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## CHRONICLES OF AN OLD-TIMER

### The Theller Memoirs Continued— The Sentencing of Mont- gomery and Other Convicted Prisoners—Theller's Defence and Sentence—Had the Sympathy of the Populace.

Chicago, June 18, 1904.

Following are some of the interesting Theller memoirs, reminding us of old Toronto days:

On the fourth day of my trial, the 10th of April, Messrs. John Anderson, John Montgomery, Gilbert F. Morden and myself were called out and escorted by a guard to the court house and placed together in the criminal box, to listen to the judgment of the court. His Lordship first called up Mr. Montgomery, who, when asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, remarked that he had nothing to say other than to protest that he had not been allowed a fair trial, and to assert that if he had been thus favored he could have shown to the court by competent witnesses that the persons who had testified against him had been hired for that purpose, and that they had committed a base and willful perjury. Mr. Anderson thought it extremely hard that he should be treated with so much severity after being entrapped by the proclamation of the Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head—that he could have made his escape to the United States as well as others, who had fled and reached there in safety; but, replying implicitly on the supposed honor of the Government, he had come voluntarily into town and delivered himself up to the governor; that the governor had accepted his delivery, but kept him in waiting in the apartment until he had procured a guard, when he sent him to prison; that he neither pretended to plead anything in vindication of his conduct nor deny that he had taken up arms; but that he thought if, as stated by Sir Francis in the proclamation, that the principles of monarchy were honor, it was a disgraceful affair to entrap a man as he had been and, when in their power, visit him with the severest penalties of the law.

Mr. Morden argued pretty much in the same words, when the three were called upon by name to listen to their sentence. The judge, addressing Montgomery, said that the jury had recommended him to mercy, which recommendation he would lay before the governor and his council; and he thought it would be considered attentively; but that he, Montgomery, had been always known as a bitter opponent of Her Majesty's government, that by his wealth and influence, he ought to have sustained the government, not aided those wicked and designing men who attempted its overthrow. To Mr. Anderson he explained the manner in which he had lived under the Government; that he had become wealthy, but was always found in the ranks of those troubling the Government for reform, vindicting the Government in his manner of treating him, and concluded by saying that he need not expect any mercy. The judge recapitulated the evidence against him, and said that, not satisfied with the very active part he had taken in the late "wild and unnatural rebellion," he had induced others to solicit aid from a foreign power, and invite over the brigands of that country to aid the discontented to overturn and subvert Her Majesty's Government in those provinces; that even a letter to that effect, which he was to carry over to the United States for such purpose; but that a wise and beneficent Providence had overthrown his evil designs; that he was now about to meet the punishment due his "heinous offence"; and prayed earnestly that he should, by his repentance, prepare to meet his offended God.

Sentence was then pronounced upon the three as follows: Anderson, and having been called up with them, I was induced to believe that some different fate awaited me, particularly when

I reflected upon the verdict of the jury; but a moment more, and with the rich, musical voice of his lordship, "a change came over my dream," as the low, shrill sounds reached the ears of that silent crowd: "And you, Edward Alexander Theller, what have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" I advanced to the front of the box and addressed him as follows, poorly prepared, as the reader may well imagine, under such circumstances, little believing, cruel and vindictive as I knew the British policy to be, that they would dare to venture to this extent, in trampling under foot their own laws and their solemn treaties in their own halls of justice:

"I suppose that anything I may have to say will not prevent you from passing the sentence which you have already prepared, and although your question is part of the usual prescribed form, and however fruitless any remarks from me may appear at this moment, standing in the peculiar position in which I am placed, I will not let pass the opportunity, without answering you, by solemnly protesting against the jurisdiction of this court to try me, and against the unjust, tyrannical, and barbarous law under which I have been tried, and conditionally found guilty.

"It may well be called unjust, tyrannical and barbarous; a relic of your olden time—a baronial and feudal legislation—a law made six hundred years ago, before England had a colony, and when her sway was confined to her own island. A law totally unfit for the present day, and differing as much from the spirit of your present laws, as the feelings, minds and pursuits of that day differ from those of this day.

"It is a law, my lord, which would deprive you, and every other person of this numerous assembly, from emigrating to any country where reasons particular or pecuniary might point out, and bind you to the country, where by the chance medley of circumstances you were born in fetters as strong as those that bound the Saxon serf to till the farm of the Thane, whose horn thrall he was.

"Is it possible, my lord, that, at this advanced age of civilization such a law would be enforced—a prerogative which no other nation holds over their born subjects, and one which every enlightened being in the world and particularly those residing in that independent republic of which I am a citizen, will, and ought to look upon with horror and detestation.

"I protested on my trial against the jurisdiction of this court. That I could not be found guilty of treason, not being a subject of Great Britain, but a citizen of the United States; and that, if I had committed an offence, it was one against the law of nations, and that I could not be tried in this province, but in England, or the country of which I was a citizen.

"It was admitted, my lord, by the court, that I am a citizen of the United States but not less a subject, no act of mine could make me ought else. That Great Britain, in withholding my citizenship, still held me as a subject. Such doctrine certainly places the naturalized citizens of the United States in a singular predicament; obliged as they are to do military duty as well as the native born, without distinction. In event of war, if they were ordered to invade the British dominions, by refusing they would be punished by the one government, as for insubordination and cowardice, or, obeying, be punished by the others as traitors.

"A precedent was quoted by the Attorney-General in the case of Eneas McDonald, which somewhat resembled mine, as your lordship remarked. He was found guilty also, but not executed; and this happened ninety-three years ago. Since that time, what a change has taken place among the nations, as amongst men! More liberal and extended views have been held both by the governors and the governed; a new nation has sprung up from English colonists, with a population of upwards of seventeen millions, one-fourth of whom are in the same situation as myself, having been born under a monarchy, but who have since become citizens of a free and independent republic, whose constitution was framed directly opposite to the law laid down by this court—"once a subject, always a subject."

"When tried, my lord, I laid my defence upon that ground. I did not call evidence to prove, as I might have done, that when pursuing my course from an American port, in an American schooner, and going to an island, and in the regular channel and thoroughfare which all vessels take that pass and repass from the ports of the states of New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, I was fired upon in repeated volleys of musketry, by your militia, Indians, and negroes of Malden, and when driven upon your shores by the inclemency of the weather, and my men killed and wounded by the galling fire of three or four hundred concealed riflemen, I fired upon them in self-defence; this I would have proved, and if your lordship could remember, nearly all of which was admitted by the very evidence brought against me by my captors, as they styled themselves. They, even they, admitted the greater part.

"And now, my lord, after three months' severe imprisonment, the greater part of which time was passed in chains, I have been tried for not having the fear of God in my heart, not weighing the allegiance which I owed Her Majesty the Queen. An allegiance which I did not consider myself to owe, and which many years before, I had solemnly sworn in open court to renounce in the manner prescribed by the constitution of the United States. And what, my lord, was the verdict of the jury? A conditional one. Their discriminative minds plainly perceived that I could not be a citizen of one country and the subject

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of another; that both were incompatible, and they gave in a verdict which to me seems a strange one: "If I was a British subject I was guilty of treason."

"I am far from saying, or wishing either you, my lord, or any that hears me, to understand me to say, that I consider I have done wrong in what I have done. No! I embarked in what I considered then, and most religiously believe now, to be a holy, a just, and a virtuous cause—the cause of the people oppressed. But, my lord, I will admit that in my enthusiasm I may have stepped over the bounds prescribed by the laws of my own country, to which I am amenable; and were I before a tribunal there, I might admit my offence in extenuation, I would show them as was proved at my trial here, before your lordship and your packed jury.

"I was here informed by his lordship that I must not insult the court. I mean no insult to your lordship, but I reiterate what I have said, I would show in extenuation that in the middle of December last there came to Detroit, where I resided, a vast number of men who fled from this country; many of them were poor, hungry and naked. They had fled from their homes and their families at a moment's notice. They had, for the Orange bloodhounds were on their track; the polluters of female innocence, and the loyal burners of houses and barns were behind. They came to us. They told us the story of their sufferings and their wrongs; and, my lord, I believed them; for on every page of the history of my native land I could find cases parallel.

"Well, my lord, we fed and clothed them; we did more, we furnished them with arms and munitions of war. We said, 'Go back to your homes, there is what you have said you wanted; and if you show your determination and want help to gain your country's liberty, we will volunteer and aid you. We knew they spoke the truth when they told us of what they suffered from the petty officials of your government, for we had it confirmed by those of our frontier who had been in a little brief authority, insulting our citizens whom business had induced to go over among them.

"In the midst of this excitement there came to us the thrilling news of the cutting out and the burning of the steamboat Caroline at Schlosser—a cold-blooded, murderous act, my lord; and one that will yet be avenged. It was felt as an indignity committed on our national flag—or an insult to our national flag. Before that time nothing was done that could be said to compromise our neutral relations; we wished and prayed for the success of those who, like the sires of our own revolution of '76, were, like them, battling against oppression; but the scene was changed; we became through the outrage committed on our country's honor, indignant and revengeful—participants in the matter—and might be considered as having committed a breach of the laws of our own country, to whose jurisdiction I ought to be restored.

"And now, again, my lord, in the face of high Heaven, and in this presence, before this assemblage of your citizens and soldiers, I again solemnly protest against your proceedings, to carry into effect the iniquitous sentence which, months before you laid upon the traitors committed on our country's honor, and in an obscure part of the dominions of Great Britain, enforcing a barbarous law, which she in her own island dared not to do, and which I have now done, my lord, I will not detain you any longer; nor will I ever condescend to sue or entreat you; but, if consistent with your

largely copied in the Canadian papers; also in the American papers, as well as some of the English and Parisian papers. That he was the ablest of the prisoners then tried there is no manner of doubt, and the Irish citizens of Toronto, loyalists as well as sympathizers, felt a pride in the ability that he displayed in his defence. WILLIAM HALLEY.

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## Birthday of Pope Pius

On June 2, the Feast of Corpus Christi, His Holiness, Pope Pius X., completed the 69th year of his age. He celebrated Mass in the morning in the Consistorial Hall, to which a great number of Spanish pilgrims were admitted. Many telegrams congratulating his Holiness were received at the Vatican during the day; those from the Venetian Province, and from his native Trieste, were specially distinguished for their affectionate words. It is reported that the Austrian monarch, Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Emperor of Germany—ever thoughtful—sent congratulatory telegrams.

The Feast of Corpus Christi was observed as a strict holiday in Rome, and almost all the shops were closed—the few that were kept open until midday being closed in the afternoon. Crowds assembled at St. Peter's, though it was difficult to cross the great white-shining piazza before the church, as the heat felt tropical. In the church itself a pleasant coolness prevailed. His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, Archbishop of St. Peter's, celebrated Mass at the altar of the Cathedral—in the apse of the church; and, on its conclusion, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place through the length of the vast basilica, passing out into the vestibule—which, like the interior of the church, was hung with red damask—and returning again into the church. This was but a faint reflex of the grandeur that surrounded the Corpus Christi procession of the past, when the Pope were rulers in Rome, and ere a "hostile domination," creating a moral imprisonment to them, had yet settled down in Rome. The memory of this grand religious ceremony is well-nigh forgotten by the new generation that has grown up under the Italian sway. It was one of Rome's grandest sights. When it took place for the last time, the Corpus Christi of 1870—close upon seven hundred Archbishops and Bishops, assembled here for the Vatican Council, accompanied the Pontiff in the procession. This vast body of prelates came forth from the central door of the Basilica, and at once passed into a portico, formed of wooden pillars, all decorated with hangings and tapestries, which porticoes joined the entrance of the church to the colonnade on the right. Here on these great columns were hung the coats-of-arms of the Bishops—the enlarged device of their Episcopal seals—and with these, magnificent tapestries, the most rich and elaborate productions of Arras and Gobelin, and other famous factories. The Pope was borne on a high platform, which he knelt at a prie-dieu, and held in his hands a monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament.

## Barrie Correspondence

On Sunday morning, June 12th, at half-past eight o'clock Mass, about forty boys and girls who had been carefully instructed by the Very Rev. Dean Egan and the Sisters of Saint Joseph, received their First Holy Communion. In the evening they reassembled at vespers, where all were invested with the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The girls were dressed in white, indicating the purity of their hearts for so great an event in their lives. The boys looked devout and neat with their badges of white ribbon, and as the children quickly walked out of the church, from the appearance of their bright and happy faces, one looking on might say for them as the great Napoleon admitted about himself. It was not on the field of his most brilliant victory at Austerlitz, his campaign in Italy, his election as first counsel, the splendor of his first entry into Paris, nor the day he was crowned Emperor that were his happiest days, but it was the day he made his First Communion.

From the Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, June 11th: Rev. Richard Baxter, S.J., who died recently in Montreal, Canada, aged 83 years, spent the greater part of his life at the Fort William Mission, in the North-West, devoting himself to the conversion and welfare of the Indians. N.B.—The deceased reverend gentleman was well known in Barrie by the elder residents and was a brother of Miss Baxter, Penetanguishene street, who has the sympathy of her many friends.

## ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

### To St. Anne de Beaupre Itinerary of Special Trains

The Ontario Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre will take place (this year) on Tuesday, July 19th, and the time-limit of tickets has been extended so as to enable pilgrims either to be present at the Shrine on the Feast of St. Anne, July 26th, or to remain longer in Quebec or Montreal according to their fancy. Excursion rates will prevail at all stations of the G.T.R. from Whitty, Lindsay, Peterboro, Haliburton, Mariposa and all points east thereof, as far as Aulorville, and at all stations of the C.P.R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof, including Peterboro, Perth, Manotick, Stittsville, Carleton Place, Brockville, Prescott, Smith's Falls, as far as Chesterville, included. Passengers from Lindsay, Haliburton, etc., will take regular morning train and connect with special at Port Hope, and those from Mariposa, etc., will board special at Aulorville, and at all stations of the C.P.R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof, including Peterboro, Perth, Manotick, Stittsville, Carleton Place, Brockville, Prescott, Smith's Falls, as far as Chesterville, included. Passengers from Lindsay, Haliburton, etc., will take regular morning train and connect with special at Port Hope, and those from Mariposa, etc., will board special at Aulorville, and at all stations of the C.P.R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof, including Peterboro, Perth, Manotick, Stittsville, Carleton Place, Brockville, Prescott, Smith's Falls, as far as Chesterville, included. Passengers from Lindsay, Haliburton, etc., will take regular morning train and connect with special at Port Hope, and those from Mariposa, etc., will board special at Aulorville, and at all stations of the C.P.R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof, including Peterboro, Perth, Manotick, Stittsville, Carleton Place, Brockville, Prescott, Smith's Falls, as far as Chesterville, included.

Exceptionally low rates will prevail at all stations throughout the Eastern part of the province, and tickets will be good only on the special train going, but valid on any regular train returning up to and including Tuesday, July 26th. This means that pilgrims can leave Quebec city by the night trains of Tuesday, July 26th and Montreal by the morning trains of July 27th; but if a stop-over at Quebec or Montreal be desired, it must be so timed as to leave Montreal for a continuous journey home, not later than the morning of Wednesday, July 27th. This time limit will allow ample time not only for a day at the Shrine, but also for a tour of the far-famed Saguenay and a short visit to Tadoussac or Cacouia or Murray Bay. The Director of the Pilgrimage will be in a position to quote very low rates for the Saguenay trip, provided that at least twenty-five persons write to him signifying their intention of making it. He will also be very glad to indicate how the most favorable terms may be obtained by parties of ten or more persons starting together to join the pilgrimage from any given point in Western Ontario, if only he shall have timely notification from one of such a party. The pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., who will send posters to intending pilgrims. Dining cars will be attached to the C.P.R. special, in which excellent meals may be procured on the journey, and whilst at St. Anne's, the nominal sum of 25 cents per meal.

## Father Vaughan's Escape From Death

Father Bernard Vaughan had an almost miraculous escape from death in London last week. He was bicycling through the Park, and at Grosvenor Gate was run into by a motor-car pair in a Victoria and knocked off his wheel. The carriage went right over him, and the off-side horse got a leg into the bicycle spokes and literally danced it to fragments. There was an immense crowd in a moment, expecting to see the Father carried off dead, but in some extraordinary manner he came out under the back of the Victoria unharmed, and walked home. He must have been shaken by such a hair-breadth escape, but he changed his mud-covered clothes and went off to the East End to one of his charities.

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Note by the Editor.—The address of General Theller to the court was

".....and so I decided to start at once." He's here with us now, booked for a six months' course. Thought, before he got our letters, that schools fizzle out in June—closed up entirely in July and August.

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Religious Crisis in France

(Continued from last issue.)

VI. Before I conclude, now that I have finished my statement of the facts, I must throw a last glance on the ideas which engendered them, and which in all probability—so fatal and so sweeping in their influence—will entail still graver consequences in a country, such as mine, where the logic of conceptions is so terribly powerful. One can already foresee that the reasoning process which provided the pretended justification for denying the right to teach to members of the Congregations, on the ground that they had pronounced vows of obedience and of chastity, will be applied in all its sophistical force to all members of the Catholic clergy who submit to their superiors and are vowed to celibacy, and as a matter of fact a proposal to forbid them to teach has already been laid before Parliament.

The Jacobinic notion goes much further still. It propounds the theory that the vneric fact of obedience to the Pope in all matters which concern religious doctrine and discipline subjects all ecclesiastics to a sort of diminutio capitis, which renders them incompetent, in a country which is officially withdrawn from the operation of any form of religious authority—where the human law declares itself to be independent of the divine—to exercise any social function whatsoever, such, for example, as the bringing up of the young. It obviously follows that the same incapacity is attributable to all citizens without distinction who profess the Catholic faith which involves, no less than in the case of the priests and members of the religious orders, submission to the head of their church in all matters which concern the faith. Assuredly such a conception seems monstrous; at the beginning of the twentieth century, to all countries in which the modern principles of liberty of conscience and of worship are recognized as constituting the very foundation of the Commonwealth, and more especially in a state in which the vast majority of the citizens belong to the Catholic faith. Nevertheless, it is in conformity with the political traditions of the French Revolution, and it reappears to-day as the natural result of a process of evolution backwards, in the minds of those who strive to resuscitate those conditions.

One of the leaders of the Parliamentary majority, a Senator who has long held and still holds a position of considerable influence in the French Legislature—M. Clemenceau—expounded, also in the pages of the National Review, the theory which he has often maintained of the incompatibility of the principles and doctrines of the Catholic Church with the life and the development of contemporary civil society. He tried to establish his theory on the basis of historical considerations arising from the part played by the Papacy throughout the ages, and of the effects which, in his eyes, the dogmatic definitions of the Roman Pontiffs and of the Councils are liable to have in the political world. The discussion of a thesis of such magnitude would extend this article beyond all proper proportions, and I will only remark that if it were well founded it would be so in other countries just as much as in France; but from an examination of the political situation in the principal states of Europe that does not appear to be the case.

