth."

"I can read, sir," said Thady proudly. "Don't play with the bones o' the dead, if ye please, sir."
"Och, no, Thady," said the doctor, kindly. "I know Dr. Crosbie, and there are those in this house who know him better than I." Thady shrewdly looked toward Lucy, and she blushed crimson. "We will inquire about you, Thady. What rent do you pay?"
"Sixteen come Twelfth Day, sir."

"Hum! hum! Well, I'll ask Dr. Crosbie about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you have given him I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent free and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. And I'll not renew his lease for any of them, either. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you."

Thady's heart was too full for words now. He blushed, hung his head, stood still and then wept his thanks.
"Call here to-morrow," said the doctor, willing to relieve his grateful embarrassment.
"Thady," said Lucy, calling him back, "I want a word with you. Have you a couple of pleasant rooms in your house to let me?"
"Och, miss—me lady?" said the boy, astonished.
"Och, yes, sir," said Thady. "If your honor would only take the house into your own hands."

"I can't do that, boy," said the doctor, musing. "Thady," said he, after a pause, "how old are you?"
"Sixteen come Twelfth Day, sir."
"Hum! hum! Well, I'll ask Dr. Crosbie about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you have given him I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent free and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. And I'll not renew his lease for any of them, either. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you."

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Mrs. Jos. Bullock, wife of the shoemaker, Brook street, Galt, Ont., states: "My nervous system was run down and I suffered considerably from nervous dyspepsia and nervous headache. Hearing of the good effects of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I procured a box and found it a most helpful medicine. My digestion is now greatly improved, and as a result I am entirely freed of headache."
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In and Around Toronto

GENERAL INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The General Intention for the League of the Sacred Heart for July is, The Choice of a State of Life, and speaking of the subject the Canadian Messenger says: A Christian who is worthy of the name before engaging in an avocation which is irrevocable, should ask himself in all seriousness this important question, In what state of life can I save my soul the more easily? In what vocation can I give adequately to God the service He wishes from me? It is evident that in this momentous question a youth should not overlook the advice of parents and sane counsellors, but no matter what may be the rights of parents and others, they are always inferior to the rights of God over him. In case of rivalry, it is God who should have the upper hand.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the gentlemen and ladies in charge of their recent picnic, also to the citizens who generously co-operated, thus making the returns exceed all expectations. The following are the receipts from the different parishes:

Table with 2 columns: Parish/Category and Amount. Includes Holy Family (\$239.80), Our Lady of Lourdes (205.32), St. Basil's (548.15), St. Francis (336.69), St. Helen's (306.94), St. Joseph's (including \$41.35 from St. John's, East Toronto) (553.35), St. Mary's (673.46), St. Michael's (850.90), St. Patrick's (806.10), St. Paul's (1541.10), St. Peter's (181.75), Other sources (1001.59), Total (\$7,248.15), Expenses (724.23), Net (\$6,523.92).

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society, will be held in St. Vincent Hall, Shuter street, on Monday evening next, the 9th inst., at 8 o'clock. Members and all interested are invited to attend.

RECEPTION AT CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

On Wednesday, June 27th, Miss Lorretto Gibson and Miss Charlebois were received into the Convent of the Good Shepherd. Miss Gibson received the name of Sister Mary Gabriel and Miss Charlebois that of Sr. Mary Raphael. The final vows were taken by Sister Mary St. Basil.

A BRIGHT TORONTO BOY.

The name of Hubert Magann, the thirteen-year-old son of Mr. G. P. Magann of Toronto, is conspicuous on the prize list of Loyola College, Montreal, for the number of times in which it appears and for the large number of studies the appearances indicate. Master Magann is the winner of the Class prize for Good Conduct and 1st in Religious Instruction, Latin Grammar, Latin Translation, Greek Grammar and Composition, besides receiving Honorable Mention in English Grammar, Writing, Dictation, Latin Prose Composition, Greek Translation, distinction in Application to Study, and Special Class Prize in 3rd Grammar Class. This is a fine array and speaks well for a brilliant future.

The college list will be published in our next issue.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTING.

On Thursday afternoon of last week about 700 of the Sunday School children of St. Paul's Parish had a very enjoyable outing at the Island. They were accompanied by 35 of their teachers and the time was pleasantly spent in picnic and games.

