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VOL. XIV., No. 26

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMBER

Recollections of an Old Irish Catholic Family of Toronto—Dr. J. J. Hayes and His Sons, Merchants and Professional Men—James M. Hayes, a Jesuit Priest in Chicago—An Editing Death-Head Scene—Some Remarks About Chicago Literary Men—The Controversy over Pope Adrian the IV's Alleged "Bull" Authorizing Henry II. of England to Take Possession of Ireland—Finerty's "People's History of Ireland."

It is time for me now to revert back to local or Toronto matters. When I came to Toronto from Hamilton in 1849, there was here a great Irish Catholic family named Hayes. It consisted of the father, Dr. J. J. Hayes, an able and interesting gentleman; Martin, the eldest son, an able and enterprising merchant; Thomas, his partner in business; and Barry, a young man who had not yet apparently decided on his vocation. There were besides two sons and brothers who did not reside here. Of these two others were James M., who was in Missouri, preparing himself to enter the Jesuit Order and become a priest of the Church; and Michael, who was pursuing his studies for a profession in St. Louis. I am not aware that Dr. Hayes practised his profession of medicine in Toronto, but I know that he was a very busy man and second only to Captain Elmley in his devotion to matters pertaining to education and religion. When Bishop de Charbonnel came to Toronto in 1850 Dr. Hayes was constantly at his disposal as adviser, and friend and he was as likely to be found at the Bishop's Palace as at his own home. A few years later when the Catholic Institute was organized, he was a prominent and active member of that organization, and when any matter came up for consideration that involved ecclesiastical authority, Dr. Hayes was the man looked to for ascertaining the bishop's views.

The Hayes Brothers had two stores on King street east, immediately east of St. James' Cathedral and then recently erected, because the great fire of the spring of 1849 had swept away all the houses on that side of King street from Church to Jarvis. In one of those stores was carried on a wholesale grocery business and in the other a hardware business, and both were thriving. But Hayes Brothers stood for more than merchandising and interested themselves in a number of undertakings, including in after years shipbuilding. Martin Hayes, the eldest of the brothers, besides being a man of affairs, interested himself in politics. He belonged to the Baldwin school of Reformers and when in 1853 George Brown began "riding the Protestant horse," and announced himself a candidate for the provincial parliament for the County of Haldimand, he organized an opposition to him and sent a man into the county to stir up the Catholic votes against him. Mr. Brown's opponent at this time was none other than William Lyon McKenzie, who had returned from exile in the spring of 1849. The latter was elected and it was to Mr. Martin Hayes' exertions that Brown's defeat was due. Michael Hayes, who was at college in St. Louis, returned to Toronto in 1850 and in course of time the family started a newspaper called the "Catholic Citizen" of which Mr. Michael Hayes became editor. The wife of Martin Hayes was a Miss Fitzgerald, daughter of a well-known Catholic lawyer, residing in Toronto. My recollection is that Thomas Hayes was

a bachelor. Barry Hayes, or rather F. B. Hayes, subsequently married a Miss Collins, a well known and highly respected member of the Catholic community, whose brother was Frank Collins, who is remembered historically now as editor of the "Canadian Freeman," and who was so bitterly prosecuted by Attorney-General Robinson, afterwards Chief Justice Robinson, head of the "Family Compact," for some slight editorial remarks derogatory to the Attorney-General's conduct. It was his defence of editor Collins that first brought the late Robert Baldwin Sullivan into particular notice as an advocate and made him the second Mayor of Toronto in 1835.

Of the Hayes brothers there are two now alive. They are F. B. or Barry, who I understand lives at Ottawa and holds a government position; and James M., who is a Jesuit priest in Chicago and has passed his eightieth year. When I called on the latter at the Jesuit College, in Chicago, a few years ago, he bore a striking resemblance to his father, Dr. Hayes, when I first saw him. Although past his eightieth year, Father Hayes is still a pretty active man. I found him principally engaged on the work of the Catholic Truth Society, and preparing the pamphlets of that organization for publication. Father Hayes is also an active worker in the temperance cause and administers the temperance pledge.

