

MATTERS OF MOMENT

The Situation of the C. P. R. Strike—The Novel and its Influence—Pageants True to History and Art.

The situation of the strike of the C. P. R. machinists is making no progress towards a solution of its difficulties. To pass judgment on the causes which led to it would perhaps at this juncture be injudicious. In the heat of any contest a cool arrangement of causes is difficult, but to suggest a means for lightening the load at the point where two forces seemingly equal in determination are pitted against each other, may be the province of any who have an interest in the economic and humane sides of life. It is only in certain localities that the crucial conditions existing between the Canadian Pacific Railway and its employees seem to be realized to the fullest. That this is perhaps one of the most momentous passages in the history of capital and labor does not present itself to all. Yet this is the reason for the indifference of many is that the pinch of the success of either side has not yet made itself felt. That conditions will arrive is unquestionable unless the present tension is relieved and an arrangement satisfactory to both sides arrived at. With the great crop of the West at our doors, the appalling results that will ensue if means to work and transport it are not provided, must be evident to any who give the matter a moment's consideration. Advice from the West state that the crops will not suffer, that the railway has provided for this. All of which may be true, but even if true this will but serve to increase the dissatisfaction of the opposing side in the contest.

In this crisis who shall act? Is the Labor Department unable to cope with the question? Does the Conciliation Act not sufficiently cover the situation? If not, other sources should be sought. Delay is dangerous. With the summer sunshine about us and the demands of the time much less than they will be later, it is very easy to envelop ourselves in an environment of security and hopefulness and satisfy ourselves with the assurance that everything will come out all right. Everything will come out all right unless a speedy initiative is taken to change the present attitude of both the Railroad and its former employees. The triumph of either without a modification of present conditions would mean incalculable misery to many. If the Road succeeds in replacing its men, it means fresh and vicious friction in the ranks of the workmen and hundreds of unemployed whom stress of circumstances may drive to many destructive deeds. Success to the men could only come after a long struggle involving a loss of time to the country and themselves. Why allow either result to come about?

For some years past the world has been trying to establish a Peace Tribunal at The Hague. A potent factor in the machinery of this great force was to be an Arbitration Board, which free from prejudice and rancor and uninfluenced by the causes of dispute would settle the quarrels of nations. The Peace Conference and its Board had perhaps too great a contract assigned them when the affairs of the world were laid on their shoulders. This may account for their failure. If a board of arbitration were appointed in the present instance the task would be by no means herculean if attempted at once. Men of judgment and experience having the general good at heart, and agreeable to both parties in the dispute, would soon settle the question. To make the adjustment easy there should be no further delay. At this juncture both the Railroad and its employees should remember that to serve the public is their work, and that in serving the best interests of the public they are serving themselves. Settlement by arbitration has already been tried, but ought to be resorted to again, as this is in the minds of the majority the best method of handling situations like the present. To reject this would seem to be fatuous and unreasonable.

A leading article in the London Tablet, using Newman's phrase, "An eye for the Times," as its heading, speaks of the influence of the novel as a moulder of public opinion. It says referring to France, that two recent French novels translated into English are doing more to convince Frenchmen and Englishmen that religious orders have been persecuted in France than any other sort of writing has done. It may well be thought amazing, continues the Tablet, that novelists have been successful where other men have utterly failed. Recent and unanswerable speeches of Catholic politicians, dignified pastors, and weighty Papal allocutions just touch and pass by the ears of the people like the idle breeze. The novel finds its way to the heart. It is thought convincing. It compels belief and sympathy; it rouses a real desire to do something on behalf of right and truth. The Tablet does not pretend to explain why the novel is so powerful, but admitting this power, says, "we begin to ask ourselves if a great future is not opening out before the Catholic novelist and all Catholics who wield the pen."

Without continuing the comparison introduced by the writer to the Tablet between the influence of "dignified pastors" etc., and the novel, we might say that the great influence exerted by the latter is not a development of recent date. Certain novels might be cited that were epoch-making in the influence they wielded on

the people of their time. Take, for example, Uncle Tom's Cabin. This story of Southern life from the pen of a woman, is said to have been more potent than any other cause in bringing about the revolutionizing ideas that produced the Civil War and ended in the freedom of the colored people of the Southern States. Another novel that might be mentioned is Dicken's immortal Nicholas Nickleby, which by its exposure of the methods of some of the private schools of England, caused an investigation that ended in this class of school being placed on a better and an entirely new footing. Other books might be quoted as belonging to the epoch-making category.

The prospect that seems to open out before the writer to the Tablet, in which Catholic novelists will live in the roselate atmosphere of success, does not appear to us as of wider range or nearer view, than that of fifty years ago. During the last half century many Catholic novelists have occupied the field. Men and women were these capable and talented, some even tinged with the vivifying touch of genius, yet how few there are who met with anything like compensatory reward. The field of the novelist, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, becomes every day harder because the land has been plowed in every direction. The lack of a successful field of Catholic fiction does not lie with the writers, but with those who read, or rather with those who do not read. Catholic readers in English-speaking countries do not sufficiently recognize Catholic writers. The success of the two novels mentioned in getting into the hearts of the people, may arise from the fact that they are not of English-speaking origin, and that the fame given them in their native home has preceded them.

Some of the newspapers have made a good deal of matter for comment out of the incident in the pageants at Quebec, when the messenger of the English admiral, Phips, is led blindfolded and accompanied by the by no means too courteous treatment of the French soldiers and colonists, into the presence of Frontenac. Students of Canadian history will remember the occasion when the English under Phips besieged Quebec and when in response to the embassy sent from the fleet, Frontenac returns the answer that is now known to every school boy. History records that after negotiations had continued for some time between the besieged and the English representative, and no conclusion being come to, the latter to terminate matters, declared that a reply to Phips' demand for surrender must be given within the hour, and in reply Frontenac thundered forth, "No, I will answer your master only by the mouth of my cannon, that he may learn that such as I am not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best and I will do mine." Now, the point which has irritated some of the spectators is, that the messenger was so discourteously treated by the French. He is blindfolded coming and going, and led over the barricades accompanied by the derision and jeers of the assembled colonists, all of which assuredly did not appeal to one as in keeping with the best usage.

But in taking exception to the above those who do so seem to forget that the pageants aimed at representing things as they really happened, and if we recall the fact that the scene was supposed to take place between two nations in the throes of deadly warfare, the presentation was probably by no means exaggerated. Lascelles, the master of the pageants, was true to art which gets as close as possible to truth, in carrying out his conception. The closing scene in the beautiful pictures was the contrast, and the impressions it produced were the ones to harbor as lasting. In this scene the soldiers of Wolfe and Montcalm unite. Headed by the golden lilies of France on their breastless background and by the bright flowing Union Jack, line after line of white tunicked and red coated French and English soldiers march over the Plains. Side by side they step in unison, their harmonious and united movements arousing the thousands of spectators to ecstatic applause. This represents the present time of peace, and this is the picture meant to be permanent. The Canadian people, made up largely of two nations which three hundred years ago met in deadly warfare, are now united, walking side by side in the glorious work of building up a nationhood, whose virtues should be as the stainless field upon which the lilies of France stand out as do the brilliant hues of the freely flying Union Jack. Lascelles was true to history, true to art and true to the things that make for the best interests of our still youthful country in teaching the lessons of his pageants.

Death of Gifted Religious.

A letter has been received by the prioress of St. Mary's Dominican Convent, Cabra, Dublin, from Cardinal Moran, on the occasion of the death of Sister Mary Vincent Hogan, sister of the Very Rev. Dr. Hogan of Mayo. His Eminence writes: "I cannot say with what regret I learned by the latest English mail, that your truly gifted Sister M. Vincent Hogan had been summoned to her reward. Great is the loss to Irish art. The reproduction of the glorious page of the Book of Kells was most perfect. From St. Columba's days I don't think there has been a more gifted or more skillful interpreter of the old Celtic school of art."

Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.—Archbishop Fenelon.

APOSTOLIC FINDINGS

The Roman Curia—Special Law for Contentious Matter—Sacred Roman Rota—Apostolic Signatura.



TITLE I. THE SACRED ROMAN ROTA CHAPTER I. On the Constitution of the Sacred Roman Rota.

CANON 1. The Sacred Roman Rota consists of ten Prelates, chosen by the Roman Pontiff, who are called Auditors. 2. These must be priests of mature years, doctors of theology and of canon law and men of singular probity, discretion and jurisprudence. 3. When they have reached the age of seventy-five they become meriti and cease to act as judges.

CANON 2. 1. The Sacred Rota forms a College, over which presides the Dean, who is the president. 2. The auditors take their seniority after the Dean in order of appointment and those appointed at the same time in the order of their ordination to the priesthood and those appointed and ordained at the same time in the order of age. 3. When the Deanship becomes vacant, the first in seniority after the Dean succeeds ipso jure to his office.

CANON 3. 1. Each Auditor, with the approval of the Rotal College and the added consent of the Supreme Pontiff will choose for himself one assistant or auditor, who is a doctor at least of canon law from a public university or faculty of studies recognized by the Holy See and a man of piety and probity. 2. The Auditor, in performing his duties must act by order of his Auditor, and remains in office according to his will.

CANON 4. 1. Moreover, there will be in the Sacred Rota a promoter of justice for the safeguarding of law and authority and a defender of the sacred bond of matrimony, religious profession and sacred ordination. 2. These must be priests, doctors of theology and of canon law, of mature years and of singular discretion and jurisprudence. 3. They will be chosen by the Supreme Pontiff, at the instance of the Rotal College of Auditors.

CANON 5. 1. Notaries will be also appointed as many as are needed to administer the business of the Sacred Rota, who will likewise perform the duties of registrars and chancellors in the Sacred tribunal. 2. Two of these at least will be priests, and to these alone the duty of notary and registrar in criminal cases of clerics and religious is reserved. 3. All these shall be chosen from concurs by the Rotal College, according to the rule given for the other offices of the Holy See, and their election is to be confirmed by the Pontiff.

CANON 6. 1. One or two laymen of mature age and approved morals will be appointed to care for the home and palace of the Sacred Rota and who as necessity demands will perform the duties of messengers and attendants. 2. They will be chosen by the Rotal College by an absolute majority of votes.

CANON 7. 1. Each Auditor of the Sacred Rota after his appointment and before he enters upon the office of judge shall take the oath rightly and faithfully to perform his duty, in the presence of the entire college, from one of the notaries of the sacred tribunal, who will administer it. 2. Each auditor of the Auditors and the attendants of the tribunal shall likewise take the same oath from one of the notaries in the presence of the Dean of the Sacred Rota.

CANON 8. 1. In criminal matter, both in spiritual and other cases, when prejudice can befall the parties concerned or when secrecy has been imposed by the tribunal itself, Auditors, auditors and attendants of the tribunal are bound to the secrecy of their office.

CANON 9. 1. Auditors who have violated secrecy or have caused serious damage to the litigants through culpable negligence or fraud, are held for the damages and can be punished at the instance of the injured party or even ex officio by the judgment of the Apostolic Signatura, confirmed by the Pope. 2. The assistants of the tribunal and the Auditors of the Auditors, who are similarly guilty will be likewise held for damages; and can be punished at the instance of the offended party or even ex officio by the judgment of the Rotal College, according to the damage and the offence.

CANON 10. 1. A declaration of confidence can be copied by the notaries themselves at the instance of any petitioner.

2. But the notaries cannot take the documents from the archives and show them to the petitioners, unless by order of the President of the board of judges if the document is sought for the effect of the case or by order of the Dean if it is sought for any other reason.

CANON 11. The Sacred Rota pronounces judgment in two ways, either in groups of three Auditors or of the entire body, unless the Pope for some special reason, either of himself or on the advice of some sacred Congregation decrees otherwise.

CANON 12. 1. The groups will proceed in this order: The first group is composed of the three last Auditors, the second and third of the six who precede them, the fourth of the Dea and the last two who return again to the series of groups, the fifth and sixth of the six who precede them, the seventh of the sub-dean and dean, together with the last Auditor who again returns to the series; finally, the eighth, ninth and tenth groups are composed of the nine remaining Auditors, and so on, this order being constantly maintained. 2. The groups in trying cases succeed each other in order of time according as the cases were referred to the tribunal of the Sacred Rota. 3. If any case has been already tried by one group and there is need of a second decision, the group which next succeeds will try the case, even though it has already begun the trying of another case according to the above paragraph. And if there is need of a third decision, in the same way the group which next follows takes the case for trial. 4. In each group, or college of Auditors the president is always the Auditor to whom the first place belongs. 5. If anyone prevented by sickness or any good reason cannot take his place in his group, at the trial, the first five Auditors, not of the next, but of the second succeeding group, will by the previous decision of the Dean fill his place. But if there is need of a third rotal decision, the tenth rotal Auditor or another who has not taken part in the three groups will supply for the absent one. 6. The Auditor thus supplied on account of the absence of another, even though senior cannot be the president, if the case has already been opened and another president constituted.