Belgium, for example, offers the spectacle of a nation which for more than twenty years has been governed by majorities animated by the same sentiments as their leaders, and not only is it impossible to affirm that liberty has suffered thereby, but on the contrary it is an indisputable fact that the liberty of the press, of opinions, and of discussion, parliamentary and otherwise, (to speak more especially of the subject in hand) the right to teach, are more unrestricted in that country than in many others; and in no state are social legislation and active democratic organization more developed.

The German Empire, under the impulsion of Prince Bismarck, engaged during the first years of its existence in a memorable struggle with the Catholic Church, not unlike that which was undertaken in France by the Ministers of the Third Republic. Not only did that struggle come to an end when Prince Bismarck had to appeal to the Catholics for their assistance against the Socialists, but the aspect of the situation has entirely changed since the accession of William II. A considerable degree of liberty has been restored to the Catholic Church, the sovereign seeks for every possible opportunity to manifest toward his sentiments of respect and of sympathy, and is far from considering it as a force which is fraught with danger to the Empire, treats its representatives and its adherents as valuable allies.

Facts, therefore, in the most eloquent and decisive manner refute a theory which is based upon historical reminiscences interpreted with passionate partiality, wholly inapplicable to the conditions of contemporary society, and serving only to resuscitate the disputes of the past, or which is founded upon doctrinal dissertations the meaning of which has been insufficiently studied, and wherein the most essential distinctions, to which the Church itself has continually drawn attention, are entirely neglected.

But, as I have proved by an historical statement which appears to me to be far stronger than all the theoretical discussions of my opponents, it is not merely against the Catholic Church and its doctrines that the "lay" movement, as it is called in our country, is directed, but against Christianity itself. In vain do certain minds, by reason of the direction imparted to them in early years by their French Protestant education, from the influence of which they have, by the way, emancipated themselves, attempt in this connection the maintenance of impossible distinctions, and strive thereby to justify their conceptions in the eyes of neighboring nations in general and of England in particular.

In reality the term "anti-Christian" is not strong enough; for the attack is in fact directed against the very idea of religion. An important member of the present Ministerial majority, who intervened with decisive effect in the Senate in connection with the abrogation of the last guarantees of scholastic liberty, said two years ago: "The triumph of the Galilean has lasted for twenty centuries; it is now his turn to die. The mysterious voice which once in the mountains of Epirus announced the death of Pan, to-day announces the end of that false God who promised an era of justice and peace to those who should believe in him. The deception has lasted long enough; the lying God, in his turn, disappears." The politician who spoke in these terms—M. Delpech—adds to the authority which his parliamentary position gives him that conferred by the lofty functions which he exercises in the realms of Freemasonry. I doubt if the true meaning of this fact is quite understood by my readers, who are accustomed, as far as I can judge, to look upon Freemasonry as a charitable and harmless institution. France was the victim of that illusion at the end of the eighteenth century, and has had only too good reasons for curing herself of it. To-day all anti-Christian legislation, all hostile measures directed against the Catholics, are prepared and forced on the country by the Masonic body, which has all the force of a political caucus. It was at Masonic assemblies more than elsewhere that all laws directed against educational liberty were, and still are, elaborated, preparatory to their being dictated to the Ministers and submitted to Parliament.

Well-informed writers have often noted traces of the same inspiration in the history of the Revolution. Thus, from every point of view, the present crisis brings before our eyes the tradition of that decisive epoch, and at the same time makes manifest the strange contradiction existing between the principles of liberty in the realm of politics proclaimed in 1789 and the intellectual despotism in the realm of philosophy inaugurated by the hatred of Christianity, which dates from the same period. The existence of that contradiction is freshly affirmed in our own day by the pretension which the modern Jacobins try to force down on us, as in times past, by the attempt made, as in times past, under cover of the catchwords supplied by the principle of the essential unity of the State, to establish a certain doctrine which is incompatible with the very idea of liberty of conscience. M. Clemenceau has tried, no doubt, to save the principle of liberty from the inevitable consequences of his anti-Catholic theory, and to maintain that the former could remain intact, and even after the latter had received its definite consecration by the destruction of all Christian education. But none of his opponents and few of his friends considered that he had succeeded, and the latter clearly pointed, as the former had foreseen would be the case, to the supremacy of State teaching and State education as the normal outcome of the new legislation.

This essay should naturally terminate with an attempt to forecast the ultimate issue of the religious crisis from which France is now suffering, but that would necessarily entail an examination of the whole problem of the relationship of Church and State, of which the question of the congregations and of education is but one of the aspects; and my readers, whose patience I have tried only too severely, will doubtless understand that I cannot, at this stage, begin the treatment of a new and so extensive a development of my subject. It will suffice if I state my conviction that the idea of the separation of Church and State—which is extolled by our adversaries as the necessary end of the struggle and as constituting a new governmental formula—is, in the present condition of our political institutions and of our religious habits, a dangerous chimera. Here again the lessons of history provide an ample proof. The outcome of the experiment which was made from 1795 to 1799, in the direction of such separation, under the influence of the same ideas and of the same violent passions, was a ferocious persecution of the Catholic clergy and religion? The result would be the same to-day. To the attempt originated by the Revolution an end was put by the signing of the Concordat, the determining cause of which was, in the mind of Bonaparte, the spontaneous revival of the Catholic faith after the bloody period of the Terror. If the situation has altered in our days, it has changed in the sense that the religious movement has, in spite of certain political phenomena, become more intense and more deliberate than it formerly was, no less in intellectual circles than among the people.

While the governing classes, victims of an incomprehensible blindness, strive to tear up the imperishable tree of Christianity, it is putting forth fresh roots, which are penetrating ever deeper and deeper into the souls of men. Banished from its place in the laws and institutions of our country and in the ranks of officialdom, the Church is daily winning an unexpected place in the life of the nation as the result of the very fact that it has been persecuted and of the natural needs of mankind. Now more than ever it appears in the light of a moral force, immense and indispensable, whose influence no prudent Government can possibly misapprehend. An attempt may be made to combat it, but to ignore it is impossible; sooner or later they will have to come to terms with it. Whatever the extent, the duration, and the effects of the present crisis may be, that must be the inevitable conclusion, for that alone can guarantee that measure of religious liberty which is compatible with the conditions of the age in which we live.

High above the disputes, the passions and the excesses of all political parties, one fact dominates the history of these last years; though obscured by the thick cloud in which religious discord has involved us, it has yet been clear to all who can penetrate into the heart of the nation. I mean the existence of an immense, universal aspiration toward reconciliation and appeasement; of an imperious desire, which must triumph in the end, to see the hearts

FATHER JETTE, ALASKAN MISSIONARY

Talks to a Free Press Reporter About His Original Indian Prayer Book and the Ten'a Custom.

About to leave St. Boniface College after ten months' residence there as Mathematical Professor, is a missionary from the far north, Rev. Father Jette, S.J., whose field of labor in the Upper Yukon, on the Alaskan side of the boundary, is the farthest north mission of the Roman Catholic Church on this continent. To a representative of the Free Press, who called upon him, Father Jette very kindly told a great deal about the Indians of Northern Alaska, their peculiar customs and difficult language, and about the work being done among them. While here he is guiding through the press the first complete translation into the language of the Indians of his wide parish of the prayer book, catechism and hymns. Translations have already been made into a dialect somewhat akin to this one by Archbishop Macdonald, of the Church of England. The prayer books of that country encouraged Father Jette in attempting translations into the more difficult language of his Indians. The completed work, in many a realm of beautiful penmanship, has been for some time in the Free Press job department, whence it will issue in a few days in book form. The only printing previously done in this dialect was done on a small hand press away up on the Upper Yukon, with the assistance of Indian boys.

The first job in Father Jette's translation was the making of an alphabet. This is phonetic, each symbol representing one sound only. Most of the letters of the English alphabet are retained, though with a use somewhat different from the English. The French "e" (with acute accent) and "u" are employed. There being no "r" sound in the spoken language and the letter "r" consequently out of work, it has been given new employment, and stands for the guttural "ch" as used in German or Scottish. Finally the Welsh or Polish "ll" sound, a common one in the language, is represented by an ordinary "l" with a cross stroke. This language Father Jette calls the Ten'a, this being the word for "man," and the nearest approach the Indians have to a tribe name. The early explorer, Alexander MacKenzie, found near the mouth of the river a man, whose name, a similar word in which he wrote "tinnnet." The Oblate Fathers in still another district write it "Dene." The language is unusually difficult, and not until he had been three years among the people could Father Jette speak it with fluency. "After one or even two years," he said, "I could say only a few of the things I wished to say, and the Indians could speak among themselves without my understanding them. Now, however, I can say all I wish, and I can also understand everything they say."

HOW HE LEARNED THE LANGUAGE.

He had only a very little instruction from an English-speaking man, and had practically to learn the whole language from the Indians themselves. His way of doing this was very ingenious. I had with me, he explained, "the back numbers of a good many magazines. These I would give to the men to look at. I listened to the remarks they made to one another about the pictures. I wrote these down as well as I could. Then I rehearsed these sentences to an intelligent Indian boy, who, being blind, and a paralytic, was given a home at the mission. He spoke only his own language, but still managed to help me by making corrections, giving synonyms, and patiently explaining by signs and in simpler words. In this way I gathered a vocabulary. Then in my third year I was ill, and so was able to give time to the verb, and master it. Then my work was done.

There is a distinctly humorous aspect to this method of acquiring language as Father Jette illustrated by a story about Father Barnum, of St. Michael—a nephew, by the way, of the great showman—and his Eskimo equivalent of "paddle," the Eskimo equivalent of "paddle." First person ..... I paddle. Second person ..... you paddle. Third person ..... he paddles. Father Barnum selected an intelligent looking native, and, taking up a paddle, went through all the motions of using it. Then he said to his chosen teacher: "Cha?" "What?" which is the one word ever on the tongue of the beginner. "Cha?" The Eskimo in good faith gave him a phrase corresponding to the latter paddle movements. In as good faith Father Barnum wrote it down, though he wondered why "you paddle" should be so long in Eskimo. He then gave his instructor the paddle, urged him by signs to go through the motion of paddling, and again asked "Cha?" "What?" Again the Eskimo in good faith gave it, and the priest wrote it down. There remained now only the third, "he paddles." The white man pointed to a native approaching in a canoe, paddling of course, and again asked "What?" The phrase the instructor in all good faith gave him for this was quite different from the other two, and very long to be simply the third person singular indicative of a commonly used verb. But this was no more queer than many other phrases of the language, thought the priest, and, well content, he began to practice his verb. And this, as he sometimes afterwards discovered, was the verb he practised:

First person—I paddle well. Second—You paddle very poorly. Third—That man wants some tobacco. As he began to acquire the language somewhat, Father Jette began in a small and imperfect way to translate into the prayer book and Psalms. With correction after correction, made in untrifling patience, he perfected the work until an in-

all of those who are already united by the strong and indissoluble bonds of patriotism fuse and combine in single-minded devotion to the service and the welfare of our country. A. DE MUN.

telligent Indian said to him. "Now at least I can understand your prayers. Heretofore I have not understood them." The exquisite satisfaction such a statement would bring to the patient missionary must have been well indescribable. The translation thus made is the one now issuing in book form from the Free Press job department. It is by no means complete. Publishing books is an expensive undertaking. When additional funds are secured Father Jette intends having other books printed.

UPPER YUKON PARISH.

The Parish in which Father Jette is the only missionary lies along the Upper Yukon, within the boundaries of Alaska. There is in it territory enough for a very fair sized kingdom, the length being four hundred miles and the width two hundred. The mission headquarters are at Nulato, on the Yukon river, and of this place the missionary is postmaster. The neighboring missionaries are two, of the Church of England, one two hundred miles up the river from Nulato; the other two hundred miles down. Away out, even beyond this, well up within the Arctic circle, is a mission maintained by Moravians.

Over his immense parish Father Jette is travelling almost continuously, in summer by canoe, in winter by dog train. He visits each settlement at least once a year, but some of the nearer and more accessible can be given two or even three visits a year.

Such a visit extends over a week or some times two weeks according to circumstances. If the season is a busy one the visits are shorter. In the winter visits are often shortened by the difficulty of carrying food supplies and the wise missionary is determined not to make himself burdensome to the people. When the dogs can be sent away, while the missionary remains in a village, winter is the best time of all for this visiting.

Almost every day during the visit Mass is celebrated in the morning. Half the people attend one day while the other half look after the fish traps. Next day the fishers of the other half take up the work. Three or four times during each day the missionary gathers old and young for instruction. The catechism and hymns of the church are taught. In the evening the people are all assembled in one of the larger lodges and taught. In some of the villages practically all the inhabitants come to this evening instruction, in others only a few.

On Saturday there is no teaching. This is the house-keeping day. Father Jette says he thinks there is not a house in the parish the door of which is not carefully scrubbed every Saturday. On Friday the people will say: "You will not teach to-morrow, Father, it is the washing day," and the father is very glad to let cleanliness instead of Godliness occupy the minds of the people for one day.

In this respect the Alaskan Indians are very different from the Eskimos, who are very dirty. They could scarcely be otherwise, living as they do underground. The Indians formerly lived after the same fashion but now have well built log houses. To enter an Eskimo dwelling, says Father Jette, you must first jump down into a tunnel about four feet deep, then crawl along on hands and knees for about twelve feet, when you come to the hanging skin called by courtesy a doorway. This you draw aside and enter—if no fire is burning. But the fireplace being located exactly opposite the doorway, entrance or exit must be made across it; a rather troublesome proceeding when a good fire is burning.

BAPTIZED BY RUSSIANS.

The Indians throughout Alaska were baptized by the Russians when the country was under the paw of the Great Bear. Beyond formal baptism the Greek Church did nothing to Christianize the people. One idea, however, they seem to have impressed very deeply on their native mind, that they must change their religion. So, many of the older people solemnly assert that they are of the Greek Church, though beyond the name they know nothing of it. These same old people are perfectly willing, anxious indeed, that their children should be of the Roman faith. They will say: "Yes, these children are of your faith; you must instruct them, as for us we are of the Russian church."

Father Jette has much that is intensely interesting to tell of the Indian and Eskimo customs. A few of the Eskimos, he says, yet cling to ligamy, however, the marriage of two wives, not polygamy. The most strict and exact set of conventions surrounds the family relations. In the house one wife sits to the left, the other to the right of their liege lord. The house is always built on the bank of the river, between river and forest, so that from their places of sitting the wives are known as the riverside wife and the woodsie wife. Of the two, the riverside wife is the chief, though the children of the two wives seem to be on an equality in every way.

Among the Eskimos a very peculiar custom prevails. Each village has its Kasim or Kasiga, a sort of club house at which all the men of the village meet. It is a very large place, provided well with bunk beds and all sorts of Eskimo luxuries. In the winter the men live in this club, the women remaining in the huts. Here the men work and amuse themselves generally, while the women at home prepare food and bring it to them three times a day. A stranger in the village is "put up" at this club in a Kasiga as a guest of the whole community. INDIANS ARE NOT GREEDY. Father Jette speaks in the highest terms of the hospitality of the Indians. "They have," he says, "no hesitation in accepting gifts from the whites and for these they do not return thanks profusely. So they are blamed for being greedy. As a matter of fact they give quite as freely as they receive. The principle upon which they act, is that he who is plenty should as a matter of course give to those who have less, and who can say the principle is not a good one?" In a great many cases in the north, when white men were in need, the Indians, though poor, cheerfully shared what they had with them. "Once," said Father Jette, "when teaching in a village a long way

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

from headquarters, my stock of tobacco became exhausted. I paddled down the river to where there was a trader I knew would accommodate me. When I returned to the village an old man said: "Ah, father, you do not trust us. You trust the white men only. Why did you not tell us you had no tobacco?" We would have gladly shared what we have with you." "Thus," continued Father Jette, "I was reproved." In one respect the natives of the far north are very different from their brethren of the plains. The Indian—as we have been accustomed to have him described to us, at any rate—had in him a good deal of the poetic temperament. The orations made as the pipe passed around were crammed with simile and metaphor. "The North Indians Father Jette says, "are most matter of fact. They not only do not themselves indulge in simile or metaphor; they cannot understand the use of this form of speech. So a missionary must get along in his teaching without the help of comparisons or illustrations."

He tells of a priest who when trying to give his people the idea of authority—an idea quite unfamiliar to them, since they have no chiefs in the ordinary sense of the term—spoke by way of illustration of the necessity of having a captain of a steamer, from whom the crew could receive orders. He had just begun to develop this illustration, when his people, turning to one another, said, "He is speaking of a steamer. A steamer must be coming. Let us go down to the river to see it," leaving the missionary alone.

So among the missionaries it has become almost proverbial that these people at any rate cannot be taught by parables.

They have their folk lore, however, and Father Jette, understanding their language perfectly, eating and sleeping in their houses, and getting their confidence entirely, has learned a great deal of it. But he says, a great part of its charm is in the telling. Certainly a great charm is in Father Jette's own telling of some of these tales, but they probably could not be well rendered in cold print. As soon as his book is finished, which will be in the course of a week or two, Father Jette intends to return to his parish—the farthest north of his church in North America.—Free Press, June 7.

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At this season of the year the kidneys are always sure to be more or less deranged. The work of filtering from the blood the poisonous impurities which result from the artificial winter life is too much for them, and spring finds the blood loaded with waste matter and the kidneys in a sluggish and clogged condition. The effects are felt throughout the entire system. The liver, in sympathy with the kidneys, becomes slow and torpid in action, the bowels are constipated and digestion is impaired, giving rise to headaches, dizzy spells and feelings of discomfort.

