

THE INCOMPATIBLES

On a beautiful morning in June a young husband and wife were seated opposite each other at a well-appointed breakfast table. Beyond a...

but he did not avail himself of his opportunity. "If he had only said to her even playfully, 'You have me, Dora,' the situation might have been saved. But he let it pass. Perhaps it never occurred to him to improve it."

After a moment, piqued at his indifference, she resumed in a more acrid tone than she had hitherto used. "It is enough that I have an opinion for you to take the opposite view. You pretend to be a connoisseur in music, whereas you know nothing about it—save that you have a pretty good ear. You say that I am an ignorant where politics is concerned, whereas the contrary is true. My father was not a Senator for ten years without my having learned something of politics. You are cross to my maid, and allow your man to drink up all the wine in the cellar. You cannot bear low-necked dresses, will not let me wear them without a scene, and will not give up smoking when you know I cannot endure it."

Her resentment of his conduct had gone. "After a while he rose and gave a few orders to the servants. He passed through his dressing-room into her apartment. Everything was in disorder. On the dressing table a bit of pink ribbon lay beside a fading rose. On the satin cushion a solitary stick pin, pearl-mounted, still remained. It was comparatively useless; either she had forgotten or did not care about it. He lifted the bowler, wrapped the ribbon about it, and tucked them with the pin; then he carefully placed both in a compartment of his memorandum book and put it in his pocket. Why he did this he could not have explained. It was as though some one had resolved to treasure thus a memento of the dead. As he looked about the deserted room a chill went through him; he felt desolate. He hurried out and down the stairs. In another moment he was walking rapidly up the street."

Rachel pointed to a battered specimen of dollhood, attired in a red dress and white apron and seated in a little rocking-chair. "He used to call it his wife. He thought it the most beautiful thing in existence. How I have laughed behind his back when he would caress the ridiculous thing! Poor doll! she has sat there lonely and unloved for many a year. Winston has something dearer now."

Dora said not a word. "Doesn't it touch you to the bottom of your heart to see and hear about these little things?" continued Rachel. "Yes, it does," answered Dora in a low voice. Cousin Rachel opened another door. "This is where he slept," she said. "This room is smaller, of course; but it is very pleasant."



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM, '03-'04.

Michael's College. IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year \$160 Day Pupil \$100

Loretto Abbey. WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, O., CAN. This fine Institution recently enlarged to give scope to the former site, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so essential to study.

School of Practical Science. ESTABLISHED 1879. TORONTO. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

Departments of Instruction. 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Laboratories. 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metrical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy. St. Alban Street, TORONTO. THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN THIS ACADEMY embraces every branch suitable to the Education of Young Ladies.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

LOYOLA. An English Classical College, Conducted by THE JESUIT FATHERS. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course.

NINTH MONTH 30 DAYS THE SEVEN DOLORS

September

1904

Calendar table for September 1904 with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and Feasts/Events.

Electric Wiring

Complete Plants Installed. Satisfactory results guaranteed. McDonald & Willson TORONTO

Children's Corner

FAREWELL TO VACATION.

(Gold Badge Verse in September St. Nicholas League.) A canoe moored in the marsh-land, where the grass grows thick and tall...

WRITING YOUR COMPOSITIONS.

(From "Books and Authors" in September St. Nicholas.) When you take notes, write them on separate slips of paper or such cards as are used in card indexing...

RHYMES WORTH REMEMBERING

Although the author of the following lines is unknown, the advice they contain should be known to everyone: If your lips would keep from slips, Five things observe with care...

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees. "Oh, who, papa?" "But you must guess."

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."—Christian Observer.

THE ENTERPRISING TAPIR.

(Laura E. Richards in September St. Nicholas.) Once an enterprising Tapir Started out upon a caper Through the jungle, jungle, jungle In the island of Ceylon; And upon his joyous route he Met a charming young Agouti, And he said unto the beauty: "Shall we fare together on?"

Said the enterprising Tapir, "Life is fleeting like a vapor, But 'twould brighten, lighten, brighten If I passed it at your side. Oh, charming young Agouti, You shall live on tutti-frutti, If you'll only Be the lonely Tapi'r's bright and blooming bride?"

A DAY'S QUARREL.

As Mr. Meade rushed out of his front door, in a great hurry to pay a visit six miles away, he almost stumbled over little Ben, sitting alone on the porch step. "Hello, Captain, where's your mate?" asked the doctor. He always called Ben "Captain," and the little boy next door his "mate"; this little boy's name was Blake.

"Why father! I've known the Carolina wren for the longest time—I spect about a week. Miss Robbins taught me. But Blake says he knows a Carolina wren, too; Jack Foster showed him one while it was singing. He says the bird in the locust tree looked like one, but he knew it wasn't, because the Carolina wren sings this way"—Ben whistled something like "Sweetheart, sweetheart. His father was surprised to hear how much like a bird it sounded.

British Association

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has assembled this year at Cambridge, and its President is the Prime Minister, who to-night read his opening address to a crowded, as well as fashionable, audience in the Corn Exchange. It was entitled: "Reflections suggested by the new theory of matter."

plied in any representation of ultimate physical reality. Electricity flows in the year 1700 than the hidden cause of an insignificant phenomenon. But to-day there were those who regarded gross matter, the matter of every day experience, as the mere appearance of which electricity was the physical basis—who thought that the elementary atom of the chemist, itself far beyond the limits of direct perception, was but a connected system of monads or sub-atoms which were not electrified matter, but mere electricity itself; that these systems differ in the number of monads which they contain in their arrangement and in their motion relative to each other and to the ether.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLOWS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King Street East. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902. John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three weeks, I am able to go to work again, and after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 3, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville Street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsey Street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen Street East.

Externally or Internally, it is Good—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation of the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

JOHN O'CONNOR 180 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CRONIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Subscription: In City, including delivery, \$2.50; Outside, \$3.00. Single Copies, 10c.

Approved and recommended by the Archdiocese of Toronto and the Bishops of the Province. ADVERTISING RATES: Front page, 10 cents a line.

MONTREAL AGENCY 8 Richmond Square R. J. LOUIS CUDDY, MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

LOCAL AGENT JOSEPH COOLAHAN

Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1904.

C.M.B.A. CONVENTION.

It would be mere hypocrisy for The Register to say that the recent C.M.B.A. Convention can be viewed as a completely satisfactory event. The widespread feeling of anxiety that prevailed at the opening session became considerably allayed as far as the delegates were concerned, it is true. But when it is remembered that dissatisfied delegates were brought under the strongest fraternal influences, that they were subjected to appeals all the more powerful because they were personal, that the more prominent members of the Executive were presented to their sympathy as public men who would suffer inevitably by a denial of confidence in their popularity and ability, it is hardly to be wondered at that many were won over and many more preferred to keep silence rather than protest to the last. Now, however, that the Convention belongs to the history of the Association, it is more doubtful than ever that all this sympathy was either well or wisely directed, or that it will bring about a more vigilant guardianship of the great and solemn trust reposed in the Executive of the C.M.B.A.

We do not gainsay that the matter of the defalcation was compromised in a practical way, but neither do we agree that a jury would base a merciful verdict against the memory of the late Secretary upon an ex parte presentation of the evidence. However, it is best now to bury all this.

The two vital matters before the Convention were the audit and the election of Trustees. The proposal to increase the rates, having been brought forward with startling unpreparedness, was not a businesslike or vital proposition. The readiness with which the Executive consented to shelve it showed that they did not really look upon it themselves as imperative. Some better solution than the hasty resolve of the Executive to impose rates that would crowd out the old members, who were the original props of the Association, and are its strongest line of defence at the present hour, is needed; and the wisdom of the membership can be safely depended upon to find the right remedy.

The audit and the Grand Council leave much, if not everything, to be desired. There is no magic that we can discern in the phrase "chartered accountant." What we see other bodies insisting upon is an "independent audit." The entire principle of a satisfactory audit so far as the C.M.B.A. is concerned must be sought in the relationship of the Convention to the Grand Council or Executive. The books and vouchers of the Executive are, of course, the things to be audited. The Convention is the body that is supposed to secure an independent audit of these books and vouchers. The Executive cannot appoint independent auditors of its own affairs, even though the men they select were chartered a thousand times over. To have an independent audit the auditors must be chosen independently of the Executive, for instance by a committee appointed by the Convention for the purpose; the Executive being constrained to give up all vouchers and papers asked for upon the authority of the Convention.

The financial statement of the Grand Council presented to the recent Convention might well be resubmitted to an independent audit. Take the bills of expenses paid to Dr. Ryan, Medical Superintendent for attendance at meetings of the trustees. Dr. Ryan is not a trustee, and unless the trustees at these meetings stand in need of ready medical aid, it is difficult to see the excuse for his presence. But as a matter of fact he has attended more trustee meetings than any of the trustees. His expenses for these ministrations are not meagre. On Sept. 26th, 1902, Dr. Ryan and Brother Behan appear to have attended a trustee meeting without other company, or else it falls in the method of printing the account. No mention is made of the place of meeting; it may have been Vancouver Island or Anticosti. At all events each of them drew \$49.85 for his attendance. The charge may be economical for

the unknown distance traversed. But the practical question is: Has the C.M.B.A. money to burn paying for Dr. Ryan's constant services upon the Trustees at their frequent meetings? Are the Grand Trustees royalty that they must have a physician in waiting in the suite?

The appointment of Mr. Kernahan who may be said to represent the Convention, should bring about a considerable improvement in the auditing of general fund expenditures. But both auditors should really be independent of the Grand Council. That is the only proper sort of audit.

With regard to the principal Grand Officers there may be something in the claim that it would be inconsistent with the fraternal spirit to drop them now. Even though fraternally speaking, it was all very well to disseminate dissatisfaction with their lack of business ability why were their salaries increased?

A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Irish Christian Brothers at St. John's, Newfoundland, obtained a signal victory in the educational arena there a few days ago. The first public examination for the Rhodes Scholarship took place at St. John's, nearly five weeks ago, when five candidates wrote, one from the Methodist College, one from Bishop Field College (Anglican), and three from St. Bonaventure College, under the direction of the Christian Brothers. The results were made public ten days ago, when it was announced that Masters Herbert, Power and White from the Brothers' College had passed in all five branches, viz., Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French and English. The Candidates from the other colleges had failed in one and two branches respectively, which leaves the candidates from St. Bonaventure the high and distinguished honor of being the pioneer candidates to enter the Oxford University in connection with the Rhodes Scholarship. A movement was on foot at the beginning to have only the sons of the "upper ten" compete for the scholarship, but the "common" ones have proven their worth and the Catholics of the whole Island of Newfoundland have reason to be proud of the good Christian Brothers, the great teachers of the day. Not only do the Catholics feel proud, but every honest and fair-minded citizen of Terra Nova feels the same. We always knew that when public competition came that the Brothers' pupils would prove their worth, and we were right. It is not riches nor "uprightness" that counts, it is brains, solid work and good teaching. The Register heartily congratulates the good Christian Brothers on their magnificent victory as well as the Catholics of the Island, and wish the noble band of educators a continuation of such success.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The arrival of the Archbishop of Canterbury on this continent is referred to by secular contemporaries on both sides of the ocean as an event of great moment with regard equally to religion and empire. Whatever the import of the visit may be, and to whatever results it may tend, Canadians will share some portion of the Anglican interest shown in the office and personality of the distinguished visitor. His Grace's good opinion of Canada and the Canadian people would be appreciated on every hand were there no other purpose in his tour than the modern Englishman's turn for personal observation of the children of the empire. But we are told that the visit will cement the bonds of Anglican religious life in England and America, as well as further the imperialist idea. From all we have read of the Archbishop of Canterbury he is one of the sane and even conservative imperialists. That section of the Canadian people to whom in a special sense he is a missionary, have made fitting preparation for his welcome; and their strength and influence in this community must contribute at all points to His Grace's satisfaction with the Canadian portion of his journey.

THE EXHIBITION.

The opening of the National Exhibition on Tuesday took place under the best auspices. The fair promises to be the most successful ever held in Toronto. As a collection of industrial and natural products and as an exposition of art and the processes of manufacturing it may be said without exaggeration to mark a new Canadian era. This is the day of great exhibitions. The present show is worthy of its name as a Canadian National Exhibition. It is to be hoped that public appreciation will be fully commensurate with its merit.

BISHOP OF LAVAL IN ROME.

There was some danger a little while ago that Monsignor Geay, Bishop of Laval, might be subjected to the process of trial by the newspaper at the hands of the more zealous editors of European and American Catholic journals. The Bishop has now made his appearance in Rome and will be afforded the fullest opportunity of proving himself innocent of the accusations which the papers allude to should never have canvassed. The position he takes with regard to his recognition of the

restraining power of the French Government before the rupture as against the obedience due to the Pope by Catholic Bishops, is one that has already been forestalled by Cardinal Merry del Val in his correspondence with the French Government.