CANON 13. Concerning vacations the Rotal tribunal and its assistants will adhere to the same rule as the other officers of the Holy See.

CHAPTER II. On the competence of the Sacred Roman Rota. CANON 14. 1. The Sacred Rota in first instance tries cases which the Roman Pontiff of his own accord or at the request of the parties concerned has called to his tribunal and confided to the Sacred Rota and those it tries if necessary, and unless it has been otherwise provided in the letter of commission, in the second and third instance, also by means of succeeding groups according to the regulations of Canon 12. 2. It tries in the second instance cases which have been tried in the first stage by the tribunal of the Most Eminent Vicar of the City and other tribunals of ordinaries and referred by legitimate appeal to the Holy See. It likewise tries these cases, even in the third instance, if necessary, according to the method prescribed in Canon 12. 3. Finally it tries in the last instance cases which though tried by ordinaries or other tribunals whatsoever in the second or further stage have not yet become decided cases and are referred by legitimate appeal to the Holy See. 4. It provides also for appeals to restore the case to its former condition from all decisions whatsoever, which have become decided cases and cannot find a remedy before the judge of the second instance according to the title "De restitutio in integrum"; provided there is no question of a case decided by the Sacred Rota; and in these it passes judgment both on the nature and the merit of the case.

CANON 15. Major cases considered as such by reason of their object or the persons concerned are excluded from the competence of this sacred tribunal.

CANON 16. Appeal or recourse to the Sacred Rota is not to be had against those dispositions of ordinaries, which are not decisions promulgated judicially; but the judgment of these is reserved to the Sacred Congregations.

CANON 17. The defect of the authority of the Sacred Rota in trying cases mentioned in the two preceding canons is so absolute that it cannot try them even incidentally, and if it should pass judgment this would be ipso jure void.

CHAPTER III. On the method of procedure in the Sacred Roman Rota. CANON 18. 1. The parties can appear in person and plead their cause before the Sacred Rota. 2. If, however, they select a lawyer for themselves, they must choose him from among those approved according to title III of this law. 3. The lawyer can be chosen either as a consultant or assistant or as defender of the case, to whom the cause must be pleaded entirely entrusted belongs; in either case the mandate must be given to him in writing, which is to be presented to the tribunal and preserved in the acts. (To be Continued.)

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

Unprejudiced View of Catholic Quebec by a Non-Catholic Observer at the Tercentenary.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

When some non-Catholics visit a Catholic country or community they seem to have an eye single to the things that appear susceptible of criticism. Whatever does not agree with their Protestant standards is selected for unfavorable note and comment. The devotion of Catholics to the saints—eminently reasonable in belief and practice—is a stumbling block in their path, and they are given to sneering at what in their ignorance they call "the worship of images." The celibacy of the Catholic clergy, the self-immurement of Catholic men and women in religious institutions, the giving up of home and friends and family for the sake of following Christ more nearly, all these, misunderstood and misinterpreted by Protestant tourists of a certain type, are targets for many an arrow of blame. Not of this type of non-Catholics is E. W. Thomson, who gives in the Boston Evening Transcript at July 29th his impressions concerning the Brothers of the Christian Schools in whose house he stayed while in Quebec, to see the recent tercentenary celebrations. Quebec was so crowded with visitors that the hotels could not contain them all, and so thousands of strangers were guests at private houses and in religious institutions. Mr. Thomson says: "Many visitors got into places to which, in ordinary times, none would think of seeking admission. For instance, your present correspondent was lodged with the Christian Brothers of the order founded by the Blessed John Baptiste de la Salle. They conduct an academy for giving boys and young men a commercial education at a cost to the pupils incredibly low, yet the training in various technology is so sound that some graduates have beaten all competitors at university examinations elsewhere. Under the methods of the order I inquired somewhat closely, because the question, 'What do the Catholic clergy of Quebec province do for what they get from the people?' is always interesting to us heretics, and much debated in ultra-Protestant Ontario. Well, the gentlemen of this order are all vowed to poverty. I found them individually so stripped for cash that it was a serious problem to them whether any could buy tickets, at the lowest prices and in the cheapest seats, to see the pageants, in which they were keenly interested. They own, individually, what they stand in—long black cassocks. To take the price of tickets out of the funds of the House would be an enormous misdirection of funds, they seemed to hold. Yet a sweeter, kinder, more smiling, obliging set of hosts you shall not find on any summer day—all highly educated, some French, some English, Irish, American, or native British-Canadian. Under the roof of the Christian Brothers dwelt for a while British, American and Canadian visitors to Quebec, and Mr. Thomson notes incidentally the good-fellowship which prevailed, and which no doubt was in no small degree due to the kindness, simplicity and hospitality of the Brothers, who made everything as pleasant as possible for everybody without regard to religious differences. Observing the simplicity and order of the lives of the members of the community, it was only natural that Mr. Thomson should be led to inquire into the charge, so often made by those who misunderstand the Catholic Church, that such institutions are a tax upon the Catholic people, that they are unproductive and do not, in return for what they cost, 'deliver the goods'—to use an expressive colloquialism. Mr. Thomson says: 'As they give a good commercial education, and give it very cheap, it is plain that they earn their living and perform large service. From the public viewpoint, the economic outlook, there is not one iota of reason to complain of their existence and proceedings. Quite the contrary. He thinks, furthermore, so well of the system that he tentatively advocates a similar order of Protestant teachers, admitting, nevertheless, that there is one thing lacking in Protestantism which the Catholic Church possesses and which makes such orders as the Christian Brothers possible. He says: 'One wonders if it might not be possible to associate great numbers of our Protestant teachers in an order somewhat similar. Certainly the Brothers' vow of celibacy makes easier their economic organization. This thing—devotion—devotion without a worldly thought or mercenary motive—absolute self-surrender of all the intellectual powers to the work—this is what the Protestant world is now sighing for. It is what, or so it ever seems to me, the orders of the Roman Church are established for, and do very largely insure. That Mr. Thomson's viewpoint is far removed from that of the bigots who behold in Catholicism nothing but what is unworthy, may be seen from these words: 'Quebec has many other Catholic orders on essentially the same economic basis, usually for teaching or for charitable service. Their massive buildings of gray stones, very bare and purely clean within, rise in every direction. So it is throughout the French province. From these great edifices many Protestants surmise that the Church is vastly rich, exacting, and not given to making any adequate material return for what it gets. But nobody can have lived long, as I have done, amongst our French Catholic brethren, without forsaking such prejudice. The truth

is that the Church is not merely a spiritual concern, but a great organization for rendering material services well and cheaply to its people. That is really the secret of its influence and power. The whole system, one inherited from medieval times, and yet moulded to modern conditions, succeeds so amazingly, in an economic sense, that it is surely well worth more study and imitation than it gets from the Protestant community. Mr. Thomson is looking at the human side of the Church merely; hence he says that the secret of her success is found in the material services she renders to her people. We Catholics know that the secret of the Church's success resides in the fact that she was founded by Jesus Christ Himself to continue His work of saving the souls of men. All the other work of the Church is subservient to this. Her building, her teaching, her art, her nursing, her social service of all kinds, is incidental, so to speak. It is a means to an end. And the end is spiritual; the end is the salvation of souls.

It is a dearly-held belief among a great many of Mr. Thomson's co-religionists that a country in which the Catholic Church holds sway, sinks in time into a state of moral, physical and social degradation. You could not hammer this idea out of the heads of some very good but little-read non-Catholics if you used a stick as big as that which is popularly supposed to hang inside the door of the White House. French Canada to-day is a striking illustration of the fallacy of thinking that the Church is in any way opposed to the growth of a people in true greatness. Here is what Mr. Thomson says on this point:

Consider that the French were 65,000 people at the conquest, in 1759. They are now about three millions in the Dominion and the Republic. This increase is due almost wholly to fecundity, since the immigration from France has been very innumerable. The sixty-five thousand were very poor, and situated in a bleak climate on soil not rich. They were absolutely separated, for a hundred years, from the centers of capital, devoid of the borrowing power, possessors of little plant even of the agricultural sort, and required to go without improvements, machinery, edifices, etc., or else save money for these things out of their tiny earnings. Now they are well off, even rich, compared with the inhabitants of some nature-favored parts of the Union. Have they retained the pleasant manners of Old France? Ask that of any reasonable person who visited Quebec last week, or any other time. If the reply be not that French Canadians are the most courteous of American peoples, then please call me Dutchman. Well, what is the test of a system of civilization? If it produces a people notable for industry, chastity, contentment, thrift, fecundity, good manners, pleasant countenances and strong bodies, what can be wrong with it? Some may think that we who speak English and feel Protestant have a great deal more to learn from Jean Baptiste and his Church than they have to learn from us.

For Those Who Cannot See

In making his annual appeal to the readers of Ontario newspapers for information which will enable him to locate the children and youths of both sexes who are eligible for admission as pupils of the School for the Blind at Brantford, Principal Gardiner asks The Register to call public attention to the need for some institution where the adult blind may be instructed and employed. General experience has demonstrated the inadvisability of combining a workshop for adults with a school for children under one management, yet the blind adults, who far outnumber the children of school age, should be no longer neglected. In New York State, it has been ascertained by careful inquiry that out of 6,008 blind persons only 584, or 9.72 per cent. of the total number, are under 21 years of age; 3,193, or 53.14 per cent., are over 60 years of age; while 1,375, or 22.88 per cent., are between the ages of twenty-one and fifty—in the prime of life and capable of being rendered in whole or in part self-supporting. It is probable that the percentages in Ontario are similar to those in New York. Many lose their sight by accident after passing school age, and many who have been blind from birth or childhood need help and direction in order to work profitably. In California, Connecticut, the District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin workshops or "homes" have been provided, and in Washington, Colorado and other states the matter has been taken up by Women's Clubs and other associations of philanthropic ladies, whose influence upon public opinion and the Legislatures will certainly effect the desired result. The first necessity is to get an accurate knowledge of the facts, and to this end Mr. Gardiner will gladly receive information relating to blind residents of Ontario of all ages (names and post-office addresses). Those under twenty-one years of age, not deficient in intellect, and free from disease and physical infirmity, who are blind, or whose sight is so defective that they are unable to read ordinary type and attend a school for the seeing without serious injury to the sight, should attend the school at Brantford, which is maintained by the Provincial Government for their benefit. A letter or post card, addressed to the Principal, will receive immediate attention.

A recent pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne De Beaupre from Ottawa, was attended by over 2,200 people. It was under the direction of Rev. Father Campeau of the Basilica and Rev. Father Forget of Embury, and was in every way a success.

HOME CIRCLE

THE TRUANT KEYS. Oh! we are the keys. The mischievous keys. Who lo, to do nothing but bother and tease.

Oh won't it be fun, When the search has begun? When up and down stairs all the people will run.

Not a sound or a jingle Shall make their ears tingle, Or give them a clue to our snug hiding place.

The doors are all locked And the closet is stocked With jam and with pickles and other good things;

They are coming quite near us, We fear they will hear us, Let's keep very quiet until they have passed.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING ICED TEA. Warm the teapot. Put in a heaping teaspoonful of "Salada" Tea for every two cups.

MARRIAGES IN INDIA. Among the Lanares, when there is a question of marriage, the parents consult neither the bridegroom nor bride.

THE GREATEST BLUNDERS OF MY LIFE. Here are some "Blunders," written down by five hundred men and to be found in the Crerar Library.

VEGETABLES, PLENTY OF 'EM. Every summer luncheon and dinner menu should have vegetables, not only in variety, but in quantity.

THE NEED OF GOOD MANNERS. I have been asked to refresh your memory and to recall to your mind the necessity of certain little rules which are often forgotten.

it, will visit the latter offense with more severity than the former. Some young people fancy that when they leave school they will be free-free to break or keep little rules.

I do not advise the stringent keeping of the English etiquette of introduction. At Oxford, they say, no man ever notices the existence of another until he is introduced; and they tell of one of Oxford men who saw a student of his own college drowning.

THE REAL SUCCESS. Thousands of young men in this country are tied down by iron circumstances, are not able to go to college or have a career, but are examples of self-sacrifice in sweetening the home, in brightening the life of an invalid mother or crippled sister.