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The Choice of Words

"What I admire about Henry is his choice of words," said Jack, looking up from his drawing. "Why, Jack," said Ethel, with a toss of her head, "I heard him make a slip in grammar only yesterday." Ethel was one of those who notice and comment upon defects rather than merits. Jack's eyes twinkled. "Henry may not be perfect in grammar—he hasn't had much chance of education—but his choice of words is a different matter. I've never heard Henry use a profane word, nor a malicious one, no, not even an unkind one, when he can find a pleasant one instead. He has the treatment of good-humored phrases and cheerful proverbs and bracing sayings of any fellow I know. There isn't any such word as "fail" in his bright lexicon of youth, I tell you, or any such word as "snik" or "fret," or "sneer," or "shirk." Henry keeps the pick of the vocabulary and nothing else. If everybody's English was good as his, conversation would be wonderfully improved, to say nothing of conduct." Jack's laughing comment had a deal

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of truth in it. There are words we can choose, and use, that will improve ourselves and all around us. The words "courage," "courtesy" and "cheerfulness" are good English for anybody. The single phrases, "I ought," "I can" are invaluable when used frequently. The word "self" needs to be dropped as completely as possible. If we try to drop, also, "I," "me" and "mine," we shall find out some things about the amount of egotism in our conversation that will do us good. Our well as its grammatical side; and, of the two, was not Jack right, and is not the moral side the one to admire?—Forward. A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for June 1904. Includes dates for Corpus Christi, Pentecost, and various feast days.

"THE QUESTION OF LIGHT" is the subject of a little booklet recently issued by us. Of interest to everyone who wants good lighting. Mailed free on request. McDonald & Willson, Toronto



TO COOK UNCOVRED. Cooking school experts tell us that cabbage, onions and strong smelling vegetables should be cooked uncovered. There is an odor, of course, but the draughts quickly disperse it, whereas, if the sauceman is covered a very strong odor is diffused every time the lid is disturbed, which permeates the house.

TO CLEAN ARTICLES OF NICKEL. Lay them for a few seconds in alcohol containing 2 per cent. of sulphuric acid, remove, wash in flowing water, rinse in alcohol and rub dry with a linen cloth. This process gives a brilliant polish and is especially useful with plated articles in the plating of which the usual polishing materials act very destructively. The yellowest and brownest nicked articles are restored to pristine brilliancy by leaving them in the alcohol and acid for fifteen seconds. Five seconds suffice ordinarily.

When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on his legs, keep still. When you feel angry, keep still; you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not, says a writer in an exchange. In later years it happened I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter, but life rubbed a sane sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, may be. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.

DESSERTS FOR WARM DAYS. Velvet cream is a simple dessert suited to warm days. Soak half a box of gelatine in a cupful of milk for half an hour. Meanwhile make a boiled custard of three cupfuls of milk, the yolks of three eggs and half a cupful of sugar. While it is hot stir in the gelatine and beat until it is dissolved. Lastly add the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Turn into a mould and set in a cool place. Serve ice cold. Powdered after it comes from the mould contribute to the flavor. Or the cream may be dipped by the tablespoonful from the moulds after it has stiffened and heaped into a glass dish, powdered macaroons being sprinkled between the layers. Candied or maraschino cherries may be used as a garnish if the macaroons are not employed.

Snow pudding as served at a certain farmhouse is delicate and easily prepared. Soak two heaping teaspoonfuls of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water for half an hour and then dissolve in half a cupful of hot water. Stir in two cupfuls of sugar. When the sugar is melted and the liquid is cool add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat all together until cold and foamy. Turn into a mould and place on the ice. Serve with a boiled custard made of a cupful of milk, a cupful of cream, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and flavoring to suit. The snow may be formed in individual moulds and be decorated with maraschino cherries. For puff pudding pour a pint of scalding milk over two slices of white bread and reduce the bread to a pulp. Stir in two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, season with nutmeg and beat to a froth. Bake in small cups that are only half full. Here is a bread pudding recipe for cherry time, which will soon be here.

Butter slices of stale bread, break them into small pieces and soften them with cold milk. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with the bread, over it put a layer of pitted cherries, and continue in this way until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs and bake very slowly for two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

For pineapple and tapioca pudding, soak one and a half cupfuls of tapioca over night. Then stir into it its own bulk of shredded pineapple which has been sweetened to taste. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake an hour. Cover the top with a meringue, made of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and brown.

SWEETS FOR CHILDREN. Nearly all children, especially if they be normal, healthy children, crave for sweets. A great many parents, without any thought or reason in the matter, deny to their children all kinds of sweets. They do this from some preconceived notion that sugar and candy and cakes are bad for the children. Other parents go to the opposite extreme and indulge their children in all sorts of confectionery, allowing them to eat rich, indigestible cakes, jams, candied fruits, preserves, etc. They both are making a mistake. Children should be allowed to eat sweets—but the proper kind of sweets. Cheap, nasty confections should never be given them, neither should they be permitted to have too much jam nor any of that indefinable hodgepodge of stuff that masquerades under the name of cake. Beware of cheap painted candies; they are poisonous. But give the children sweets in the form of pure chocolate, honey and syrup made from fruits. A lump of sugar or a stick of good candy and then they will not hurt them. Let them eat molasses, but be sure it is of good quality. Fruit jellies, if unadulterated, and plain cookies that are not too sweet are good for children.

Let the children have sweets. But system craves them. They impart warmth and energy. They nourish and build up the tissues. The best time to give children sweets is at meal time. Let fruits, jelly, syrup, molasses, honey or cookies form part of each meal, and then children will not so often plead for candy and cake. Let the children have sweets. Let us see to it that they are furnished the proper kind, at the right time and in a sensible quantity.—Medical Talk.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS. With the exception of malaria, nearly all of the infectious diseases of the Northern States are transmitted through the secretions of the body. If one should watch his fellow-beings on the streets, in cars, at restaurants, shops or other public places, or even, it is to be feared, in intelligent homes, he would soon find that the secretions, and even the excretions of the body, are constantly finding their way to the fingers and thence to everything that the fingers touch, says Dr. C. V. Chapin in Good Housekeeping. The fingers constantly go to the lips, and often into the mouth, and also often into the nose, pencils are moistened with saliva, and the same fluid is used to aid in turning money and the leaves of books. The lips are used to hold money, pins, pencils and almost every conceivable article. I remember the disgust which overspread the faces in a railroad car when a woman was seen to give her pocket a drink from the public drinking glass. No one else touched it during the trip, but it is more dangerous, and not less disgusting to drink after putting one's fingers into it. Fortunately, Dadd's Kidney Pills cured me completely and permanently. All bladder diseases are caused by disordered kidneys. There is just one natural way to cure them—by curing the kidneys with Dadd's Kidney Pills.

mouth except what belongs there, we might ride in a car with a diphtheria patient and run no chance of catching the disease. Disease germs do not fly about, seeking whom they may devour. The matter of protection is largely in our own hands. By the strict personal cleanliness one can avoid the secretions of his fellow-beings, and hence escape most sources of infection. Children are the greatest offenders and they are oftenest attacked. It is hard to teach them strict personal cleanliness, but the attempt must be made. Such cleanliness is demanded not only by hygiene but by esthetics. It is only decent to keep one's secretions to one's self and to avoid those of others. If it is necessary at home, how much more is it so while travelling, when one is likely to meet with persons infected with any of the contagious diseases.

TO GIVE THE BRIDE. It is not difficult to choose a present for the bride these days, as times have changed, and one need not give silver or glass or rugs or furniture—as relatives and friends alike used to do. Wearing apparel, such as furs, faces, fans, parasols, even silk stockings and petticoats, gloves, and dainty little matinees—in a word, the luxurious accessories of dress are popular wedding presents from relatives and close friends nowadays.

Pieces of French broche are charmingly ornamental, odd, artistic and, in most cases, useful, as the greatest artists in this line do not disdain to turn out ink wells, clocks, electroliers, etc. Clocks are acceptable things to buy, and the perfectly appointed home should have at least two of them. Gifts of linen help the bride to her many little entertainments, and the hand-embroidered lunch cloth or that of handsome drawn-work will last for many years and always give pleasure. Among the more practical gifts are handsome counterpanes, pairs of linen sheets and pillowcases, each finished with the monogram of the bride below the handsomely hemstitched border; long and medium length tablecloths, showing fluted, dot, lies and covers of all kinds and sizes. Every bride delights in one of the old-time gifts of a chest, such as belonged to every bride of "the long ago." These may be made useful in many ways—for keeping the extra supply of table linen, or for the more prosaic keeping of the bride's array of freshly laundered shirt waists. Such a gift as this can never come amiss. French gray silver tea and coffee pots, and cream pitchers in lattice-work pattern, are very effective. Brass sconces that may be used either for candles or for electric lighting are exceedingly attractive, especially those that are copied from the antique shapes. Quaint and ornamental for the table are the nickel bread trays in old colonial design, showing fluted and beaded borders in highly polished finish. These trays are somewhat boat shaped, and show ornamental effects in pierced work. The new nickel teaspoons, made up in the thin, delicate model of the teaspoon of our great-grandmothers' days, are dainty and look so like their ancient prototypes that few people would doubt that their being genuine old-fashioned silver.

A country housekeeper's present to a city bride was eighty-four glasses of jelly. She knew the young lady's fondness for it, and living in the country she was able to obtain the freshest fruit as each arrived in its season—strawberries, raspberries, currants, plums, grapes, quinces and crab apples. She felt assured that this practical present would have a hearty welcome, which it did.

The Lily at the Gate A group of wee angels in heaven one day Were joyously tripping along; Their Jesus they met as they sang on their way. And he smilingly questioned the throng. "Sweet mites, whither goest thou this blessed morn?" And they answered, their faces aglow: "We seek for our Queen, the fair head to adorn. The loveliest flowers that grow. "The pretty white lilies she loves best, and so We've plucked them till bare is the sward. And no more can we find though we've searched high and low; Are there no more in heaven, dear Lord?" "Go yonder," said He, "to the pearly white gates, And open them wide, for I ween Beyond the bright portal a lily awaits, Go gather it in for your Queen. So gaily they all at the Master's command The gates flew to open and lo! On the threshold there stood with a crutch in his hand, A little lame child from below. —Pleasance Ellis.

FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR A Complete Cure for Bladder Troubles in Dadd's Kidney Pills James Atwell Tried Other Medicines and Banages but they Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Did't. Campbellford, Ont., June 30.—(Special)—"I had Lumbago and Bladder Trouble for years. I could get no relief till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me." This is the statement of James Atwell of this place, and all his neighbors know it to be true. Speaking further of his cure Mr. Atwell says: "For five months of the time the pains in my bladder were very severe and in passing my urine would hurt me so as to almost cause tears to come to my eyes. "I used other pills and got no relief. I used a bandage and got no relief. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely and permanently." All bladder diseases are caused by disordered kidneys. There is just one natural way to cure them—by curing the kidneys with Dadd's Kidney Pills.

Children's Corner

THE LITTLE DREAMER. A little boy was dreaming Upon his nurse's lap, That the pins fell out of all the stars, And the stars fell into his cap. So, when his dream was over, What should that little boy do? Why, he went and looked inside his cap, And found it wasn't true.

HE HAD MORE TIME. Two small boys at the newsboys' dinner, says the New York Sun, put their grimy hands side by side upon the tablecloth. "Mine's dirtier'n yours!" exclaimed one triumphantly. "Huh!" said the other, disdainfully. "You're two years older'n me."

NOT GUILTY. "See my new doll," said Helen. "Mamma gave it to me." "What a lovely present," replied Aunt Sarah. "I suppose your mother gave it to you for being a good girl?" "I was not a good girl," retorted Helen. "I was sick."

THE GOOD-NIGHT ANGEL. The good-night angel comes at eve Across the quiet hills, And tucks the sleepy blossoms in Beside the meadow rills. On uplands wide each drowsy bird He cradles in his nest, And in a dewy valley far Rocks the wild winds to rest. He pauses in his gracious guise Where little children play, And blesses each before he speeds Upon his kindly way. And ere he passes back to heaven, Beyond the sunset bars, To watch the bees, birds and buds, For lamps he lights the stars.

A SUNSHINE GIRL. One Sunday Miss Lee told the primary class how to belong to the Sunshine Society. To keep on being a Sunshine boy or girl, man or woman, one has to keep on doing kind things. That is all. Isn't it easy? Among those who promised to make sunshine for somebody that week was Betty. "She thought she was pretty small, and had not much chance, but she meant to try." What do you suppose she found to do? They were just wee bits of things, but then a sunbeam is not very big. That is the reason it can get through a crack and make a bright spot, where something bigger than a sunbeam could not get in at all.

One day she found a little boy who had tumbled down in the dust, and picked him up. She comforted him and sent him home with a shiny smile on his face instead of a shower of tears. Another time she just smiled up into the face of a lady she knew, who was looking sorry as she passed. The lady smiled, too. The sunshine went through a crack, you see.

Another time Betty picked up baby's playthings, without mother's asking her, and made the room all neat. When mother came in tired, her face lighted up as if the sun had come out. It made her so happy to see that Betty thought of doing this herself. Saturday Betty went to ask a little girl to come to Sunday school, and the next day she went and took her to the class.

That spread sunshine all round, for the teacher was glad, the class was happy and Mary and Betty were both glad. One day all Betty could find to do was to put her arms about father's neck when he looked tired and whisper, "I love you!" Dear me! How the sun came out then!—Sunbeam.

THE "MORNING DORY." Father had a sailboat and mother a rowboat. Dorothy had no boat at all, and she wept grievously. Father said she must certainly have a boat of her own, and mother said she should have the best one of all—"and a safe one, too," she added to father. So a leaky, abandoned dory, which had been lying on the shore all winter, was drawn up on the lawn and filled with rich garden earth. A mast was placed where a mast should be, a bowsprit to point straight out to sea, and rigging for vines to climb on. The outside of the boat was painted dark green. During the following days mother and Dorothy put the dory in order. Of course there were no sails to mend, but there were seeds to plant; there was no deck to hoist, but there were soon weeds to pull. Dorothy had plenty to keep her busy when the little green shoots began to spring up. One night, when father came back from town, he brought a package. "Here are some friends of mine who wish to cruise on your dory this summer, Captain Dorothy," he said. The "friends" were black-eyed Susan and bouncing-bet and sweet-william and jonnie-jump-up. Dorothy set these passengers in the bow, where they had a fine view out to sea.

The little green shoots that came first grew and grew, and before long a morning-glory had set a lookout at the very top of the mast. "Why don't you name your ship the Morning-Glory?" suggested father. Now Dorothy, although she was nearly five, could not say the letter G. So what she answered was, "Yes, the Mornin' Dory." Father thought that was a fine name. The nasturtiums, too, grew rapidly. They threw hawsers over the sides and moored the boat to a big bunch of hollyhocks. The blossoms ran along the bowsprit and up the rigging like brave little sailors. Round the boat was a bed of blue forget-me-not waves, and dashing against the prow was a white foam of candytuft. Every morning father wore a flower to the city, and every day mother was given a bunch for the table. All summer long the Morning Dory, with her colors out, cruised in a blue forget-me-not sea flecked with candytuft foam; and all summer long black-eyed Susan and bouncing-bet and sweet-william and jonnie-jump-up nodded and waved from the quarter-deck.—Youth's Companion.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1908. John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE.

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

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

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

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1907. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

PILES

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

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

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

BLOOD POISONING

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

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 434 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

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Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1904.

OUR PARADISE OF FOOLS.

Whatever reputation for common
sense Lord Dundonald carried off un-
shattered from the memorable ban-
quet board of the Montreal militia
officers he has now thrown to the
winds. By issuing a manifesto to the
Canadian people denouncing the
Government that represents and is
responsible to the Canadian people
he has fully vindicated Sir Wilfrid
Laurier's estimate of him. He is a
complete "stranger" to the institu-
tions of Canadians. The paltry par-
tisanism that endeavored to twist
Sir Wilfrid's moderate word into a
verbal slip of race prejudice may now
apply itself to the work of reconciling
Lord Dundonald's role of Imperia-
list Boulanger with the Cana-
dian conception of responsibility
attaching to the post of
general commanding the militia. Sir
Wilfrid Laurier declared that Lord
Dundonald's action showed him to be
a "stranger" to the constitutional
requirements of his position. Partis-
ans on the other side of politics
instantly endeavored to represent Sir
Wilfrid's meaning to be that Lord
Dundonald's birth made him a
"stranger" in this British Colony.
But Lord Dundonald, encouraged by
the partisan championship of Con-
servative politicians and the unwise
aggression of some militia officers
has undertaken to warn Canadians
that they are living in "a fools' pa-
radise," because of "the indifference
of the men who govern the country to
the welfare of the force." This is
refreshing indeed from an officer who
has been hardly two years in Cana-
da and who knows no better than
to make himself the tool of partis-
ans outside and inside of Parlia-
ment, as instance the Baker family
compact and the confidential brief
supplied to Col. Sam Hughes.

Canadians may be living in "a
fools' paradise," but the Canadian
people and government certainly pre-
fer their country as a paradise of
peaceful fools—fools because they are
peaceful—rather than a hot-bed of
militarism.

What is it Lord Dundonald would
have the "indifferent" government
of this "fools' paradise" of ours do?
In a word, his quarrel with the
government from the hour of his
arrival, according to his own ac-
count, has been that he was not
given a free hand in putting Canada
on a war footing to meet the Uni-
ted States. The petty incident of
the Eastern Townships regimental ap-
pointments was only a pretext.

Lord Dundonald's one purpose was
to appeal to the people against the
Government in favor of a big pro-
gramme of national defence. The
United States was the prospective
enemy. He does not disguise his
meaning. Canada was to be drilled
to match the United States. So much
a stranger was Lord Dundonald to
the sentiment of the Canadian peo-
ple that it never struck him for a
moment the people of this Do-
minion would regard with horror
such a competition with the United
States in arms and preparations for
war. Indeed how could this ardent
and warlike young lord know the
democratic mind of Canada when he
communed exclusively with kindred
spirits in Montreal and Ontario and
planned from the time of his first
coming how he could work up a
military agitation against the Gov-
ernment? In this way he tells us:
"I precipitated my resolution to
speak out no matter what the con-
sequences."

Well, the consequences so far at
least have not been pleasant for his
lordship, and if we are to judge by
the chill silence of the Imperial Gov-
ernment over his case, and the out-
spoken condemnation of more than
one British Government organ, the
further consequences may prove still
more unpleasant when he reaches
England.

It may throw a little light on
Lord Dundonald's perception of pub-
lic duty to tell how his manifesto
came to be issued. Just as he had
fallen into the hands of a little mi-
litia clique in Montreal who succeed-
ed in making him accept the spon-
sorship of the Baker Family Com-

... pact, he similarly fell amid glib ad-
visers in Toronto at the National
Club. We have heard that the
young newspaper colonel who pub-
lishes the Military Gazette, and lies
awake of nights pondering the awful
things that must happen if tailors
and small tradesmen should ever man-
age to become militia officers—this
gentleman, together with Police Mag-
istrate Denison directed the choice
of Lord Dundonald's latest channel
to publicity. The result was a
"scoop" for Brother Willison's Even-
ing News to the deep chagrin of the
rival newspapers.