JOLLETTE-EN FETE FOR FIRST BISHOP

Joliette, August 21—This is a civic and religious holiday in Joliette, on the occasion of the consecration of the first bishop. The cathedral has been profusely decorated, and the altars have been covered with draperies amid which scintillated hundreds of lights.

About the sanctuary are distributed the armorial bearings of the archbishops, who are present in great numbers. Besides these, some four hundred priests from all sections of the province, and many parts of the United States, as well as from New Brunswick, have journeyed here for the occasion.

Seats of honor were reserved for distinguished guests. These included the family of the new bishop, consisting of his mother, his two brothers, Hon. Horace Archambault and Mr. Henri Archambault, with their wives; Mr. L. H. Archambault, his nephew; his niece, who is accompanied by her husband, Mr. J. A. Beaulieu, advocate, of this city, and two sisters of Mgr. Archambault: Mrs. Bruchesi, mother of the Archbishop; Major Shepherd, A.D.C., representing the Lieutenant-Governor, Messrs. Justices, Mathieu, Baby, Delorme, Teller, Mgr. Racicot, Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Ph. Belliveau, of Barabois; N. B.; Rev. Abbe Corbell, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. P. E. Leblanc, Hon. J. D. Rolland, Hon. N. Perroteau, Mr. F. X. St. Charles, president of the Hochelaga Bank; Dr. A. T. Brisson; Mr. J. M. Teller, K.C., M.L.A.; His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, Governor of the Town Council, as well as the presidents of the several religious benefit societies.

THE CONSECRATING BISHOP.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was the consecrating bishop. The assistant priest was Rev. J. A. Vaillant, conventor of the Charter of the Cathedral of Montreal; Rev. Abbe Villeneuve, superior of L'Assomption College, was deacon of honor with Rev. Father Roberge, C.S.V., of Joliette College. Rev. Cure Erement, of St. Cuneogued, was deacon of office, with Rev. Cure Laferriere, of St. Lin, as sub-deacon.

The new bishop was presented and supported by their Lordships Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke, and Bishop Lamoignon, of Valleyfield. He had with him as chaplain Rev. Abbe P. Sylvestre, cure of St. Gabriel de Brandon, and Rev. E. Lapaille, cure of Mile End; Mgr. Larocque was accompanied by Rev. Abbe Cloux, of St. Ambroise, and Rev. Abbe Viau, of Ste. Julienne, as chaplains.

His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti occupied a throne of honor, attended by Rev. Abbe Marechal, of St. James Cathedral, and Rev. Abbe Latulippe of Sherbrooke Cathedral.

Rev. Abbe Ladurantaye, cure of St. Jerome, a childhood's friend of the new bishop, delivered the sermon. He dwelt on the great joy, which the event of the day must bring to all their hearts, and the greatness of the bishop's mission.

At the close of the Mass, the clergy of the new diocese gathered in the church, and read to their new bishop an address of congratulation and welcome. They referred to the pleasure they felt at the establishment of a new See in their midst. They also referred with sympathy to the honorable pride of the new bishop's family in seeing one of their number raised to this high office and especially his mother, whom they assured that her son had, in the esteem of his fellow clergymen well deserved the promotion he had received.

They added a word to Mgr. Sbarretti, to whom they protested their devotion to the father and King Plus X. They also referred to the kindly relations which had always existed under the reign of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, and assured that prelate that though they belonged to another diocese they still looked up to him for direction as the head of the archdiocese.

ADDRESS WAS READ.

The address was read by the parish priest of Joliette, Rev. P. Beaudry, and Bishop Archambault replied in like terms.

At the end of Mass His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi imparted the papal benediction. Dinner was served in the rectory of Joliette College.

A Good Work

The Foresters' Orphans' Home, dedicated upon the 27th of August, 1904, is the latest achievement of the Independent Order of Foresters. This Home is a beautiful and substantial structure built upon Forestburg Island, Deseronto, Ont., and within a few hundred feet of the blue pure waters of the charming Bay of Quinte, has been erected for the purpose of caring for and educating such orphans of deceased members of the Order as are in need.

Sid Result of a Reprehensible Practice

An Armagh (Ireland) despatch says: A sad and terrible circumstance remains to be told as a sequel to an Orange demonstration here. A carpenter named John Hill, aged about 50 years, who works in Millford Mill, and who lives in the village of Millford, about 14 miles from Armagh, was arrested by Sergeant Madden about 11 o'clock last night on a charge of shooting his daughter, Jane Hill, aged about 17, who was a factory girl in Millford Mill. It appears that Hill was at the Orange demonstration in the demesne, and was armed with a revolver. On returning home he proceeded to unload the weapon in the kitchen and accidentally sent off the charge lodging in the stomach of his unfortunate daughter who was sitting on a couch opposite. The poor girl, who at once declared she was shot, only survived about an hour and died in terrible agony. Dr. Hampton Gray was immediately summoned, but the girl died before his arrival. Hill was detained in the street barracks all night, and was brought to-day before Dr. Robert Gray, J.P., who formally charged and remanded on bail until next Petty Sessions at Armagh. An inquiry will be held.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF FONTENOY

(By R. Barry O'Brien.)

On my way from Brussels to London last May, I stayed for some days at Tournai to visit the battlefield of Fontenoy. Tournai is a quaint old town, well worth a visit for its own sake. It is quiet, but not dull, respectful but not sleepy—haunted by ancient memories and revived by modern acts. The Schelde flows lazily under many bridges through the town, and boats of canal fashion, with a woman at the helm and a man at the prow, ply along the river's course even to Antwerp. The fine quays recall the prosperity of other days, and still show some signs of activity. In Steam trams run into France, and the ubiquitous motorist, with Satanic visage, drives his infernal machine in the picturesque neighborhood.

The inhabitants—36,000, all told—are intelligent, cheerful, obliging, and the stranger receives every courtesy and attention. The hotels are comfortable, the Imperatrice and Neuf Province being the best.

The shops are good, and there is one excellent restaurant, "Taverne Colonne." There are plenty of carriages for hire, and the cochers are almost as lively and good-humored as an Irish carman. But the most distinguished feature of Tournai is the Cathedral. It stands in the old town, for Tournai is divided into two—the new the old town built on a hill, the new in the plain. The Cathedral is a splendid structure in the Romanesque style, with five picturesque towers, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Tournai is one of the most ancient towns in Europe. It was, we are told, founded by the Nervii, visited by Caesar, and held by the Romans until 485 A.D. Then it was taken by the Franks, but next year given up to Rome, until the year 571, when it again fell into the hands of the Franks.

It is said that the Frankish king Chilperic fortified the town, which remained in the possession of the Franks up to 869, when it was taken by the Norsemen. In the reign of Charles the Simple it reverted to the French, in whose possession it remained un molested until 1214, when it became involved in the wars between the Duke of Flanders and Philip Augustus, the famous King of France.

Tournai was taken by the Archduke of Austria in 1475, but given back to France in 1483. In the war between Louis XII. and Henry VII. of England, Henry captured Tournai and held the town for five years, building a tower which can still be seen. At the end of five years it was given back to France. It was taken by Spain in 1521. Subsequently it joined in the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain, and was besieged and carried by Parma, after an obstinate resistance in which "the women" led by the Princess d'Epilievre, fought before the men. It remained for several years in the hands of Spain, till it was given up to Louis XIV. and sweeps right across the plain of Fontenoy to Allies in 1709, and assigned to Austria in 1713.

The next event in this brief resume of the history of Tournai concerns us Irishmen most. In 1745, during the War of the Austrian Succession, it was besieged by Marshal Saxe. The Allies—Austrian, English, Dutch—marched to its relief, but were met by the French on the plain of Fontenoy and utterly routed; the Irish Brigade, it need scarcely be mentioned, delivering the decisive charge which gave victory to the arms of France.

Since 1745 it has gone through many more vicissitudes, passing back to the Austrians, falling again into the hands of the French, and ultimately becoming the possession of the present Kingdom of Belgium.

I have already endeavored to give a description of the battle of Fontenoy in the columns of the Freeman's Journal, and in what I have now to say I shall confine myself to an account of my visit to the scene. The positions which were held by the French, and attacked by the Allies, are well known and well defined; Saint Antoine, now a prosperous little village, one of the centres of the cement manufacture, Fontenoy, a hamlet which probably has a town but little since 1745; and in the distance the wood of Barri, under the shelter of which were posted the French reserves, including the Irish Brigade.

From Fontenoy you can see across the fields the spire of the church of Vezon, in which the village of Cumberland, it is said, slept the night before the battle. Stretching from Vezon to the wood of Barri lies the undulating plain of Fontenoy, across which his battalions marched to the attack.

The night of my arrival at Tournai I met a resident Englishman at the hotel. We dined together. I told him the object of my mission, and asked if he had ever heard of the battle of Fontenoy. He said he had during the Boer war; during the terrible Colenso when he had been speaking to some Belgians in the vicinity. They said: "You English are surprised that you have been beaten by the Boers, but we are not surprised. You were beaten on that plain a hundred and fifty years ago. It seemed to be a relief to this Englishman when I told him the part the Irish had played in that defeat. "Well," said he, "it was some of ourselves, at all events, who beat us."

Next morning I started for the plain. A steam tram runs from Tournai railway station to Vezon and beyond, taking about an hour to reach Fontenoy, and on the way passing through nearly a dozen thriving little hamlets—a fact which gives one an idea of the prosperity and thickness of the population in Belgium. I told my fellow-voyagers the object of my mission, and showed them the plan of the battle, in which they were much interested, especially the conductor, who studied it with great zest, and wanted to keep it. On their part they eagerly pointed out everything worthy of note. The first hamlet of historic interest is Ramecroix, in which part of the French reserves were placed. On approach of Ramecroix, the wood of Barri comes into view, and one gets a very good idea of the excellent scenery made, and concealing the French posted in its vicinity from the advancing enemy. From Ramecroix the tram proceeded to Gauran, where, so far as I could gather from the study of my plan, the brigade was actually posted. From Gauran the tram sweeps right across the plain of Fontenoy to Vezon, on the exact line of Cumberland's advance. The plain lies bare and open, unchanged in all essential features, as it lay on that day before Cumberland's regiments. On looking at this naked plain, partly tillied land and partly pasture, with even a hedge to signify cover, one is struck by the audacity of Cumberland's frontal attack, which mad as it may seem to the soldiers of today, very nearly succeeded. The tram does not enter the hamlet of Fontenoy, but stops at a point beyond, about midway between it and Vezon. Here I descended to study the ground more closely. Finding some difficulty seemed to me to be a laborer working with a woman in the fields. He immediately came to my side, and I asked him some questions, and found that his answers seemed not to correspond with the positions on the plan. I told him that I was an Irishman, and a Catholic, and that I had come to survey the battlefield of Fontenoy. "Ah," said he, "I know about the battle of Fontenoy. It was fought in the reign of Louis XV. in 1745." I then took out my plan, and said that his information did not correspond with it. He took the plan out of my hand like one accustomed to such things, examined it carefully, turned it in every way, and ultimately reconciled his information with the positions in the plan. It was not the natural intelligence of this man that made an impression on me. I have often met peasants in my own country with a larger share, but the familiarity he showed with the written document proved that his intelligence had been carefully cultivated. Having studied the plan, he said, "Come with me," and we walked to a rising ground. Here he pointed out everything, and satisfied all my inquiries.

From this point I walked to the hamlet of Fontenoy on about half an hour. It was a warm spring day, fine but cloudy, the air so absolutely still that every sound came clearly, just such another day, perhaps, as that May day on which the battle was fought. The peasants, or, perhaps more properly, the peasant farmers, were all busy in their fields. The lark was singing overhead. It was a scene of perfect peace, with nothing but the distant sound of the hammers in the village forge to suggest that anvil on which Irish valour worked its will on English pride. Fontenoy I found a dull, quiet, little hamlet. The church was closed, but both houses and church looked almost old enough to have seen the place alive with troops. Three-quarters of an hour's walk took me to Vezon, a picturesque little village, with a pretty country church, from whence the tram carried me back to Tournai. That evening my English acquaintance, who had been making inquiries for me, told me that I should have seen the tablet in Fontenoy Cemetery up to the memory of the Irish. I had never heard of it before, but resolved to find it out.

Next day I took the train from Tournai to St. Antoine, a run of about twenty minutes. Thence I walked across the fields to Fontenoy, taking about half an hour. On the way I saw in the distance towards the river, which flows by St. Antoine, three windmills marking the spots where three French batteries were erected at the suggestion of Lally (who led the charge of the Brigade). On getting to Fontenoy I made inquiry about the memorial tablet. Two old women of the village gave me directions where to find it. The tablet is of white marble, and is on the outer wall of the cemetery. On the top is a green flag, with the harp in white, and it bears the inscription: "In memory of the heroic Irish Soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy" May 11th, 1745.