REV. FATHER CAUGHLIN ADDRESSED HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

The members of the Holy Name Society of St. Francis Parish, at their last monthly meeting, had the pleasure of an address from Rev. Father Coughlin, C.S.S.R., who had lately assisted in giving a mission in the same parish. About two hundred were present. Father Coughlin addressed the meeting, his address being more of a "talk" than a sermon, on the general ends and aims of the Society, giving an interesting account of its origin and progress in the United States. He also complimented the men on their good attendance and at their previous fine turnout at the first General Communion of St. Francis' branch of the Association.

FORBES-MOONEY.

A pretty wedding took place in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Wednesday, June 27, when Mr. James Forbes and Miss Annie Mooney were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Cruise, P.P. The bride's sister, Miss Alice Mooney, attended as bridesmaid, Mr. Martin McKittick of Winnipeg as best man, and little Nellie Forbes, niece of the groom, as flower girl. During the offertory of the Mass Mr. Frederick Phillips, Toronto's favorite baritone soloist, rendered Mine's beautiful "Ave Maria" in a style worthy of the great composer. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. Owen Mooney, was charmingly attired in a gown of ivory crepe de chine, trimmed with Irish lace, tulle, veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and

carried a shower bouquet of white roses, interspersed with lilies of the valley and maidenhair fern. After a reception held in the home of the bride's father, 571 Ontario street, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes left for Buffalo and Rochester. The wedding gifts were numerous and handsome.

RAFFERTY-RUCK.

A pretty June wedding took place on Wednesday, June 27th, at St. Mary's church, Bathurst street, when Miss Katie Ruck, 29 Mitchell avenue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ruck, was married to Mr. Fred. Rafferty of Toronto, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., officiating. The bride was attired in a silk crepe de chine over tulle and white hat trimmed with white plumes, and was given away by her father. Her sister, Miss May Ruck, was bridesmaid, being dressed with cream de laine trimmed with silk military braid, and wore a pretty hat and coat to match. The groom was supported by the bride's brother, Mr. Gerald Ruck. Marie Flotilla Mathews, cousin of the bride, was flower girl and carried a basket of bouquets.

A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Rafferty left for the West and on their return will reside in Toronto.

Three Bishops Addressed the Meeting

At a meeting of German Catholics held lately in Cleveland, three Bishops addressed the meeting and to quote from the Catholic Universe of Cleveland, "their practical and authoritative treatment of topics of timely importance made an evident impression on 100 delegates and about 1,400 Catholics from the various parishes of the city who were present."

The Bishops who spoke were: The Rt. Revs. Ign. F. Horstmann, James A. McFaul of Trenton, N.J., and William Stang of Fall River, Mass., who occupied the centre of the stage, which was filled with clergymen from the city and surrounding towns. Bishop Horstmann was chairman of the evening.

As there is much in the addresses of these distinguished prelates which may be of use to Catholics everywhere, we quote further:

Bishop Horstmann's address was concise, forcible and to the point. He began with the expression of his profound conviction of the necessity of organization to accomplish any large result. "It is the day of the people," he said, "the time when anything is possible to united public sentiment. The Bishop contrasted the condition of the Catholics of Germany at the time of the Kulturkampf with their condition to-day, and pointed out that their present power is not the power of greater wealth or numbers, but simply the power of organization. In that hour of persecution there was not a Catholic paper in Germany to speak for the people. To-day there are three strong Catholic dailies and 395 Catholic weeklies. The result is the Center Party and an enlightened, influential and aggressive Catholic population.

THE LAMP OF EXPERIENCE.

"From the lessons of the past we draw light from the present. Patrick Henry said he had but one lamp—the lamp of experience as furnished by the study of history. And our experience makes nothing so clear as the necessity of organization." General Grant once asked a prominent Catholic why Catholics did not get together like other religious bodies and declared that Catholics did not realize their own power.

In laying down what was to be expected of the convention, Bishop Horstmann reiterated his frequently expressed protest against resolutions. The delegates, he said, should make up their mind to do something to enforce their good intentions. He recommended two things:

First, and most important, the practical support of the Catholic press. He would like to see subscription to a Catholic paper a condition of membership in all Catholic societies as it is in the Bohemian Union. He paid a high tribute to the Universe, than which, he declared, there was no better Catholic journal published in the United States, and also recommended the "Stimme der Wahrheit" as a very good German paper.