The manifesto of the ex-General
Officer Commanding, who proved so
easy a prey of newspaper enterprise
would make amusing reading if it
were not absolutely dangerous to the
welfare and reputation of the Do-
minion. In word it is a confession
of intense hostility to the Canadian
Government; in effect it is an avowal
to the United States that a secret
scheme of armament was proposed
to the Canadian Government and re-
jected and that the Dominion stands
defenceless. Lord Dundonald com-
plains that the so-called secret re-
port made by him which the Minis-
ter of Militia declined to publish was
"my description of the condition
of the militia and an outline of a
comprehensive scheme for re-organi-
zing the force upon lines suitable to
the country. . . . It covered matter
such as is constantly made public in
Great Britain and the United
States."

Sir Frederick Borden held back this
comprehensive scheme of militarism
as they have it in Great Britain and
the United States, and Lord Dundonald
takes the first opportunity of
acquainting the people of Canada
with its purport. The permanent
corps were to be established on a
strong footing. In the North-West
especially "the most elementary re-
quirements of the militia were ne-
glected for want of money." Pro-
bably Mr. Sifton was under the im-
perious idea that the most elemen-
tary requirements of the prairies
were immigrants to work the virgin
soil; but Lord Dundonald's expert
training told him that the North-
West stood most in need of artillery.
He held that his expert knowledge
in this respect was unerring, and he
protested against the government
hampering his designs in the least.
These are among the instances cited
by Lord Dundonald to make good the
complaint that "my hands have been
crippled in my endeavors to promote
the efficiency of the militia." And
here is still another: "A recom-
mendation by me that local camps
be provided suitable to modern con-
ditions of war training was struck
out of my second annual report,
though it is notorious to every
thinking officer that several of these
camps are urgently required."

To make a long story short, Lord
Dundonald tells us that all his ar-
rangements for "modern conditions of
war" were "postponed" by the Gov-
ernment. He continues his remark-
able epistle to the Canadians in the
following terms:

"It may be a matter of indiffer-
ence to some whether the militia
lacks guns, rifles, ammunition, equip-
ment and all that is necessary to
make a fighting force efficient. It
may be a matter of indifference to
some whether the great North-West,
with its splendid fighting material,
be left in a defenceless state, and
without a gun, with patriotic oer-
tures to organize urgently-needed corps
ignored. Above all, it may be a
matter of indifference to some whether
other considerations beside mili-
tary considerations influence the
choice and advancement of the mili-
tary leaders of the people. But as
I am now free to speak more openly
on matters, I have often referred to
in public, I desire here emphatically
to warn the people of Canada that
though they may be indebted for the
integrity of their territory, and,
indeed, their national existence, to
the forbearance of others they are,
as regards their preparedness for
war and their state of readiness to
successfully resist aggression, living
in a fools' paradise."

This "fools' paradise" of ours is
no doubt supplied with the proverbial
gate, at which Lord Dundonald ex-
pects the invading Yankees to ride
in up to their stirrups in blood.
And as Lord Dundonald, in his capa-
city of disgruntled Peri at the Gate,
is on his way out, and not in the
least likely to come back again, the
carnage will probably be "postponed"
like his great programme of mod-
ern war. Perhaps if the Canadian
people are but left to their own fool-
ish ways they may go on from gen-
eration to generation keeping the
peace not only among themselves,
but with their neighbors also, in the
unmilitary way that has distinguish-
ed them since they undertook re-
sponsible government. If they
should do this they will doubtless es-
timate good colonies of immigrants as
being more desirable in the North-
West than squadrons of artillery.
Likewise they will stupidly persist
in electing responsible governments
by constitutional methods instead
of importing young military dicta-
tors to play the Boulanger march
and rouse the jingoes against our
southern neighbors and Ontario
Tories against French-Canadians fellow
countrymen.

A talking and scribbling war lord
like Dundonald could never expect
to feel at home in such a "paradise
of fools. He cannot go to Thibet
too soon. If he could only take
some of the jingoes with him they
never would be missed. Towards the

Our Montreal Budget

(From our own Correspondent.)

GOLDEN JUBILEE AT VILLE
MARIE CONVENT.

The Golden Jubilee of the Ville
Marie Convent which opened on Mon-
day, came to an end on Friday
last. The ceremonies opened with
Solemn High Mass at which a large
number of the city clergy were pres-
ent. The altar was tastefully de-
corated for the occasion while the
music rendered by the Ladies' Choir
was admirable. A banquet, musical
and literary entertainments made
up the balance of the programme. A
very large number of old pupils
from Canada and the United States
were present to do honor to their
Alma Mater and spend a few pleas-
ant hours with the teachers of the Notre
Dame Congregation whom they learn-
ed to love and respect. These noble
educators of our young girls and
ladies have a record worthy of fame
in the educational arena. The words
of Virgil seem to apply particularly
to them: "Perhaps one day you
will gladly remember these things,
and so their many graduates did as
they stood on the stage at the open-
ing of the musical and literary en-
tertainment, they could sweetly sing:

"With a welcome now we greet you,
As we all assemble here;
We have come with faces smiling,
And with spirits full of cheer.
Welcome friends assembled here,
Ours a welcome all sincere;
With the voice of song we greet you,
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome here."

THE ST. PATRICK'S CADET
CORPS.

The St. Patrick's Cadet Corps, the
latest addition to our military bod-
ies in Montreal, passed a very cred-
itable examination on Saturday last
on Champ de Mars. Col. Gordon,
D.O.C., conducted the inspection.
Drill Instructor Major Phillips had
the lads well up to the mark for the
occasion. St. Ann's Cadet file and
drum band accompanied the lads and
played some stirring tunes. A gold
medal was awarded to Master
Gerald Leitch as the most efficient
individual cadet, and amid great ap-
plause the happy winner marched
forward to receive his memento of
happy hours spent in military cir-
cles.

St. Mary's, St. Anthony's and St.
Gabriel's parishes need a cadet corps
as they have good material for the
purpose.

A SUCCESSFUL EXCURSION.

The C.M.B.A. branches held a very
successful excursion to St. Hyacinthe
on Sunday last, over two thousand
participating in it.

SUCCESSFUL PILGRIMAGES.

Pilgrimages are now being made
weekly to St. Anne de Beaupre. The
Third Order of St. Francis Sisters
held one lately, which was quite suc-
cessful, over 600 going to the fam-
ous shrine.

Last Saturday St. James' and St.
Patrick's parishes held one, a large
crowd being in attendance. Rev. Dr.
Luke Callaghan of St. Patrick's con-
ducted the exercises.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRA-
TION.

The St. Jean Baptiste celebration
this year promises to be a great
success.

The celebration will open this year
on Thursday evening, June 23rd, with
the great bon-fire known as the St.
John fire, to take place on the Lan-
dontaine Park. A choir of a hun-
dred voices will render the popular
songs of the French-Canadians. At
10 p.m. Mayor Laporte, accompanied
by Hon. F. L. Beique, president of the
St. Jean Baptiste Society, and the
other officers of the society, will set
the torch to the great bon-fire.

At least fifty thousand people will
be assembled in the park on that oc-
casion. The Montreal Street Rail-
way is already arranging a special
service to carry the immense throngs
to and from the spectacle.

On the morning of June 24th will
take place the grand parade, follow-
ed by solemn high mass at Notre
Dame Church. His Grace Archbishop
Bruchesi will officiate at the mass,
which will take place at eleven
o'clock. The Papeal Benediction and
the sermon of the day will be deliv-
ered after the mass.

The sections of the St.
Jean Baptiste Society will unite in
three great divisions in different sec-
tions of the city, and march in a
body to the Champ de Mars, where
they will march to Notre Dame
Church for mass. The sections in
north, east and west ends will march
off at eight o'clock. Mr. Joseph
Gareau will be marshal-in-chief of
the parade. Each section will be
composed of the societies and organ-
izations in the parish to which the
section belongs, and many of the
labor organizations and societies will
have floats and drags in the pro-
cession. The eastern division will
form up on Papineau square, at
eight a.m. Ex-Ald. Cresse is pre-
sident of that division; Ald. Lari-
viere, vice-president; Mr. Arthur
Berthiaume, secretary, and Mr. J. A.
Beoudry, treasurer. Mr. A. Rivet
will act as marshal. This division
includes the sections from St. Brid-
get's, Sacred Heart, St. Eusebe,
Maisonneuve, and Hochelaga parishes
with the component societies and as-
sociations, with bands, choirs, etc.

FELIX.

preservation of our national peace and
dignity in Canada, we are satisfied
with home-grown, far-seeing states-
manship and the maintenance of a
militia force as an arm of defence solely
and not as an ambitious and aggres-
sive modern fighting machine.

Imperial Bank of Canada

An excellent business showing was
made at the 29th annual meeting of
the Imperial Bank of Canada as re-
ported in our issue of 10-day. The
general public is interested in the gra-
tified by such evidence of financial
solidity. We may point to a few
figures from the statement sub-
mitted to the directors. The rest ac-
count amounts to \$2,850,000, which
is equal to 95 per cent. of the paid-
up capital. The Bank authorities
are to be congratulated.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
COMMENCEMENT

In the presence of His Grace the
Archbishop and a large gathering of
the clergy of the archdiocese, as-
sembled by many friends and well-
wishers amongst the laity of the city,
the annual commencement and dis-
tribution of prizes in connection with
St. Michael's College took place in
the large hall of the Institution at
9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, June 21st. The
hall was decorated with the banners
and colors of the college, and this,
together with a good orchestra, lent
to the function an animated air of
festivity. A very fine programme
was presented, which made manifest
the fact that while the students delve
deeply into the study of the sciences
and humanities, they at the same
time pay considerable attention to
the arts, and that music and vocu-
tation are by no means forgotten.
The opening number was a pleasing
selection by the orchestra, followed
by a carefully worded and clearly en-
unciated "Salutatory" by Mr.
Martin King. The chorus, "Now
Trump O'er Moss and Fell," was a
spirited exhibition of the work of the
College Club, and the Grand March on
pianos with orchestral accompani-
ment, by Messrs. L. Olds, W. Egan,
C. Poirier and J. McDermott, proved
a successful finish to the first part
of the entertainment. The second
part consisted of a cultured
rendition of a vocal solo, "The Sol-
dier's Dream," by Mr. Cyril Costello,
and a recitation, "Domine Quo
Vadis," given in fine voice and
splendidly interpreted by Mr. George
Gannon. The "Arena March" on
pianos, by Messrs. C. Poirier, J.
McDermott, W. Egan and W. Mur-
phy, was the prelude to the "Vale-
dictory" delivered by Mr. John Car-
eay, '04. The Valedictory was a
graceful and heartfelt composition ex-
pressive of the love of the graduat-
ing class for their Alma Mater and
of appreciation of the lessons learn-
ed within its walls.

The distribution of medals, scholar-
ships, diplomas and prizes took place
under the superintendence of the
Very Rev. President Dr. Teely and
the Archbishop presented the hardly
won awards. In his few introduc-
tory remarks Dr. Teely announced
that this had been the most success-
ful year in the history of the college
both in point of numbers and general
progress; also that the different
awards had been keenly contested,
the battle not going in every case
to the strong nor the race to the
swift. A short address of strong
commendation and advice from His
Grace the Archbishop brought the
event to a close.

The following is the list:

The McEvay Scholarship for Men-
tal Philosophy was awarded to John
L. Gibbons, Minooka, Pa. Honors—
Thomas Redmond, John Carey.

The O'Connor Medal for Success in
Mathematics was awarded to Francis
Morrissey.

The Dowling Medal, for the Best
Essay in English in the St. Michael's
Literary Society, was awarded to
Francis Morrissey, Achill, Ont. Next
in merit William Egan. Subject,
"Samuel de Champlain."

Special Contest in Irish Oratory (A
Friend), George Gannon, Scranton,
Pa. Honorable Mention—Martin
King, Cyril Costello, Fergus O'Brien.

The Anglin Cup in memory of Dr.
Anglin, for the Athletic Champion-
ship of the College, was won by Ed-
ward Cassidy, Toronto. Honors—
W. Cogswell, J. Rosler, F. O'Brien.

The Ryrice Medal, for the Junior
Athletic Championship of the Col-
lege, was won by Leo O'Connor,
Stratford, Ont. Honors—V. Harri-
son, N. Cloutier, R. Burke.

HONOR LIST.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

First Class—N. Brady, J. Carey,
J. Cunningham, G. Gannon, J. Gib-
bons, J. Guiry, M. King, F. Mor-
rissey, L. O'Connor, T. Redmond,
W. Rodgers.

Second Class—E. Cryne, J. Doo-
ley, W. Egan, P. Flanagan, G. Ho-
worath, G. Kernahan, S. McGrath,
J. Sherry, N. Sullivan.

ACADEMIC COURSE.

First Class—P. Boyle, L. Brady,
J. Buckley, P. Cadigan, T. Cunerty,
J. Greenan, G. Harrison, F. Hur-
ley, F. Kelly, W. Kelly, W. Lynch,
B. Malone, E. Malone, S. Malone,
D. McBride, L. O'Reilly, S. O'Rourke,
P. O'Sullivan, J. Ppper, J. Seitz.

Second Class—T. Blylan, J. Boyle,
W. Brophy, R. Burns, B. Carey, F.
Carroll, E. Donohoe, B. Doyle, T.
Doyle, J. Dowling, Jno. Egan, E.
Gannery, C. Galvin, J. Hammore,
B. Mace, A. Murphy, H. McDermitt,
W. Peppard, B. Power, H. Reilly,
W. Saltry, M. Staley, M. Sweeney,
C. Walsh, W. Ware.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Of fourteen who tried the Examinat-
ion set by the Dominion Business
College of Toronto, the following re-
ceived their Diploma:

Charles Poirier, John Sheridan,
Daniel Weidick, Edmond Maltais, Roy
O'Donnell, J. A. McDermott, Thomas
Jackman, James Egan, J. J. Don-
dero, Reford Burke, Vincent Harri-
son, F. A. Macdonald.

ENTRANCE CLASS.

First Class—H. McKinnon, T. Ril-
ley.

Second Class—J. Fee, F. Foy, M.
Mulligan.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

First Class—B. Conway, W. Mur-
phy, C. Mathieu, J. E. Powers.

Second Class—P. Cunningham, H.
Davis, F. Kirkwood, J. McGilliv-
ray, D. Smith.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

GOOD CONDUCT.

Senior Division—Boards—(Very
Rev. Provincial)—Joseph Rosler.
Honors—Neil Sullivan.

Senior Division W Day Scholars—
(Rev. Father McGrath)—Cyril Coste-
llo. Honors—James Cunningham.

Junior Division—Boards—(Mgr.
Heenan)—John Franklin. Honors—
Senior Division—Day Scholars—
(Rev. Father Jelfcott)—Henry Web-
ster. Honors—Francis Kirkwood.

St. Michael's Literary Association
—(Very Rev. Dean Egan)—William
Egan. Honors—James Guiry.

ELOCUTION.

(Rev. Father McMahon.)
Seniors—John Gibbons. Honors—
Joseph Dooley, Edward Cryne.

Juniors—M. King. Honors—Henry
Reap.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR PHILOSO-
PHY YEARS ETHICS.

(Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G.)
Prize—John Carey, Thomas Red-
mond, ex aeq. Honors—William Egan,
Gregory Kernahan.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

(Rev. Father Canning.)
Latin—John Carey. Honors—Joseph
Dooley, Thomas Redmond.

English—John Carey. Honors—
Walter Maguire, Joseph Dooley.

Physics and Chemistry—Thomas
Callaghan. Honors—John O'Hearn.

CLASS PRIZES.

RHETORIC.

Excellence—(Rev. Father O'Leary)—
1. M. King, 2. S. McGrath. Honors—
W. Rogers, G. Gannon.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

(Rev. Father Minehan.)
Christian Doctrine and Church His-
tory—M. King. Honors—W. Rogers,
C. Costello.

Latin—W. Rogers. Honors—M.
King, S. McGrath, G. Gannon.

Greek—M. King. Honors—G. Ho-
worath, F. O'Leary.

English—G. Gannon. Honors—W.
Rogers, M. King.

History—W. Rogers. Honors—M.
King, G. Howorth, F. O'Brien.

BELLES-LETTERS.

(Rev. Father James Walsh.)
Excellence—1. J. Cunningham, 2.
J. Sherry. Honors—W. Heydon.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

(Rev. Father Carbery.)
Christian Doctrine and Church His-
tory—N. Sullivan. Honors—J.
Guiry, P. Flanagan.

Latin—J. Guiry. Honors—P.
Flanagan, J. Cunningham.

Greek—N. Brady. Honors—J. Cun-
ningham.

English—N. Brady. Honors—F.
Morrissey, J. Cunningham.

History—H. Reap. Honors—W.
Heydon.

THIRD YEAR ACADEMIC.

(Rev. Father Hand.)
Excellence—1. E. Malone, 2. B. Ma-
lone. Honors—M. Staley, S. O'
Rourke.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

(Rev. Father Phelan.)
Christian Doctrine and Church His-
tory—J. Egan. Honors—W. Bro-
phy, B. Malone.

Latin—Edw. Malone. Honors—
Jno. Egan, M. Staley.

Greek—Basil Malone. Honors—
Edw. Malone.

English—J. Egan. Honors—St.
Clair McEvenue, E. Malone.

History—S. O'Rourke. Honors—C.
Burke, E. Malone.

SECOND YEAR ACADEMIC.

(Rev. Father O'Donnell.)
Excellence—1. P. Boyle, 2. F. Kel-
ly, 3. W. Kelly, 4. L. O'Reilly.
Honors—P. O'Sullivan, J. Greenan.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

(Rev. Father T. Colkins.)
Christian Doctrine and Church His-
tory—D. McBride. Honors—C. Dean,
H. O'Reilly.

Latin—F. Kelly. Honors—J. Green-
an, P. Boyle, D. McBride.

Greek—F. Kelly. Honors—P. O'
Sullivan, W. Kelly.

English—D. McBride. Honors—J.
Greenan, F. Hurley.

History and Geography—D. Mc-
Bride. Honors—P. Boyle, M. Sween-
y, L. O'Reilly, W. Kelly.

FIRST YEAR ACADEMIC.

(Rev. Father Howard.)
Excellence—Senior Division—1. L.
Brady, 2. J. Seitz, 3. W. Lynch.
Honors—J. Buckley, G. Harrison.
Junior Division—P. Cadigan. Honors—
B. Mace.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

(Rev. Father W. McCann.)
Christian Doctrine and Church His-
tory—J. Seitz. Honors—J. Buckley,
W. Lynch, L. Brady.