A DELICIOUS SHERBET. One quart of milk, one pint of cream, two cups of sugar, white of egg, juice of two lemons. Dissolve one of the cups of sugar in the quart of milk and the remaining cup of sugar with the lemon juice.

THE DISCOVERER OF RICE. Day after day it is becoming more evident to all of us, here in the United States, says the editor of the New World, that the Pilgrim Fathers didn't do everything that amantly was done in the new world, and that a lot of things were initiated on this continent before the ramping Anglo-Saxons founded Jamestown.

WHICH WAS RIGHT? A young man named Enathus desired to learn eloquence and art of pleading, and he bargained with Protogoras, the ancient Greek sophist, for instructions, agreeing to pay one-half of the fee down and the other half on the first day he gained a case.

JAMES BRYCE ON QUEEN VICTORIA. The Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, contributes to The North American Review an article on the recently published "Letters of Queen Victoria."

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE AMERICAN NEGRO. Booker T. Washington has pleaded the cause of his fellow negroes in the United States eloquently and justly by voice and pen, and there is always something to learn from his utterances, says the Catholic News.

THE NORTHERN CROWN BANK Head Office WINNIPEG, Man. Authorized Capital \$6,000,000.00 BRANCHES IN TORONTO: 34 King Street West, 472 Spadina Ave. Cor. of Agnes and Chestnut Sts. Interest paid on Savings Deposits 4 times a year.

ish Empire. Yet, although this feeling was added to her own high spirit she would have been deemed a high-spirited woman even in a private station—it did not in her bear the fruit of vanity. She was not vain. She knew her own intellectual limitations and never tried to make a figure in fields for which she was not fitted.

HOW COULD SHE DO IT? The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded last summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

Priest Refuses Purse. A purse of \$1,500 in gold was presented recently to the Rev. Frederick Bonneville, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Chicopee, Mass., on his return from Europe.

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 264, Montreal, entitles the holder to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

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his return from Europe. "I cannot accept it," said Father Bonneville, as he averted his face to conceal his emotions. "With hundreds of my people out of work the sacrifice is too great. I want only your good will, not your money. Take it back. God bless you all."

World's Greatest Bell Foundry. Church, Peal, or Chime Bells Best Copper and Tin Only. The W. Vandusen Company Buckeye Bell Foundry, Cincinnati, O. Established 1837.

DETROIT JEWEL Gas Stoves and Water Heaters. ARE UNEQUALLED IN EFFICIENCY, DURABILITY AND ECONOMY OF FUEL.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Many people make a mistake in thinking that the only office of a pill is to move the bowels, but a properly prepared pill should act beneficially upon the liver and the entire glandular and secretory system.

Buy McConkey's Chocolates Dine at McConkey's Restaurant. Church Bells. Memorial Bells a Specialty.

DETROIT JEWEL Gas Stoves and Water Heaters. ARE UNEQUALLED IN EFFICIENCY, DURABILITY AND ECONOMY OF FUEL.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Many people make a mistake in thinking that the only office of a pill is to move the bowels, but a properly prepared pill should act beneficially upon the liver and the entire glandular and secretory system.

Buy McConkey's Chocolates Dine at McConkey's Restaurant. Church Bells. Memorial Bells a Specialty.

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The Children's Page

THE CATKINS. If every pussy-willow were A kitten soft and gray. When snowflakes fell upon their fur, What would those pussies say? Each tiny paw, despairingly, Would clutch the slender bough, And every little kit would cry, "Mew! Mew! Mew!"

COUSIN MARY'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS. "Isn't Cousin Mary just lovely!" remarked Ethel to her mother, as they cleared away the supper dishes.

"Yes, your Cousin Mary is a very accomplished girl," answered her mother. "What does she do?" "She says she can't sing or play or paint or recite. What does she do?" "She's just charming, but I didn't know that she had any accomplishments."

"No, her father died the year she graduated from the high school. The children were small then, and they hadn't much money, so Mary gave up her college course and took that position in the bank. She's been there ever since. I thought at the time that she was probably disappointed to give it up, but I never heard her mention it."

"Well, answered her mother, 'she must have some, because I heard it continually last summer when I visited sister at Belden. The pastor, the professor's wife, all the neighbors, and even the president of the bank remarked to me at different times, 'What an accomplished girl!'"

"I shall fine out what they are," broke in Ethel, decidedly. "We're going out to Uncle Nathan's to-morrow and I'm going to solve this mystery about Cousin Mary's accomplishments."

things and get her interested in something. But there ain't many bright things to look at when you're sick, and—

"How far does she live from here?" eagerly inquired Mary. "Oh, just down to the next house." "Let me go down and tell her to come up. Couldn't I, Aunt Susan?" "Oh, you couldn't get her. She can't walk," replied Mrs. Sheldon, bitterly. "She has to go in a wheelchair."

"I tell you what to do," Aunt Susan said to Mrs. Sheldon, with an air of awakened interest. "You run down yourself and bring Nellie up for the afternoon. I don't see why I didn't think of it before. The girls can help me to clear away the dishes while you are gone."

In an astonishingly short time Mrs. Sheldon returned with Nellie, whose face flushed with pleasure as she looked at the pretty room. "So you are a busy girl," commented Mary, as Nellie took some light work from a little box and began sewing. "What is it you are doing?"

"Oh, that's her embroidery," answered her mother, with a little touch of pride. "Nellie does beautiful embroidery, if I do say it."

"Well, I should say she did do beautiful work!" and Mary stooped to examine it more closely. "Ever try to sell any of it?" "I didn't know that anyone would buy such stuff."

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded 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.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

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"I can get back into the street alone, after dark." "I have an errand to do for mother, over east," Mabel said; but I'll

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"Betty," said mamma, "if you can't obey cheerfully—"

"Not do another thing," said mamma. Betty returned to her sewing, but somehow it wasn't as interesting as it had been. She threw it down.

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TORONTO, AUG. 13TH, 1908.

THE NEW TURKISH CONSTITUTION.

We gave in our last issue an account of the events which have apparently led to a complete change of policy on the part of the Turkish Sultan and Government toward its subjects, both Moslem and Christian. We already stated that the good faith of the Turkish authorities in granting a constitution to the people may be very reasonably doubted, judging from their conduct in the past; nevertheless, as all Europe is deeply concerned in the concession of popular government to the discontented provinces, it is quite possible that the Sultan may be compelled even by pressure from the hypothetical "European concert" to adhere to his promises on the present occasion. In fact the most recent despatches from the districts of Macedonia and Albania, called by the Turks "Vilayets," assert that the Young Turks Party, whose object is to secure popular government for all classes of subjects, is in complete ascendancy, and that the Moslem or Turkish authorities which have hitherto held sway, have surrendered themselves to the Young Turks. It appears also that the publication of the Sultan's proclamation at Kossovo, granting the new constitution, was hailed with the greatest possible manifestation of joy by the populace of all degrees and classes, and welcomed even by the militia who occupy the fort, by a royal salute of 21 guns. All this betokens the universality of the joy with which the Sultan's promises of the entirely new basis of government have been received, and seems to show also that there is an expectation on the part of the people that the concessions granted have more solidity than we living at so great a distance from the point of activity can conceive under the circumstances.

When the Sultan's "irade," or decree, was published, even in Constantinople, where we would scarcely expect very heartfelt rejoicings on the occasion which puts Christians almost, if not fully, on a par with Turks, the enthusiasm was intense, and the people acted very much as a Western Europe crowd would do when some extremely popular measure should be put into force. Crowds with hands of music and banners went through the streets blessing the Sultan and cheering for the Constitution which promises them liberties they have never yet enjoyed. The individual members of the Government were also loudly cheered, and the Grand Vizier and other Ministers thanked the people for their loyalty and devotion.

Furthermore, the Sultan has proclaimed a general amnesty to political prisoners, and amnesty has been extended to those who have long ago fled the country, including the 200,000 Armenians who are believed to be living in America, half of whom are said to be political refugees. So far as the Christian Armenians and Syrians in the United States and Canada are concerned, however, it is most unlikely that the great boon proffered them in the shape of an amnesty will induce them to return to their native country. They may indeed have that innate feeling of patriotism which would attach them to the soil of their nativity, but it is more likely that the precariousness of the existence they eke out in their Asiatic homes will be long remembered, and that having once experienced that America is a land where industry and obedience to the laws meet with their own reward, they will not return to a country where, even though it is their birth-place, they were subject to the likelihood of being raided by barbarous tribes who hated them for their religion, as well as envying them for their worldly prosperity. And this motive of action will be so much the stronger as they are well aware that Kurds and Druses were encouraged by a hostile government to exterminate them.

Kurds and Druses were induced to prey upon these denizens of an unhappy country, by the love of plunder. But besides this motive, the ruling authorities had the further inducement to set the barbarous tribes upon their Christian subjects, which the Egyptian Pharaoh had to slay the male children of the Hebrews whom they had unjustly enslaved.

"Behold this people are becoming

numerous and stronger than we. Come, let us wisely oppress them, lest they multiply, and if any war shall rise against us, join with our enemies, and having overcome us, depart out of the land."
These immigrants to America are not likely to leave a land where they enjoy liberty, civil and religious, and commercial prosperity, for the sake of being governed with their lives constantly endangered owing to the whims of insatiable and tyrannical masters. They will naturally feel, as Benjamin Franklin has so beautifully expressed the sentiment: "Where liberty is there is my country."

There is a point on which the Young Turks have expressed dissatisfaction, which is that the new ministry are not of a character very likely to carry out the liberal measures promised by the new constitution. Younger men with liberal ideas have been asked for, that it may be expected with confidence that the reforms already nominally conceded may be honestly carried out. The Young Turks say they are very much in earnest, and will not submit to mere paper reforms. The men appointed are too much identified with the mistake of the past to be capable of governing the country according to the liberal programme laid down in the new constitution, and therefore there must be a radical change in their personnel.

In submission to these demands, the Sheikh-ul-Islam and several of the other Ministers, have already resigned their portfolios, and as it is believed that the Ministers who have already been named were so designated merely as a temporary expedient, it may be that the terms proposed by the Young Turkish Party may be accepted in their totality.

A curious circumstance connected with the incidents mentioned in this article is related in the most recent despatches from New York to the effect that leading Syrians in that city have started a movement to present Turkey with a modern battleship as a testimony to their confidence in the Sultan's honesty of purpose to rule in future as a constitutional monarch. In our estimation, the Great Mogul is too young a convert to constitutionalism to be hailed with so much enthusiasm by those who have suffered such grievous wrongs at his hands.

As the wisest Trojans of old feared the Greeks in their most apparently benevolent mood, so might the Syrians and Armenians fear the friendship of the Sultan, even when the latter is ostentatiously offering them a most precious political concession.

The latest despatches on this subject state that the Young Turks' Party have succeeded in having a Government appointed which will carry out their views.

It is also stated that an attempt was made to assassinate the Sultan, but was unsuccessful, owing to the stroke of the would-be assassin being rendered harmless by the coat of mail which the Sultan always wears.

A TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC QUEBEC.

A fine denial to those who assert that the Catholic majority of Quebec are intolerant towards the non-Catholic minority is found in the words of the Protestant Bishop of Quebec, who in his address to the congregation on the Sunday that occurred midway in the Tercentenary celebration and at which the Prince of Wales was present, said:

"We thank God for having put it into Champlain's heart to found Quebec. We thank him that we meet in this Cathedral built for us by George III., just as our French neighbors are meeting at the same time on the Plains of Abraham. We also thank God that with the early settlers there came their churches, teaching them the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

"As to the general spirit of our lives in this old city of Quebec, I would simply remind you of the fact that when the first English Bishop, Dr. Jacob Mountain, arrived here the French Bishop of that day, Monsignor Briand, went down to the wharf, and kissing him on both cheeks, said: 'It is high time, Monsignor, that you came to look after your people.' It is in the same kindly spirit of charity and Christian love that I am thankful to say we have both lived together ever since."

Coming from such a source, from the one who is the highest authority of Protestant opinion in the Province of Quebec, the words of the Bishop may well bring pleasure to the hearts of Catholics and their utterance is one of which we may be justly proud. We hear so much on the other hand about the arbitrary and dictatorial Church, about the intolerance of Catholics towards their Protestant neighbors throughout that Province, about the educational system in which non-Catholics are considered either little or not at all, that it is indeed refreshing to hear the truth spoken so well and fearlessly by the head of the Protestant Church in Lower Canada.