Erected by Frank Sullivan, of San Francisco, U.S.A.

I then walked back to St. Antoine, which I explored thoroughly. The castle (which is new) belonged, I believe, to the Prince de Ligne, and is built upon the site of the one which existed at the time of the battle. It is now occupied by some French Jesuits. I had been told that I could not see it, but the gate-keeper, on hearing my mission and nationality, courteously let me in. The outer walls of the enclosure are old. It was at this point that the Dutch assault was repelled with vigor by the French garrison. A bridge had been thrown across the river, over which Saxe advised the French King to retire, when the battle was going against him.

The next day I returned to the plain of Fontenoy to examine it more particularly from the side of the wood of Barri, and to try and locate the point to which, at Lally's suggestion, guns were brought forward to arrest Cumberland's advance, and also that at which the Irish Brigade met the enemy. Another peasant came to my assistance, and pointed out the spot which he said was the scene of the "great fighting." It seemed to me, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that this would be the spot on which English and Irish met, and Limerick was revenged. Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

postulated. From Gauran the tram sweeps right across the plain of Fontenoy to Vezon, on the exact line of Cumberland's advance. The plain lies bare and open, unchanged in all essential features, as it lay on that day before Cumberland's regiments. On looking at this naked plain, partly tillied land and partly pasture, with even a hedge to signify cover, one is struck by the audacity of Cumberland's frontal attack, which mad as it may seem to the soldiers of today, very nearly succeeded. The tram does not enter the hamlet of Fontenoy, but stops at a point beyond, about midway between it and Vezon. Here I descended to study the ground more closely. Finding some difficulty seemed to me to be a laborer working with a woman in the fields. He immediately came to my side, and I asked him some questions, and found that his answers seemed not to correspond with the positions on the plan. I told him that I was an Irishman, and a Catholic, and that I had come to survey the battlefield of Fontenoy. "Ah," said he, "I know about the battle of Fontenoy. It was fought in the reign of Louis XV. in 1745." I then took out my plan, and said that his information did not correspond with it. He took the plan out of my hand like one accustomed to such things, examined it carefully, turned it in every way, and ultimately reconciled his information with the positions in the plan. It was not the natural intelligence of this man that made an impression on me. I have often met peasants in my own country with a larger share, but the familiarity he showed with the written document proved that his intelligence had been carefully cultivated. Having studied the plan, he said, "Come with me," and we walked to a rising ground. Here he pointed out everything, and satisfied all my inquiries.

From this point I walked to the hamlet of Fontenoy on about half an hour. It was a warm spring day, fine but cloudy, the air so absolutely still that every sound came clearly, just such another day, perhaps, as that May day on which the battle was fought. The peasants, or, perhaps more properly, the peasant farmers, were all busy in their fields. The lark was singing overhead. It was a scene of perfect peace, with nothing but the distant sound of the hammers in the village forge to suggest that anvil on which Irish valour worked its will on English pride. Fontenoy I found a dull, quiet, little hamlet. The church was closed, but both houses and church looked almost old enough to have seen the place alive with troops. Three-quarters of an hour's walk took me to Vezon, a picturesque little village, with a pretty country church, from whence the tram carried me back to Tournai. That evening my English acquaintance, who had been making inquiries for me, told me that I should have seen the tablet in Fontenoy Cemetery up to the memory of the Irish. I had never heard of it before, but resolved to find it out.

Next day I took the train from Tournai to St. Antoine, a run of about twenty minutes. Thence I walked across the fields to Fontenoy, taking about half an hour. On the way I saw in the distance towards the river, which flows by St. Antoine, three windmills marking the spots where three French batteries were erected at the suggestion of Lally (who led the charge of the Brigade). On getting to Fontenoy I made inquiry about the memorial tablet. Two old women of the village gave me directions where to find it. The tablet is of white marble, and is on the outer wall of the cemetery. On the top is a green flag, with the harp in white, and it bears the inscription: "In memory of the heroic Irish Soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy" May 11th, 1745.

Erected by Frank Sullivan, of San Francisco, U.S.A.

I then walked back to St. Antoine, which I explored thoroughly. The castle (which is new) belonged, I believe, to the Prince de Ligne, and is built upon the site of the one which existed at the time of the battle. It is now occupied by some French Jesuits. I had been told that I could not see it, but the gate-keeper, on hearing my mission and nationality, courteously let me in. The outer walls of the enclosure are old. It was at this point that the Dutch assault was repelled with vigor by the French garrison. A bridge had been thrown across the river, over which Saxe advised the French King to retire, when the battle was going against him.

The next day I returned to the plain of Fontenoy to examine it more particularly from the side of the wood of Barri, and to try and locate the point to which, at Lally's suggestion, guns were brought forward to arrest Cumberland's advance, and also that at which the Irish Brigade met the enemy. Another peasant came to my assistance, and pointed out the spot which he said was the scene of the "great fighting." It seemed to me, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that this would be the spot on which English and Irish met, and Limerick was revenged. Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

"In memory of the heroic Irish Soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy" May 11th, 1745.

Erected by Frank Sullivan, of San Francisco, U.S.A.

I then walked back to St. Antoine, which I explored thoroughly. The castle (which is new) belonged, I believe, to the Prince de Ligne, and is built upon the site of the one which existed at the time of the battle. It is now occupied by some French Jesuits. I had been told that I could not see it, but the gate-keeper, on hearing my mission and nationality, courteously let me in. The outer walls of the enclosure are old. It was at this point that the Dutch assault was repelled with vigor by the French garrison. A bridge had been thrown across the river, over which Saxe advised the French King to retire, when the battle was going against him.

The next day I returned to the plain of Fontenoy to examine it more particularly from the side of the wood of Barri, and to try and locate the point to which, at Lally's suggestion, guns were brought forward to arrest Cumberland's advance, and also that at which the Irish Brigade met the enemy. Another peasant came to my assistance, and pointed out the spot which he said was the scene of the "great fighting." It seemed to me, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that this would be the spot on which English and Irish met, and Limerick was revenged. Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

Though we have recently been told that we ought to forget Irish history, I venture to suggest that other Irishmen might share the feelings with which I visited this scene of one of the events in that history which we can view with unalloyed pride and pleasure. Renan said that of all the factors which went to make a nation, the most important was historical association. As a nation can only know itself by the study of history, no opportunity should be lost to render these lessons as vivid as possible; and what is more calculated to make them live in our hearts than to behold the scenes where they were enacted? I would therefore ask the permission of the Editor of the Freeman's Journal to propose that the next anniversary of this great victory should be allowed to pass unnoted. Tournai is easy of access; it is but six hours from London on the Calais and Brussels line. Let me presume that the visit should take place at holiday time, the party might leave Dublin by the night boat on Friday, leaving Charing Cross at nine on the following morning, reaching Tournai at 3 p.m. Saturday afternoon, Sunday and part of Monday would be available to visit the scene, thus allowing of a return on Tuesday. The programme might include a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, on Sunday a visit to the field, with an address

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854. HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St., Toronto. BRANCH "A": 522 Queen St. W. Cor. Hackney. Assets \$3,000,000. Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. 3 1/2% Withdrawable by Cheques. Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 to 9 O'Clock. JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Waldeck-Rousseau's Death

The death of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who was always regarded as a future President of the Republic, came as a surprise owing to the unnecessary reticence of the family about the real condition of the patient, who practically died in the hands of the operating surgeons. His death eclipses in interest for the moment the siege of Port Arthur and the discussion over the letters from the Vatican about the case of the Bishop of Laval, which M. Combes made the Foreign Minister keep back from the public. The two men of mystery, by the way, were exposed beautifully by the "Observatore Romano" and the "Univers."

It is recorded that M. Waldeck-Rousseau before dying confessed his sins to Father Maumus, a Dominican, who was a friend of his. He was not an utterly bad man like his successor, in whose hands he placed the instrument of the Associations Law, not knowing that it would be used with such diabolical brutality. It may also be said of Waldeck-Rousseau that he was one of the few men of the Third Republic who had any of the stuff of a statesman in him. He was a cold orator, but a close debater, and was always apparently calm and self-possessed, no matter what was happening around him. He was heartily hated by Henri Rochefort, who used to call him long ago the

E. MURPHY

How about Your Coal. Ring us up and get a few pointers on your supply for the coming winter.

The Imperial Coal Co.

HEAD OFFICE—1184 YONGE ST. PHONES—North 2082, North 2083 and North 1901.

DRESS WELL

First, then talk business and you'll get a fitting. Dressing is a science. We have more than 500 styles in our new fall line.

HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE

(Special to The Register.)

Hamilton, Sept. 1.—Thieves, who for the past couple of months have been stealing small articles from the Catholic churches of the city, are at work again and the latest church to be troubled is St. Patrick's, King St. east. A couple of pieces of linen were stolen from there last Saturday.

WILLIAM DUNLAY DEAD.

After a long illness and much suffering death came as a happy release to William Dunlay at his late residence, 30 Sheaffe street last week. Deceased was 23 years of age and was a son of the late Patrick Dunlay. He was a member of the A.O.H. and had a host of friends who will deeply regret his death.

MRS. McAULIFFE DEAD.

Mrs. Bridget McAuliffe, an old and respected resident of the north end, passed away last week at her late residence, 402 MacNab street, north, after a long illness. Death was not unexpected. Three sons and three daughters survive.

MISS BRENNAN PASSED AWAY.

Many friends will deeply regret the death of Miss Margaret Brennan, who passed away on Saturday at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Patrick O'Neil, Park street north. Deceased was 26 years of age, and had been ill a long time when death came as a happy release.

RE-OPEN SEPTEMBER 6.

It was announced in all the Catholic churches of the city last Sunday that the Separate Schools would re-open on Sept. 6th. It has been the custom usually to have them re-open around the first of September, but as three holidays—Saturday, Sunday and Monday—come in succession, it was considered useless to open before the 6th.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Rev. Father Kloepper of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, was in the city on Sunday. Rev. Father Burke of St. Michael's College, Toronto, had charge of St. Lawrence's Church on Sunday.

Something that should be rubbed in—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand and applying it to the surface, rub beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

Thoroughness in Washing

No Stained Edges on Shirt-cuffs or Collars when returned from New Method Laundry Limited

187-189 Parliament St. Toronto. Phone—Main 4244 and White 2200

N. MURPHY

NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER

(From a special correspondent.) (Continued.)

THE ANNUAL REGATTA.

The Annual Regatta for Derby Day was held on Wednesday, August 3rd, and was witnessed by thousands. A beautiful day with lots of meriment. The old 'Quidi Vidi' lake was a scene of animation. Tents lined both banks, flags flew to the breeze, sweet music was heard, friends embraced friends, many of whom had not met for a decade or two, godfellowship prevailed, and one and all had a day of enjoyment. The excitement at times grew intense as the boats glided up and down the course, keeping side by side. Clergymen, and people all mingled together and took great interest in the different races. Still to my mind the great enthusiasm of thirty years ago was lacking, if you would judge by the numbers present. Hundreds took the excursion trains to summer resorts, a thing unknown in former days. This year the Regatta was patronized more than the past few years on account of it being connected with 'Old Home Week' festivities. In some races five boats entered, while in others only two or three boats competed. The prizes were silver and gold medals, silver cups and money prizes. The following gentlemen formed the COMMITTEE:

Hon. John Harvey, President; A. Hiscock, Esq., Vice-President; George Coen, Esq., Treasurer; Councillors John R. Bennett and W. J. Ellis, F. J. Morris, K.C., Capt. Perez, J. J. Bates, Jas. O'Neil, Hon. John Harris, S. J. Boone, Wm. J. Martin, F. W. Hayward, W. H. Rennie, Dr. A. J. Harvey and L. Keegan, E. F. Harvey, R. B. Job, H. A. Bowring, C. F. Taylor, Wm. Duggan, J. P. Crotty, W. J. Higgins, John Burke, C. Alcock, W. Fogwell, P. Hanley, C. Ryan, M. Fleming and A. G. Williams.

HONORARY MEMBERS. Sir E. P. Morris, K.C.; L.L.D., His Honor Mayor Shea, Hon. E. R. Bowring, Dr. H. Rendell, R. Von Stein, Esq., William C. Job, R. G. Reid, Jr., Esq.

JUDGES. John Syme, Esq., A. M. McKay, Esq., J. H. Monroe, Esq., T. J. Greene, Esq., Hon. Eli Dawe, Capt. E. English, H. W. Lemessurier, Esq., F. Hamlyn, Esq.