Latin—Senior Division—T. Cal-
laghan. Honors—J. Seitz, J. Buck-
ley, W. Lynch, L. Brady, J. J.
Boyle.

Junior Division—P. Cadigan. Honors—
F. Carroll, B. Mace, A. Murphy.

English—L. Brady. Honors—G.
Harrison, W. Lynch.

History and Geography—L. Brady.
Honors—E. Finerty, G. Harrison.

BUSINESS CLASS.

(Rev. Father Coyle.)
Excellence—C. Poirier. Honors—J.
Sheridan.

Christian Doctrine—C. Poirier. Honors—
D. Weadick, V. Harrison.

Correspondence—D. Weadick. Honors—
C. Poirier, T. Jackman.

Arithmetic—J. Sheridan. Honors—
E. Maltais, V. Harrison.

Penmanship—J. Praitte. Honors—
E. Maltais, R. Burke.

Commercial Law—V. Harrison.
Honors—J. Sheridan, C. Poirier.

Bookkeeping—E. Maltais. Honors—
J. Sheridan, C. Poirier.

Spelling—V. Harrison. Honors—
D. Weadick, J. Sheridan.

Rapid Calculation—J. Dondero.
Honors—V. Harrison, W. Petley.

Practical English—D. Weadick.
Honors—J. Sheridan, T. Jackman.

Typewriting—D. Weadick. Honors—
J. Sheridan, C. Poirier.

Shorthand—D. Weadick. Honors—
J. Sheridan, C. Poirier.

ENTRANCE CLASS.

(Rev. Father G. Doherty.)
Excellence—1. H. McKinnon, 2. T.
Riley, 3. J. Fee. Honors—T. Kir-
kwood, M. Mulligan, F. Foy.

Catechism and Bible History—T.
Riley. Honors—H. McKinnon, P.
Hill.

Literature and Grammar—H. Mc-
Kinnon. Honors—T. Reilly, T.
Kirkwood, J. Fee.

English Composition—F. Foy. Honors—
M. Mulligan, H. Webster.

History and Geography—J. Fee.
Honors—R. Miller, F. Foy.

Reading and Spelling—J. Parks.
Honors—R. Miller, H. McKinnon.

Drawing and Writing—T. Riley.
Honors—L. McGarry, P. Hill.

Physiology and Temperance—T.
Kirkwood. Honors—F. Foy, H. Mc-
Kinnon.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

(Rev. Father Cantillon.)
FORM IV. (JUNIOR.)
Excellence—J. Powers. Honors—
C. Mathieu.

Catechism and Bible History—S.
Wickett. Honors—H. Davis.

Reading and Writing—J. McGilliv-
ray. Honors—E. Kenny.

Spelling—J. Powers. Honors—C.
Mathieu.

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**Budget of Hamilton News**

(Special to The Register.)  
 Hamilton, June 23.—Before leaving Caledonia to take over his new charge, Rev. Father Gehl, rector of St. Joseph's church, this city, was remembered by the citizens of Caledonia. Two presentations were made to him through the Caledonia Rifle Club, of which he was an enthusiastic member, and his congregation. The following interesting account of the presentation and addresses is given by the Caledonia Schenck:

"The members of the Caledonia Rifle Club, learning that one of their members, Rev. W. C. Gehl, was leaving Caledonia, being appointed by the Bishop to St. Joseph's church, Hamilton, met at his residence on Wednesday afternoon last, and presented the Rev. gentleman with a gold mounted umbrella, nicely engraved, and an appreciative address.

On Thursday evening a number of the members of his congregation met at the Rev. gentleman's residence and presented him with a well-filled purse of gold and an address expressing their respect and esteem and regret at his departure.

In reply to the addresses, Rev. Father Gehl thanked the congregation and rifle club for the many kind things said about him in the addresses, and for the handsome gifts which accompanied them. He said he was very sorry to sever his connection with them, as he had become very much attached to the congregation. He had endeavored to do his utmost, but he had no idea that his efforts were so much appreciated. He also thanked them for the good wishes they expressed for his success in his new field of labor, and he assured them that he would always remember their kindness to him.

Finally he asked them to give the same faithful co-operation to his successor and friend Father Cleary. "Be kind and generous to him, respect him and encourage him. In saying farewell, pray for me; that God may give me the strength necessary to discharge faithfully and successfully the duties of my calling, and in return, dear friends, rest assured, that I shall never forget you, and your many acts of kindness; forget Caledonia and its people, no, never."

**DEATH OF MRS. KENNEDY.**  
 A very sad event occurred in St. Joseph's Hospital last week, when Mrs. Nellie Kennedy passed away. Some months ago Mrs. Kennedy was in the hospital. Her little daughter died while she was seriously ill and was buried without its mother seeing or knowing at the time that it was dead. On May 24th Mrs. Kennedy took seriously ill again. About the same time her husband, Mr. James Kennedy, foreman of the Walkerville Bridge Co., was injured while superintending the construction of a bridge near Komoka. A heavy piece of iron fell some distance and struck him on the head. He was taken to a hospital at London and it was feared at first he would die. Mrs. Kennedy was unable to go to her husband and he was unable to come to her. Mr. Kennedy grew stronger, however, and when it was ascertained for sure that his wife was dying he was sent for. He was obliged to come on crutches, being very ill himself. He reached here before his wife passed away. Mrs. Kennedy had only been in the hospital here two days and death was somewhat unexpected. Mrs. Kennedy was highly respected and had a host of friends who will deeply regret her death and extend to the bereaved family their sincere sympathy. She was 36 years of age and besides her husband left three small children to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place on Saturday morning at 8.30 from the residence of her sister-in-law, Mrs. P. Grace, to St. Mary's Cathedral. Rev. Father Holden said the mass and at the grave Rev. Father O'Handley conducted the service. The pall-bearers were: H. McGowan, G. J. Kennedy, J. J. Kennedy, T. B. Kennedy, J. P. Moore and M. Cummings.

**MICHAEL MURPHY DEAD.**  
 The Times says: Almost two weeks ago press despatches from Brandon, Man., announced that the body of a man, supposed to be a traveller named Murphy, had been found on the prairie. It transpires that the dead man was Michael Murphy, a member of Hamilton Branch No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians. Deceased came from Ireland a few years ago, to Hamilton, and joined the branch. He got a position as clothing traveller, and had since

been on the road, coming here only occasionally. An inquest held showed that he had died of heart disease. The A.O.H. took full charge of his funeral.

**SOMERVILLE-SMITH WEDDING.**  
 St. Mary's Presbytery was the scene last week of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Mary B. Somerville became the wife of Mr. Frederick Smith. Rev. Father O'Handley performed the ceremony and only relatives and immediate friends of the bride and groom were present. Miss Ethel Dowery was bridesmaid and Mr. James Somerville supported the groom. The bride was beautifully gowned in cream voile with hat of white tulle with ostrich plume, and carried June roses. The bridesmaid looked very pretty in white organdy, and received from the groom a crescent of pearls. The high esteem in which the young couple are held by many friends was shown by the many beautiful and valuable presents received. They left for the west on a honeymoon trip.

**CLUSHMAN-DEAN.**  
 At St. Patrick's a very pretty wedding was celebrated. Mr. Michael Dean and Miss Sophie Clushman were the happy couple. There was a large gathering of friends to witness the ceremony. The bride was beautifully attired and attended by her sister, Miss Katie Clushman, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. P. Dean. Many beautiful presents were received.

**NOTES OF INTEREST.**  
 A very pleasing event will take place at Loretto Academy on Thursday evening, when the annual commencement exercises will be held. A very large attendance of parents and friends is expected and a fine literary and musical programme will be rendered. His Lordship Bishop Dowling will probably present the prizes. The pupils have been practicing for the event for some time and a treat is promised all who attend.

A fine likeness of Rev. Father Holden of the Cathedral staff and Superintendent of Separate Schools, is among the photos published in the Buffalo Courier this week.

The I.C.B.U. Society will have a moonlight excursion via the steamer Mascasco on Friday evening, June 24. The Killies' Band and choir will be engaged. A large number of Dundas people are expected to attend and a fine time is assured all.

Rev. Father Cushion, a resident of this city, who was ordained in St. Paul, Minn., recently, celebrated his first mass in St. Mary's Cathedral last week.

Word has been received of the marriage in New York of Mr. Peter Cullen of the Palace, and Miss Nellie Sullivan, daughter of Mr. Edward Sullivan, Picton street west.

Mr. James Blake, a Separate School Trustee, will be postmaster of the new north-end post office.

**A. M. D. G.**  
**Distribution of Premiums Loretto Academy, 140 Wellesley Crescent, June 20, 1904.**

**HONOR LIST—SENIOR DIVISION.**  
 Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine awarded to Miss A. Dwyer.  
 Good Conduct.—The Misses E. Roessler, E. Deane, I. Ashenbush, W. Beatty and L. Lumbers.  
 Ladylike Department.—The Misses G. McConnell, I. Ashenbush, I. O'Leary, E. Deane and E. Roessler.  
 Order.—The Misses A. Dwyer, I. Ashenbush and H. Grierson.  
 Attendance.—The Misses A. Dwyer, G. McConnell, J. Harrison, L. Lumbers and L. Harrison.  
 Primary Music, University of Toronto, I. Class Honors.—Miss Gladys McConnell.  
 Pass.—Miss Rita Mutton.  
 Pen and Ink Sketching and Crayon Drawing.—The Misses G. McConnell, A. Dwyer, M. Murphy and A. Roe.  
 Pencil Drawing.—The Misses J. Harrison, H. Grierson, L. Harrison, I. Ashenbush, G. McConnell, A. Dwyer and R. Mutton.  
 Special Prize for Plain Sewing and Fancy Work, presented by a friend, awarded to Miss L. Lumbers.  
 Honors in English.—The Misses I. Ashenbush and L. Harrison.  
 Honors in Arithmetic.—The Misses G. McConnell and L. Harrison.  
 Honors in French.—The Misses G. McConnell, I. O'Leary and M. Crawford.  
 Physical Culture.—The Misses E. Roessler, E. Deane and I. Ashenbush.  
 Elocution.—The Misses I. O'Leary and I. Ashenbush.

**HONOR LIST—JUNIOR DIVISION.**  
 Gold Medal for Catechism, merited by the Misses M. Small and A. Kelly, obtained by Miss M. Small.  
 Special Prize for Good Conduct, presented by a friend of the little children, obtained by Miss H. Kelly.  
 Ladylike Department.—The Misses M. Murphy, D. Brown, A. Kelly, D. Anglin and H. Kelly.  
 Attendance.—The Misses A. Roe and L. McDonald.  
 Order.—The Misses A. Roe, M. Small, A. Kelly, L. McDonald and H. Kelly.  
 Special Prize for Plain Sewing and Fancy Work, presented by a friend, obtained by Miss A. Roe.  
 Honors in English and Arithmetic.—The Misses M. Murphy, M. Small and L. McDonald.  
 Honors in Preparatory French.—The Misses A. Kelly, K. Roe and D. Anglin.  
 Pencil Drawing.—The Misses M. Murphy, A. Roe, G. Reeve and L. McDonald.  
 Physical Culture.—The Misses G. Davis and L. McDonald.

**Coughs and Colds are often overlooked.** A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered, with the fullest confidence in their efficacy giving almost invariably sure and immediate relief. 25 cts. a box.

**ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT**

The distribution hall at St. Joseph's Academy was on Tuesday afternoon the scene of the forty-sixth annual commencement in the history of the institution. When the guests headed by the Archbishop and a large number of priests from the city and outside places entered the hall they found the pupils of the school already on the platform, the larger girls in the black uniform of the house, relieved only by the colors of the school, formed a striking background for the five graduates of her year, who had a charming centre arrayed in dainty white, carrying immense bouquets of roses and each attended by a little maid in white. The hall presented the appearance of a handsome drawing-room, large paintings on the walls and the handsome palms distributed here and there adding to this effect; owing to the semi-private nature of the occasion the hall was not over-crowded. The crowning of the graduates was the first event. This was followed by a programme of vocal and instrumental music and a valedictory in verse, "Farewell to St. Joseph's," touchingly delivered by Miss C. J. Murphy. The instrumental music showed some very fine technique and a difficult vocal arrangement of "Home Sweet Home," in which the sweet soprano of Miss O'Shea and some fine contralto voices were heard to advantage, showed that particular care is given to the vocal feature in music. The little ones of the school, in white frocks and with sunny, smiling faces, presented a very sweet picture as they sang a very pleasing lullaby. The crowning of graduates and others was performed by the Archbishop, who was assisted in the distribution of medals, diplomas and prizes by the other Rev. gentlemen present. At the close of the programme His Grace addressed the pupils, beginning his remarks with a thoughtful reference to those whose examinations were yet to come—those who are to write at the Departmental Examinations—and wishing them every success. Referring to the programme the Archbishop expressed his commendation for what he had seen and heard, but added that he personally did not like the expression of a "farewell" as it was always hard on the one who delivered it and also because the departure of the graduates should not be looked upon as final, but that they should from time to time visit their old school and teachers and also take an interest in those who would fill the places now occupied by themselves. Continuing His Grace said: "No doubt you will go away well pleased with the work you have done. You have worked well, I have no doubt; merit is the reward of labor; you have on the prizes awarded to merit, therefore I may conclude that you have worked well and faithfully. You will now leave old and tried friends and go out into the world to make new ones; but the old should not be forgotten. Let me ask you to be careful of the friends you make in the world, but when a true friend is found appreciate that friendship and the advice such a friend gives. The Archbishop also added that visits to the chapel to which reference had been made were just as possible and as desirable in the world as in the convent, and charged his hearers to be faithful to their duties as Catholics, for they owed it to themselves, to their teachers and to the world, which expected much from them, to be models of what Catholic women ought to be. The Archbishop then gave his blessing and the gathering dispersed.

Some handsome work in lace, embroidery and painting was exhibited in one of the halls and very much admired by those present.

**GRADUATES OF 1904.**  
 Miss Carrie J. Murphy, Davenport, Iowa.  
 Miss Hope K. Thompson, New York City.  
 Miss Albertine D. Corti, Toronto.  
 Miss Loretto M. E. Woodcock, Tweed.  
 Miss Margaret M. Conlon, Oshawa.

**LIST OF HONORS.**  
 Bronze Medal, presented by His Holiness Pope Pius X. for Christian Doctrine and Church History competed for in Senior Department, awarded to Miss Murphy.  
 Gold Medal and Diploma of Graduation, awarded to Miss Thompson.  
 Gold Medal and Diploma of Graduation, awarded to Miss Murphy.  
 Gold Medal and Diploma of Graduation, awarded to Miss Woodcock.  
 Gold Medal and Diploma of Graduation, awarded to Miss Corti.  
 Governor-General's Medal presented by His Excellency Lord Minto for Superiority in English Literature, awarded to Miss McCarthy.  
 Gold Medal presented by Rev. L. Minehan for Excellence in Mathematics, awarded to Miss Sauve.  
 Gold Medal presented by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., of Toronto, for English in Junior Sixth Grade, awarded to Miss A. Ingoldsbury.  
 Gold Medal presented by Mr. A. Elliott for Superiority in Fifth Grade, awarded to Miss A. Bourke.  
 Gold Monogram presented by Mr. A. Elliott for Excellences in point lace, awarded to Miss Rose Langan.  
 Silver Medal for Superiority in Vocal Music in Intermediate Grade, awarded to Miss O'Shea.  
 Gold Pen for Excellence in Penmanship, awarded to Miss Agnes McAuley.  
 Silver Medal presented by Rev. F. R. Frachon, C.S.B., for Christian Doctrine in 2nd course, awarded to Miss Lillian Mullen.  
 Crown for Charity in Conversation, Amiability, Ladylike Department and Observance of Rules in 1st Course, awarded to Miss Phelan.  
 Crown for Amiability in 2nd Course awarded to Mary Ryan.  
 Crowns for Ladylike Department and Observance of Rule, awarded to Misses A. Ingoldsbury, S. Brasseur, L. Sauve and R. Carrol.

**DIPLOMAS AWARDED BY THE DOMINION BUSINESS COLLEGE.**

Commercial Diplomas.—Misses Bourke, O'Neill, McAuley.  
 Diplomas for Stenography and Typewriting.—Misses Thompson, Gault, Sullivan, Sangan, Begin, Dean and Dwyer.  
 Results of University examinations for 1904 not yet published.  
 Certificates awarded for 1903 by the Ontario Department of Education.  
 Junior Leaving—Misses Keogh (honors), Thompson, O'Keefe, Flannigan, Kelly, Moreau and Venini.  
 Junior Matriculation—Miss E. Murphy.

**PRIZE LIST.**  
 In each class three prizes (1st, 2nd, 3rd), are awarded to pupils who obtained the highest marks at the final examination. Promotions to higher forms are based on the summary of monthly marks obtained during the scholastic year, together with the obtaining the required percentage in examination subjects.

**SENIOR SIXTH CLASS.**  
 First Prize, awarded to Miss O'Driscoll.  
 Prize for Application, awarded to Miss McCarthy.  
 Special Prize for Latin, awarded to Miss O'Driscoll.

**JUNIOR SIXTH CLASS.**  
 First Prize, awarded to Miss Moreau.  
 Second Prize, awarded to Miss Mary Ryan.  
 Third Prize, awarded to Miss Phelan.  
 Special Prize, for French, Miss Priddy.  
 Special Prize for Application, Miss Phelan.  
 Promoted to Senior Sixth Class.—Misses Moreau, Ingoldsbury, Phelan and Ryan.

**FIFTH CLASS.**  
 First Prize, awarded to Miss O'Neill.  
 Second Prize, awarded to Miss Erasseur.  
 Third Prize, awarded to Miss Planché Lessard.  
 Special Prize for Latin, Miss Clare Murphy.  
 Special Prize for Botany, Miss Brasseur.  
 Special Prize for Church History (in day school), Miss Blanche Lessard.

**Promoted to Junior Sixth Class.—**Misses A. Bourke, N. O'Neill, F. Harrison, N. Dane, S. Brasseur, B. Lessard, J. Morin, L. Mace, V. Healy, K. Clarke, A. McCaulay, E. Lessard and H. Lunn.

**FOURTH CLASS.**  
 First Prize, awarded to Miss Lillian Mullen.  
 Second Prize, awarded to Miss Miriam Elmsley.  
 Third Prize, awarded to Miss Marie Hearn.  
 Special Prize for French, Miriam Elmsley.