The Catholic News, commenting on the pronouncement, says: "We trust the papers of Toronto printed that portion of the Bishop of Quebec's address. If they did, the words must have set the intolerant Orangemen of that city thinking," which is one more proof of the continental reputation our city has for the bigotry and narrowness of a portion of its population.

Another tribute drawn forth

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by the recent Quebec celebrations was that given by the General Methodist Conference of Canada previous to the Tercentenary. During the session the following resolution was adopted:

"On them (the early Catholic missionaries) we have a rich inheritance of Christian devotedness, as Champlain himself described on introducing them to the Huron tribe of Indians. 'These are our fathers. We love them as we love ourselves; the whole French nation loves them. They do not go among you for your furs; they have left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven.' We recall the glorious motto of these men, to which they were unflinchingly true 'Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam,' and untidely honor their passionate charity and their enthusiastic love for the souls of men. We rejoice that in this patriotic monumental celebration all races and creeds of our great Dominion can unite and give expression to their conviction that the genius of a nation is not in her harvests, herds, and stores, not in the sinews of her peasants and artisans and the lives of her children, but in the character she stamps on history, in the type of her art and literature, in the spirit of her laws, and, not least, in the pride and glory of her memories and traditions."

Though this tribute to the early missionaries was deserved, we were perhaps not prepared for this magnanimous and frank avowal from the Methodist body. That it was given reflects credit on the framers and deserves the recognition and appreciation of Catholics in all parts of the Dominion.

LORD ROBERTS AND MILITARY TRAINING.

The advice of Lord Roberts in his farewell to Canada has roused considerable comment, inasmuch as that his words advising that the whole male population should be trained to the use of arms, seem to have been understood as meaning that the entire population of Canada should live hereafter in a continual state of aggression. It has been said in reply that Canada would not be justified in incurring the expense such training would demand, and that an aggressive attitude is not to be desired. It is asked against whom should be arm?

Is it not possible that the old soldier, when proposing a general military training, had in view a time of peace rather than war and a reduction of, rather than an addition to, the public expenditure? Great Britain has not been too enthusiastic in adopting his suggestions, but it is just possible that there, too, he has not been fully understood. In Great Britain a standing army has to be maintained at an enormous expense. If the men and youth of the nation had all a certain amount of military service, the standing army could be greatly diminished if not altogether abolished. Thus one expense would offset the other.

An entire nation ready to meet a foe would militate against the approach of that foe. A seeming preparation for war might serve as a potential factor in the cause of peace. War is barbarous and always to be deplored. A dissemination of the spirit of patriotism and a knowledge of the means of protecting home and country are not necessarily followed by a conflict. This known readiness might serve as a preventive, in which case there would be no occasion for a practical application of the training received. If the carrying out of Lord Roberts' suggestion would serve in this way it may have something in it, for "prevention is always better than cure."

MR. BIRRELL'S WORK FOR IRELAND.

Of more importance in the eyes of many than even the passage of the University Bill, is Mr. Birrell's bill having in view the check and uprooting of the terrible White Plague now so prevalent in some parts of Ireland. The bill is aimed at the causes of this menace to the lives of so many of Ireland's people. It seeks to remedy the conditions of a vitiated atmosphere, insufficient food, excessive mental or bodily labor and mental depression under which many are at present an easy prey to the insidious disease.

The bill provides that medical inspection shall be thorough, the practitioner to report every case in the district; county councils are empowered to raise funds for hospitals by means of the poor rates, and lectures are to be provided which will give information regarding methods for fighting the plague. Cattle and dairy inspection is also to be enforced.

This together with the strenuous work of Mr. Birrell in connection with the Irish University Bill, the passage of which is in a measure for him a personal triumph, cannot but gain and keep for the Liberal party

the support and friendship of the Irish Nationalists.

In addition to the results which may be looked for on the physical and educative life of the people by the passage of those bills, there is something else also to be gauged particularly from the success of the action or so go, the opposition to the passage of the bill would have been so strenuous that no Liberal Ministry would have risked alienating a considerable portion of its supporters by taking the matter seriously in hand. Now, however, a better state of things prevails. The injustice under which Ireland has so long endured the lack of the means for higher education has at length been so well presented and generously admitted that the passage of the Bill by a large majority has now become a tangible reality.

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor Catholic Register:

The first of the weekly letters in which I promised to give the "Register" an account of my trip to Europe will be a little late in reaching its destination. I expected to send a communication from Father Point, but the turn of events disappointed me. That last point of intercourse with the land which the good ship Ottawa was leaving was reached in the early hours of the morning and letters to be taken off there had to be written on the preceding evening ere we had left Quebec out of sight. Any such letter, therefore, could only contain an account of my journey from Montreal to Quebec, and readers of the Register will be made quite familiar with the features of that journey by the accomplished pen which sketched so vividly the recent grand ecclesiastical pageant in New York and will do the same service for what promises to be the finest display ever witnessed in Canada. Were it not that I know how well this will be done, I would be tempted to dwell a while on the mighty warships of England and France which lay reposing peacefully under the shadow of Quebec's citadel-crowned cliff. Though not a gun was visible and only the thinnest stream of smoke rose from their funnels, yet their length, their lowness in the water, the tiers of circular openings along their sides, suggested the terrible broadsides they could launch against a foe, whilst the bluejackets on guard here and there, the torpedo nets, the small boats impelled by lusty arms which circled round indicated what strict watch was kept. The French warships, because of their snakelike length, and the dark slate color with which they were painted from the water line to the top of their masts, looked particularly formidable. And as the mists of evening began to gather they grew indistinct much more quickly than the white vessels of the British navy.

The quaint, historic and superbly situated city of Quebec looked very attractive on Saturday night, July 18th, as the steamship Ottawa left it behind. All through the day the weather had been gloomy, and threatening a repetition of the rain which fell all Friday afternoon and evening. On this account it did not present the magnificent spectacle that greeted the eye when the tin roofs of its many churches, the frowning grandeur of its cliff, the broad stretch of rippling river on whose waters the finest ocean liners ride securely, and the richly wooded banks, now precipitous, now stretching away in a splendid sweep to the background of the blue Laurentian mountains thickly studded with towns and villages in each of which the church spire is the most commanding object, were lighted up by the glory of a summer sun. Some years ago I was fortunate enough to see from a steamer deck, Quebec garbed in light, and the sight is one never to be forgotten. On this occasion I saw it in shadow and the difference in charm was very perceptible.

However, Quebec by night at this time made up somewhat for what it lost because of the cloudiness of the day. The work of illumination in preparation for the celebration of the following week was fairly well advanced. Some buildings gleamed with electric lights. The French warships in the harbor displayed many lights, whilst their British neighbors were very sparing in this respect. The enterprising advertiser had his signs ablaze. The ferry boats which plied busily from Quebec to Levis seemed to be on fire, so lavishly were they illuminated. The street cars on the outskirts gleamed through the trees of the suburban streets; and for miles on the Levis and Quebec sides of the river the myriad lights were simply enchanting, the darkness of the night making them more prominent.

I fear that if I dwell any longer on Quebec I shall be departing from my intention expressed at the outset, and therefore I reluctantly pass over the gay decorations of its streets, and the many evidences of preparation for the great Tercentenary celebration.

Early on Sunday morning the little steamer from Father Point bore away the Ottawa's pilot, and severed the past thread of communication between its passengers and their friends on the American Continent. At 7 a.m. the Angelus party assembled in the finely fitted library of the Ottawa, heard Mass, and went to Communion. The celebrant was a Jesuit priest on his way to Japan, and amongst the communicants were six priests, three of whom wore the An-

gelus badge. It was a reminder of College and Retreat days to see the priests going to Communion, and those who had made a Retreat shortly before coming aboard felt that they were entering on another. Indeed an ocean voyage is a kind of Retreat. There is a complete break with one's former life, with nothing to do from morn till night except to sit and think, whilst the immensity of the waste of waters over which the steamer ploughs her way for days with naught visible save wave and sky, is a most impressive sermon on the greatness of Him in whose sight all this is but as a drop of morning dew. Had I realized this a little earlier I might have asked to be dispensed from the Retreat made a week before.

The morning Mass was not the only reminder of Retreat. The Angelus party had prayers in common every evening, whilst each morning in turn one of the priests on board said Mass, the others, as well as a large percentage of their lay associates, going to Communion. This is one of the advantages of belonging to such a party as that of which I am a member. Another is the delightful spirit of companionship. Whilst the number of those in the Angelus party is far less than I was led to expect, yet a great variety of character was to be found in the group gathered as it was from districts far apart. Some of the members were residents of San Francisco and had gone through the experiences of the earthquake from which the city of the Golden Gate is fast recovering. Others had their homes on the banks of the Hudson. All were one in their intense devotion to old Ireland, and in their determination to make everything as agreeable as possible for their associates in particular, and those on board in general. That they succeeded was evidenced by the friendly relations quickly established on every side. For my part I can say that I shall ever cherish the memory of my association with the various members of the Angelus party.

The scenery of the St. Lawrence after Father Point disappears is much the same as that witnessed on the sail from Quebec outwards. The steamer wends her way along the same stretch of shore, steep and beautifully wooded in places, then stretching away in a succession of gently rising fields until it attains the height of a respectable hill, all the time with blue mountain ranges in the horizon and a succession of charming villages strung out like beads along the water's edge with the church cross ever in the foreground. As the Gulf widens and the farther bank grows dim and melts into cloud, the panorama of Gaspe shows up in its rocky barrenness, and the dwindling villages bespeak the scanty subsistence afforded by the soil. There is hardly a trace of cultivation or of communication by land between the scattered settlements on this shore. The few hardy settlers must depend principally for their means of living and communication alike on the cold waters into which their peninsula penetrates far.

Dreary as their life must be, as the chilliness of the wind which blew upon their shore in July testifies, their lot must be far preferable to that of the inhabitants of Labrador, the southern shore of which becomes visible as the Strait of Belleisle is neared. As the Ottawa passed in sight of that coast on Monday, July 20th, masses of snow, piled here and there, were visible, whilst two great icebergs loomed up some distance from the steamer. Had we seen the latter in the sunshine they would have presented a splendid spectacle, reflecting the light in prismatic colors; but viewed in the gray of the evening, they were weird and forbidding visitors, suggestive of the perpetual winter which lingers on the shore around which they hover during the long days of July and August. For the dwellers on that shore the term "balmy summer" must have no meaning. The passengers on the Ottawa found it expedient to wrap up warmly, and walk vigorously in order to keep from being chilled as they passed in sight of it.

One thing contributed, together with warm clothing and exercise, to keep their blood in good circulation, namely, the expectation of seeing the warship on which the Prince of Wales was coming to Quebec, as it passed through the strait. In this they were not disappointed. As the sunset glow was lighting up the sky there passed at some distance south of the Ottawa an apparently small cruiser. Perhaps it was the disappointment which made her seem insignificant, but she was a splendid vessel. Soon afterwards, however, there loomed up a warship which answered all expectations of what a British man-of-war with a royal prince aboard should be. Swiftly she ploughed through the waves and passed quite near the Ottawa. A splendid sight she was, as her long form, lighted up from bow to stern, and lying low and firm in the waters, shot majestically past, receiving a hearty cheer from the Ottawa's passengers.

A little before this incident another of a very different character took place. A steamer of the Allan Line passing by the Ottawa, hung out signal flags which quickly brought the latter to a stop. At the same time the signalling steamer launched a boat which swiftly made its way to the Ottawa, carrying four unfortunate stowaways. These were transferred to the latter, to be put to hard labor on the way back and then consigned to prison at Liverpool for attempting to steal a passage over to Canada. It seems that one of their company died on the way over, and his death compelled the others to come out of hiding. Though they were of the toughest appearance and decidedly undesirable importations to Canada, it was impossible not to feel sympathy for the unfortunates, whose experience is one of the tragedies of sea life.

But the absence of some of our number at meal time suggests that there may be other calls on our sympathies before long. The swell of the open sea is beginning to make itself felt as we pass through the Straits of Belleisle, and our experiences there will form the subject of my next letter.

L. MINCHAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

London, July 30, 1908.

During the last two weeks several London rectors have, with the approval of the Archbishop, lent their churches to the Very Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, Apostolic Missionary of the Nile Delta, who is appealing in this country for the needs of the African Missions Society, in British West Africa and Egypt. Father O'Sullivan, who proposes staying here till November, has a moving story to tell of the vicissitudes, sufferings, and triumphs of the Church and her ambassadors in that sad and mysterious country, the seaboard of which has well earned the sobriquet of the "White Man's Grave."