The Bishop's second recommendation was to make the Verein a living organization. It had immense possibilities for active work and influence, as manifest in the excellent service by the federation of Catholic societies in Toledo. "Work for the common good," exhorted the Bishop. "Make your influence felt in the community. The need was never so great.

"What an awful coming down there has been in the public morality in the last fourteen years! To what tremendous depths have we fallen? Here are the roller skating rinks; inventions of Satan himself, vices of vice and iniquity; here are the low vaudeville houses, and the moving picture machines, upon which one may not look, I am told, without sin.

"Why is it that these things cannot be regulated? Form committees to remedy these evils. Do not lose sight of the grave responsibilities and duties of Catholics toward society at large."

FEDERATION.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul was introduced as the Father of Federation. The Trenton prelate is a very happy and impressive speaker and his apt anecdotes and elegant and pithy eloquence kept the audience in a continual state of laughter and applause.

You'll Fancy Yourself in Berlin

or Hamburg or Dresden when you drink O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager.

It's our new brew—just like the famous light beers of Germany. Brewed of choicest hops and malt—and stored until fully aged.

"Pilsener" is the newest of the O'Keefe's brews and it bids fair to be the most popular. Try it.

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER

"A LIGHT BEER IN A LIGHT BOTTLE"

TEST IT A MONTH WITHOUT PAYING A CENT THE AIR CURE FOR RUPTURE



Without one cent of advanced payment, without deposit or any red tape, let us send you a made-to-order Air Rupture Cure

THE NEW, SURE WAY TO CURE RUPTURE

Wear it thirty days, according to directions. Then either keep it at a most reasonable price or send it back without it having cost you a cent. The Air Cure will cure—and we prove it by this fairest offer anybody ever made. Write for details.

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Sudden Death of Mr. J. O'Keefe

Mr. John O'Keefe of Ottawa, died at his home on Saturday, the 23rd, ult., on entering the house after working in the garden. The deceased suddenly fell to the floor and in a few minutes expired.

The late Mr. John C. O'Keefe was a well known resident of Ottawa, having lived there for about forty years. He was born in Fort Covington, N. Y., 59 years ago. For some time he was in the grocery business and later did considerable contracting, being a member of the firm of Tobin and O'Keefe. Several years ago he retired from active business, and latterly had given his time to looking after his real estate interests.

He was a man of kindly disposition and of unassuming nature and was well liked and highly regarded by a wide circle of friends. He was an attendant at St. Joseph's church and was a member of the Knights of Columbus. In politics he was a Liberal. Besides leaving one brother in the person of Police Magistrate O'Keefe, the late Mr. O'Keefe leaves one sister, Mrs. A. E. Provost. He was a brother also of the late Mr. Denis O'Keefe, formerly Deputy Chief of Police. His brother-in-law, Mr. A. E. Provost, who has recently been out on an automobile trip, was summoned from Renfrew.

The funeral took place at 8.45 o'clock Monday morning to St. Joseph's church, and interment was made in Notre Dame Cemetery. The Knights of Columbus attended in a body.

Almost fifty years' successful experience in the manufacture of Bells speaks well for any concern. The C. S. Bell Company, Hillsboro, Ohio, is pleased to state to the public that this is their record. Since 1858 they have been making the high grade, reliable Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. The popularity of these Bells is not confined alone to this country, but to-day they may be found in almost every country on the globe. The success of the Company is due to the square deal they give their patrons.

Any one interested in the purchase of a Bell will do well to write to these people. They will send you, for the asking, a catalogue which contains useful information about Bells, and they will also advise you of a unique plan by the aid of which you can secure a Steel Alloy Bell at a very low price.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Hagerty-Morgan

A quiet though pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, William street, by the Rev. Father Stuhll, C.S.S.R., on Tuesday morning last, when Serena, youngest daughter of Captain James Morgan, was united in marriage to Martin Hagerty, second son of the late Thomas Hagerty, and grandson of the late Michael Smith of the attorney-general's department. The bride, who was prettily gowned in white duchess satin, with veil and wreath of orange blossoms, was attended by Miss McCandlish, while the groom was supported by his uncle, E. A. Smith.

After a wedding tour at the Thousand Islands and Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Hagerty will reside on Grange avenue.