J. L. NOONAN, Hon. Sec. The following are the boats which took prizes with the time for 1st place in each race:

- 1. Amateur—1st, Blue Peter; time, 9.46 4-5; 2nd, Togo. Prizes: gold and silver medals. 2. Fishermen—1st, Togo (Blackhead men); time, 9.21 1-5; 2nd, Blue Peter; 3rd, Red Cross. Prizes: \$40, and \$2 and an oat from Sir E. P. Morris, and 2nd, \$20.00. 3rd, \$10.00. 3. Football—1st Blue Peter (B.I.S.); time, 11:30; 2nd, Sexton. Prizes: gold and silver medals. 4. Mercantile—1st, Blue Peter (Job's); time, 10:10; 2nd, Doctor (Knouling's). Prizes, gold and silver medals. 5. Brigade—1st, Blue Peter (C.L.B.); time, 19 minutes. Prize, the Administrator's Cup. 6. Tradesmen—1st, Red Cross. Prize, \$40, and \$2 and an oat from Sir E. P. Morris. Note—The Blue Peter did not finish this race and is not eligible for the 2nd prize of \$20. 7. Unions—1st, Blue Peter (S.I.P.U.); time, 10:03 3-5; 2nd, Togo, (carpenters). Prizes, \$40 and \$20. 8. Laborers—1st, Blue Peter; time, 10:02 2-5; 2nd, Togo; 3rd, Doctor. Prizes, \$40 and Sir E. P. Morris \$2 an oat, and \$20 and \$10. 9. Juveniles—1st, Blue Peter; time, 10:26 2-5; 2nd, Togo; 3rd, Red Cross. Prizes, \$30, \$20 and \$10. 10. Truckmen—1st, Blue Peter; time, 10:22; 2nd, Red Cross; 3rd, Bob Sexton. Prizes, \$40, \$20, \$10. The Bob Sexton's crew were also awarded \$3 an oat. 11. Championship—1st, Togo; time, 9:21. Prize, gold medal.

THE BONUS OF \$10

For the quickest time was won by the Blackhead men, in the fishermen's race, they having covered the course in 9.21 1-5. This is the same crew who won the Championship Race. The success of the race is due in no small measure to the energetic committee, and especially to the untiring efforts of the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. These two latter gentlemen gave their entire day for the benefit of the public, and Mr. Noonan, on whom the brunt of the work fell, not only yesterday, but since the Committee was elected, did not even get an opportunity to get a mid-day lunch. To this conscientious and tireless officer who, year after year, fills this difficult post, a debt is owed which it will be difficult to repay. Thus another Regatta Day is past and gone, and carries with it pleasant memories which, especially among the "Old Home Week" people who attended, will be cherished as long as the Regatta is the national sporting event of Newfoundland.

REGATTA NIGHT.

Regatta Night two dancing socials were held in the Total Abstinence Hall and the British Hall. In the former, over 150 couples participated to the sweet strains of Prof. John Bennett's Quartette Band. In the British Hall about 80 couples tripped the light fantastic until the "wee small hours" of the morning to Prof. J. Power's music.

HEADACHE Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by HARMLESS HEADACHE CURE. No cure depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Write for our pamphlets and testimonials from PROMINENT PHYSICIANS, sent sealed, plain envelopes.

FIVE PER CENT. IN GOLD.

By means of a 5% GOLD BOND POLICY you can secure a guaranteed investment and protect your family in case of your death. WRITE FOR PAMPHLETS. POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL APPROVED PLANS.

Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION—HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

W. H. BEATTY, Esq., PRESIDENT. W. D. MATTHEWS, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT. FREDERICK WYLD, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR. W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY.

BEST QUALITY COAL AND WOOD At Lowest Prices



THE ELIAS ROGERS Co. LIMITED

LABOR DAY PARADE.

Thursday, August 4th, witnessed one of the most successful and representative labor day parades ever witnessed in Britain's Ancient Colony. The officers, in magnificent regalia, the color of the native flag of old Newfoundland, pink, white and green, and the men of badges of the same color, presented an appearance that would do honor to a city more presumptuous than that of St. John's. The Evening Telegram, speaking of the event, says: "At 9.45 Thursday morning the Longshoremen's parade took place from the British Hall, where the men and officers assembled at 9 o'clock to don their badges and regalia. Sir Edward Morris, President of the Old Home Week Committee, and Mr. A. A. Parsons, Secretary, were at the hall and viewed the procession as it formed into line and were impressed with the fact that it was one of the most successful events on the Old Home Week programme. Messrs. Howley and Gibb, solicitors for the Labor Union, were also present in the procession. Next came the officers and the main body of the society, upwards of seven hundred starting. The old members in thirty carriages brought up the rear. The line of march was east by way of Duckworth Street to Cochrane street, thence up Water Street and around to Military Road by McBride's Hill and Queen's Road. At the Government House the Union was received by His Honor the Administrator, who addressed to them

PLEASANT WORDS OF GREETING

and congratulated them on their appearance. Mr. Ashley, the President, responded in suitable terms and thanked His Honor. After halting at the residence of Mr. Howley and Mr. Gibb, where cheers were given and short speeches delivered by these gentlemen, the procession went west to Patrick street by way of New Gower street and returned to the British Hall by way of Walter street. Before the men separated they were again addressed by Messrs. Howley and Gibb, their solicitors. The turnout was a grand success, and in no city could one see a finer body of wage-earners. The sashes worn by the officers were much admired and are superior to any thing of their kind in the city. The music along the route was rendered by Bennett's and Power's bands."

THE GARDEN PARTY.

On Thursday afternoon the Garden Party in aid of the Mount Cashel Institution, an Industrial School for boys under the direction of the Irish Christian Brothers, took place, and was an immense success. Between four and five thousand people attended, irrespective of creed or nationality, all willing to help the good and noble cause. The genial Superior, Rev. Brother Slattery, was around welcoming the guests in his real Irish style. Amongst those present were His Honor the Administrator of the Government, His Grace the Archbishop, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Reardon, Sir Edward Morris and Lady Morris, Mayor Shea and the Mayoress, Ven. Archdeacon O'Neil, Rev. W. Born, Hon. E. M. Jackman, Rev. W. Browne of St. George's, Rev. P. W. Browne of Bonavista, Rev. Fr. Maher, Rev. W. Jackman, Rev. Father O'Rourke, C.S.C., Rev. T. Fleming, PRESIDENT MOULTON and MRS. MOULTON, Deputy Mayor Bennett, Major Renouf, Rev. Fr. Renouf, Judge Johnston, Hon. Eli Dawe, Geo. W. Gushue,

LIST OF OFFICES

- 3 KING ST. EAST 415 YONGE STREET 793 YONGE STREET 576 QUEEN STREET WEST 1352 QUEEN STREET WEST 415 SPADINA AVENUE 306 QUEEN STREET EAST 204 WELLESLEY STREET ESPLANADE EAST, Near Berkeley Street ESPLANADE EAST, Foot of Church Street BATHURST STREET, Opposite Front Street PAPE AVENUE, At G.T.R. Crossing YONGE ST., at C.P.R. Crossing LANSDOWNE AVENUE, Near Dundas street Cor. College and Dovercourt Road. Cor. Dufferin and Bloor streets.

TO SERVE ALL THEIR PATRONS

Before sunset nearly all the provisions were consumed, and many of the lady table-holders were heard to say that they could have taken \$100 more if they had the supplies. Games of baseball and football were indulged in on the green by the young men. In the football semi-finals and finals interesting play was witnessed. In the first the Fieldians beat the C.E. J., and the B.I.S. defeated St. Andrew's. In the finals the Fieldians defeated the B.I.S., and carried off the medals. In the baseball contest between the employees of the Reid-Newfoundland Co. and those of the Crown Mfg. Co., the Redites took the laurels. Pigeon shooting attracted a large gathering in another corner of the grounds, and was continued with great spirit all the afternoon. The presence of so many "Old Home Visitors" on the field added greatly to the success. Rev. Bro. Slattery, his assistants and the ladies who had charge of the tables, deserve great praise for the success achieved. The proceeds amounted to \$2,100. In a few years from now Mount Cashel will be a famous institution in dear old Terra Nova, and will have supplied a long felt want in the colony—the education of the orphan children as well as poor and abandoned children.

Kind words dropped incessantly at length vivify the petrified features; the statue, so to say, begins to smile and speaks and laughs, and then bounds across the green sward with his children at play, metamorphosed into a happy man.

(Concluded next issue.)

Shorthand 20 Lessons

Absolutely most complete and up-to-date methods; position guaranteed; lessons by mail exclusively; no interference with regular occupation; no difficulties; everything simple and clear; indorsed by boards of education and leading newspapers; thousand of graduates; first lesson free for stamp. Department 51, Campaign of Education 211 Townsend Bldg. NEW YORK

Who knows anything about "BANNIGER"? All Buyers, Sellers and Users of EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING PAPER Are interested in this question? Will every reader of this enquiry "WHO KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT BANNIGER"? Please drop a line on the subject to The E. B. EDDY COMPANY HULL, CANADA

TYPEWRITERS All makes rented and sold on instalment UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited TORONTO

Sent on Approval TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE Laughlin FOUNTAIN PEN Guaranteed Finest Grade Ink. SOLID GOLD PEN To test the merits of this publication as an advertising medium we offer you choice of These Two Popular Styles For Only \$1.00 (By registered mail to extra) Holder is made of the finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size ink, gold pen, any flexibility desired—ink feeding device perfect. Either style—Richly Gold Mounted for presentation purposes \$1.00 extra. Grand Special Offer You may try the pen a week. If you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other makes, if not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it and we will send you \$1.10 for it, the extra 10c. is for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen. (Not one customer in 500 has asked for their money back.) Lay this Publication down and write NOW! Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen. ADDRESS Laughlin Mfg. Co. 210 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY COMMENCING JULY 3 CANADA'S NEW TRAIN

'OCEAN LIMITED' Will leave Montreal 7.30 p.m. Daily except Saturday Arriving Halifax 8.15 p.m.

The following day, making close connection with PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Via Point du Chene. Through the Famed Metapedia Valley by Daylight Grand Trunk Day Express from Toronto makes direct connection at Montreal. Toronto Ticket Office 50 King Street East

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Palace of Education, 400x600 feet. THROUGH TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS Fast Express Trains leave for St. Louis twice daily, carrying through Pullman Sleepers. Your Local Agent will make reservations. \$19.20 FOR ROUND TRIP From Toronto. Proportionate Rates from other points. With an opportunity of visiting in Chicago, Detroit and Intermediate Canadian Stations. Note—On application to J. D. McDonald, D.P.A. Toronto, enclosing 4 cents in stamps, has-dome illustration of booklet will be furnished.

Spend Your Vacation in High-lands of Ontario. Muskoka Express trains make direct connection for all parts on Georgian Bay-Muskoka Lakes and Lake of Bays. Tourist tickets on sale daily. J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

Before the Grand Stand AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO, AUG. 29 to SEPT. 10

The programme this year before the grand stand will include many of the world's most famous and daring performers, comprising in all a list of specialties that is absolutely unequalled before any audience on the continent of America. Among them will be: Dare-Devil Schreyer in his fearless 108 feet dive from a bicycle into a tank two feet deep. Adjie's Lions Performing many wonderful acts of intelligence and docility, among which is their being ridden and driven like well-trained horses. The Beckett Family The world's most celebrated and daring aerial acrobats. Musical Drive To be performed by six batteries of Canadian Field Artillery, with 36 horses. Winschermann's Bears A marvellous troupe of magnificent trained animals. Al Voder The celebrated bounding wire artist, in new and original acts. Karsey's Giant Myrophone Sanson and Della Ray and Bendetto The Hollands And other well-known features, in addition to that chief of attractions, the "Black Watch Band"

Don't Forget that the Sale of Six Tickets for One Dollar Good for admission to the grounds at any time, or to the grand stand in the afternoon only, will close on Saturday, August 31st, and that the number is limited. Also remember that an information bureau has been opened at the office of A. F. Webster, corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, where the six-for-a-dollar tickets may be purchased, and where seats in the grand stand may be reserved. W. K. McNAUGHT, President. J. O. ORR, Secretary and Manager.

THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY LIMITED MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Wrought Iron Pipe Malleable and Cast Iron Fittings Brass and Iron Body Valves General Steam-Fitters' Supplies

Head Office and Works TORONTO, CANADA BRANCHES Montreal, Quebec, St. John N. B., Winnipeg and Vancouver.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED HESTER GEORGE LONDON ONT

DR. JOSEPH LOFTUS DENTIST 114 St. Paul St. Opposite James St. Phone 406 ST. CATHARINES

FOR SALE Twenty-six volumes of the True Witness, commencing with its first issue in August, 1890, edited by the late lamented George E. Clerk. These volumes are nicely bound, in perfect order and consecutive, containing most valuable information regarding English-speaking Catholic interests in Canada, it being at that period the exponent of their views in the country. This is the only known complete set of the publication. Address "True Witness" Office, Montreal.