The devoted priest who founded the African Missions, died six weeks after he had set foot on the Guinea coast, in 1859. In the fifty years which have elapsed since then, four hundred missionaries have fallen victims to the terrible climate in the discharge of their duty. And the result of all this sacrifice? When the Fathers landed on the coast, between Liberia and the unknown region around Lake Chad—recently explored and described by Lieut. Boyd Alexander in his fascinating book "From the Niger to the Nile," but not without the loss of two of his companions—lay a native population of 40,000,000, all of whom were professed pagans or idolaters. There are now 40,000 native Christians, 3 Bishops, 4 prefects, 190 priests, 90 nuns, 82 churches, 80 colleges and schools, 2 leper houses and 70 mission stations. Thus the work is not a fruitless task; nor is it thankless, as those who know something of the varied tribes who fill the Nile Delta will realize. They are of Lieut. Boyd Alexander in his fascinating book "From the Niger to the Nile," but not without the loss of two of his companions—lay a native population of 40,000,000, all of whom were professed pagans or idolaters.

HIS HONOR JUDGE KEHOE

The "Sault Express" of July 24th gives the following account of our old subscriber and friend, His Honor Judge Kehoe, whose recent elevation to the Bench has given such general satisfaction, both in legal and social circles. Recognition does not always go to the deserving, but in this instance there has been no mistake. The Catholic Register adds its sincere congratulations to the many offered the new Judge. The former Crown Attorney at the Soo has been elevated to the Bench and is now Judge of the new Sudbury Judicial District. The announcement was received with pleasure and satisfaction in the Soo.

Mr. J. J. Kehoe, of the Soo, was this week appointed Judge of the new Judicial District of Sudbury by the Laurier Government. His headquarters will be in the town after which the judicial district is named. The judicial district of Sudbury was created by the Ontario Legislature a year ago last session, and the provincial officials were appointed shortly thereafter. Now the organization has been completed by the appointment of Judge Kehoe. The elevation of Mr. Kehoe to the Bench is a fitting recognition of his splendid legal attainments, and the announcement of his appointment was received by the members of the legal profession in town with pleasure and satisfaction. The general public learn of his good fortune with feelings of gratification, as he has been a resident and very highly respected citizen of the Soo for many years. He has been public-spirited and philanthropic and every movement during the past twenty-four years which had behind it the welfare of the town and district found in J. J. Kehoe not only a sympathetic but an energetic supporter. In his removal to Sudbury the new Judge will leave in the Soo a great many warm personal friends who will watch his career on the Bench with much interest.

The new Judge was born at Ottawa on the second of September, 1854, and is therefore just in the prime of life. He was educated in the Separate school and Ottawa University; and called to the Ontario Bar in 1878. He practised in Ottawa and Stratford, and in October, 1884, he was appointed Crown Attorney for Algoma with his offices at Sault Ste. Marie, an office which he occupied with distinction for over twenty years. Judge Kehoe is the author of two law books, namely: "The Law of Choses in Action," and "The Municipal Guide." The first named book has received great praise from the legal magazines, and it is the only Canadian text book prescribed for law students in British Columbia. Mr. Kehoe was one of the syndicate of five who first undertook the work of developing the water power at the rapids here. His associates were: Messrs. H. C. Hamilton, W. H. Plummer, N. M. Neeld and James Connee. He was the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons in this riding at the last election, 1904, when he was only beaten by 95 votes by the present member.

The new Judge will probably remove to Sudbury within the next two or three weeks, and assume the duties of his new office forthwith.

THE RIGHT NAME.

Mother St. Edward's of the Ursulines, Quebec, whom we tried to assist in her work of establishing a library for the English-speaking pupils of the school, by noting it last week in connection with our report of the Quebec Tercentenary, is a sister of Very Rev. Chas. B. Murray of Brockville and of Rev. E. H. Murray of Cobourg. Our notice of last week was mistaken in mentioning other connections. Old friends of the zealous religious may assist by sending her a contribution, small or great, to the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

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stands out pre-eminently amongst the beautiful displays reviving the Merric England of the past that this season of 1908 has witnessed. It was also holy in those long past days, before Protestantism had set her blight upon the fair face of the land. Amidst the grandeur of the Conqueror's landing, the flash of weapons, the gleam of armour, and rich mantles, and the figures of famous knights, the standard of the cross waves high above and monks and bishops of high renown are to be seen in every episode of the stirring life of the "Gate of England." Sometimes we see an English King returning from the Crusades where he has risked his life with the flower of Britain's chivalry to wrench the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel Turk. Or again we look upon the momentous meeting of Catherine of Aragon and Henry VIII., which ended in broken vows and desecrated shrines. Later we see Catharine's unhappy daughter looking from the fair shores of England to that dim spot on the coast of France where the clouds hung heavy over fateful Calais. And framing it all are the grey walls of the old castle, while the Roman Pharos, and the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, gaze on these dream vistas, whose realities they have witnessed, the immutable memorials of the two greatest powers the world has ever seen—Caesar and the Church—the one passed away, the other to endure forever, both throned upon the seven hills of the Eternal City.

It is long since a Catholic Peer has entertained the Sovereign of this country as his guest. But during the present, which is Goodwood week, His Majesty and Queen Alexandra are to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at their grand old Castle of Arundel, a demesne full of interesting and historical associations. The members of the King's personal entourage are not in general of our faith, neither is he accustomed to visit the house of the few great Catholic nobles remaining, so that the sojourn is arousing much interest here. Before his recent marriage, however, the Premier Duke led a very retired life, and entertained seldom, in fact the only large gatherings Arundel has seen for many years were the occasions on which he would generously open the Castle and its grounds to a party of Catholic excursionists from London or some other large centre, under the auspices of the Catholic Association or the Guild of Ransom. On one such occasion he was ordered off his own flower beds, by an irate old lady, who looked with disgust upon the quiet somewhat shabby individual, who was repaying the Duke's hospitality by walking on his grass!

Some of the papers here have recently had long articles upon the Prince whom they style the new "power behind the Throne in Germany." This is Prince zu Fürstburg, a Catholic noble of illustrious family who lives in the old feudal style and is much beloved by his tenantry and vassals, as we should say in the old days. The Prince goes everywhere with the Kaider and it is rumored that he may soon become the Chancellor of the German Empire. He is a man of wise and unbiassed judgment, and such a friend and counsellor should prove a useful member of the Imperial entourage, for no one feels more deeply than a sovereign the need of a disinterested and faithful servant. The Church in Germany does not need a friend, for she has made herself a power not to be trifled with, but should Prince Fürstburg rise to the premier position in the German Chamber he will

Canon Lavelle of Perth, who has been working so hard for the success of the forthcoming Scottish pilgrimage to Lourdes is now beginning to reap the fruits of his exertions. Already nearly two hundred pilgrims are booked, while a still larger number of Associations, whom force of circumstances or want of means, prevent from joining corporally, have been registered as spiritual members of this act of devotion to the White Rose of Christianity, the Mother of God. The social event of the week has been the Dove Pageant, which, by reason of the fact that it is directed by Louis N. Parker, who wrote that fine play "The Cardinal," based on facts he obtained from one of our priests, and also owing to the richness of the ancient script in historic interest, the generous support of the townsfolk, 2,500 of whom are giving their services anonymously, and in many cases providing sumptuous costumes of the period they represent—

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I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope.) I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction, in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35x20 miles. The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We MUST have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (Episcopal Authorisation) Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorise you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

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A DRAPER'S BILL

Jack Barry and his wife were at Hoggerheads already, although they had not been married a twelvemonth. And they had begun with such idyllic happiness! For Jack and Lillias, all the romance and poetry of all time had been compressed into that May when they were married, when they had gone home bride and groom to a little house hidden away in a garden full of bloom and scent, with the blackbirds and thrushes piping from dawn to dark, until the nightingales in the valley began.

They had not very much money of course. In fact, the lack of money had kept them apart, and had made Lillias' friends frown on the engagement. Then, all of a sudden, Jack had had a rise in his office. Lillias' father had relented, and bought them this pretty cottage. And there they were, belonging absolutely to each other. It was more happiness than any mortal had a right to, they said to each other.

Perhaps for that reason the want of money irked after a little while. There was no more to come from Lillias' father. He had many children besides her, and he lived up to the last penny of his income. His children had always been able to entertain their friends and be entertained by them. The girls had had their pretty frocks. They had gone to theatres and dances, and such things as girls delight in. No one had ever taught them to think before spending their money.

And to be sure, at first Lillias made mistakes. It was hard to get into the new ways. Jack was very patient with her, and again and again she promised to be more careful. But it was so difficult to think before asking her friends to see her pretty house and stay for dinner; and when that was done she could not put them down to the shabby little dinner that would have done for her and Jack. It was so difficult to resist buying a pretty thing for the house or for her own personal adornment. It was always done for Jack. Little she cared how she looked in the eyes of any one but him—or so she said to herself after Jack had refused to admire and had turned away with an air of patient endurance.

It was perfectly bewildering how the pounds slipped through her fingers. It had been the natural order of things at Holmedale to keep big fires going in every room, to have a generous table to keep a troop of servants. And now it was so difficult to remember that things must be different. It was a trial to economize all day long. The stupidity and rudeness of the one general servant, to say nothing of her wastefulness and her breakages, were so hard to put up with. When Jack turned away with that look of endurance, Lillias said to herself that he might remember that she also had things to put up with. If she had married So-and-so, and So-and-so, how different her circumstances would have been! And it was too ungracious of Jack not to recognize that the pretty blouse was bought for his delight; that dish from the pastry cook's was one he had liked of old at Holmedale; that easy-chair was bought specially for his comfort, and so on, and so on.

After a few months of marriage those who were interested in Jack Barry began to notice that he was looking ill. No one drew his wife's attention to it, and she was too much engrossed in finding out how many crumpled rose leaves there were in her lot to find out for herself. She had really tried, she really was trying, she said to herself, to be more careful. She was keeping an account book, over which she got headaches and flushed cheeks and hot hands; and she was learning—she was really learning, only Jack was too discouraging. Of late his gloom was more than he could conceal from her. Perhaps, thought Lillias, he was finding out that he ought not to have married her at all, but his cousin, Amelia Smedley, a plain girl, who had all the virtues, and attractiveness added, despite the plainness. Jack had praised his cousin's efficiency and wisdom in the old days, and now Lillias made up a foolish grievance of jealousy against her.

She was not really jealous. Somehow at the time her mind she knew perfectly well that she was not jealous and had no cause to be. But Jack had said to her, after those discoveries of a new extravagance: "Why not ask Amelia Smedley's advice?" Why not, indeed? Lillias was sure that, no matter whose advice she asked, it would not be Amelia Smedley's.

She asked instead the advice of a maiden aunt of her own who had run through every penny she possessed, and was content now to sit down in a corner of Holmedale for the rest of her days. In her heart of hearts—for she was no fool—Lillias despised herself for telling her grievances to Aunt Marion. She despised herself for listening to the foolish advice. But the sympathy was sweet, for Jack had been colder and colder of late. And he had had so many scares over her accounts. She had almost washed the color from her eyes weeping over that wretched book. And Jack had never seemed to notice the traces of her tears.

Aunt Marion had found her weeping, and had folded her to a warm if foolish bosom. "If he's not kind to you, my darling child, come home to us. How we have missed you! All I have shall be yours when I am gone," Aunt Marion sobbed over her niece's golden head. As Aunt Marion possessed only a poodle and a few trinkets, the bequest was not likely to prove of use to any one. But Lillias was touched by her aunt's kindness. She was drawn on to tell the whole tale of her grievances.

At first she was simply shocked at Aunt Marion's suggestion that she should leave Jack even temporarily. But the idea recurred to her as things became more difficult. The last straw was when Jack dismissed Phyllis, the soft-spoken, middle-aged woman who had been recommended to Lillias as much more easy for her in the matter of efficient service. Jack had dismissed her at a moment's notice, had spoken sharply to Lillias about the way in which Phyllis had plundered them; finally had departed, leaving Lillias in tears, to return a little while later with the news that his mother's old cook Howell, who had served her some thirty years, was coming to take charge of their disordered affairs.

"Wasn't the mater no end of a brick to give us Howell?" he said, looking more cheerful than he had looked for a long time back. "She will straighten us out. Leave everything to her, Lillias, for the present, till you know better. There'll be no more thieving, I promise you. And the mater won't miss her. Amelia will take care of that. I wish you'd take lessons in housekeeping from Amelia, Lillias."