HOME BANK IS WELL FIXED

Starts With Reserve Fund

Six per cent. Dividend Declared After Only Five Months' Work—New Bills are Very Artistic—Entire Old Board Elected at Toronto Meeting.

The Toronto daily papers seem to have given a good deal of attention to the prosperous affairs of The Home Bank of Canada. The fact that this institution has already paid a dividend, and reported a substantial reserve fund, after only five months' work under its charter, is something unusual with new banks. Probably the Toronto "World" correctly sums up the matter in the following editorial paragraph:

"The annual meeting of the Home Bank of Canada brings to public notice features of banking that rather exceed the general anticipations of what a new institution of this status may accomplish within a given time. It is scarcely to be expected that a new bank shall pay a dividend within the first five months of its active operations, but since the Home Bank has readily declared a dividend, very much within the prohibited time, it might be explained that the Home is not an entirely new institution. Just as the Toronto Savings Bank of 1857 carried its resources into the Home Savings and Loan Company of 1878, so the Home Bank of Canada begins life with the experience and support of the 28 years activities of the Home Savings. The Home Bank has done well, but it must be remembered that it has not started from the very beginning, and therefore may enjoy a decided advantage over the several banking institutions that have recently been launched with new charters and a clientele yet to be acquired."

The following account of the meeting of the shareholders of the Home Bank of Canada is taken from the Toronto Globe of Thursday last. It will be noticed the Globe does not speak of the Home Bank of Canada as being a new institution:

The first annual general meeting of the shareholders of The Home Bank of Canada was held at the head offices, 8 West King street. The original charter of the institution dates from 1854, when the Toronto Savings Bank was launched. In 1878 the bank developed into the "Home Savings & Loan Company," and operations were begun under a form of charter which entirely filled the needs of the time. Of recent years industrial activities in Canada have made a wider prospect for the scope of business banking, and so the Savings & Loan Company, after twenty-eight years' activity in most of the departments of finance associated with banking, took up the original scope of its charter again and became The Home Bank of Canada.

The Shareholders' Security

The Home Bank of Canada is just six months old this present month. If it were entirely a new bank, with a new list of shareholders and a new executive, it would not have to be reported that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. has been paid for the first five months of the bank's operations. But aside from the dividend, the general statement, issued recently, shows some very conservative figures. There is a reserve fund equal to one-quarter of the entire subscribed stock. This is an item of security for the shareholders, which, like the dividend, can scarcely be produced within any short period of development, and in addition there is a profit and loss account of \$30,503.28.

Where the Depositors Come In

The depositors of The Home Bank of Canada may read with satisfaction that the sum of nearly four millions of dollars of the public's money which the bank holds is placed so as to be readily convertible into cash. In fact the great bulk of this money is a cash asset for the bank. Something over three million four hundred thousand of this sum is secured by collateral loans on stocks, bonds and debentures, and the money is therefore returnable to the bank at any time it may be demanded. Of the remainder, over \$300,000 is in debentures, and the balance, nearly \$700,000, is actual cash. The current loans to business men, and paper discounted for their accommodation, is a small item in comparison, amounting to \$384,000.

Has Followed the Tried Methods

An analysis of The Home Bank's general statement shows that the institution has taken its place solidly among the chartered banks of Canada without any resort to methods of "high finance." Although there has been a change of name, and a broader scope of activities, the newer institution has carried the support of its old clientele, while the new charter has brought in a very perceptible gain of deposits. The notes issued by the bank have proved most attractive, and the circulation is rapidly increasing.

A Representative Meeting

The meeting was called to order at noon. Among those present were: B. E. Bull, T. H. Bull, John Batho, Wm. Cooke, Wm. Crocker, Lieut.-Col. Jno. I. Davidson, Arthur R. Denison, Daniel Fitzgerald, Major F. A. Fleming, Thos. Flynn, Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., Edward Galley, E. G. Gooderham, W. J. Green, James Gunn, M. J. Haney, C.E., Widmer Hawke, Joseph Hobson, H. T. Kelly, W. T. Kernahan, Wm. Lavoie, Paris, Ont., Lieut.-Col. James Mason, Isaac Moody, R. Parkyn Murray, J. Cooper Mason, R. L. McIntyre, Dr. Alex. McPhedran, C. E. P. McWilliams, Eugene O'Keefe, W. H. Partridge, Lieut.-Col. Sir H. B. Robertson, Alex. Robertson, J. S. Robertson, James Scott, R. B. Street, Arnold W. Thomas, Milton A. Thomas, J. A. Todd and John White.