**JUNIOR FOURTH CLASS.**  
 First Prize, awarded to Miss Cleghorn.  
 Second Prize, awarded to Miss Kathleen Dean.  
 Third Prize, awarded to Miss Florence Harkins.  
 Promoted to Fifth Class.—Misses L. Mullen, M. Elmsley, M. Hearn, E. Clarke, A. Quigley, G. Cleghorn, A. Tremblay, F. O'Connor and I. Holiday.  
 Recommended.—N. Balfour.  
 Promoted to Senior Fourth Class.—Misses M. Cleghorn, K. Dean, G. Kennedy, M. Johnson and F. Harkins.

**SPECIAL PRIZES FOR PAINTING.**  
 First Prize, Miss Power.  
 Second Prize, Miss McAuley.  
 Prize for Bullion Work and Embroidery, Miss Kathleen Doran.  
 First Prize for Violin, Miss Genevieve McNulty.  
 First Prize for Mandolin, Miss Todd.  
 First Prize for Singing, Miss Muriel Davis.  
 Second Prize for Singing, Miss Mayme Bourke.  
 Prize for Improvement in Penmanship, Miss J. Bandel.  
 Prize for Fidelity in St. Cecilia's Choir, Miss C. Sullivan.  
 Prize for Ladylike Department in Day School, Miss W. Rensmann.

**PRIZES FOR INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.**  
 Junior Grade.  
 First Prize, Miss Priddy.  
 Second Prize, Miss S. Brasseur.  
 Third Prize, Miss O'Shea.

**PRIZES IN JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**  
 Third Class.  
 First Prize, Miss A. Heck.  
 Second Prize, Miss K. Coghlan.  
 Third Prize, Miss E. Corrigan.  
 Prize for Catechism in Day School, Miss M. Albertie.  
 Junior Third Class.  
 First Prize, Miss Agnes Fay.  
 Second Prize, Miss Gertie Heck.  
 Third Prize, Miss F. Kelly.  
 Special Prize for French, Miss K. Coghlan.  
 Promoted to Junior Fourth Class.—Misses A. Heck, R. Coghlan, E. Corrigan, H. Mullens, M. Coleman, F. Burns, M. Albertie, N. Chisholm, C. Thayer, M. Buckley.  
 Promoted to Senior Third Class.—Misses A. Fay, G. Heck, I. Finn, A. Sullivan and F. Kelly.

**Second Class.**  
 First Prize, Miss F. Hearn.  
 Second Prize, Miss B. McBrady.  
 Third Prize, Miss E. Layton.  
 Part Second.  
 First Prize, Miss J. Manderson.  
 Second Prize, Miss O. Wallace.  
 Third Prize, Miss R. McFoley.

**Part First.**  
 First Prize, Miss D. McConvey.  
 Second Prize, Miss M. McBrady.  
 Third Prize, Miss G. Gates.  
 Prize for Catechism, Miss M. Simon.  
 Prize for Sewing, Miss B. McBrady.

In our dealings with the souls of other men we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue, and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellence because they are mingled with rough faults.

**SEPARATE SCHOOL FIELD DAY**

50-yard dash, 7 years and under—W. McEvoy (St. Mary's), 1; W. Donoghue (St. Helen's), 2; R. Grady (St. Mary's), 3. Time, 8 seconds.  
 100-yard dash, 13 years and under—F. O'Hearn (St. Michael's), 1; J. Phillips (St. Mary's), 2; E. Shea (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 13 4-5 seconds.  
 100-yard dash, 8 years and under—F. Mullins (St. Patrick's), 1; F. Dion (St. Michael's), 2; G. Daly (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 15 2-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, 16 years and under—G. Roche (St. Patrick's), 1; F. Ungaro (St. Michael's), 2; E. Mottram (St. Helen's), 3. Time, 12 3-5 seconds.  
 100-yard dash, 9 years and under—E. Sullivan (St. Patrick's), 1; F. Dion (St. Michael's), 2; Danoby (St. Mary's), 3. Time, 14 1-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, 12 years and under—J. Phillips (St. Mary's), 1; F. Derose (St. Patrick's), 2; E. Shea (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 13 3-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, 15 years and under—E. Hurlley (St. Paul's), 1; E. Mottram (St. Helen's), 2; A. Guay (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 14 3-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, 10 years and under—F. Shea (St. Paul's), 1; J. Malloy (St. Patrick's), 2; A. Guay (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 14 3-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, 14 years and under—C. Davis (St. Michael's), 1; N. Moore (St. Patrick's), 2; J. Phillips (St. Mary's) and J. Clark (St. Mary's), 3. Time, 13 1-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, 11 years and under—F. Derose (St. Patrick's), 1; B. Doyle (St. Michael's), 2; E. Roach (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 13 2-5 seconds.  
 100-yards dash, open—G. Roche (St. Patrick's), 1; N. McGrath (St. Michael's), 2; D. A. Balfour (St. Peter's), 3; J. Clarkson (St. Helen's), 4. Time, 12 1-5 seconds.  
 Sack race, 50 yards, 9 years and under—E. Sullivan (St. Patrick's), 1; H. Blainey (St. Michael's), 2; S. Rose (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 13 2-5 seconds.  
 Sack race, 50 yards, 11 years and under—W. Warlaw (St. Paul's), 1; W. Markle (St. Helen's), 2; S. Johnson (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 11 3-5 seconds.  
 120-yards, 8 years and under—E. Sullivan (St. Patrick's), 1; F. Dion (St. Michael's), 2; F. Mullin (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 17 4-5 seconds.  
 220-yards, 16 years and under—G. Roche (St. Patrick's), 1; J. Clarkson (St. Helen's), 2; D. Davis (St. Michael's), 3. Time, 28 seconds.  
 220-yards, 10 years and under—A. Guay (St. Patrick's), 1; F. Shea (St. Paul's), 2; B. Donoghue (St. Helen's), 3. Time, 34 seconds.  
 220-yards, 13 years and under—F. O'Hearn (St. Michael's), 1; E. Horley (St. Patrick's), 2; J. Phillips (St. Mary's), 3. Time, 31 2-5 seconds.  
 220-yards, open—G. Roche (St. Patrick's), 1; D. Balfour (St. Peter's), 2; N. McGrath (St. Michael's), 3. Time, 28 3-5 seconds.  
 220-yards, 11 years and under—E. Roche (St. Patrick's), 1; F. Derose (St. Patrick's), 2; F. Newman (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 31 4-5 seconds.  
 220-yards, 14 years and under—N. Moore (St. Patrick's), 1; C. Davis (St. Michael's), 2; R. Clarkson (St. Helen's), 3. Time, 30 seconds.  
 220-yards, 12 years and under—M. McDonald (St. Helen's), 1; E. Shea (St. Paul's), 2; J. Neville (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 32 seconds.  
 400 yards, 15 years and under—E. McGrath (St. Michael's), 1; J. Torpey (St. Helen's), 2; W. Carter (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 1 00.  
 440 yards, 13 years and under—G. Kirby (St. Helen's), 1; E. Horley (St. Patrick's), 2; E. Payne (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 1 12.  
 440 yards, open—G. Roche (St. Patrick's), 1; D. Davis (St. Michael's), 2; M. Power (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 1 07 4-5.  
 Hurdle race, 100 yards, 12 years and under—J. Phillips (St. Mary's), 1; H. Belisle (St. Helen's), 2; E. Roach (St. Patrick's), H. Tracy (St. Helen's), 3. Time, 16 2-5 seconds.  
 Hurdle race, 150 yards, 14 years and under—J. Phillips (St. Mary's), 1; C. Davis (St. Michael's), 2; E. Credry (St. Helen's), 3. Time, 23 seconds.  
 Hurdle race, 150 yards, open—D. A. Balfour (St. Peter's), 1; G. Roche (St. Patrick's), 2; T. Hennessy (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 23 seconds.  
 Three-legged race, 100 yards, 10 years and under—A. Guay and Clune (St. Patrick's), 1; M. Burns and J. Malloy (St. Patrick's), 2; V. McNeill and H. Landerville (St. Mary's), 3. Time, 16 3-5 seconds.  
 Three-legged race, 100 yards, 14 years and under—J. Neville and N. Moore (St. Patrick's), 1; J. Torpey and G. Kiely (St. Helen's), 2; C. O'Leary and C. Heck (St. Patrick's), 3. Time, 15 seconds.  
 Three-legged race, 100 yards, 12 years and under—E. Roach and J. Mohan (St. Patrick's), 1; C. O'Leary and C. Heck (St. Patrick's), 2; C. Shea and L. McCarthy (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 16 2-5 seconds.  
 Half-mile championship—D. Davis (St. Michael's), 1; T. Ungaro (St. Michael's), 2. Time, 2 57.

**BICYCLE FEATURES.**  
 One mile, 15 years and under—E. McGrath (St. Michael's), 1; T. Hennessy (St. Patrick's), 2; J. Kearns (St. Helen's), 3. Time, 3 18 2-5.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY CALENDAR FOR JUNE says:**

The Sea,  
 "How happy they,  
 Who from the toil  
 and tumult of their  
 lives  
 Steal to look down  
 where naught but  
 ocean strives."  
 —BYRON

"Sea air is proverbial as a tonic, and makes the blood dance in our veins... and with every breath we are laying in a store of fresh life, and health and energy; it is impossible to over-estimate all we owe to the sea."  
 "The Pleasures of Life."  
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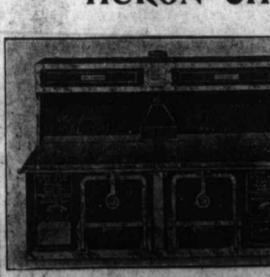
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Half-mile, 12 years and under—L. Devaney (St. Michael's), 1; E. McAuliffe (St. Patrick's), 2; H. Flynn (St. Paul's), 3. Time, 2 1-5.  
 One mile, 16 years and under—J. Kearns (St. Helen's), 1; C. March (St. Patrick's), 2; N. McGrath (St. Michael's), 3. Time, 3 24 2-5.  
 One mile, 14 years and under—C. Davis (St. Michael's), 1; L. Cleary (St. Patrick's), 2; F. O'Hearn (St. Michael's), 3. Time, 3 18 2-5.  
 Two-mile championship—D. Davis (St. Michael's), 1; J. Kearns (St. Helen's), 2; C. Davis (St. Michael's), 3. Time, 6 55 3-5.  
 Throwing baseball, 11 years and under—O. Burns (St. Mary's), 1; H. Tracy (St. Helen's), 2; B. Hailey (St. Paul's), 3. Distance, 67 yards 1 foot.  
 Throwing baseball, 16 years and under—J. Nolan (St. Ann's), 1; E. Payne (St. Patrick's), 2; G. Gayhart (St. Mary's), 3. Distance, 74 yards 1 foot.  
 Throwing baseball, 15 years and under—W. Quigley (St. Paul's), 1; J. Nolan (St. Ann's), 2; A. Dee (St. Mary's), 3. Distance, 82 yards.  
 Throwing baseball, open—W. Quigley (St. Paul's), 1; J. Clarkson (St. Helen's), 2; E. Zeagman (St. Mary's), 3.

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THE STORY OF OLD WOLF

(By James Clarence Mangan.)

Slr Isegrim, the wolf, was grown old. The years that had passed over his head, too, had brought with them changes hardly to be expected in a wolf at any season of life. All his fierceness and ferocity were gone; he was no longer the slayer of sheep and terror of shepherds; no, he had lost his teeth, and was now a philosopher. To supercilious observers, perhaps, the alteration in his character might not have been very obvious; but he himself knew that he was no more what he had been—that his lupuline prowess had departed from him. He resolved accordingly on showing mankind what a reformation had overtaken him. "One of my brethren," said he, "once assumed the garb of a lamb, but he was a wolf at heart. I reverse the fable; I seem outwardly a wolf, but at heart I am a lamb. Appearances are deceptive; whatever prejudices may be excited against me by my exterior, with which I was born, and for which I am not accountable, I have that within which passeth show. I trust that I feel an exemplary horror for the bloodthirstiness of my juvenile instincts and the savage revelings of my maturer years. I am determined, therefore, to accommodate my way of life in future to the usages of society—to march with the spirit of the age, to cut more throats; to become in short quite civilized—and set an example which may have the effect of eventually bringing all the wolves of the forest into the same reputable position as my own."

Full of these thoughts, and possibly some others, which he kept to himself, he set out upon a journey to the hut of the nearest shepherd, which he soon reached. "Shepherd," said he, "I have come to talk over a little matter with you, personal to myself. You have been long the object of my esteem; I entertain a special regard for you; but you require my esteem and regard with suspicion and hatred. You think me a lawless and sanguinary robber. My friend, you labor under a deplorable prejudice. What have I done, at least for many years back, worse than others? The head and front of my offending is that I eat sheep. Suppose so; must not every animal eat some other animal? I have the misfortune to be subject like all quadrupeds (as well as bipeds), to hunger. Only guarantee me from the attacks of hunger, and upon my honor, Shepherd, I will never even dream of pillaging your fold. Give me enough to eat, and you may turn your dogs loose, and sleep in security. Ah! Shepherd, believe me, you do not know what a gentle, meek, sleek-tempered animal I can become when I have got what I think enough."

"When you have got what you think is enough," retorted the Shepherd, who had listened to this harangue with visible impatience; "ay, but when did you ever get what you thought enough? Did Avarice ever think it had enough? No; you would cram your maw as the miser would his chest, and when both were gorged to repletion, the cry would still be, More! More! Go your way; you are getting into years; but I am even older than you; and your cajolery is wasted. Try somebody else, old Isegrim."

II. I see that I must, thought the wolf; and prosecuting his journey farther, he came to the habitation of a second shepherd.

"Come, Shepherd!" he began stoutly. "I have a proposal to make to you. You know me, who I am, and how I live. You know that if I choose to exert my energies, I can dine and sup upon the heart's blood of every sheep and lamb under your care. Very well; now mark me; if you bestow on me half a dozen sheep every twelvemonth, I pledge you my word that I will look for no more. And only think what a fine thing it will be for you to purchase the safety of your flock at the bargain price of half a dozen sheep!" "Half a dozen sheep?" cried the Shepherd, bursting into a derisive laugh; "why that's equal to a whole flock!" "Well, well, I am reasonable," said the Wolf; "give me five."

"Surely you are joking," said the Shepherd. "Why, if I were in the habit of sacrificing to Pan, I don't think I should offer him more than five sheep all the year round."

"Four, then, my dear friend," urged the Wolf coaxingly; "you won't think four too many?" "Ah," returned the Shepherd, with a sly glance from the corner of his eye, "don't you wish you may get them?"

The selfish scoundrel, how he mocks me; thought the Wolf. "Will you promise me three, or even two?" "Not even one—not the ghost of one!" replied the shepherd emphatically. "A pretty protector of my flock I should prove myself truly, to surrender it piecemeal into the claws of my inveterate enemy! Take yourself off, my fine fellow, before you chance to vex me!"

III. The third attempt generally creates or dissipates the charm, cogitated Isegrim. May it be so this present instance. As he mentally uttered this ejaculation, he found himself in the presence of a third shepherd. "Ah! my worthy, my excellent friend," cried he, "I have been looking for you the whole day. I want to communicate a piece of news to you. You must know that I have been struggling desperately of late to regenerate my character. The enormity of my past career, haunted as it is with phantoms of blood and massacre, is forever before my eyes, and humbles me—oh, dear! how much nobody can guess. I have grown very penitent, and very, very soft-hearted altogether. Shepherd. Here Isegrim hung his head, overcome for a moment by his emotions. "Still, Shepherd, still—and this is what I want you to understand—I find that I can make after all but slight progress myself. I go on snuggly enough for a while, and then my zeal flags. I require encouragement and sympathy and the companionship of the good and gentle, who could give me advice, and point out to me the path of rectitude continually. In short, you see, if—if you would, be so generous enough to allow a sheep or two of enlightened principles to

take a walk out with me occasionally in the cool of the evening, along some sequestered valley, sacred to philosophic musings, I feel that it would prove of the greatest advantage to me in a moral and intellectual point of view. But, ah! I perceive you are laughing at me; may I ask where there is anything in my request that strikes you as ridiculous?"

"Permit me to answer your question by another," said the Shepherd, with a sneer. "Pray, Master Wolf, how old are you?" "Old enough to be fierce enough," exclaimed Isegrim, with something of the ferocity of old days in his tone and eye; "let me tell you that, Master Shepherd."

"And, like all the rest you have been telling me, it is a lie," was the Shepherd's response. "You would be fierce if you could; but, to your mortification, you are grown imbecile—you have the will, but want the power. Your mouth betrays you, if your tongue don't, old deceiver! Yet, though you can bite no longer, you are still, I dare say, able to mumble; and on the whole, shouldn't I fancy being a sheep's head and shoulders in your way just now. What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, says the proverb; and I believe you are one of the last animals one could expect to falsify it. I'll take right good care to keep you at crook's length, my crafty neighbor; make yourself certain of that!"

IV. The wrath of the Wolf was excessive but after some time it began to subside. Mankind, it was evident—at least the pastoral portion of them—did not appreciate as they ought the dawn of intelligence among the lupuline race—the first faint efforts of the brute intellect to attain emancipation from ignorance and savagism. However, he would try again. Perseverance might conquer destiny. The Great, thought he, are not always thus unfortunate. Certainly it should not be so in my case. Ha! here we are at the door of another shepherd, and methinks a man of a thoughtful and benevolent aspect. Let us see how we shall get along with his new crookship.

"How is this, my dear friend?" he asked; "you seem rather depressed in spirits. Nothing unpleasant, I hope?—no domestic fracas, or thing of that sort—eh?" "No," returned the Shepherd, sighing, "but I have lost my faithful dog—an animal I have had for years—and I shall never be able to supply his place. I have just been thinking what a noble creature he was."

"Gadso! that's good news!" cried the Wolf—"I mean for myself—ay, and on second thoughts, let me add for you too, Shepherd. You have me exactly in the nick of time. It's just the nicest thing that could have happened!" "What do you mean?" cried the Shepherd. "Nicest thing that could have happened! I don't understand you."