I have been led to these remarks on the Hayes family, whom I knew, by noticing a communication in print of Father Hayes of Chicago on the death of his father, which took place near Ottawa city many years ago, and which I think worth reproducing from the "Holy Family Church Calendar," the religious organ of the Jesuit Church in Chicago. There are many old citizens here who no doubt have a recollection of Dr. Hayes and will be pleased to read the following statement of his last hours, and will find it both interesting and edifying:

Chicago, April, 1906.
"Mr. Editor,—When complying in my eightieth year with your kind request to copy for publication in the "Calendar," the following private letter of mine to a dear friend, long since deceased, I thought it would edify to mention a circumstance not alluded to in the letter itself.
"In the year 1851 my father (Dr. Hayes) was present in the Novitiate chapel at Florissant (Missouri) during the taking of my first vows. After the ceremony, conversing with the Provincial, he spoke of the great joy it was to him to have one of his children thus dedicated to God's service and expressed his regret that Missouri was so distant from Canada that he feared he would not have his help in his last moments. "Have no uneasiness on that point, my dear doctor," said the Provincial, "I promise you on the part of the Society, that unless it be absolutely impossible, you shall have him with you."
From many little circumstances occurring during the following twenty-five years I was always convinced that my dear father's habitual child-like faith had taken the words of Rev. Father Provincial as a guarantee from above that his desire would be fulfilled.

The following is Father Hayes' letter to a friend in Louisville, Kentucky, dated St. Louis, Dec. 2, 1875, descriptive of his visit to his father's death bed, at the house of his brother Barry, near Ottawa, in fulfillment of the promise of the Provincial of the Jesuits, to his father, when taking his first vows:
Dear David,—When I wrote to you last I had not time to mention particulars about Canada. The first intimation I had at all of father being ill was a telegram of Martin's (his brother) from Seaford, Ont., on the evening of October 27th, that he was "sinking fast" and that I should start at once. I immediately telegraphed to you and left by the first train next morning (Thursday) about 8 o'clock. At about the same hour on Saturday morning I arrived at Ottawa, which is quite a large city, it seemed to me of some 50,000. But it was 9 o'clock before I reached Barry's house, which is about three or four miles in the bush on the other side of the large river. I don't suppose I would have found out the place or got there in time only that after crossing the ferry I happened providentially to meet on the road the "Cure," who was hastening on the same errand by a direct route through the woods. On our arrival I found the whole household kneeling around the bedside and father in his agony. As far as I could judge he was entirely unconscious of what was

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passing around him, and he had, I believe, been in that state during the greater part of the night. Extreme unction had been administered to him a day or two before. During the prayers for the agonizing which we said at intervals, his condition remained always the same until about five minutes before 12 o'clock noon. It happened that just at that moment I was the only one in the room with him. I was seated on a chair by his bedside with my face toward the head of the bed and saying my office, when noticing the breathing suddenly cease, I raised my eyes from the book to see what was the matter. To my astonishment he was looking at me and smiling, his eyes as bright and his features as natural as I had ever seen them. He then pressed my hand tightly in his token of recognition and kissed me affectionately. I was so bewildered at what was happening that I scarcely knew what my thoughts were at that moment. All I knew is that without an instant's delay, and guided I believe by a special providence of God, I told him to say an act of contrition and that I would give him the last absolution. He did so aloud, while I was reciting the prescribed formula. I then told him to say the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, which he did immediately after me and was repeating them out loud whilst I was giving him the indulgence of the hour of death. I then sprinkled a little holy water on his face, and whilst I was doing so he gently closed his eyes, for a moment only as I thought, but as God willed it, never to open again in this world. In a few seconds after his pulse ceased to beat and his soul, without a struggle, was gone to meet our Lord.

As ever, my dear David, your affectionate cousin,
JAMES M. HAYES, S.J.

As I had known Dr. Hayes well and intimately and have profited by his words of wisdom often spoken to me in my youth, I have great pleasure in copying and calling attention to this edifying death scene, but more especially as I have had some acquaintance with the writer, his priest son, also with Mr. F. B. Hayes, at whose house the edifying scene took place, and who, I am happy to hear, is still enjoying life and many blessings and possessing the esteem of his fellow citizens and co-religionists.