It was too bad, for Lillias had really been improving of late. How could she have suspected that Phyllis was running them in debt all over the place? Jack never seemed to understand how she was trying to do what he wanted—how she was really learning to be prudent and to deny herself. And Howell! Howell was perfectly respectful, but she treated Lillias as though she were a person of no account. She took the entire direction of the house. Worse, Lillias had fancied once or twice that there was an accusation in Howell's cold glance as it rested on her. The woman was devoted to Jack. She knew all his fancies, all his preferences. The weekly bills shrank magically with her coming. But it was lonely in the little home, with Jack away all day, and nothing to do in the house, since the unfriendly Howell took all the doings out of her hands.

It came to her running away to Holmedale to the friendly, warm, plentiful house, to the comfort Aunt Marion shed upon her so lavishly. They would be all only too glad if she came back on a long visit. Jack was so unsocial these days! What was the good of Lillias' being at home in the evenings when Jack would retire into his own little den and scribble, scribble, till the small hours? It came to her spending many of her days and evenings and nights at Holmedale. While she did it she was bitterly hurt. Jack never seemed to miss her, to want her back. He had returned to the writing for the magazines which had augmented his income before his marriage; and he was late now at the office; there were some important changes being made, and he worked overtime. He had barely time to snatch his dinner, when he came home, before retiring into the little room, where he did not ask her to follow him.

She was bitterly hurt. No one wanted her here in her own little house, and they all wanted her at Holmedale. She was sulky with Jack for several days, but he barely seemed to notice it. Her comings and goings could matter little to him. Perhaps if she went away for a while, he would come to miss her. There had been a time when "he could hardly bear her out of his sight; then it would be 'Lillias! Lillias!' all over the little house the minute he came home. Alas that it had been so fleeting! Lillias was bitterly grieved over the change in Jack; but her grief took the outward form of ill temper, as often happens.

Then one morning at the breakfast table Jack suddenly asked her to accompany him to town. "Could you drop me at the office," he asked, "and pick me up again about half-past five? You could lunch in town and go to see some of your friends. Perhaps you might induce Amelia to go with you to look at the shops, and fetch her back to dinner."

It was the unfortunate mention of Amelia! Lillias had softened at Jack's invitation; at the hated name, she froze again. "I am going to Holmedale," she said icily. "Perhaps, if you don't mind, I'll stay over Sunday, as they wish me to."

He covered his face with his hands for a second and sighed wearily. Then he answered her: "Of course you will do exactly as you please."

He went into the hall then, walking as though he were tired. While he put on his hat and found his gloves and stick, she asked him somewhat ostentatiously if he would order a cab from the station to fetch herself and her luggage at twelve o'clock. He answered that he would, and went out, closing the door behind him. Lillias turned to go into her little drawing-room. As she did she encountered the gaze, more than ever unfriendly, of the old servant. Howell seemed about to speak, but the latch-key sounded in the door. Jack had come back; he had forgotten something.

He came in without speaking, and handed something to his wife—an open envelope and the contents. The expression of his eyes as he did it, the pallor of his face, gave Lillias a shock. She felt like a guilty woman whose guilt had been discovered.

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"Why, Jack—" she began, in a scared way; but he was gone.

She went into the little drawing-room and shut the door behind her, with a sense of calamity. She looked at the paper in her hand. It was a bill from Tregunter's, the drapers. She turned to the total and read it with a feeling as though she were going mad. "Fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence," starting at her from the yellow slip, following a long list of feminine fripperies, household linen, and the like. She dropped the paper and took her head between her hands, feeling as though it would burst with the whirl of her thoughts. True, she had an account at Tregunter's—a little account; at least she thought it was a little account. Perhaps she had gone on piling up purchases without realizing it. Fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings and eight pence! Had she been buying things in her sleep? Had Phyllis bought things in her name? No wonder Jack looked at her like that. Why they had as much chance of paying fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings and eight pence as they had of paying the national debt!

She took up the yellow paper and stared at it as though it were her doom. One or two items stood out. "Silk blouse, £1, 19s., 6d." Why, she had bought a blouse at Christmas for Aunt Marion, after she had exhausted the money Jack had given her for her Christmas presents. But it had been only eight and six. She was quite sure of it. "Mink collar and muff, £11, 11s." She was sure she had never had a mink collar and muff.

She turned the bill over with the odd, numbed feeling of stupefaction and fear. "Mrs. Barry, the Linens, in account with Tregunter & Co." Yes, that was herself, sure enough. She disengaged the first page, and looked at the next.

With an incredible relief she read the name at the top: "Mrs. Crawford, Ludlow Towers, in account with Tregunter & Co." Then back at the other page. Yes, that was her own total—£1, 18s., 4d. The stupid people had put two bills into the same envelope—hers and that of the wealthy woman who lived up on the hill. In the first relief she could have cried with joy. And to think that Jack, poor fellow, had gone off believing that of her!

There was an accusing face in the doorway. "Begging your pardon, Ma'am!" said Howell, stiffly. "I won't be a party to keeping it from you. If you don't know you ought to know; and he ought to see a doctor at once. He's a-killing of himself with the anxiety and the worry and the overwork, Master Jack is. Took with dizziness in the streets he has been many times; and him having to cross them wildernesses of streets, with as like as not one of them there nasty busses a-bearing down on him. He looked mortal bad this morning. I heard him ask you to go along with him, and you refused. I hope he comes home alive."

Lillias stared at the woman with wide eyes of horror. Her Jack in danger! And he had appealed to her and she had not answered him. How

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foolish, how contemptible, all those divergences, those grievances, seemed now! And he had had a shock over that abominable bill. Her thoughts ran before to all possible calamities. He had been injured, he was in hospital, he was dead! And to think that through her own wicked fault he had not told her!

She stood up unsteadily and made for the door. She was going to him. She had never done anything so tremendous as going to Jack's office, which was guarded by soldiers, and had policemen in its corridors, as well as magnificent gentlemen in liveries, looking more important than the chief of the office himself. But she was going to run the gauntlet of them all, to make sure that Jack was safe, to tell him that it was a mistake about that wretched bill, to tell him how that she loved him—only him in all the world. What hope was there for her if she were too late to tell him!

She went off, in spite of Howell's efforts to detain her. At the station she discovered that she had barely enough money to pay her fare to London; and it was a long way to Jack's office after she had arrived at the London terminus. No matter; she must walk.

She did walk, in a glaring sun, in a dazed state, which made it a special providence that she was not run over. When she got to the office Jack was out, "with Sir Michael," one of the magnificent functionaries added; and with a voice of awe it was uncertain at what time Mr. Barry would be back.

In front of the office, with the wide roadway intervening, was a space of grass and trees, with a seat or two. Lillias was glad to sit down on one of these. She felt tired; and after a time, with the strain and the want of food—she remembered now that she had eaten nothing at breakfast—she felt faint. But she was sure she could not have eaten, if she had the food before her. She felt so cast-away, so forlorn. If she were to miss Jack—her eyes were tired watching for him across the wide roadway, where so often things intercepted her view—she had no money to get home. There was no friend anywhere near. She would have to walk. Supposing she fainted and were taken to a hospital!

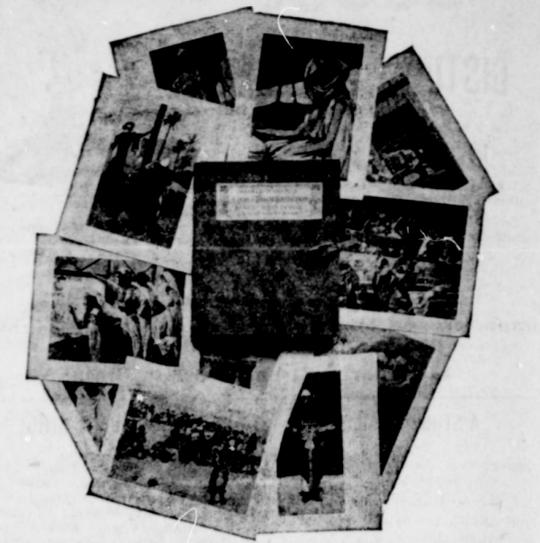
The hours passed like a painful dream, beset with all the terrors possible. At last, about five o'clock, a carriage drove up to the office and Jack got out, with a gray-haired gentleman, whom the policeman saluted. They went into the building. Dreading to lose Jack again, Lillias crossed over, and once more applied to the magnificent hall porter. He looked kindly at her as he took her to the waiting-room.

"I'll let Mr. Barry know at once, Ma'am," he said. It seemed an eternity till Jack came. Lillias had time for a dread that the hall porter had forgotten her. But suddenly the door opened and Jack came in. "Why, little woman!" he said, coming to her with a buoyant step. "So you came after all!" "Luckily, they had the waiting-room to themselves. "I came—I came," began Lillias, unsteadily. "It was all a mistake, Jack, about the bill. It wasn't mine. And, oh, I never knew you were ill! To think I refused you! And—here's the bill. You see. It was all a mistake."

Something yellow and damp and crumpled fell to the floor. It had been in her hand all day. She leaned her head on Jack's shoulder. The room seemed going round and round. "Never mind," said Jack, with his arm about her. "Our ship has come in. I'm the chief's new private secretary, at a thousand a year. I had a dizziness when I was with him, and he carried me off to Sir Arthur Greatorex. There aren't many men like the chief. I don't know what I wouldn't do for him. There's nothing the matter with me but indigestion and overwork. The chief has given me a two-months' rest. We can go for a honeymoon now. Why—little girl!"

"This only that I'm hungry," said Lillias, in a far-away voice. "I have not had anything to eat since morning. I've been waiting for you all day, sitting—over there—on a seat." "You poor little darling! You shall dine on the best London can afford. Bother that bill! You shall have as many pretty things as you want." "But I want only you—only you," said Lillias.—Katharine Tysan in the Aye Maria.

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The QUIET HOUR

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

(Catholic News.) In this quiet evening hour When the twilight shades appear, When the Angel Gabriel's Ave Fills the hearts of men with cheer; Ere the last sweet tones forever Fade away from mortal ear, Come I to Thee, sweetest Jesus, To Thy lowly dwelling here.

Here unto Thy presence holy, Heart of Jesus, bring I Thee All my little cares and troubles, Knowing Thou wilt lift to me. For I have Thy promise sacred, For I hear Thy words so blest— "Come to Me all ye that labor And by burdens are oppressed."

Then to pray for all my loved ones, For the friends so dear to me, And for those who, now unfaithful, Walk in paths afar from Thee. Sweetest Jesus, fast the moments Pass into eternity, "Bless us all" is my petition As I say "Good-night" to Thee. —Atastasia E. Conlon.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"There was a certain rich man who had a steward, and the same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods."—Luke xvi., 1-9. The parable tells of a man who was placed in an office of trust, and was found incompetent. Given a work to do, he was too slothful to do it—given charge of his master's household, he wasted his goods.

And the very practical lesson Christ teaches by it, is this: Our life, here on earth, is a trust; it is an office we hold, and on us alone rests the heavy responsibility of realizing the ends of that office. Our lives are God's many households, and we are the stewards placed over them to look after their goods. We are to use them; and whether it be in a greater or lesser measure, or whether to store them away, or generously to give them out, we must always be controlled by the best interests of the Master.

Now, the goods of each household are the powers of our soul, and are of two kinds—natural and supernatural; things which are demanded by the character of the office, such as honesty, honor, truthfulness, generosity, thriftiness, perseverance, shrewdness, and the various other virtues that go to make up the natural life of man. While in the other class there are powers—such as humility, meekness, faith, hope, charity, and the many other graces which we receive freely from God, and which give us a clearer view of the Master's mind, and makes for a better discharge of affairs throughout.

But it is the part of the faithful steward to pay equal attention to all departments of the household; to neglect one for the better direction of another is to waste the Master's goods. Hence, in the direction of our individual lives, we must put to their proper use, all the powers of our soul—one class of virtues must be developed side by side with the other. But if we examine life a little closely we must see that this duty is not very often fulfilled. It seems a part of man's nature to rush to extremes—seldom do we hold very long to the middle course.

Not infrequently we find men who have been impressed so deeply by the practical side of life that now they will wink at, or even openly reject the whole Christian teaching as incompatible with this workaday, struggling life of ours, and relying on their own resources, their keenness of perception, their strength of will, their natural honesty, they will regard them sufficient, and neglect the supernatural side of man. They will not consider humility, or meekness and similar virtues—such they think are unmanly. They will not go to the sacraments—are careless about attending Mass and seldom say their prayers—all powerful and necessary means for the building up of our spiritual character.