CANCER CURED permanently, guaranteed without pain X Ray Atomic or Acid; no inconvenience. SOUTH BRITAIN CANCER SANATORIUM, 180 E. Main Street, Baltimore, Md. Write for book.

Church Bells in China or Paul in Falls of Niagara at McShane's BROTHERS' BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

THE HUTTON-DIXON ANTIDOTE. A high-class, harmless, HOME TREATMENT, Head Office: LONDON, ENGLAND. A PERMANENT CURE FOR LIQUOR HABIT. Write for our pamphlets and testimonials from PROMINENT PHYSICIANS, sent sealed, plain envelopes. Address J. OGDON, 81 Wilton St. Toronto, Canada

Picture of a Shepherdess

The cottage beside the sea was in ruinous condition. The wind had stripped off the slates winter after winter, and no one had thought of repairing the damage.

The cottage was like a museum. Old furniture of the best Sheraton and Chippendale period, French mirrors, high old brass fenders, Waterford glass, old colored engravings, old pictures, old plate, old jewelry, old silver.

A mere glance round the room made Hilary L'Estrange's bright eyes brighter, his glance more eager, for he was a born collector.

He had a letter of introduction to Miss Marcella from the rector, Mr. Vandeleur, whose pupil he had been once upon a time.

"My dear fellow, she won't sell," Mr. Vandeleur had assured him, "so you will only be able to look and long. The worst of it is that the things are going to rack and ruin. Between the damp and the rats, everything that can spoil will spoil. There won't be much left for Cecilia when the time comes."

Miss O'Sullivan Beare was gracious to the rector's friend. He drank his tea—oddly fragrant tea—from Chinese cups and saucers worth a small fortune.

Miss O'Sullivan Beare's niece, Cecilia, poured out the tea. She was a tall, pale girl, with serious brown eyes, and would have been pretty if she had a little more color and animation.

"There is no young society within ten miles, and the last thing that would occur to Marcella would be the possibility of Cecilia's requiring young society. She is too much alone."

Hearing that Mr. L'Estrange was interested in the old things, Miss Marcella was graciously pleased to display them. For a couple of hours L'Estrange sat, his head bent toward the lamp which Cecilia had brought, inspecting lace, silver, china, portfolios.

"They should be kept more carefully, in glass cases under lock and key," L'Estrange protested, but without effect.

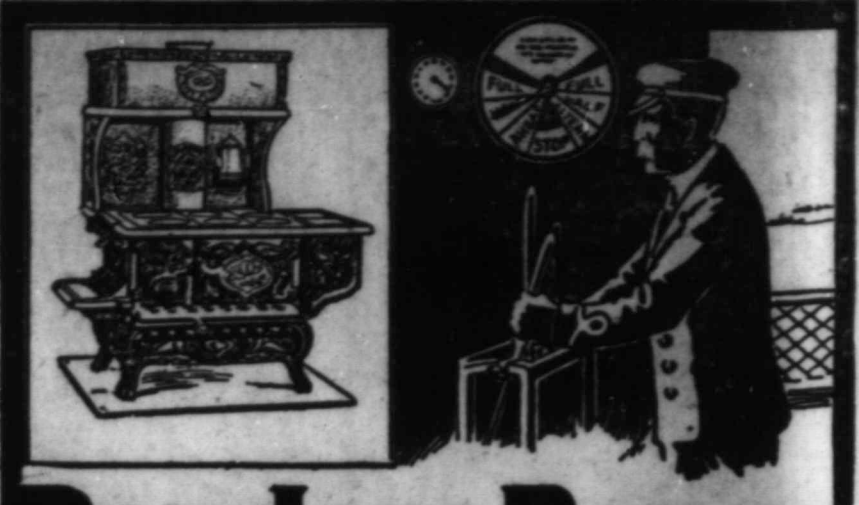
Presently there was something Miss Marcella desired to show him, a picture which hung on a bedroom wall, and was too big to be carried down. Asking L'Estrange to take the lamp, she preceded him up the few steps from the hall, which led to a long corridor, with rooms going off it at one side.

After all, when the picture was found, L'Estrange was not much impressed. He had noticed downstairs that Miss Marcella did not seem to discriminate between the treasures and lesser things.

"My grandfather, Sir Hercules O'Sullivan," she said, "an Colonel O'Flaherty through the right arm because the colonel said that this was not a genuine Rembrandt, but a copy."

L'Estrange had wiped the dust and damp off the picture with his big silk handkerchief—which, truth to say, was in a desperate condition, having dusted many things this afternoon—and inspected it closely.

"Nevertheless," he said, "Colonel O'Flaherty was right. It is but a copy, and not a good one at that." He replaced the picture, not noticing the old lady's offended air, and, taking the lamp in his hand, he looked about the room.



Pandora Range

Managed Like an Engine. One-third of a housekeeper's life is spent in her kitchen. One-half the labor of housekeeping is at the cook stove.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

"Excuse me, sir. I will fetch a light," Miss Marcella said, and went out, leaving him in the dark.

There was a green glimmer in the room; the moon was breaking through the stormy clouds and was reflected on the crests of the waves.

"I was deceived in the young man, Cecilia," Miss Marcella said, afterward. "The young men of the present day have no modesty."

So she put L'Estrange out of her head. Not so Cecilia, who had hardly ever met a gentleman of her own age. Poring over romances and her poetry through the wild winter, the clean shaven, wholesome face, with its bright eyes and eager air, looked at her from between the pages of her book.

Miss Marcella had her cronies, who came and played cards with her on a Chippendale card table, with candles in silver candlesticks, flanked by silver snufflers on their trays, at each corner.

Cecilia, watching the lined, greedy old faces, and the shaking hands drawing in the small stakes or putting them out, or picking up the cards, wondered if she would grow to be like the old ladies. It seemed a poor idea of pleasure to her.

Once or twice she had met Mr. Vandeleur, and her mouth had parted to ask him a question, and closed again. He noticed and wondered about it. The last thing he would have thought of would be that Cecilia wanted to know about L'Estrange.

L'Estrange had found bad news awaiting him in a telegram at the rectory. His little half-sister, Effie, the one creature he loved greatly, was suddenly ill—had to undergo an operation immediately.

He was at her side as fast as express trains could carry him. For days the chances inclined rather to death than life. Then there was the faintest hope, which grew so imperceptibly that one doubted if it grew at all.

"What is this?" he asked, picking up a small canvas out of its frame which leant against the discolored wall. Again he had recourse to his pocket, and the long brown overcoat which he had not been asked to remove. The picture was covered with clinging mould.

"That has no value at all," the old lady said. "Unlike the Rembrandt."

"The rats have been knowing it," he said, in a tone of bitter reproach. "Look at this corner!"

Advertisement for 'FATHER KNOWS FREE' medicine, mentioning 'KOEING MED. CO.' and 'ST. JOHN'S'.

governess to that extent that L'Estrange complained with secret delight that Miss O'Sullivan had disposed him with Effie.

Late in the summer Miss O'Sullivan Beare came to visit Clooney, and found a new Cecilia. Delicate wild roses in Cecilia's cheeks, a shy light in Cecilia's eyes, a straight carriage, a springing step, a ready laughter that had never been Cecilia's before.

"I want you to look at this," he said, and his voice shook. "She had to get out her forgotten before she could see the picture."

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," he said, "I stole it. I told Cecilia I would confess everything. I said to myself at the time that I was only taking it away to verify my own suspicions about it."

"The Rembrandt? The Rembrandt was only a copy. 'The Old Shepherdess,' as you call it, is by Anthony Watteau. You know you wouldn't let me make sure that day. My dear aunt, if you'll let me add it to my collection, I'll give you six thousand pounds for it."

"Why, it would have come to you in the natural order of things. But six thousand pounds! You are very generous, nephew. I can live in Dublin, I can see my friends, and have my little card parties, as I was accustomed to. To be sure, life at Clooney is a little monotonous."

"And come to Clooney whenever you are tired of town," L'Estrange said, "and bring your friends with you, aunt. There is plenty of room at Clooney."

A Lasting Cure of Itching Piles

A Chronic Case of Unusual Severity and Long Standing Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment

Throughout Canada there are hundreds of cases similar to the one described below in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a positive and lasting cure for the most severe form of itching piles.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

Mr. Gladstone's Suggestion. The unveiling of the Gladstone statue in Liverpool has recalled to one of the Liverpool papers the following fragments of suggestion, written by Mr. Gladstone in 1875, on a postcard, in reply to a Liverpool gentleman who had asked for hints on public speaking:

1. Study plainness of language, always preferring the simpler word. 2. Shortness of sentences. 3. Distinctness of articulation. 4. Test and question your own arguments beforehand, not waiting for critic or opponent. 5. Seek a thorough digestion of and familiarity with your subject, and rely mainly on these to prompt the proper words. 6. Remember that if you are to sway an audience, you must, besides thinking out your matter, watch them all along.

Finally a woman, white as a sheet and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the fellow's bottle, wrestled it from his hands and flung it out of the window, and then took hold of him, and after a lively and unassisted struggle, got him out of the seat.

J. E. SEAGRAM. DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS BRANDS



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO.

EVERY LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS PERFECT Telephone Park 553 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It Will Only Cost You 5 Cents.

H. C. TOMLIN 420-22-24-26 Bathurst St. TORONTO

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

IF YOU ARE RENTING or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in NEW ONTARIO

For Particulars Write to HON. E. J. DAVIS Commissioner of Crown Lands TORONTO, ONT.

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER DECORATOR CALSOMINER GLAZIER

161 QUEEN ST. WEST Telephone Main 2677 Residence Phone Main 377

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY

TOOLS We are showing complete sets of tools in prices from \$3.00 to \$20.00 a set.

SCROLL SAWS and LATHES Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

The hand that has a long time held a violet doth not soon forego its fragrance.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

Copyrighted 1903, by Benziger Bros.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Do you think such a life an easy one?" he made answer, in a too confident tone. "The devil is too busy and too envious to let a man rest who tries to be good. Self-discipline comes first. First learn to govern self—then it is time to govern others."

"Words, words, idle words," she said, still more coldly. "Laurence Lindsay was none of your quiet men, good and sensible—and stupid. Yet he would have made Lindsay Manor a power in the land. He would have given South Carolina a prestige to be envied even by you thrifty Northerners."

"Who deals in words now?" he asked, crossing swords with her. "Let us not quarrel—I did not know him well enough to judge. And yet, from his face—"

"Well?"

"From his face he is even as I describe him to you. He may become great—through a moment's folly."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "We won't bandy words further," she said. "In so far as I knew Laurence, I think he did not deserve the cruel things that were spoken of him. Perhaps his future will redeem his past—perhaps he may yet prove he is not worthless after all."

"Who am I to pass judgment on a man I have never seen?" he asked, contently. "Forgive me if I have spoken harshly."

"She raised cold blue eyes to his face. "I am interested in so trifling a matter that it is not at all necessary to ask forgiveness," she said. "It may seem—"

"I'm going to bed," announced Aunt Estelle in a decided voice, rising from her chair. "I would advise you to take a good night's rest, Gertrude. After your hysterical outbreak you will need it. This has been a tiring day—I am fatigued beyond endurance," she added to the occupants of the room in general.

"She bade them good-night then in a lofty fashion. Hugh imagined that she was very angry. He saw that she did not look at Uncle Eric when she rose to hold the portieres aside for her, but went past him with her head in the air. She was indeed inwardly raging that her husband had seemingly encouraged Gertrude—had not said a word of reproach to her, but sat there with his hand on her head in that ridiculous fashion. It would be absurd to say that Aunt Estelle was jealous—but a woman does not live thirty years with a man without finding out almost all that she wishes to know about him. And while she had never succeeded in unearthing the buried past, her suspicions had always been more or less on the alert. Whatever she knew, or thought she knew, the fact remained that the harsher Uncle Eric was to Gertrude the more tender was Aunt Estelle—and the reverse."

"Everyone is tired—so I think it would be best for all to go to bed," said the old man now. To Hugh his fine face seemed to have grown softer and more human than his last half-hour.

"And in truth it had. He came over and held out his hand. "Long, long ago I dreamed fearless dreams like yours—dreams of bravery and honesty. I saw what I thought to be my duty—and I followed where it led. Saturday for the first time and again to-day, I realized that perhaps I—have made a mistake. I thank you for bringing the realization home to me. I am sorry for myself, but glad that I see my folly. Good-night, Hugh."

"Good-night, Uncle Eric." Their eyes met once more in that soul-searching glance as their hands clasped. And Hugh felt that all sorrowful doubts were swept away—that his uncle believed in him with a faith that would never waver again.

"Good-night, children," said the old man, still in that strangely tender tone, turning to the two girls. "And you, child, Gertrude, pray for a crusty old man." He walked to the door, hesitated a moment—then turned again.