Chicago is not deficient in literary or scholarly matters any more than material. I notice that John McGovern, one of the literati of that city, has produced a great historical play, which is about to be staged. The new president of the Press Club is John I. Flinn, an editorial writer on the Inter-Ocean, and who as well as McGovern, has produced a number of volumes of his own. The one whom I particularly want to call attention to in that line, however, is Dr. Oliver J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, who recently resigned from the faculty of that university for want of better remuneration for his work. He was considered the best American authority on mediaeval history, a subject on which he has written numerous books which are used in all the leading colleges in the country. Among the subjects which he has studied is the alleged "bull" of Pope Adrian IV., authorizing King Henry II. of England to take possession of Ireland and effect certain religious reforms in matters with regard to which the Irish seemed to be neglectful. Professor Thatcher, after long and careful study, pronounced the alleged "bull" a forgery or, at any rate, not a regularly authenticated document.

On the other hand Col. John F. Finerty of Chicago, editor of the "Citizen," and president of the United Irish League of America, has in a new History of Ireland, not long since published, favored the authenticity of that celebrated "bull" of which he remarks:

BISHOP MACDONNELL CONSECRATED

Imposing Ceremony Took Place in St. Finian's Cathedral—Clergy and Laity Presented Gifts and Homage

Alexandria, June 25.—A most imposing ceremony took place in St. Finian's Cathedral, on Sunday, June 24, when Right Reverend William A. Macdonnell was consecrated Bishop of Alexandria. The function was the occasion for a gathering of four archbishops, two bishops and upwards of fifty priests, representing the secular clergy Redemptorists, Jesuits, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Basilians and other orders. According to the ancient canons of the church, three bishops are required to communicate the power of episcopacy. The offices were filled by Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, assisted by Bishop Scollard of Sault Ste. Marie, and Bishop McEvy of London. Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay preached the English sermon and Rev. Father Forbes of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, followed in a discourse in French. The ceremony on the whole was splendid and impressive. Elaborate preparations were made by the church and the lay people. The town of Alexandria was gaily decorated with flags, bunting and beautiful evergreen arches. The bishop-elect arrived on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock and was greeted at the station by about 1,500 people. They were organized into a procession and following the main streets, escorted the popular prelate to his place. All along the line the people demonstrated their esteem for the new bishop, who is all the dearer to them on account of his being a Glen-garrian by birth. The procession comprised members of the local branches of the Catholic Order of Foresters, St. Jean Baptiste Society, Les Artisans, Citizens' band, two pipers in costume belonging to the 59th regiment, a contingent of separate school pupils, church committee and carriages with the clergymen. Two mounted marshals, A. D. McDonell,

"Pope Adrian's gift" of Ireland to Henry II., absurd as it may appear in this age, was not without precedent in the Middle Ages, when the Roman Pontiff was regarded as supreme arbiter by nearly all of Christendom. Such "gifts" had been made before the time of Adrian, and some afterwards, but they were not considered bona fide by the countries involved. So also with the Irish people as a majority. They respected, as they still respect, the Pope in his spiritual capacity, but rightly conceived that he had no power whatever to make a present of their country to any potentate whether native or alien, without their consent. An influential minority held otherwise, with most unfortunate results, as we shall see. Some superzealous Catholic writers have sought to discredit the existence of the "bull" of Adrian, but weight of evidence is against them, and, in any case, it was "confirmed" at Henry's urgent request, by Pope Alexander III."

Mr. Finerty's History of Ireland is in two handsome volumes. Its style is easy, flowing and lucid and easy to read, for there are but few better masters of English composition than John Finerty. I notice, too, that he quotes largely from McGee's work on the same subject. The publication of the work is not Mr. Finerty's own undertaking but is the work of the Co-Operative Publication Society of New York and London, and belongs to a series of works known as the "World's Best Histories." The copyright, however, belongs to P. F. Collier & Sons, New York.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

and D. Cuthbert, kept the parade in order.

PRESENT HOMAGE AND GIFTS.

After reaching the Cathedral the new bishop, followed by visiting priests and bishops, marched to the sanctuary and there Bishop Macdonnell received the formal expressions of devotion from his people. Mr. J. A. Macdonnell stepped forward and presented the first address on behalf of the English speaking parishioners. All the societies followed and finally came the most touching welcome of all, from the children. It was read in a clear ringing voice by Master Lawrence Ronald Macdonnell, son of the late Finlay Macdonnell. Besides the addresses there were gifts of chalice from the C.M.B.A., set of vestments from the C.O.F., cope from Les Artisans and St. Jean Baptiste Society, and pontificals from the children.

The innate modesty and gentleness of the character of the new bishop, were indicated in his manner of reply to the address.