While in the other extreme, and even more absurd, we find those who almost entirely neglect their own powers and look too much to God, not enough to themselves. They go to the sacraments very often; every Sunday without fail, find them at Mass; they are faithful in their prayers, hang a medal or scapular about their neck, are absorbed in many devotions—things good in their place—

and yet, they will not hesitate to take an unfair advantage over another; they rob their employees; they lie about their neighbors; their conversation is vile—no name or thing is too sacred for their mean and unclean tongue to desecrate. They do not use their natural means of living a good life—they would have God do all for them, forgetting that life helps only those who help themselves.

Now this is an unfortunate condition. God intended that both classes of powers, natural as well as supernatural, should be used—should grow up together, side by side, not apart. One depends upon the other for the full development of both. The supernatural are built upon and rest upon more completely the ends of the natural powers. You cannot build any structure in thin air, or on shifting sands and expect it to withstand the storms. And for humility, meekness, real charity and the other supernatural virtues, there must be the support of the natural. Your humility will not last long unless you by your own powers crush down all risings of pride and self-esteem; you cannot be pure until you have done all you can in your own way, to control your passions, guard your senses, and direct properly your thoughts. Nor will Mass, the Sacraments and prayer, nor will devotions, however numerous, do you any good, unless you use your own natural resources, and thus co-operate with God in the sanctification of your souls. Let us then pay equal attention to both departments of the household—call on both stores. Let us ever keep before our minds the model household. The life of Christ. He is the perfect man. In Him alone is found in all its beauty and loveliness the correct combination of all the elements that constitute the true Christian character. And striving always to mold our lives in the likeness of His, using our natural powers in co-operation with those that come directly and immediately from Him, we will rightly merit the praise of the just and wise steward.

VOICE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

If the lost souls were asked: "Why are you in hell?" for answer they would reply: "For having resisted the Holy Ghost."

"To-day if you shall hear His voice harden not your hearts," but listen attentively—bear in mind—and faithfully perform that which you know He is expecting from you.

Would you be reminded of some of the chief things which He asks?—Abiding sorrow for past sin, daily thanksgiving to God for His mercies and blessings, fidelity to duty, the avoiding all wilful dangerous occasions of sin, patience and greater kindness to your neighbor, and an ever increasing confidence and firm hope in His mercy. Spread devotion to Him as a thank-offering, and in reparation for grieving Him in the past, all the while He so patiently bore with your coldness in His regard.

THE DRINKING HABIT AND OUR YOUTH.

The law of God binds parents to give their children good example. If they, by their actions, scandalize their little ones, they are responsible to God therefore.

Sensible and reasoning people will readily admit that it seems impossible for young women who drink liquor to retain their good name, their personal honor; or their sacred virtue. Oh, strong drink is a deadly foe to the honor of all women, especially the young.

And so far as the young men are concerned—few vices are more degrading to their manhood than the habit of drink. Every young man worthy of the name naturally looks to the future for an upright and manly career. If such be the hopes of any young man, the first steps for him to take in order to realize a bright career will be to avoid strong drink. And any fairly intelligent young man who keeps from drink and is honest and upright and faithful may secure in little time respectable and lucrative positions—Paulist Calendar.

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

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St. Patrick's Day Speech.

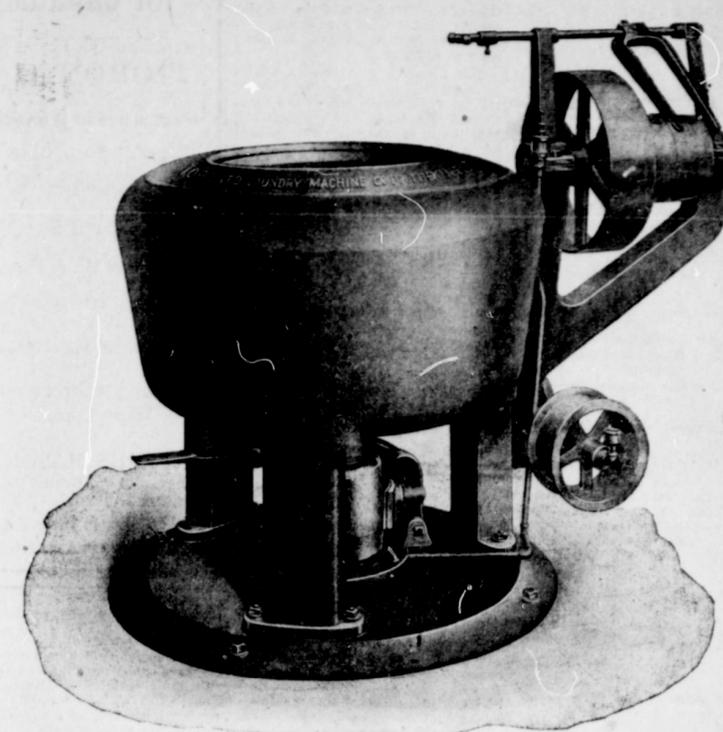
The following speech was delivered by Judge O'Connor of Sault Ste. Marie, then a young lawyer, at a St. Patrick's dinner in Guelph in the year 1874—thirty-four years ago. It was sent to the judge recently by a relative in Louisville, Ky., who had cut it out of a paper and preserved it all those years.

As a piece of classic oratory it compares favorably with speeches of some of the orators of the present time.

The toast which has evoked from you such a hearty outburst of applause, would, under other circumstances, be musical to my ear, but when I find that I have been most unwisely selected as one of the respondents the charm of those words, "The Day We Celebrate," Irish although I proudly claim to be, is entirely lost. Preceded as I have been by a natural born Irishman, whose language, fresh and flowing, as the verdure of his own native land, has filled us all with admiration, I fear that any effort of mine will be entirely overshadowed by his brilliant speech. This fact, coupled with the feeling that this toast is honored tonight in every country all over the habitable globe, by warm hearts and eloquent tongues, impels me to express the most extreme regret, that you have, amongst this intelligent gathering, imposed upon me the duty of responding to this toast of the evening. I would not insult the intelligence of our worthy president by attributing his motive in calling upon me to any flattering estimate that he may have of my ability to do justice to the subject. His having done so is owing rather to a desire upon his part to put my native modesty to the test. But whatever may have been his reason the fact remains that here I am upon my feet, before this intellectual audience on St. Patrick's night, to honor "The Day We Celebrate." Upon this day, or rather upon this night, it is the custom of Irishmen all the world over to meet together to commemorate their nationality, to invite their friends of other countries to gather around and unite with them in paying a tribute of respect to old Erin; to give expression to thoughts and sentiments implanted in their hearts by the hand of the Almighty—sentiments of national love, of devotion to their adopted country, and of Christian fellowship to their fellow-men—sentiments that should ever remain in their pristine purity, unchanged by alienation, unwarping by national prejudice, and unsoftened by the ignoble influence of personal animosity. Let us hope that these are the sentiments which fill the breast of every Irishman and son of an Irishman, to-night, not only around this festive table, but in every other place where the memory of St. Patrick is revered, or the name of the land of his administrations is revered. (Applause.) With feelings such as these animating us, we can proudly boast of all that is great and all that is glorious in the checked history of our country. Like my friend, Mr. Storton, I had not the good fortune of being born in Ireland. Providence did not decree that my eyes should have first greeted the light of day in that green Isle—where I was 'drunk in from Irish atmosphere which is enshrined in the hearts of the Irish people. My parents, more fortunate than I, imbibed that love in all its native purity, and ever fresh it remained in their bosoms and unimpaired they handed it down to their offspring as the best legacy they could give. (Applause.) Feeling within me, therefore, that same love of Ireland which was cherished in the hearts of my parents, unchilled by the cold of Canadian winters, unchanged by the lapse of time—by years of estrangement or all the bitter vicissitudes of life. I can look in imagination across the broad Atlantic upon the loved green Isle, and with the affectionate feeling of a son for his parent, I can participate in its crosses and its crowns. (Applause.) I can gaze behind the dim vista of ages and catch a faint glimpse of that mystic light kindled by the hand of St. Patrick dispelling the darkness of idolatry throughout the land, enlightening the minds of the fierce pagan chieftains, and their rude followers, with the knowledge of the true God, I can look upon that beautiful land, reared in it at the manacles of paganism and basking in the sunshine of Christianity, transformed by the wonderful work of our great Apostle from the Empire of Idolatry to the glorious Island of Saints. For hundreds of years, the seat of learning, and of the arts and sciences,—the seminary of all Europe, Ireland, poor fallen Ireland, stood alone the instructor of the

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world. I would fain close my eyes to that vision of persecution, to those centuries of oppression, of wrongs, of tortures which made the Irish heart bleed at every pore. I will pass over in silence the direful causes which reduced that fair land from all the splendor of its palmy days, and scattered its sons and daughters over the four quarters of the globe. Perhaps in its very sufferings it has accomplished its mission, through the crucible of oppression it may have fulfilled its destiny. Whatever that mission, that destiny may have been, there is sufficient in the history of Ireland, in the glorious achievements of her sons, in the shining virtues of her daughters, in every age and in every country, to warrant the sons of St. Patrick in meeting together on this anniversary, and allowing their hearts to expand for the love of Ireland. (Loud applause.) Would that our country at home enjoyed the privileges that we do in Canada. As my talented Irish friend, Mr. Murphy, has so well said, "Why should they not?" Why should they not enjoy the right of free legislation? To say, as has often been said, that the Irish people are not fit to govern themselves is a foul slander. For in every country in Christendom we find them honorably filling the high positions, legislating with wisdom and prudence. The examples given by Mr. Murphy are sufficient to convince us of this. If their talents are sought for in other lands, why should they not be allowed to exercise them in governing their own country?

Irishmen in Canada, you have it in your power to aid your native country. You have it in your power to raise your united voices in petitioning the Canadian Legislature, praying that it may ask from the Home Government the same rights for Ireland that we Canadians enjoy. Your poor countrymen at home would not expect less from you than this. You would not expect less from the Canadian Legislature than the granting of such a petition. Canada, I am sure, would not ask in vain, this boon from England. No, the latter but waits for an opportunity to do one act of justice which would go far to efface from the memory of her best subjects the recollection of past wrongs. With what gratitude would not that act of justice be received by the poor Irish? Congratulations would flow into Ireland from her exiled sons in every land. The bond of union between her and Great Britain would be more closely cemented, and when it would be proclaimed that Ireland was once more free, the shades of her departed patriots would rise from the tomb and dance with exultation upon her green hillsides. The great heart of O'Connell would pulsate in the grave where it has long smouldered, to know that his life's object was accomplished. Those amongst you who have left your native land, who have sought and found upon the shores of Canada happy homes for yourselves and your families, while feeling safe in the security of your possessions in the sunshine of your prosperity, should not forget your countrymen at home, and I am sure you do not. In the midst of all the blessings which you here enjoy you must, now and then, and

especially upon this day, turn with fearful emotion to that loved isle beyond the seas, and in the pathetic outburst of your hearts "exclaim in the language of the bard: "Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken, In dreams I re-visit thy sea-beaten shore; But alas, in a far, foreign land I am awakened, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more."

You can dream to-night of the homes of your childhood, of the friends of your youth, of all those endearing scenes which cling around your hearts, and transport you back in spirit to the evergreen hills of old Erin. While you revel in thought for a while upon the pleasing fancies which the vision presents, you are happy, but awakening from this bright illusion, other thoughts are crowded upon you; the happy dream of your youth is dispelled, you find yourselves in a far distant land separated forever from those you loved. No father's hand to bless you, no mother's lips to counsel you, no sister's smile to cheer you, all have been left behind. But amidst all these sorrows many blessings abound. When you bade a last farewell to weeping relatives and sorrowing friends, the tears which you shed at parting, while welling up in your bosoms feelings of the deepest emotion, were but the harbingers of a better day, a brighter future, a happier lot. The ship which bore you away with bleeding heart from your native land, brought you to a broader land, a better country—a country that gave you a welcome, and held out to you all the advantages of civil and religious liberty, and the many other blessings which we enjoy in this noble Dominion. Here, standing on the broad platform of universal equality, you can view with pity for the past, with hope for the future, the history, the destiny of your native land. Without fear or disloyalty to your adopted country, you can boast of your native one. You can point out for the admiration of the world scores of your countrymen, whose never-fading record of glory shines forth in dazzling brilliancy upon the pages of history, you can refer with pride to the illustrious galaxy of poets, orators, soldiers, statesmen and divines, whose worth is recounted in history and in song. Until the swift pinion of time be wafted into the ever enduring flight of eternity, will the name of Tom Moore resound through cottage and through hall. Fresh and green will be the fame of Ireland's orators, of O'Connell, Curran, Grattan, Emmett, McGee and a host of others as long as the immortal shamrock flourishes upon Irish soil. The last glimpse of day will sink into eternal night, the last son of Erin will be laid in the lowly earth, the flood-gates of eternity will open to transmit the spent current of time, ere the glory of a Wellington or a Sarsfield shall fade or be forgotten.