"It may be as well to tell you now," he said in a broken tone. "When you pray for Harold—as I pray for Laurence also."

"Uncle—"

thus, declining Hugh's aid, and leaning slightly on Gertrude, she tottered to the door.

CHAPTER VI.

The Other Aching Heart.

Uncle Eric's own body-servant came to wait on Hugh as soon as the young man entered his apartments; but he dismissed him, for he wanted to be alone, to think out the things he had heard and seen, to think over the happenings of that day.

Left to himself, he went to the window and threw aside the filmy veil of lace that screened it. Then turning from the silent beauty of the starry heavens, from the faint rustle in the tall, green pines, from the fragrance of the odorous night— from all things that would have pleased him had his brain been undisturbed by the new thoughts thronging through it, he folded his arms and surveyed the suite of rooms his uncle had placed at his disposal.

The door of his bedroom stood open and the mellow electric light fell upon the lace-draped, luxurious bed. He looked at the walls, panelled in green of the softest forest-shade. Quaint lily bulbs artfully concealed the electric lights. Furniture to delight the heart of a connoisseur was here, with a Persian rug upon the floor, worth twenty times over the house in Westport, and every bit of furnishing it held. There was a small table containing a smoker-set in one corner, on which a box of cigars reposed, with the lid invitingly open. There were etchings upon the walls and a marble Psyche on an onyx pedestal. It was a room to tempt the heart of an anchorite, no less than that of a man who was artistic to the finger-tips, who loved beauty for its own sake.

But he sighed, and unfolding his arms, went over to the table, helped himself to a cigar, and sank down into the big armchair.

What a house it was, he thought, watching the blue smoke curling in little rings away over his head. What a big, gloomy, loveless house, and what inmates! His tired aunt, his imperious uncle. Long-forgotten stories of the two dead boys came floating through his brain. And they were dead—and he was here, here in the home of the Lindsays. His father's home; his grandfather's home, his people's home for generations. And now he saw before him the possibility of its being his own.

He faced this proposition as he faced all others that came into his life—calmly. His uncle had hinted as much—and supposing that hint came true. Did he care either way? It was a royal inheritance, indeed—a wonderful place. But it was barren. It lacked love, it lacked devotion, it lacked—God! He had never fully realized before the dreadful evil disregard for religion engenders in the human heart. No; he could not dream of his future—here. He could not imagine himself master. It was too probable—and too unpleasant for this young man who ate bread of his own earning, leavened with the sweetness of taking care also of those he loved.

Mildred Powell's statuesque beauty floated before him. His eyes wandered to the cold features of the Psyche shining through the cloud of blue smoke that now enveloped it. No; she was not that any more. He had seen those eyes, that glowing face, those lips like a scarlet thread; he had seen the woman's tortured features—

"I don't understand," he murmured aloud. "It isn't natural."

He had said that once before. Nothing was natural in this cold house. He shuddered to think of Agatha or France in Gertrude's place. What a baby she was, he thought, with all his pitying tenderness. What a willful, impulsive, gentle-hearted little soul!

He had heard in part the story concerning Laurence Lindsay, and in his own way it rose, bit by bit, before him now, that he might digest it slowly. After Hugh's father had so offended his brother Eric as to marry a Catholic and to become one, all the elder's affection seemed to centre upon the child Laurence. As he grew to manhood untold sums were spent upon his education—he was given all advantages. His mother saw little of him—quick pang of compunction shot through Hugh now; he had not been to see that mother yet!

—she had nothing to do with his training or upbringing. And what did Eric Lindsay know of curbing an undisciplined, wayward nature? Money accomplished the boy's ruin—for money was his at command, and he sowed it lavishly. Uncle Eric gave and gave, liberally at first, and against his lawyer's advice—as indeed Banks had told him that very day.

—then with dawning suspicion. The passion for gambling had Laurence in his clutches. He drank more than was good for him. He bet on the turn of an eyelash. He kept a racing stable. And when Uncle Eric called a halt, there were scenes that daily grew more bitter. And at last things came to such a pass that words were exchanged—words the old man would never forgive as long as he lived, he said, and the young man asked him to remember them always, to think of them when he thought of him. Then it was that Uncle Eric swore his awful oath that, dead or living, Laurence Lindsay should never rest a night under his roof. And whistling to Fortune, as if the merry lads stood ready at his command, the reckless fellow leaped at his uncle and went forth a wanderer.

The end was death. Unknown, uncomplained, unthought, save by a stranger's passing thought, he had met his fate.

Hugh sighed and stirred and looked at the cigar, the end of which was black. He did not relight it again, but undressed and got into bed.

When he went to breakfast next morning it was with the full-formed intention of announcing his departure that afternoon. There had come, overnight, an almost feverish longing to get away. Yet everyone was more than ordinarily good-tempered. Gertrude smiled at him; his uncle

looked up with a hearty greeting; Aunt Estelle, whose manner to Gertrude savoured of studied coyness, unbent a trifle from her languor, and made him more completely a member of the family circle by telling him that Mildred was indisposed, but would be down for luncheon. Hugh made sympathetic comment, and dropped into his place as if he had sat in it all his life. It was, in fact, this feeling of "at homeness" that made him want to get away—paradoxical as that assertion may seem.

"Old Matthew is waiting for you," said Uncle Eric when the meal was half over. "I have given him orders to take you around the whole property. There's a fine horse for you in the stable, and as soon as breakfast is finished you can start. Matthew is a character—you will be pleased with the stories he can tell you of old times, when your father and I were lads together."

"I wish we could go to Colonel Fenton's before Hugh leaves," said Aunt Estelle, graciously. "But it is too soon after our bereavement. Mrs. Fenton, who is in Europe now with her daughter, is one of New York's blue-blooded families. The colonel's sister is keeping house in her absence."

"I do not care to meet anyone," said Hugh. "I would rather go for a ride—it is long since I have had that pleasure."

He found old Matthew Horton waiting for him, and the horses saddled. Hugh swung himself up on the back of one with the easy grace of a country boy and started on his expedition.

It was an expedition, as he soon discovered, over forest and field. There were acres of land under cultivation, with scores of servants working them, black and white. As the older man explained things in his brief, quick way, Hugh had time to observe him closely. He was tall and straight and soldierly, and his eye was still so keen and so bright that one found it hard to believe he was in his eighty-fifth year. He had been with the Lindsays all his life. He had come to them in their poverty, had stayed when Eric Lindsay's marriage brought him wealth and power. He had sorrowed and laughed, mourned and rejoiced with them. He had been faithful with a fidelity that seems strange in these sordid, selfish days, when a man's love is measured by money.

"Show me Blind Man's Cove, Matthew," said Hugh at last. "Into which father fell one day, and you and Uncle Eric thought he was killed. And when you scrambled down, scared to death, to pick up what was left of him, he had disappeared."

"And when we did find the young will," he had made away with every blade of berry w'd picked on the way down! Lord, now, do you know that?" chuckled old Matthew. "We could have killed him then, with pleasure, the two of us, for being such a vagabond! Well, well, now, and do you know about that? Well, well, now!"

This was the first warm speech Hugh had heard from him, and after it the old man's heart seemed to open. He spoke of many happenings of the olden days, and described in detail all the wonderful improvements Eric Lindsay had effected in his inheritance. But of the cause of this effect he would not speak with aught but bitterness. He could not forget that Estelle Deykmann had been a pedlar's daughter.

"And it does seem that God knows best what He does," said Matthew Horton. "I wouldn't have been right for any but a true Lindsay to come here in the manor—'twas as well they had no children."

"If they had had children it would have saved a good many people a lot of misery," said Hugh, sharply. "Two young men might be honest, useful citizens, rather than dead and buried—one far away from all who ever knew or cared for him."

"You mean Mr. Laurence, sir," said Matthew. "Twas yesterday Master Eric told me of it. It's mighty hard to believe it," with a shake of his head. "Highly hard to think we'll never see his handsome, happy face again."

Hugh was surprised. There must have been more to the dead and gone and disgraced heir than he had yet heard, since people so unlike bore him in kindly remembrance still. "I mean to go to see his mother before I return home," said Hugh. "Poor woman! She must be sad at heart at losing both her sons. Does she know of Laurence's death yet?"

"Matthew gave him a peculiar glance. "I don't think so, sir—they won't tell her, either. She isn't very strong-minded, poor lady, and she is in sore trouble over Mr. Harold. I wouldn't go to see her, sir."

"Why?" asked Hugh, hungrily. But Matthew, instead of answering, pointed down into the valley with his riding-stick.

"See them white towers over there, sir? That's Clayton. Many a ride I took to Clayton with Mr. Laurence, sir. He could ride, and he was so handsome and so soft-spoken, and as brave as a lion in his way. Only for one thing—"

"You have no business so important as the solvency of your estate and the safety of your family"



INSURING IN THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

meets both demands on you. We would like to have an opportunity of sending you full information on the CONTINUOUS INSTALMENT POLICY, whereby you can secure to your beneficiary, at your death, an income for life.

Write to the Home Office - Toronto, Ont. J. L. BLAIR, President L. GOLDMAN, A.L.A.F.C.A., Managing Director W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL. B., Secretary

him. He ain't been the same since, never. I think, sometimes—he roused himself and looked at Hugh apologetically. "I'm a foolish old man, sir—these are sad stories to be telling the future master of Lindsay."

"Do not call me that, good Matthew," said Hugh, gravely. "I have no desire to share in the wealth of this house, believe me. I am proud of it—yes. But a Lindsay without a dollar is as much a man as the wealthiest."

"More," said old Matthew, moodily. "More. Wealth ain't everything, Mr. Hugh. And as for you coming here next, Master Eric says you'll be here, and he speaks as if he knew his mind."

He turned the conversation into other channels, however, and Hugh listened patiently. He would have given a good deal to stand as high in this old man's favor as Laurence Lindsay did. He liked his honest face, his outspoken manner.

"I thought straightforwardness was dead," he said to himself. "It isn't. There may be hope for Lindsay Manor yet."

It was close to luncheon time when they came in through the park gates and cantered up to the stables. Hugh gave his horse to the servant waiting for it, and made his way to the terrace steps, intending to go through the greenery and avoid the front entrance. His purpose of the morning had never left him, and even now he was turning over in his mind what excuses he could invent to get away. He had had enough of this. He wanted to be back in Westport, sitting in Agatha's little rocker, with France on the floor beside him, and his mother like a sweet white angel brooding over him. And thinking these thoughts, he raised his head with a start to see his uncle watching him. He smiled cordially and advanced to take the seat beside him. Now was his opportunity, perhaps. But Eric Lindsay rose.

"I had rather stretch my limbs a bit," he said. "It is delightfully cool out here, and it still lacks twenty minutes to lunch. How do you like Lindsay?"

"I cannot tell you," said Hugh. "I cannot describe my sensations—words are inadequate."

"Matthew showed you everything?"

"Everything—he is quite a character, isn't he?"

"Matthew? Yes. But about Lindsay. Do you know how much income it brings a year? How much would you suppose?"

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1881

FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets: \$2,546,000 Annual Income: \$678,000 Losses paid since organization: \$7,000,000

DIRECTORS: Hon. GEO. A. COX, President; J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director; Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. R. B. Cockburn, Geo. M. Murray, Esq., J. K. Osborne, H. N. Baird, Esq., E. R. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., C. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS, 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592 & Main 5098. Phone: Residence Park 667.

The MANCHESTER FIRE Assurance Co. Head Office—MANCHESTER, ENGL. H. S. MALLETT, Manager and Secretary. Assets over \$13,000,000.

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company. Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30. Men of character and ability to write Insurance can obtain with this Company an agency which will give them an ever increasing income apply to EDWIN MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASKEN, President.

A PRIVATE TRUSTEE. May become bankrupt, may become a defaulter, may leave the country, may become incapacitated through accident, illness, or mental derangement, and in the course of nature must some day die.

A Trusts Corporation. Has perpetual existence, never becomes insolvent, never changes its residence, keeps complete records and accounts, and cannot shirk any of its responsibilities.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION. Paid-up Capital \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund - \$300,000. 59 Yonge St., Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS. C. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS. C. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS. C. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS. C. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS. C. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Legal JAMES E. DAVY. Successor to ANGLIN & MALLON. BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR. Office, Land Security Chambers, W. Corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. Telephone Main 1268.

HEARN & SLATTERY. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1040.

LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY. BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford K.C., J. Lorn McDougall, Edward J. Daly.

LEE & O'DONOGHUE. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto, Ont. Office—Boltos, Ont. Phone Main 1953. Res. Phone Main 2075. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue LL.B.

MCCRADY & O'CONNOR. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 1602. L. V. McRady, K.C., T. J. W. O'Connor. Res. Phone North 458.