"I'll enlighten you, my worthy," cried Isegrim in high spirits. "What would you think? I have just had the bloodiest battle you can imagine with my brethren in the forest; they and I quarrelled over a point of etiquette, so I tore a dozen and a half of them to pieces, and made awful examples of all the rest. The consequence is that the whole of the brute world is up in arms against me; I can no longer herd with my kind; for safety I must make my dwelling among the children of men. Now, as you have lost your dog, what can you do better than hire me to fill his place? Depend upon it, I shall have such a constant eye to your sheep! And, as to expense, I shall cost you nothing; for as employment, and not emolument, is my object, I shall manage to live on a mere idea—in fact, I don't care where I eat or drink; I'll feed upon air, if you only take me into your service!"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Shepherd, "that you would protect my flock against the invasion of your own brethren, the wolves?" "Mean to say it! I'll swear it," cried Isegrim. "I'll keep them at such a distance that no eye in the village shall see them; that their very existence shall become at length matter of tradition only; so that the people shall think there is only one Wolf—that's myself—in the world!"

"And pray," asked the Shepherd, "while you protect my sheep from other wolves, who will protect them against you? Am I to suppose that though you hold the place of a dog, you can never forget that you inherit the nature of a wolf? And if I cannot suppose so, should I not be a madman to employ you? What! introduce a thief into my house, that he may forestall, by his own individual industry, the assaults of other thieves on my property? Upon my word, that's not so bad! I wonder in what school you learned such precious lore." Master Isegrim?

"You be hanged!" cried the Wolf in a rage, as he took his departure; "a pretty fellow you are to talk to me about schools, you who were never even at a hedge-school!"

V. "What a bore it is to be superannuated!" soliloquized the Wolf. "I should get on famously but for these unfurnished jaws of mine," and he gnashed his gums together with as much apparent fervor as if he had got a mouthful of collops between them. "However, I must cut my coat according to my cloth." "This is not in mortals to command success," with which quotation from an English poet, Sir Isegrim made a halt before the cottage of a fifth shepherd. "Good morning, Corydon," was his courteous greeting. The accosted party cast his eyes upon Isegrim, but made no reply. "Do you know me, Shepherd?" asked the Wolf. "Perhaps not you as an individual," said the Shepherd, "but at least I know the like of you." "I should think not, though," suggested Isegrim. "I should think you cannot. I should think you never saw the like of me, Corydon." "Indeed I!" cried Corydon, opening his eyes; "and why not, pray?" "Because, Corydon," answered Isegrim, "I am a singular sort of wolf altogether—marvelous, unique, like to myself alone. I am one of those rare specimens of brute intellectuality that visit the earth once perhaps in three thousand years. My sensibilities, physical and moral, are of a most exquisite order. To give you an illustration—I never could bear to kill a sheep; the sight of the blood would be too much for my nerves; and hence, if I ever partake of ani-

Advertisement for Sunshine Furnace. Features an illustration of a man cleaning a furnace. Text includes: 'Sunshine Furnace', 'Flues Easily Cleaned', 'Cleaning out the flues of most furnaces is so difficult and complicated that only an expert can do it, and experts' services usually come high.', 'The flues in the Sunshine Furnace can be cleaned from two different clean-out doors and from the feed-door, so that there is no part of the flues which is not easily reached.', 'A special brush for this purpose is always supplied, and the operation is so simple that a boy can perform it.', 'The whole Sunshine Furnace construction is on the same plan of simplicity.', 'Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for booklet.', 'McClary's', 'LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.'

THE UNCERTAINT WINDOW

The rain began to patter on the slanting roof above Mabel's head; two drops, then three, then a dozen, and then so many that she could not count them as she lay back lazily in her comfortable rocker and tried to imagine that the roof was of glass and she could see each drop as it fell. Though the roof was not of glass, one whole side of the room was, for it was from the low, broad windows clustered under the eaves that all the light was obtained, and as the young girl glanced through them at the cloud-darkened sky the look of contentment vanished from her face, and as her glance lowered a decided frown appeared.

"There she is again. I wonder if she hasn't anything else to do besides look over here all day," she said to herself, angrily. All Mabel's pleasure in her newly furnished attic room vanished. She brought her feet to the floor with a jerk and hastened downstairs to her mother's room.

"Mamma, I think I'll have to get some heavy colored curtains for my room after all," she announced, in decided tones. Her mother, looked up in surprise. "I thought you had decided not to have curtains at all, Mabel; and surely it is nicer. Your room is so high and the windows are very artistic in themselves, and you know you thought that curtains would make your 'studio' look too much like a bedroom," said her mother.

"That was before I knew what would happen if I left the windows uncurtained," pouted Mabel. "Why, what has happened to make curtains necessary?" "Well, those flat people sit on their back porch and stare right in; and they don't seem to care one bit about it, either. One lady sits out there nearly all day, and every time I look up she is watching me."

Mrs. Porter smiled a little to herself before saying, "Well, daughter, don't you think that you are a little conceited? Maybe the lady you mention never sees you at all." Mabel was thoughtful for a minute, then she said, quietly, "Perhaps that's so. My geranium is blossoming beautifully; she might enjoy looking at that."

About an hour later, as she was practicing on the piano, Ellen, her younger sister, came home radiant with news. "Why, Ellen, where have you been staying? We were wondering if you had lost your way when you were coming from school," said Mabel to her.

"When it started to rain hard I was in front of those flats over there so I stepped inside the vestibule, thinking that I would wait until the shower had passed. But after a few moments the door opened and in came Mr. Horton. He told me that I was just the person he was thinking of, and then asked me to go upstairs with him to call on a new girl that had just come to our church. I went, of course, and just think; she's lame and can't take one step without crutches. But she is awfully nice just the same, and I'm going to see her again real soon," said Ellen, finishing her answer with a triumphant flourish out of the room, without giving Mabel a chance to ask another question.

THE UNCURTAINED WINDOW

Her mother smiled. She too had heard something of the lonely girl in the top flat, and the next morning on her way to school Ellen stopped there with the most perfect geranium from the studio window, much to the invalid's delight.

The curtains were not put up; they were not even purchased; but instead the windows of the studio had vines and glowing nasturtiums added to the blossoming geraniums, and often messages in secret code were flashed back and forth from the back porch to the attic room. Thus began a friendship that strengthens as the days go by.

The Presage of Mary O hush Thee, rest Thee, little son Within my sheltering arm, It stirs the very heart of me To feel Thee soft and warm. No sleep may touch my eyes to-night; The lamp of love burns all too bright.

The Myth of the Sunflower Jack had just brought a big yellow sunflower, that Mrs. Hall had given him, into his mother, and she had told him this little myth about it, which seemed very pretty to him: "Once upon a time the very first sunflower came out on a bank of a river. It looked all around at the sky, at the grass, and thought it would like a lovely place that it would like to stay there forever, so its roots finally struck down deep into the soil and it began to grow.

The little flower loved everything about it that God had made, but it admired the sun most of all. "Oh," thought the new flower, "how I should like to be like that beautiful sun, always making somebody warm and happy!"

And the flower thought so much about the sun and admired it so much that every day it grew more and more like it, and one day somebody came along and saw this big yellow flower growing on the bank of the river and said, "Why, how much that flower looks like the sun! Let's call it the sunflower." And that is what we've called it ever since.

"And, Jack, dear," mother said, "we all grow to be like those things that we admire, so I want my boy to love only noble, good things, and he will grow to be like them. Whenever you see a sunflower you can think of that."—Gertrude Ellsworth.

Advertisement for Labatt's Ale and Porter. Features an illustration of several beer bottles. Text includes: 'PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS BRANDS', 'The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO.', 'TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC', 'Owing to the increased price of flour and the other materials necessary for making bread, and also being interested in the cost per loaf, I had an interview with Mr. H. C. Tomlin, proprietor of the Toronto Bakery on Bathurst St., relative to the price. Mr. Tomlin told me as far as he was aware there was no intention to increase the price at the present time, and he also said he hoped flour would not advance higher, making it necessary on his part to increase the cost per loaf. I was very pleased to know this as I use Tomlin's Bread in preference to others, some of which are very good. Signed, A CITIZEN.'

Advertisement for White Label Ale. Text includes: 'THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO.', 'IF YOU ARE RENTING or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in NEW ONTARIO', 'For Particulars Write to HON. E. J. DAVIS Commissioner of Crown Lands TORONTO, ONT.', 'EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR', 'JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER DECORATOR CALSOMINER GAZIER 161 QUEEN ST. WEST Telephone Main 2677 Residence Phone Main 377', '"Cuddlin' Town" Say, have you been to Cuddlin' town, To Cuddlin' town, to Cuddlin' town? Where fairies frolic up an' down With merry elves so small an' brown, An' birdsies sing Jes' like it's spring, It's dre'ful sweet in Cuddlin' town! I take my doll to Cuddlin' town, To Cuddlin' town, to Cuddlin' town! It's awfully nice to snuggle down! When we's bofe tired of rompin' roun' We always know It's time to go An' take a trip to Cuddlin' town! I'm never 'fraid in Cuddlin' town, In Cuddlin' town, in Cuddlin' town! I'm brave when I go trav'lin' roun' 'Cause trav'lin' jes' to snuggle down An' hug up tight And say "Good-night!" 'N rock away to Cuddlin' town! How can you go to Cuddlin' town, To Cuddlin' town, to Cuddlin' town? The road is dark—there ain't a soul! In mudder's lap jes' snuggle down—She'll tuck you in, Then you'll begin To float away to Cuddlin' town! But you can't go to Cuddlin' town, To Cuddlin' town, to Cuddlin' town? 'Cause you mus' weigh a grea' big poun', You'd break my trav'lin' carriage down, Oh, poor big man! You never can Go cuddlin' down to Cuddlin' town. —Mimmy Maud Hanf, in Anislee's.

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THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brander," &c.)

CHAPTER XXIII. The Dance.

It was the evening of the dance at Kyline. For two or three days now Miss Rodney had been discontented, watching her nephew with the eyes of the mother who sees her child passed over for another.

"I always knew that Downe had it in him to be as mad as any other Englishman," she said. "And for the maddest of mad Englishmen commend me to him who has fallen under the Irish spell. To be sure Downe has a drop of Irish blood in him, but his forbears have been nearly all English, possessors by accident of an Irish estate. I only hope that the passion for restitution won't seize Downe, or he'll be remembering that Downe Castle was filched from Irishmen long ago, and will be forgiving it back again. You can't imagine what an uncomplicated person he is. He can only see straight. Honesty has put blinkers on him so that he can't look to either sides, but only ahead. You've no idea of the things he is capable of."

"Indeed I think I have," said Alison, to whom the speech was addressed, and the manner in which she said it gave Miss Rodney the wildest impulse to fall upon her neck and ask her not to break Downe's generous young heart.

"I am as mad as Downe," she said to herself, repressing the impulse. "That would be a pretty thing for a woman who has knocked about the world for fifty years to do!" "What has Downe got in his bonnet?" she asked herself later. "It is impossible that he doesn't see. All the world must see that Alison has only eyes for Sir Gerard. Yet Downe does not look as if his heart were broken. He follows Sir Gerard like a dog. Can it be that friendship is pushing out the other thing? We'll have Downe in politics before we know where we are—on a side his fathers never took."

Alison looked on well-pleased. "I have not broken his heart after all," she said, "and I am proud of it. I should have wished for a dearer kinsman than Downe." The thought of the dance at Kyline stirred her curiously. Oddly enough she had never met Gerard Molyneux at a dance, never danced with him. She hardly knew if he could dance. It was possible that he despised such things. Hitherto she had always met him on a serious plane, the bonds between them had been serious ones. Perhaps who knows—there was something wanting as between man and woman, in the varied seriousness of their intercourse. No man could be always strenuous. So far she was his one woman of all the world. Supposing he were to meet a girl gay, laughing, lovely, who would reach him through his lighter, gayer feelings. Might not such a girl dispossess her for ever? She tried to say to herself that she would love the girl her friend should choose; but she broke off with a little laugh at herself.

"I should not be hateful, I hope," she said. "But for the rest, it is the heroism of story-books. In real life one is nearly always disappointed in the wife of one's friend."

She had made unusual preparations for the dance. With a little secret thrill of shyness she had resolved to discard the magnificence that had sat so well on the young princess of Castle Barnard. Sir Gerard Molyneux had always looked at her with placid satisfaction in his eyes. Supposing she were to look more like the girl she had imagined. "Mademoiselle changes herself," said the French maid, whom Alison had added to her establishment a little while before. "It is not so much grande dame; but it is ravishing. The gown was of white silk, made with a certain severity, and trimmed with beautiful old lace. Alison had felt an inclination for chiffon and many frounces, but had repressed it, telling herself with an air of rebuke that such things were for Tessa, not for a woman of twenty-seven. She had, however, permitted the roses which Justine had suggested—roses for shoulder straps, for her shoes, roses in her hair. She had relaxed the bonds which kept her hair straight. When it was permitted to escape it waved and curled and lay upon her neck in rings. Round her throat she wore a famous necklace of diamonds and pink pearls.

She started when she looked at herself in the glass. By this radiance her old sober magnificence was dowered. Would Sir Gerard notice? What would she see in his eyes when she looked at her? Would he miss the old Alison? Would he be pleased with the new? It was most likely, she told herself, that he would see no change in her. "It is excellent, Justine," she said, stretching out her hand for her cloak. She felt oddly shy of looking at herself again, and wished the moment were over in which the old friends like Mrs. Tyrrell and Mrs. Lang might say—the one with twinkling eyes and uplifted hands—"Why, Alison!" the other fall in ecstasies over the change. Mrs. Lang had protested till she was tired against Alison's severity with herself; most of all against the bondage in which she kept her hair.

lieve Billy's the leggiest of us all; but, oh, a sweet thing! Wait till you see Billy!"

Perhaps that letter had influenced Alison ever so little in the altering of her attire. Twenty-seven! The clock of time did not stand still. It was for ever pushing forward. Already time began to fly for Alison, time which is so slow in childhood and youth, and so accelerates its pace that in middle age the whirl and clatter of its wheels deafens the one who tries to listen to it. Supposing Billy were the young girl that should supply to Gerard Molyneux the complete his feeling for herself? Alison had always loved girls younger than herself. Of late she had begun to grow fearful of them; and which of them could she trust him with herself? There was not one who would not be more exacting than she, who would be as generous in god-speeding him on a way in which she could never be the ultimate object.

Her doubt as to whether Sir Gerard Molyneux was a dancer was soon dispelled. The Duchess received the guests at Kyline. Hard by her in the background the elder Bosanquet stood, with the real owner of the house between them.

"They are our guests, but they are yours too," the old man had said to him with exquisite courtesy.

"She saw the wonder, the delight in his eyes as she entered, and her lashes fell." "You are late," he said with a certain impatience. "Everybody of any note is here. You dance the opening quadrille with me. See, they are going to form. Let us take our places."

The dance as originally intended had expanded itself almost to the dimensions of a ball. The hosts had been indefatigable in beating up dancing-men. There were a good many redcoats from garrison towns even ten miles away, and it was surprising where all the pretty girls came from. Even Ballygusha had sent some very charming and well-dressed maidens, many of them Barnards, of course, all rather jealous of Tessa in her frock of palest green chiffon and the rapture of a bride in her little dreamy face, and rather in awe of Miss Barnard of Castle Barnard.

The quadrille in which the principal guests danced was soon over. Waltz music struck up, and sitting on a round seat by the wall with Sir Gerard Molyneux standing between her and the world, Alison was conscious of an unfiled programme, and of a good many would-be partners who would come her way as soon as they discovered her. The ball-room at Kyline had a musicians' gallery running across one end of it. The gallery was continued round one side of the room. It was near the ceiling and dim in the shadow of the painted roof; beside where Alison sat, a little baize-covered door in the wall led to the gallery. Not one guest in fifty knew whither it led.

As the room cleared for the waltzers they were pressed closer to the wall. "Let us escape," Sir Gerard said, laying his hand over Alison's. "Believe I—" she began. "Refer him to me," Sir Gerard answered with a reckless gaiety which was something new in him. They passed up the little stairs together, and sat down in the gallery. Taking her great feather fan from her hands he spread it so that she might hide behind it, if she would, from the eyes in the ball-room below.

"Now no partners will discover you," he said, "unless you choose. Let me see your programme. Why empty, Alison! not a single name!" "I would not let it be filled before I came to the ball," she said, "lest I should offend someone."

"Me," he answered. "No one would dare to be offended but me. I should have found in a pretty rage if I had not found this page virgin, as it is."

Ah—there was the tone in his voice which had never been there before; beyond the affection with which he had always been there for her, something else, something that might have been there for that girl whose coming she had feared. Why, she had been missing it all those years when it had been on its way to her. She was glad to hold the great feather fan between her face and the light. She could hear her heart beat in her ears. It was sending fires to her cheeks; she looked at the dark head bent above the programme, and thought he must hear those heart-beats. He handed her back the programme with a smile that had something joyfully audacious about it. He had set his initials against all the waltzes. "Am I greedy?" he asked. "Do you suppose I should let anyone else dance the waltzes with you? You have plenty of other dances to spare. And now tell me, Alison, what have you been doing to yourself? There is some subtle change in you. You are very beautiful to-night, Alison."

though he could not trust himself to look further. "Let me be my own man for three months, four months longer," he said; and then added under his breath: "and after that yours for ever." She heard him in a placid joy. She was not the one to stand between him and his life-work. Three months' time, four months' time would not be long to wait. Why she could wait an eternity if need be, knowing what she knew now. "I promised Downe to keep him some dances," she said. "Ah! Let us go back, Alison. The next dance will be a waltz. Downe cannot have that. Why there is Downe going to dance; but who is his partner? She would make anyone but Downe look absurd. She must be over six feet high, and still growing, I should say."

Alison looked over the ledge of the gallery. Then she saw the slender, like a flower not yet unfolded from its bud. She was head and shoulders above the other girls falling even than Freddy, who was somewhere out of sight, taller than Mrs. Lang. She was standing with a hand on Lord Downe's arm, and looking very shy, evidently painfully aware that a good many people were staring at her and asking who she was.

"Why, it must be Billy," said Alison. "It can be nobody but Billy. Can you imagine that it takes ten yards of double width, twenty of single, to make a frock for that young creature? and Billy is one of nine girls of requirements as exacting!"

"I can perfectly well imagine it," he said, "although the mysteries of a single-width and double-width are beyond me. Billy is superb. And Alison, Downe seems to have eyes only for her. And by the way who is Billy?"

"It is quite true. Downe is looking at her as though she were something very pleasant. She is Miss Wilhelmina Maynard, Mrs. Lang's sister. Imagine six others growing to be like Wilhelmina!"

"No one, no man, could possibly object. If I had not a standard of height, of everything else feminine in my own mind, I should say that she was none too high, being—I beg her pardon—Billy."

Alison laughed happily. "I always said of Mrs. Lang, I said of Freddy when I saw her. I say now of Billy, that their height is the right one, and they make others look too small. They are so graceful."