While speaking of the worth of Erin's sons, I must, with your kind permission, gentlemen, say a few words about her fair daughters. What can be more beautiful in woman than virtue? In the crown of all her adornments it forms the brightest

gem. The wreath of virginal purity is the fairest that can grace a woman's brow. It is her surest passport to the honor, the respect, and the affection of every honorable, upright man. Beauty and virtue should go hand in hand. The one adorns the body, the other embellishes the soul, but so transcendently superior is the latter to the former, that without it woman, however beautiful, becomes an object of loathing and contempt. Proudly then may we boast of the undenied beauty of Erin's fair daughters. But far more proudly still may we exalt in their proverbial character for virtue and purity. We, the sons of St. Patrick, of Guelph, have met together to-night around this festive board, we have invited our friends of other nationalities to honor us with their presence, and kindly have they responded to our call. To each and every one of them we extend a hearty "Cead Mille Failte." Ten thousand welcomes we give to those genial spirits who are here to-night to honor with us our country, her noble sons and virtuous daughters.

In conclusion, gentlemen, (and I fear I have wearied your patience), let me express the hope that such unions such as this may long continue in Canada. They are the best means of curing past differences, of firmly cementing our friendships, of uniting those various elements, which in the course of time will constitute the greatness of Canada. The more we tend to unity the greater will become our strength, and while we can still foster in our hearts an undying love for our native lands, we can hand in hand advance the resources of our new country. Let the sons of St. Patrick sit down at the banquets of St. George and St. Andrew. Let us honor alike with them the land of the hop and of the heath-rose, let us blend together these three great emblems—the rose, the shamrock and the thistle—and united let them be the standard of Canadian power, the memento of our native lands, the symbol of three great united races, each with a glorious record, all joined together as one people, for one common object—the greatness of Canada. By doing this, we will prove to the world that we are wise and sensible people, that we are going the right way to work to ensure for our new country increasing prosperity. And when our broad lands become settled, when our cities and towns become populated to overflowing, when wealth shall have flown in in abundance to the coifers of our exchequers, when the great nations of the world shall feel the memory of St. George and St. Andrew. Let us honor alike with them the land of the hop and of the heath-rose, let us blend together these three great elementary powers, with pride and satisfaction gather around with their Scotch and English friends at our St. Patrick's festival, and honor with them, as we are doing to-night, the memory of poor old Ireland, and "The Day We Celebrate."

Apologizing, gentlemen, for trespassing so long upon your patience, and thanking you most cordially for the patient hearing you have given me, I beg to resume my seat. (Loud applause.)

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In and Around Toronto

ST. HELEN'S SANCTUARY BOYS. St. Helen's Sanctuary Boys had their annual outing to St. Catharines on Tuesday.

PALACE BEING RENOVATED. The Palace attached to the Cathedral is undergoing complete renovation, and much needed additions will be erected.

SODALITY OUTING. A large party consisting of the members of St. Patrick's Sodality and their friends, went to the Falls on Tuesday. This was the annual outing and was as usual most enjoyable.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION. The solemnity of the Feast of the Assumption, which occurs on Saturday, will be transferred to Sunday, Saturday being the vigil, a day of fast and abstinence.

CHEAP FARES TO TORONTO. All Railways connecting with Toronto in Northern New York, Michigan, have consented to give reduced rates to the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, good from August 29th to September 14th.

DROP LETTERS FOR ONE CENT. The one-cent rate on "drop" letters came into force in Toronto at the beginning of this week. This means that letters mailed in the city for delivery in the city will be carried for one cent. This rate was in vogue at the time of three-cent postage, but was dropped upon the reduction in the general rate.

ATTRACTIVE FLORAL DESIGNS. One of the prime attractions at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this year, will be in the Agricultural Building, when it is expected some of the most elaborate designs in plants and flowers will be on view. The Committee of Management have decided to give \$1,100.00 in prizes for the best design, to cover not more than five hundred square feet.

MEETING OF C.M.B.A. The last meeting of Branch 111, C.M.B.A., was a bumper one, twenty applications for membership being received.

A resolution of condolence was sent to Bro. W. Kehoe and family on the death of his daughter.

This Branch is for young men. It is proposed to have an athletic union in connection.

W. J. MARKLE, Rec.-Secy. LORD LOVAT ENTERTAINED. Lord Lovat, the Catholic head of the Clan Fraser, during his brief visit to Toronto, was entertained at luncheon by the Catholic Union. Mr. W. H. Leacock acted as chairman and His Grace, Archbishop McEvay, in his own happy way proposed the health of the guest, Lord Lovat, giving a brief reply.

In the course of his address Lord Lovat spoke of the progress the Church was making in Canada. "You have," he said, "gone a great deal farther than we have in advancing religion. You have settled the great question of schools for your children. We in the Old Land hope that Catholics in England will be so united as to carry the point when the troublesome question of the schools comes up at the next Parliament. Meantime we can only look across the sea and watch your success."

Amongst those present were Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rev. Father McGrand, Rev. Father Kidd, Hon. J. J. Foy, Justice Anglin, Eugene O'Keefe, M. J. Heaney, Hugh Kelly, R. P. Gough, Alex. Fraser and A. W. Fraser, president and vice-president respectively of the Fraser Clan.

At the reception in the City Hall held later, the Civic address was read by Controller J. J. Ward and many addresses, one in Gaelic, from the different Scotch societies, tendered Lord Lovat. The Frasers, from many parts of the country, foregathered, a Virginian Colonel and his wife coming all the way from their Southern home to be present.

His Lordship spoke both in Gaelic and English, and in replying to the address, said that the one thing he had learned since coming to Canada was how little he had previously known about the country.

DEATH OF MISS NORA LEHANE.

The exceptionally sad death of Miss Nora (Norie) Lehane, who was killed on Wednesday last week while returning from a short holiday in Muskoka, brought sorrow to an affectionate household and cast a gloom over a large circle, in which the dead girl was known and loved. Miss Lehane, who had been summoned home by a despatch telling of the serious illness of her father, was on the Muskoka wharf with many others awaiting the incoming of a boat on which passengers were expected for the Toronto train. One of the fenders of the vessel broke away and fell amongst the group on the wharf, striking Miss Lehane and causing injuries from which she never recovered. The stricken girl was taken with all possible speed to Victoria Hospital, Barrie, the train being met at the station by Rev. Father Kelly, who had been telegraphed by Mrs. Lellis, who had accompanied Miss Lehane, and was herself struck by the merciless fender. All possible was done by doctors, nurses, train officials and others to render assistance, but despite every effort, Miss Lehane passed away a few hours later. Rev. Father Kelly, who administered Extreme Unction and other consoling

rites of the Church, earned the undying gratitude of the bereaved family by his many acts of kindness in their hour of affliction.

Miss Lehane, who was a bright, amiable girl of twenty-two years, was a stenographer with the Canada News Company, of which her father, Mr. Dennis Lehane, has been cashier for a number of years. She was the life and joy of the household, her loving disposition and pretty ways giving her a place all her own in the hearts of all, and her unexpected and tragic death, together with the serious illness of the father, has plunged the family into profound grief.

The funeral took place on Saturday morning from the home, 320 Wellington street west, to St. Patrick's church, where the funeral Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Father Brick, C.S.S.I., and a large and sympathizing congregation assisted. Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., was in the sanctuary. Numerous floral and spiritual offerings showed the place the dead girl had in the minds of many.

Interment took place at Mount Hope, where His Grace Archbishop McEvay, who is a relative of the bereaved family, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kidd and Murray, said the prayers and gave the last absolution. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Fred. Phelan, John Donovan, Jos. Finn, Jos. McGrath, Leo Curtin and Wm. Kennedy. Amongst those from a distance were Jas. Glancey, Ichepeter, Mich.; Wm. Lehane and daughter, Lindsay; Mrs. Corkery, Lindsay; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lehane and daughter, Hamilton; Mr. Jas. Connors, Wyoming; Miss Bess Murphy, Wyoming, and Misses May and Luev Hawkins, Brantford. Miss Lehane is survived by her parents, two brothers, William and James, and three sisters, Mrs. P. Hayes and the Misses Josephine and Nettie Lehane, to whom the Catholic Register offers sincerest sympathy. R.I.P.

Death of Edward Farry

It was with sincere regret that many friends heard of the death of Edward Farry, which occurred at the residence of his sister, Mrs. John Fox, on Saturday morning last, August 1st.

The deceased had been in poor health for over a year and had been confined to bed for the last seven months. He bore his long illness with great patience and fortitude, never murmured or complained, but waited for the end with that true spirit of peace and resignation that "surpasseth all understanding." The deceased was the third son of the late Edward Farry, a respected and prominent citizen of Cobourg for many years, and was born there about thirty-seven years ago. He was educated at the Separate school in Cobourg and at St. Michael's College, Toronto. He intended studying for the priesthood, but while at college his health failed him and he was obliged to abandon his studies. He spent the remainder of his life in Cobourg. He was a young man of most exemplary character, of a kind and genial disposition which endeared him to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. He is survived by two brothers, James and Thomas, in California, and two sisters, Mrs. John Fox of Cobourg and Sister Bernardine of St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay. The funeral took place on Monday morning to St. Michael's Church, when a solemn requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Murray, and afterwards proceeded to the Catholic cemetery. The large concourse of citizens who attended the funeral attested the great respect and esteem in which the deceased was held in the community. It can be truly said of the late Edward Farry that he was a good citizen, a faithful friend and an affectionate brother. May his soul rest in peace.

OTTAWA NOTES

(By our own correspondent.) His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, recently visited Montreal, where he was the guest of Archbishop Bruchesi.

Rev. Father Pascal of the Capuchin Monastery, has left to engage in missionary work in Africa. Father Pascal will sail by way of France.

Rev. Father Bridonau, parish priest of Ayrville, Ont., has been transferred to Huberdeau, Que., where he will take charge of the Orphanage to be opened there shortly by the Marist Fathers. Father Bridonau has been stationed at Ayrville for several years. His successor will arrive shortly from France.

Mgr. Roy of Quebec, accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Abbe Camille Roy of Laval University, were recent visitors to the Archbishop's Palace. They were also the guests of Rev. Father Myrand of St. Joseph's Church, at which His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, and many of the local clergy, were present. Mgr. Roy also officiated at Mass in the Water Street Convent, on the morning of his return to Quebec.

A most successful annual picnic was recently held by the congregation of St. Stephen's church, Chelsea. Under the direction of Rev. Dr. McNally, the pastor, the event was in every way gratifying. Hon. C. R. Devlin and Mr. F. A. Gendron, M.L.A., were present and delivered addresses, congratulatory of the committee's efforts.

After a three months' visit to France, Rev. Fathers Honori and Candido have returned to the Capuchin Monastery. Speaking of the present spiritual condition of the French people, Father Honori stated that the most noticeable circumstance was the fact that while the older people, to a large number, had utterly reverted from all religion, the younger classes were as a rule still faithful to the Church. This, Father Honori attributed to the various societies

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which still flourish among the young folk.

The Community of the Marist Fathers have completed the construction of a large building in Papineauville, Que., which will be formally opened on September 3rd, as a juniorate. At present the Scholasticate of the Order is situated at Huberdeau, Que., a short distance from Montreal. This building will now be utilized in future as an Orphan's Home, the establishment of which has been under consideration for some time.

The Catholic Boys' Business Home, which has been established in this city for the past few years, has been formally transferred into another organization, that of the Business Boys' Home. This institution, which is non-sectarian, will have the Rev. Canon Sloan as Catholic spiritual director, to the inmates of that denomination. The purpose of the organization is to benefit boys who, though working, are unable to find commensurate or morally beneficial lodgings. Rev. Father Francis Garrett, of Birmingham, England, is spending a month in this city, having recently

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arrived in charge of thirty boys for St. George's Home, the local institution of the Catholic Emigration Society. Father Garrett is an active worker in the interests of the organization and while here will visit the homes which the many wards have been placed.

Of late there has been a persistent rumor that the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society would vacate St. Patrick's Hall, the building which was erected some years ago at a considerable cost. Since then, however, a strong movement has sprung up having as its purpose the defeat of such a proposition, which owed its conception to some difficulty financially between the several societies which make the Hall their headquarters. Now many prominent Irishmen of the city have proffered their assistance in support of returning the building and this action seems assured.

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