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents. CARLETON CHAMBERS, OTTAWA, ONT. Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C. LL.D., D'Arcy Scott W. H. Curie, M.A., E. F. Gleeson. D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Canada.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN. C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN. ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, Etc. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property. Disputed Boundaries Adjusted. Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto. Telephone Main 1336.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT. 10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO. Telephone North 1260.

Roofing FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. (Phone Main 53.)

E. McCORMACK. MERCHANT TAILOR. 51 JORDAN ST. 1 DOOR SOUTH OF KING. TORONTO.

B. CAIRNS. Prop. Tingley & Stewart Mfg. Co. RUBBER STAMP METAL STAMP Seals, Dies, Stamps. 10 King Street West TORONTO, O.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS. 222 Queen E. and 319 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1486.

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER. 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1034.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER. Telephone 679 300 YONGE ST. MAIN. TORONTO.

MONUMENTS. Finest work and best designs at lowest prices. Granite and Marble Monuments. We are the Largest Manufacturers in the Dominion. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. LIMITED, 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone North 1249 TORONTO.

80 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS. TRADE MARKS DESIGNS. ANYONE wanting a sketch and description quickly made, or a copy of our catalogue, or information in regard to patents, communications, trade marks, designs, or any other matter, should send a stamped and addressed envelope to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

In and Around Toronto

CONVENTION OF C.M.B.A.

The convention of the C.M.B.A. held in Toronto on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday last week, came to a close in the early hours of Saturday morning. The programme of reception, as prepared, was well carried out. After the welcome at the Union Station the delegates mustered and marched to St. Michael's Cathedral, where High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Bohler, and a sermon preached by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, who referred in warm terms to the work of the Association, particularly to the comforts and consolation it brings to the home at the moment of death. The speaker closed with a call for even greater diligence on the part of the members in future.

At noon a public reception was tendered the delegates. President Hackett presided and addresses of welcome were read on behalf of the city by Acting Mayor Fleming and Ald. Ramsden, who spoke on behalf of the Civic Reception Committee. Hon. Dr. Montague extended greetings on behalf of the I.O.F. An address from the local branches of the C.M.B.A. referred to the importance of the present meeting, pointing out the expectation that it would be the most important in its history, and asking the Almighty to guide them in the work.

During the day the matter of the alleged defalcation was considered in secret session and at the close of the evening it was announced by Grand Secretary Behan that the matter had been absolutely settled, and had been dealt with strictly within the convention. The committees appointed were as follows: Credentials, Messrs. John Revine, Renwick, W. B. Powell, Halifax; Dr. Normand, Three Rivers; Committee on Laws—Messrs. Walter Boland, Toronto; J. A. Murphy, Cayuga; J. A. Renaud, Joliette, Que.

Grand Solicitor Hon. F. R. Latchford, presented his report, which was referred to the Committee on Laws. The statement of the Grand Treasurer, W. McKee, showed the following receipts from July 1st, 1901, to June 30th, 1904: Beneficiary fund \$810,978.20, with a balance of \$9,483.83 on hand; reserve fund, \$165,357.76 and general fund \$74,183.26. The total amount paid to beneficiaries was \$718,391.86. The total membership stands at 19,056. Thirty-seven branches were reported as being opened since the last convention.

The reading of the report of the Grand Secretary which was to open the meeting of Thursday, was deferred to give place to Mr. Landis, an insurance expert from Devonport. Mr. Landis had been engaged by the trustees to advise on the question of raising the rates. His report and illustrations occupied the greater part of the morning and afternoon sessions. The schedules he presented were of a two-fold character, one a straight life and the other an endowment to mature at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Landis stated that the funds of the Association were not earning 4 per cent. interest, which they might easily do and urged that immediate action be taken in the matter.

The report of Grand Secretary Behan was then presented, after which the subject of the "Canadian," the official organ of the Association, was taken in hand. Complaints against the untimely arrival of the journal brought forth declarations from Senator Coffee, the publisher, and from Mr. Behan, the Secretary, that they were not responsible for such. Mr. Kernahan criticized the financial management and Mr. J. Quinn the editorial department of the paper. The matter was brought to a close at the request of the President.

Another exciting question was that of the proceedings of the Council in the matter of the deficit. It was alleged that the Toronto delegates had broken faith regarding it, by giving out information relating to it; this was indignantly denied. The delegates had taken an obligation to reveal nothing and this obligation had been complied with to the letter. The President pointed out that at the meeting where the subject had been discussed others than delegates had been present, and announced that in future it would be more carefully looked to that such meetings none but delegates should be admitted.

An interesting break in the business of the afternoon was the visit of Major D. M. Robertson and Alex. Fraser, M.A., representing the Sons of Scotland. Speeches by those gentlemen were made by Mr. J. A. Chisholm of Halifax. After a further interchange of friendly greetings the visitors left the hall while the standing assemblage united in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The evening meeting brought forth a report from the special committee arranged to deal with the matter of the deficit, recommending that the sum of \$13,000 offered by the representatives of the deceased official be accepted and the matter closed. Other reports received were from the Committee on Credentials, the Board of Trustees and Medical Examiner; these reports were adopted. The report of the Committee on Laws was gone into closely, each matter being taken up clause by clause. Other matters dealt with were a resolution from No. 9 branch, Kingston, regarding an emergency fund for members of over thirty years' standing; resolution not approved; also a motion from No. 12 branch, Berlin, to provide a guarantee for the fidelity of branch officers. The decision arrived at was that amounts paid by branches for this purpose should be credited to a special fund to be known as the Branch Indemnity Fund. It was recommended that no change be made in the matter of guaranteeing Grand Officers. Regarding the auditing of the books, it was decided that two chartered accountants should be appointed by the convention to audit annually, one to be a member of the association if possible and the other an outsider; the auditors to have full powers and to report to the president.

With a view to the reduction of expenses it was recommended to appoint provincial or district councils, the same to appoint representatives in proportion to their numbers, the Dominion for this purpose to be divided into Ontario, Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, Manitoba and the Northwest each district to have a delegate to the Grand Council for every 250 delegates or fraction thereof. The first district council meeting to be held in February, 1907. The subject of a schedule of rates proposed by Branch 94, Ottawa, was al-

so brought before the convention. The matters were not decided when the meeting adjourned.

The report of the Committee on Laws occupied the greater part of the morning and afternoon session. A recommendation to reduce the initiation fee from \$3 to \$1 was carried by a slight majority in a standing vote, after much discussion.

Next in order was the question of the establishment of a "sick benefit" in connection with the association. The President left the chair while he spoke forcibly in favor of the movement, and advocated that the matter be left optional with the different branches. Judge Landry moved that the Executive be empowered to ask legislation at the next session of Parliament, and that a committee be appointed to look after details. Regarding the holding of meetings on Sunday, it was finally decided that the subject be struck altogether from the constitution, and then left to the discretion of the different branches.

During the afternoon a cablegram was received from His Holiness in answer to the one sent by the delegates. The message was received by the whole convention standing and remaining so during the entire reading. Rev. Father Cherie of Winnipeg read the despatch in Latin, English and French; it read as follows:

The Vatican, Rome, Aug. 24th. His Holiness kindly grants from his heart to the C.M.B.A. the Apostolic Blessing.

MERRY DEL VAL, Papal Secretary of State.

The adoption of a "sign" though advocated by a good number of those present, was not endorsed by the whole and it was resolved that no action should be taken in the matter.

The last important business was the raising of rates. The report of the special committee composed of six-teen of the delegates with Rev. Father Cherie as chairman, was read by Mr. Kernahan. The chairman was one of three of a minority who opposed the raising of the rates, nevertheless the report was received and discussed. Several spoke at length on the subject, amongst those being Judge Landry, Mr. J. J. Murphy and Vice-President O'Connell. It was finally agreed that the Board of Trustees form a committee to go into the matter more fully and report to the Executive; meantime the rates remain the same, but the twenty assessments as at present will be called for in twelve assessments yearly.

The election of officers brought the convention to a close and resulted as follows: Grand President Hackett, re-elected by acclamation, the re-election being enthusiastically endorsed, and the members joining in singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The remaining Grand Officers were elected without contest: 1st Vice-President, Hon. A. J. Richard of Dorchester, N.B.; 2nd Vice-President, Bernard O'Connell, Dublin, Ont.; Grand Secretary, J. J. Behan, Kingston; Grand Treasurer, W. J. McKee, Marshal, J. J. Weinart of Neustadt. The trustees are Joseph Chisholm, Rev. Father Burke, G. B. McInery, St. John, N.B.; Geo. L. Staunton, Hamilton; G. D. Herbert, Three Rivers. The Laws Committee elected were: John A. Murphy, Cayuga; F. J. Curran, Montreal; Judge Landry, New Brunswick.

Mr. W. T. Kernahan and Mr. Geo. Edwards were elected auditors. Dr. Ryan of Kingston was appointed Grand Medical Advisor and Hon. F. Latchford, Solicitor.

ORDAINED AT ST. BASIL'S.

On Wednesday, the 24th inst., the ceremony of ordination took place at St. Basil's church, Rev. J. J. Costello being raised to the dignity of the priesthood and Mr. J. Pickett and Mr. E. Plourd to that of sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, officiated and the opportune presence of members of the Basilian Community from all parts of America for the purpose of making a retreat at the Mother House, made the occasion remarkable as that on which were present the largest number of priests ever gathered to assist at an ordination in Toronto. Besides those of the Community there were also in the sanctuary Rev. Father O'Malley, Oshawa; Rev. Father Whelan, St. Michael's; and Rev. Father McCann, St. Francis. The ceremonies began at 8 o'clock and from the moment of the entrance of the candidates until the final act of "blessing the congregation" by the newly ordained priest, every detail was watched with interest by the congregation, and the impressiveness of the occasion was felt by all present. Particularly thrilling was the moment of the imposition of hands when half a hundred and more of the members of the young Levite stepped from their stalls and after laying sacred palms upon his head, raised their aloft, until a perfect forest of uplifted hands testified to the great thing that had been done amongst them. The reading of the blessing of Rev. Father Costello was his brother priests and the members of his own family, four brothers and two sisters being present besides other relatives from different parts of the city.

Apart from the ordinary interest which attaches itself to an ordination, that of Father Costello has many points particular to itself. For the people of St. Basil's parish this was a day of special rejoicing and thanksgiving. Father Costello was one of themselves; brought up in their midst; they had known him from childhood, and throughout his youth they had seen him preparing for the mission upon which he now goes forth; his modest yet genial manner, his readiness to aid in any parish work that came to hand, his beautiful voice so often heard in our choirs and concert halls, and the sometime uncertainty regarding his health had made him altogether an object of affection and solicitude. Numberless wishes and prayers had gone forth for his welfare and success and the full fruition of the hopes in his behalf was realized, when after ordination the many who had thus known him, knelt at the altar rails and received from their friend his first priestly blessing.

On Thursday morning Father Costello said his first Mass at the Convent of the Precious Blood. One who was present was heard to remark that on this morning the chapel of the Convent looked like a "little corner somewhere in heaven" and the comparison was surely a most happy one. The Mass was at 7 a.m. and was served by Mr. Cyril Costello, a brother of Father Costello, who is at present in the Basilian Novitiate. Rev. Father O'Donohue was assistant priest, and the brothers and sisters of the newly ordained priest received

Holy Communion from his hand. On Friday Father Costello said Mass at St. Basil's Hospital, and on Saturday at St. Joseph's Convent. Sunday, the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, was the day of the first High Mass and a large congregation filled St. Basil's on the occasion. The deacon of the Mass was Rev. Father Finnigan and Rev. Mr. J. Pickett was sub-deacon; Rev. Father V. Murphy acted as master of ceremonies and Rev. Father Frachon as assistant priest; the stalls in the sanctuary were filled by many of the still visiting Basilians. Here for the first time the congregation had the gratification of hearing the musical voice of Rev. Father Costello used for the most sublime of all services, that of the Holy sacrifice of the Mass. The choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Murray, with Mr. Moure presiding at the organ, gave Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart, and at the Offertory "Dixie Ave Maria" was sung by Mr. M. Costello, a brother of Father Costello. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Finnigan, who took for his text, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." The address throughout was a eulogy of the "greatest, most exalted, most dignified state of the priesthood; a state which has no superior, save that of God Himself." He ended with an exhortation to the newly ordained to remember even in the midst of congratulations he was then receiving and the successes which might afterwards follow in the saving of souls, that the glory belonged not to him, but rather to God, through Whom his mission would be accomplished.

Rev. Father Costello left Toronto on Wednesday of this week for the College of the Basilians in Texas. He goes by Goderich, where he will say Mass at which his sister, Miss Costello, who was unable to be present at his ordination, will have the pleasure of assisting. Father Costello sets out accompanied by the prayers and good wishes of all who know him.