The Order of Business

It was moved by Mr. Wm. Cooke, seconded by Mr. M. J. Haney, C.E.,

that the President, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, should take the chair. It was moved by Mr. Wm. Crocker, seconded by Mr. Widmer Hawke, that the General Manager, Lieut.-Col. Jas. Mason, should act as Secretary. The Secretary then read the directors' report as follows:

"The directors beg to present their report, showing the result of the business of the bank for the period ending the 31st of May, 1906, and its position on that date.

"In accordance with and under authority of the resolution duly passed for that purpose, the bank on the 31st of December, 1905, took over and assumed the liabilities of the Home Savings & Loan Company, Limited, consisting entirely of deposits amounting to \$3,389,675.27, and received from that company assets of equal value and amount, and such as the bank could legally hold and acquire.

"The bank opened for business on the next legal day, the 2nd of January, 1906, in its new premises, Nos. 8 and 10 West King street, and also in the two offices in which the company had been doing business, viz., No. 78 Church street and No. 522 West Queen street, all in Toronto. Since then branches have been opened at the following points: Alliston, Walkerville, St. Thomas, Brownsville, Sheddin and Lawrence Station, all in Ontario. Arrangements have also been made for the opening of a branch at Fernie, B.C., and business will be begun there shortly.

"The profits for the five months during which the bank has been doing business have enabled your directors to declare a dividend for that period at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and add the sum of \$9,839.30 to the profit and loss account, which now amounts to \$30,503.28."

The President's Address

The President moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by the Vice-President, Mr. Thomas Flynn. The President then spoke as follows:

"We now meet at the first annual general gathering of the shareholders of the bank to receive and adopt the annual report of the directors and to elect directors for the new year.

"You will see by the statement now in your hands that the bank has been successful in its first five months' business, the net profits for that period being equal to 10 per cent. on the average capital paid up for the same term, which was about \$600,000. A dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum has been declared, and paid, and the balance placed to profit and loss account.

"The taking over of the business of the Home Savings & Loan Company, Limited, was carried out on the 31st of December, 1905, and in a manner most satisfactory to both institutions. The preliminary expenses, which must necessarily accompany the organization of a new bank, have been paid off and a substantial amount placed to credit of profit and loss account to meet future development.

"The stock has been well taken, some \$830,000 being now subscribed, and \$733,000 paid thereon. The shares are well distributed and divided among over four hundred shareholders. The directors have been very fortunate in having been able to secure for the bank's head office so handsome and so centrally situated premises. The other city offices will be in keeping with their locations.

"Branches have been opened at points considered suitable and advantageous for business, and the bank's operations will be extended whenever thought desirable.

"It is satisfactory to note the increase in the bank's deposits over the amount taken over from the Home Savings & Loan Company, Limited, when the fact is considered that the business has been practically confined to the city of Toronto and to three branches.

"The zeal and ability displayed by the officers of the bank have been very satisfactory."

Thanks Tendered the Executive

After the adoption of the report it was moved by Mr. B. E. Bull, seconded by Mr. M. A. Thomas, that the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their careful attention to the interests of the bank.

On motion by Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., seconded by Mr. James Gunn, the following motion was adopted: "That the thanks of the shareholders be tendered to the General Manager and other officers of the bank for the efficient manner in which they performed their respective duties."

It was moved by Lieut.-Col. John I. Davidson and seconded by Sir Henry M. Pellatt, that the poll be now opened for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and that the same be closed whenever five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote having been tendered, and that Messrs. W. T. Kernahan and F. A. Fleming be the scrutineers to take the vote, and that they report the result to this meeting.

The Old Board Re-Elected

The ballot resulted in the re-election of the old board as follows: Eugene O'Keefe, Thomas Flynn, Edward G. Gooderham, M. B. Haney, C.E., W. Parkyn Murray, Lieut.-Col. J. I. Davidson and Lieut.-Col. James Mason.

At a meeting of the new board, held immediately after the close of the above, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe was re-elected President, and Mr. Thomas Flynn re-elected Vice-President of the bank.