"Are they, Alison?" he asked simply. "I know Mrs. Lang is charming, of course, and her sisters are good to look at, but I have very indefinite views about the things that constitute a woman's beauty—excepting only one woman. None of her beauties escape me."

"I want to go and talk to Billy—when Lord Downe gives her up," she said; and there Mrs. Lang in white. But where is Freddy? I must congratulate Mrs. Lang on the success of her labours."

"Downe?" he asked whimsically. "No, the frocks. Of course one frock may have played its part in enhancing Billy's loveliness; but Downe would be unconscious of it."

Indeed, if she had known. Downe's subjugation had begun by Billy's in the most hideous of waterproofs; but she did not know. Meanwhile Mrs. Lang was wailing in the Archdeacon's ear in what her sister called her wraith-thrue voice.

"Isn't that young man making Billy conspicuous? Poor child, as if her inches were not enough! and of course all the world knows that he is Alison's. What does he mean by it, I should like to know?"

"You said yourself my dear, that Alison would never look at him. Why then should he go on being in love with her? I think he would be a sensible young man to transfer his affections only to turn Billy's head—"

"He will only turn Billy's head—the child! What does she want with a Lord Downe. Imagine her taking Lord Downe home, perhaps in a lean time when there were only potatoes. There isn't a carpet on a floor of the rectory, and poor mamma is out-at-elbows and down-at-heel, for all she can do, the dear; and Papa's coats are disgraceful; and those children!"

"Pooh, my dear," said the Archdeacon. "Downe would never see it. I never saw anything but you when I used to come to the rectory." Mrs. Lang squeezed his arm fondly. "Everyone isn't such an old gossip as you," she said, "and I don't like Billy's taking Alison's admirer even if Alison doesn't want him. Look at her."



SAVINGS BANK vs. LIFE POLICY

In the argument upon this case it has been shown that, while the savings account is very desirable, yet the policy of life insurance has many distinctive advantages. The most obvious one is the relatively large amount payable at death. Even if persisted in, which is doubtful, many years must elapse before the deposits equal the value of the policy. Then, again, at any time after three years, the policyholder may borrow money on his policy, if needed. These and other benefits are secured by insuring in the

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ed at the Shelbourne, and Alison went about the streets oddly glad because she breathed the air of the same town with her beloved. Sir Gerard was coming and going a good deal between London and Dublin in these days; but Alison came and went without his knowing it, since he must have no distractions from the great work he had to do.

She wrote to him as she had always written, fully, frankly, affectionately, as though there were no new relations between them; and he sent her hasty notes with a suggestion of warmth in them which was perhaps only visible or palpable to the recipient. She, laying her cheek against the cream-laid official note, had a sense as of the South wind borne over forests of roses.

After her first visit to Dublin Mrs. Lang, coming to see her and asking her if she had brought back a whiff of the dear Dublin air with her, went home, rather depressed about Alison.

"She has not seen Gerard Molyneux," she said to the Archdeacon. "Was ever anything so aggravating? We must have taken too much for granted that night of those years. You ever such impracticable people!"

"I don't jump to conclusions as you do, my dear," the Archdeacon responded blandly, "and I don't really believe I was mistaken that night. Doubtless Alison is the woman to leave him to his work; by all accounts it is superhuman now."

"It is too great virtue for me," Mrs. Lang sighed. "I remember in the days when I was in love with you, before you had declared yourself, when I used to be in dear Dublin, how I used to walk along those wind-swept streets—there never was such a town for winds—hoping to meet you. I'm afraid I was rather a bold, young person, for although I used to make resolutions not to walk where I was likely to meet you—I didn't know of your hours—I used to do it all the same. Heavens how I used to feel I must sink into the earth when I saw you coming, as though I had not been willing you to come all the time!"

The Archdeacon answered her sigh, but his was one of happiness. "You had to make it very apparent to me, my dear, or I had never dared to do such a thing. Your radiant youth and my more than fifty years! How could I think that they would meet? and yet there are those who disbelieve in miracles!"

The love affair between Downe and Miss Wilhelmina Maynard had progressed by leaps and bounds. Downe was not one to go slowly about anything in which his heart was greatly concerned, although his manner was rather slow than otherwise. In the wooing of Wilhelmina he had let no grass grow under his feet. Miss Rodney had been rather disappointed in him at first in the matter of the transfer of his affections from Alison to "that gawky child," as she called Billy in her first disappointment, knowing all the time in her just heart that Billy was as graceful as a daffodil, and in time would be nobly beautiful.

"I thought I was in love with my cousin Alison," Downe said to her simply, "until I found she was meant for my masters; then I fell out of love."

"I wonder how far that discovery coincided with your meeting Miss Wilhelmina Maynard. You must drop the 'Billy,' Downe; it is no Christian name for a Countess," Miss Rodney said with her pretended sharpness. "I'm glad I was a free man when I met Billy; not that Alison would have looked at me; but supposing I had engaged myself to, or married anyone of your special pets, Sophy."

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misunderstood and down-trodden—I have trembled at the thought of my friends' governesses. After all Billy is well-born. "A grand-daughter of Sir John Maynard." "The baronetcy is an old one, I believe. I'm not a woman with a thwarted maternal instinct for nothing. I shall look after Billy's clothes. I don't believe that she has a frock with sufficient material in it. Billy in her wedding-dress will have stepped straight out of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds." (To be Continued.)

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In and Around Toronto

SCHOOL GAMES.

Friday last was a regular field day for the boys of our schools, who assembled in all their strength at the Exhibition Grounds, and under the admiring eyes of parents and friends, performed great athletic feats. An ideal day, an excellent course, and the encouragement given by the rows of spectators on the grand stand, made the afternoon a most animated one, and as the different games approached the end, the fun grew "fast and furious" while the small boys clapped their hands, and fairly yelled with delight. While great unanimity prevailed, yet a decided esprit de corps was manifested amongst the different schools. What colors are they? was asked the wearer of a bunch of ribbon on the lapel of his coat; "garnet, green and grey, the best colors in the world," answered the boy from St. Mary's. "Who is winning now? we question," a little lad of six summers. "St. Patrick's is head and I guess St. Francis is next," answered the small but doughty champion of the parish of St. Francis. The schools were distinguished by numbers and by different colors and a large green flag bearing a golden harp on its verdant surface, was seen here and there, but more or less in the background, throughout the afternoon until at the close it was announced that St. Patrick's was again the winner, when the proud standard-bearer climbed nimbly to the top of the judges' stand and there flung its folds to the breeze, to announce that the boys of St. Patrick were again triumphant. The young athletes were not by any means the only ones who possessed happiness unalloyed; the stands were packed with oranges, candies, ginger ale and best of all, pink ice-cream, were displayed most generously patronized, and the numerous patrons, big and little, seemed for the time at least to have attained a condition of perfect bliss. A great number of the priests of the city, the trustees of the schools, Mr. Wm. Prendergast, inspector, and Mr. Jas. L. Hughes, inspector of public schools, besides many busy and prominent men, evinced their interest and gave encouragement to the sports by their presence. The clerks of the course were C. J. Read, G. O'Leary and J. L. Costello, while J. J. Ward, W. Boland, J. J. Ryan, W. Prendergast, A. T. Hernin, R. Dissette, F. Lawlor and A. Short performed the offices of judges. The time-keepers were S. P. Grant and P. Kennedy. J. G. Merrick was starter. The schools came out in the following order: St. Patrick's, St. Michael's, St. Helen's, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Peter's and St. Ann's equal, G. Roach of St. Patrick's school won the individual championship trophy with 18 points. D. Davis of St. Michael's won both the half-mile race and the two-mile bicycle trophies, while J. Kearns of St. Helen's distinguished himself and his school by winning the mile bicycle race and getting second place in the two-mile race. A list of the different events and the winners in each will be found in another part of this paper.

RECEPTION AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Sunday last, the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, was the occasion of a reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin at St. Patrick's church. The young ladies of the Society assembled at 3.30 p.m., and the candidates for reception wearing their veils and accompanied by their officers, entered and took up position just outside the altar rails. The Ave Maria Stella being sung, the ceremony of reception was performed by Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., rector, assisted by Rev. Father Struble, C.S.S.R., director of the association. At the conclusion of the reception Father Barrett gave a beautiful, interesting and instructive discourse on the obligations that had just been assumed by the new members. He reminded his hearers of the feast then celebrating, and said that of all the titles of the Blessed Virgin none was more pleasing in the sight of God than that of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; he reminded them also that they had just promised to imitate the virtues of Mary, the Virgin Mother, and particularly to practice the four principal virtues of purity, humility, obedience and charity; the lily, violet, thorn and rose were selected as emblems of these great virtues; Father Barrett also explained that while angelic purity and chastity are the ornaments of the soul, that humility is its solid foundation, for without the latter there is no assurance of the permanency of the former; it was on account of her great humility that the Blessed Virgin was raised to her high estate as witnessed by her own words, "He hath regarded the humility of his handmaid"; the thorn was chosen as the type of obedience because the practice of this virtue is far from easy; he who has learned to obey has indeed made a great conquest; lastly, the virtue of charity is the greatest of all, for it is this virtue alone that is found in heaven; while on earth we must practice faith, hope and charity, yet only the last is found in the courts of the blessed. Throughout his address Rev. Father Barrett illustrated how those whom he addressed might make a practical application of his instruction, ending with the assurance that if they proved faithful children of Mary during life the Blessed Mother would not desert them in death, but would be with them and assist them to a participation in the delights of the great beyond, to a share in the love and charity of her Divine Son. At the close of the instruction the "Magnificat" was sung. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament then brought the ceremony to a close.

DEATH OF MISS EDYTH WALSH.

A death which has evoked widespread sympathy and sorrow is that of Miss Edyth Walsh, who died at her father's residence, 50 River St., on Thursday, the 16th inst., and was buried from St. Paul's church on Saturday last. The deceased young lady had been ill for ten months, during which long period she had borne her sufferings with exemplary fortitude and resignation; she is spoken of by those who were her associates since childhood as a model of every virtue, and pronounced by her teacher to have been the most perfect pupil that ever came under her tuition; clever and cultured, she was also pious and amiable, and her numerous attractions made her greatly beloved; during her illness every attention that affection could suggest was given her by the now bereaved parents, brothers and sisters, but nothing availed to keep her; the place awaiting her amongst the angels and saints cried out for the desired tenant, and even the strong chains of love were unable to keep her longer from the blissful abode. During the time in which the dead girl lay in her father's home she was visited by hundreds, amongst whom were her Sunday School class of little ones, who came in a body and kneeling around her coffin, presented a "spiritual bouquet" for the repose of the soul of their teacher. At the funeral Rev. Father Hand, P.P., said the Mass of Requiem and the young ladies of the sodality, about sixty in number, wearing their veils and ribbons, formed a body guard for their late companion, while six of them acted as pall-bearers. Amongst others present were Mr. L. V. McBrady, Mr. Hugh T. Kelly and Mr. Landy. A carriage laden with flowers which followed the hearse testified to the love and esteem borne for the deceased. Besides the father and mother, three brothers, Joseph, William and John, and her sisters, Mrs. Cullen of Rochester, Mrs. Mutton of Toronto, Emma and Rose, are left to mourn her loss. The interment took place at St. Michael's cemetery. May she rest in peace.

LORETTA ALUMNAE.

The Loretta Alumnae, after an interval of more than a year, met last week and decided to hold two meetings annually. The election of officers was also held with the following results: Mrs. O'Sullivan, President; Mrs. John Foy, First Vice-President; Mrs. T. P. Phelan, Second Vice-President; Miss Alma Small, Secretary, and Mrs. Rosler, Treasurer.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM TRACY.

This week we have to chronicle the death of Mr. William Tracy, which occurred at his late residence on Lakeview avenue, on Saturday last, and whose funeral took place from the Church of St. Francis on Tuesday the 21st inst. Mr. Tracy had been ill for nearly six months owing to a stroke of paralysis, and though at times great hope was entertained of his recovery, the attack in the end proved fatal. The deceased was the son of the late Mr. M. Tracy and a native of Prescott, Ont., where he was well known and had at one time filled the office of American Vice Consul. For the past twenty-eight years he had been in the service of the Ontario Government and during the latter half of this period had been Bursar at the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto, having been appointed to this position on the resignation of his brother Mr. Thomas Tracy, who died in January last. Mr. Tracy was a man of strong physique and large frame, one whom it would seem death would long hesitate to touch. He was also a man of much, though unostentatious, charity and many acts in which his right hand knew not what his left hand had done preceding him to the final accounting. During his long illness he received every spiritual comfort at the hands of Rev. W. A. McCann, and died fortified by the sacraments and consolations of the Church. Besides his mother, a brother, Mr. John H. Tracy of the firm of Coply, Randall & Noyes, Hamilton, and one sister, Mrs. Mooney, widow of the late D. H. Mooney, late partner in law with the Hon. Chris. Fraser, are left to mourn his loss. At the funeral the mass of requiem was said by Rev. Father Kelly of Douro, a cousin of the deceased, and in the sanctuary were Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. W. A. McCann and Rev. L. Minehan. The pall-bearers were Messrs. M. Woods, P. F. Cronin, Gowan, W. Woods, Madden and Wm. Gormally. The interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

STRATFORD

The examinations for entrance to the high school will be held in the assembly hall of the Collegiate Institute on June 28th, 29th, 30th. The Separate School will close for vacation on June 30th. The Rev. Rev. Fergus P. McEvay, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of London, administered the right of confirmation in St. Joseph's, Church on Sunday last. The Bishop's mass was at 8 o'clock and after it was over His Lordship addressed the children present in his usual pleasant manner in words suitable to the occasion. His Lordship, accompanied by the pastor, Rev. Chas. E. McGee, left in the afternoon for St. Mary's, where confirmation was said by the members of Rev. Father Brennan's parishioners. The Daily Herald, one of the best of our Canadian dailies, made its appearance on Saturday last at noon, in place of the evening. The change will be welcomed by the reading public and will eventually place money into the cash-box of its proprietors. The city council are now publishing a by-law for the construction of granolithic sidewalks on the principle avenues of the city. There is likely to be no opposition, as the work required to be done is necessary and a permanent improvement. Mrs. Thomas Byrne, Dufferin street, this city, is in Clinton attending the wedding of one of her relatives. Mr. W. J. Elliott, proprietor of the Central Business College, is leaving Stratford for Toronto, where he has leased premises for a prominent business college. Mr. Elliott will still have the Central College here under his management, but will make Toronto his headquarters and take up his family residence there. Mr. Elliott is a man of high standing financially and socially, and his opposition will be seen in the city of Toronto. We wish him the success he deserves.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 15th June, 1904.

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, 15th June, 1904. There were present: T. R. Merritt (St. Catharines), D. R. Wilkie, Wm. Hendrie (Hamilton), Wm. Ramsay of Howland, Stow, Scotland, Elias Rogers, James Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, J. L. Blaikie, Archibald Foulds, R. H. Temple, W. W. Vickers, Lyndhurst Ogden, David Smith, David Kidd (Hamilton), C. A. Pilon, Anson Jones, Alfred Hoskin, Miss H. M. Robinson, Harry Vigeon, Edward Archer, Alexander Nairn, Rev. T. W. Paterson, James Bicknell, A. W. Austin, R. N. Gooch, Robert Thompson, Albert Thompson, W. Gibson Cassels, J. W. Begly, Peleg Howland, W. C. Crowther, V. H. E. Hutcheson, Edward Hay, J. J. Foy, K. C., W. T. Jennings, O. F. Rice, C. Holland, Clarkson Jones, David Spry, Alexander Laird, Harry Sintzel, C. C. Dalton, Ralph K. Burgess, J. Gordon Jones, Ira Standish, H. M. Pellatt, F. A. Rolph, H. W. Mickle, W. H. Caswira, C. H. Stanley Clarke, A. A. McFall (Bolton), Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., J. H. Eddis, R. G. O. Thomson, et al. The chair was taken by the President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary. Moved by Mr. Thos. Walden, seconded by Mr. W. W. Vickers. That Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. R. H. Temple and Mr. W. Gibson Cassels be and are hereby appointed scrutineers.—Carried. The General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the directors and the statement of affairs.

THE REPORT.

The directors beg to submit to the shareholders their Twenty-ninth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 31st May, 1904, together with a statement giving the result of the operations for the year which ended that day. Out of the Net Profits of the year and balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the authorized contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds: (a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$299,194.04. (b) Bank Premises Account has been credited with \$25,000. (c) Rest Account has been increased by \$200,000. (d) Carried forward to Profit and Loss Account, \$140,656.56. The Premium received upon New Capital Stock, amounting to \$13,688, has been added to Rest Account, making that account \$3,857,000, equal to 95 per cent. of the Paid Up Capital. A branch of the Bank has been opened at Trout Lake, B.C., to which has been transferred the business of the Branch at Ferguson, B.C. It is with extreme regret that your directors have to announce the death of their late esteemed colleague, Mr. T. Sutherland Stayner, who has been added to Rest Account, nro 1890, and who has throughout been constant in his attendance to his duties as a director and to whose faithful services they now bear testimony. The Head Office and Branches have all been carefully inspected during the year and your directors have much pleasure in expressing satisfaction at the manner in which the Officers of the Bank perform their respective duties.

T. R. MERRITT, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Table with columns for Dividend No. 57, 5 per cent., Dividend No. 58, 5 per cent., Transferred to Rest Account, Written off bank premises and furniture, and Balance of account carried forward.

REST ACCOUNT.

Table with columns for Balance at Credit of Account, 31st May, 1903, Transferred from Profit and Loss Account, Premium on New Capital Stock, and From Profits of the year.

Twenty-ninth Annual Balance Sheet, 31st May, 1904.

Large balance sheet table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS, including items like Note of the bank in circulation, Deposits not being interest, Deposits bearing interest, and Gold and Silver Coins.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

The usual motions were submitted and carried unanimously. The Scrutineers appointed at the Meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz. T. R. Merritt, D. R. Wilkie, Wm. Ramsay, Robt. Jaffray, Elias Rogers, Wm. Hendrie, James Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt. At a subsequent Meeting of the Directors, Mr. T. R. Merritt was elected President, and Mr. D. R. Wilkie Vice-President for the ensuing year. By order of the Board. D. R. WILKIE, General Manager. Toronto, June 15th, 1904.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 1 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry. HOMESTEAD DUTIES. A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the said land, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced. Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry. APPLICATION FOR PATENT. Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. INFORMATION. Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg; Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories. JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad or other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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