NOTES OF THE CONVENTION

No Catholic man or woman, possessed of but even the slightest modicum of sentiment, but must have looked with pride upon the fine gathering of men who at last week's convention represented the many and different branches of the C.M.B.A., scattered throughout the Dominion. As they were told by one of the speakers, they were the "flower of the flock," the choice of the more or less, twenty thousand members who comprise this large Catholic body. They had been selected as the most active and intelligent element in the map, and the aggregate was something to view with pleasurable pride.

As seen from the gallery of the large assembly hall of the Temple Building where the meetings were held, they presented a most interesting spectacle. On the platform along which was draped the Union Jack and the field of gold with its "hard earned gold," was seated the Hon. M. F. Hackett, the Grand President, surrounded by his officers, while below were some four hundred well dressed and businesslike men, whom it was easy to see were there not to take part in the matters in hand, but in a listless or perfunctory way, to open their eyes to the proceedings, and alert participation in every topic that was brought before them.

A fine President seems the Hon. Mr. Hackett. Frank and peaceful in speech, calm and judicial in his rulings, of large physique and open countenance—his presence is in itself a guarantee that things so far as the least thing human can be guaranteed will go well. Mr. Hackett speaks with equal ease in either French or English, and no statement or motion of even the slightest importance was passed over without explanation in the dual tongues by the watchful presiding officer. Not a moment was lost under his leadership as a decision was come to the little hammer went down with a decisive stroke and the next point was taken up with the celerity of an expert. The free use of French and English and the incidental introduction of the Latin tongue, through the reading of the cablegram from His Holiness, gave to the assemblage quite a scholarly air and classic touch, and made one feel that this was indeed no ordinary gathering. The fact that the last session did not come to an end until well into the "wee sma' hours" of Saturday morning shows the interest taken by all in the work they were at. It is a pity that few well known that the convention did not open with the full feeling of confidence that had characterized those of other years, and the end at that time was very much a matter of doubt. At the close, however, confidence to a great degree at least had been restored and the general tone was a congratulatory one.

During the meetings several little breezes arose which on the whole, with perhaps one exception, were not to be regretted. The incident in which the remarks of Rev. Father Melgrave of Nova Scotia, were to quote the Mail and Empire followed by "a terrible confusion of tongues and cries" was not a nice one. The spontaneity of the storm which was aroused, doubtless testified to the implicit confidence of the members in their officers, but on the other hand the principle contained in the reverend gentleman's remarks was surely one that all probably a little less directness in the way of placing the matter would have been more effective for good, but there is no doubt that though expediency often works against the point for which Father Melgrave contended, that he was in the main right and in the manner in which he was received is not pleasant to remember. Not vouching for the evening, I cannot vouch for the report that Father Melgrave retracted his statements. He probably withdrew any seemingly implied charge against the officers, but his statement that meetings held on Sunday and dated for Monday, is to open the way to unbusinesslike and perhaps dishonest methods, could not very well be taken back.

A point discussed on all sides, too, is the manner of disposing of the deficit. It is said that the more businesslike way, and in fact the only way in which to restore full confidence, would be to open up an account regarding the method in which the matter will be dealt with. On the other hand it is argued that the perfect trust felt by the majority in the Grand Council is sufficient guarantee that all will be well. Speaking of affairs gener-

ally, Mr. J. J. Behan, the Grand Secretary, expressed himself as well pleased with results. Before the convention he said a pall seemed to hang over things; none knew how things would end. The gathering, however, had served as a valve, and now the atmosphere was cleared and the convention had been in every way a good one.

"KIT" ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

It is not often that "Kit" of the Toronto Mail and Empire, who, in my humble opinion, whatever that be, is one of the clearest and certainly the most versatile newspaper writer in the Dominion, makes any serious mistake, particularly regarding things Irish, but there can be no doubt but that in her column of last week she said things that are to say the least, somewhat "queer." Her first statement that things are no better, but a "trifle worse," since the introduction of the Land Bill, is unique as being the first occasion on which we have seen the result so stated. Then, too, the statement that the "clergy and nuns" are the only ones benefiting by the technical education money, requires more proof than that afforded by a mere newspaper paragraph. The further information that the laity has little chance to get any of the salaries for either lace-making or butter making, and that the clergy has turned its attention from "pastorates and even politics, to butter and bacon, scientific agriculture and electric engineering, has more attraction as a jangle of words than for its probability or seeming truth. We know, of course, that for some years past the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., has been associated with the Countess of Aberdeen as one of the executive on the board of the "Irish Industries Association," and there may be others doing similar work, but the results as described elsewhere, are that happiness and prosperity to the villagers amongst whom the industries are introduced, are the results sought for and obtained, the personal aggrandizement of the organizers was not before brought to notice.

Again, when "Kit" says that she quotes the words of a "Roman Catholic and a Home Rule member of Parliament," when she states that "the British Government in Ireland will always back the blessed clergy," one might remind her that even this does not fully convince; even "Roman Catholic and Home Rule members" do not always weigh the words, nor when they do are they by any means infallible. "The result of present conditions (another quotation) is and will be that emigration offices are filled to overflowing, emigration is steadily on the increase and Ireland is fast becoming the land of the foreigner. The fields are untilled. The Protestant Government backing up the inroads of the clergy on the public funds which were created for laic emigration offices of Ireland were crowded, many years since the thousands from her shores left them to seek homes in the far west, but the reasons for their doing so were not those assigned by "Kit." Elsewhere and in different places "Kit" has herself referred to those reasons; none knows them better than she, and while it is well to forget them when possible, it is not well nor is it like "Kit" to invent new cause for old though still existing conditions.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Most sad was the accident that deprived little Maud Dowdall of her life. The young girl, who was but eleven years of age, was visiting at Lorne Park, near the city. Expecting her mother on an incoming train, the child ran to meet it, but mistaking it for the train, she was struck and instantly killed. The child's home was in Spokane, Wash., and she was here for the purpose of continuing her studies at the beginning of the school term. The funeral took place from the home of her uncle, Mr. T. Mulvey, Bathurst street, Saturday, to St. Mary's Church, whence St. Michael's casket, carried by Mr. Phipps, of Queen St., who happened to be near at the time, made a gallant attempt to save the child, nearly losing his own life in the effort. He was thrown several feet, but is now reported as not seriously injured. May she rest in peace.

FULL LIST OF APPOINTMENTS. SAINT BASIL'S.

The retreat which has just closed at St. Basil's, has ended with many changes on the staffs of the different colleges and parishes in charge of the Basilians. A full list of appointments is given below. St. Michael's College, Toronto—Fathers Cushing, Superior; Demouché, First Councillor; Frachon, Second Councillor; A. Martin, Treasurer; Welch, Murray, E. Martin, Furna, Vasehalde, Gignac, Plomer, Howard, Staley, T. Roche, Murphy, Messers, Golden, Roessler, Byrne, Egan and Pickett.

Assumption College, Sandwich—Fathers McBrady, Superior; Ferguson, First Councillor; Hayes, Second Councillor and Treasurer; Guinane, O'Neil, Reath, C. Collins, W. Roach, Powell, Plourde, and Messrs. Carr, Morley, Moylan, McCormick, Rodgers, Thierault, Puerrth, Brighton, Mahar.

St. Basil's College, Waco, Texas—Fathers Forester, Superior; Sullivan, First Councillor; Finnigan, Second Councillor; J. Ryan, Treasurer; Rafferty and Costello, and Messrs. Drohan and W. Collins.

St. Thomas College, Houston, Texas—Fathers N. Roche, Superior; Pagan, Councillor; Kennedy and Sharpe.

St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte, Tex.—Fathers Hurley, Superior; Donnelly, Councillor; and Mr. Purcell.

Novitiate, St. Clair avenue, Deet Park, Toronto—Fathers Aboulin, Superior; Player, Treasurer; P. Ryan, Parish Priest.

Scholasticate, St. Clair avenue, Deet Park, Toronto—Father Teefe, Superior.

PARISH APPOINTMENTS.

St. Anne's church, Detroit—Fathers Grand, Superior; Cote and Christian, Amherstburg—Fathers Renaud, Superior and McNulty.

Owen Sound—Fathers J. B. Collins, Superior; Grammore, Councillor; Buckley and Shaughnessy.

Sandwich—Fathers Semande, Superior and Chalander.

St. Basil's, Toronto—Fathers M. Kelly, Parish Priest; Frachon, Assistant; Mr. Perry, Sacristan.

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. Strictly first-class in all departments. Magnificent catalogue free. Students admitted at any time. Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

Drayton—Father Heydon, Parish Priest. Port Lambton—Father O'Donohue, Parish Priest. London—Father Chevrier. MR. EDWARD HARTNETT.

On Saturday morning the death occurred of Mr. Edward Hartnett at his late residence, 78 Bathurst street. Mr. Hartnett was originally from Lindsay, but had resided for many years in Toronto, where he was well known and had been an officer at the Central Prison, and later employed at the Union Station. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church on Monday morning, and the interment at St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

KINSELLA—FURLONG.

At St. Mary's church last week the marriage took place of Miss Ida Furlong and Mr. Richard Kinsella. Rev. Father Williams officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsella left for a trip through the Eastern States.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Frank McNamara of Ottawa was in the city last week.

DEATH OF MISS JULIA SEXTON.

On Saturday last Miss Julia Sexton died at 80 Euclid avenue, the home of her sister, Mrs. McCrohan. Miss Sexton was enjoying a holiday at Phepston, when on Wednesday last not feeling well, she returned home. Three days after she was dead. The deceased young lady was the youngest of a family of one son and six daughters, and this circumstance together with her bright disposition, had made her the pet of the household, and her sudden and unforeseen death has left a void which will long be felt. The funeral took place from St. Francis Church on Tuesday morning. Rev. Father McCann, P.P., singing the high mass, requiem. A brother, Mr. Cornelius Sexton, of Phepston, and her sisters, Mrs. Kelly, also of Phepston; Mrs. J. Kearns of Toronto; Mrs. McCrohan, Toronto; Miss Maggie Sexton of Welland, and Sister Arsenia of St. Joseph's Community, are left to mourn her loss. May she rest in peace.

Pierpont Morgan has the Stolen Cope

According to Lloyds newspaper, Cardinal Vanutelli shortly before his departure from London on Friday was called upon to decide as to the genuineness of an important art relic now on view at the South Kensington Museum. This is a wonderful old priest's cope, which is said to have been stolen from the Cathedral of Ascoli, Italy, and is now in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. For a considerable time past a controversy has waged in London art circles as to whether the vestment had been stolen or not, and now the Cardinal is said to have settled this question beyond all doubt. On Friday last his Eminence had the holy relic positively identified, and when asked by a clerical confidant whether the story of its theft from the Cathedral of Ascoli was true Cardinal Vanutelli replied in Italian, "Yes, it is perfectly true." It is understood, says Lloyd's, that the Cardinal had been commissioned by Pope Pius X. to interview Mr. Morgan, explain the circumstances to him, and appeal to him to restore the vestment; so his Eminence on Friday afternoon made inquiries for Mr. Morgan, and was disappointed to ascertain that that gentleman was in America at the present time. The probable course that will now be pursued is that when the Cardinal gets back to Rome he will relate his experiences to the Pontiff, and that a letter will be written to Mr. Morgan from the Holy City, asking him to restore the vestment to the resting place where it has been the object of reverence and admiration for many years. The romance of the relic goes back for no less than 700 years. Its workmanship is matchless, and it is considered by the critics to be the finest work of art of its kind in existence. After more than six centuries of peaceful repose, it was stolen from the Cathedral of Ascoli last year, and later was submitted to Mr. Morgan, who recognized its beauty, and purchased it, and has since lent it to the South Kensington authorities.

The Central Business College

The above named school, located in Toronto, under the principalship of Mr. W. H. Shaw, is well known as the largest, best equipped, best certified and most influential business training school in Canada. Those contemplating a business course should certainly write for the handsome catalogue of this reliable college. See advertisement in this issue.

It has been fortunate that most of our greatest men have left no descendants to shine in the borrowed lustre of a great name.

How to Cleanse the System.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

MEN WANTED

Let us start you working for us taking up show-cards and distributing advertising matter at \$840 a year and expenses (\$2.50 per day). We want one good man in each locality, local or travelling. Write at once for particulars. SALUS MEDICAL CO., London, Ont.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even-numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
 - (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person as a homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
 - (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
 - (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
- The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clause (2), (3), or (4) must cultivate 80 acres of homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads at the time they took patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information, respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

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

THE BEST ALE! COSGRAVE'S THE BEST PORTER! (From Pure Irish Malt only) COSGRAVE'S THE BEST HALF AND HALF! COSGRAVE'S ALWAYS ASK FOR THE BEST! COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. TORONTO

BELLS Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. A. BELL Co., Hillsboro, O. WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY Church Bell and Chime Bells Bell Copper and Tin Only THE W. SANDERSON COMPANY Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1837