"Friends," he began, "I am embarrassed at your beautiful addresses, not because I did not expect them, but so magnificent a display as you have made was beyond my expectations.

"I was chosen against my will for this office," he proceeded, "for I feel unequal to the task."

Accepting the office under such circumstances he was not in a position to sing Alleluias just then. The argument that finally persuaded him to accept promotion were that his personal wishes should not prevail and that God had a right to use him as He wished.

He was gratified at seeing the Scotch, Irish and French unite in the welcome and express their sentiments in harmony. Were it otherwise it would be a crying shame in a Christian country. Canadians had reason to be happy and loyal for they enjoyed probably the best government in the world.

After benediction the gathering dispersed and the clerical gentlemen were dined in the palace.

THE CONSECRATION CEREMONY.

The consecration ceremonies began at 10.30 Sunday and lasted over three hours. The spacious cathedral was filled with worshippers, prominent among them being members of the Knights of Columbus from Ottawa, Cornwall and local parishes. The assisting bishops were clothed with a cope and wearing the mitre they presented the bishop-elect.

The bishop-elect answered a series of questions relating to his profession of the Catholic faith, after which the consecrator anointed the head and hands of the new bishop and gave him the crozier and ring. The Mass was continued then and at the conclusion Bishop Macdonnell received the mitre. He gave a blessing to the assembled priests, which ended the chief parts of the august ceremony.

Archdeacon Lindsay's sermon consisted of an eloquent tribute to the new bishop's charitable disposition and scholarly attainments. He wished him a long career in his new office and assured him of the genuine nature of the reception given him by the clergy and the people.

Other presentations were made. The priests of the diocese gave a donation of \$1,100 through Rev. Father Corbett of Cornwall. This is intended to purchase a team and carriage. The Knights of Columbus of Cornwall presented a beautiful cross and chain, and the Knights in general from the province presented an opal ring.

The clergy in attendance were: Archbishops Bruchesi, of Montreal; Duhamel of Ottawa; Gauthier of Kingston and O'Connor of Toronto. Bishops Scollard of Sault Ste. Marie and McEvy of London.

Fathers William Murphy, Lalonde and Carriere of Ottawa; McPail, Forbes, Devlin, O'Bryan, Fournet, Troie, Macdonald, Fiset, of Montreal; Jasmin of St. Therese; Casey of Toronto; Coffey of Guelph, Fay of Farellton; Touchette of Casselman; Coderre and McGovern of Prescott; Maloney and Conley of Hamilton; Hagan of London; McCrae, Dulin and Fox of the Palace at Alexandria, and nearly all the priests of the diocese.

The new bishop was born in the township of Charlottetown, Gleggery county, and received his secondary education in the Grand Seminary at Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1881, and spent the next four years at Gananoque. He was five years in Glen Nevis parish and was pastor of St. Andrew's from 1890 till his call to the episcopacy.

DAY OF REJOICING FOR BARRIE

On Sunday, June 17th, the solemnity of Corpus Christi, the Church of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Barrie, was in reality en fete, when the good people of the town were honored with the high privilege of having a young priest say his first Solemn High Mass in their midst. The Rev. gentleman to whom reference is made is Father John Hehir, a young man of scholarly attainments who recently completed a most successful Theological course in St. Paul Seminary and was ordained during Pentecost week by the renowned Archbishop Ireland. Father Hehir is not, however, a stranger to us, he being a cousin of our esteemed pastor, Very Rev. Dean Egan, who is to be congratulated on his kinsman's behalf.

Precisely at 10.30 a.m. Rev. Father Hehir intoned the "Asperges," which was continued by the choir, followed by the "Veni Creator Spiritus." Then commenced the grand act of his life—his first Mass—and he proceeded with the Holy Sacrifice, the members of the congregation being edified by the piety and reverence manifested during the solemn ceremony. Very Rev. J. R. Teefy, D.D., C.S.B., Toronto, performed the office of deacon, and Very Rev. Dean Egan acted as sub-deacon.

The music for the occasion was "Missa de Angelis," with "Veni Jesu" for the Offertory, all of which were exceptionally well rendered by the choir. Miss Anna Graham presided most acceptably at the organ.

The altars were very tastefully decorated. The main altar was ablaze with lights, while earth's loveliest rosebuds exhaled sweetest fragrance throughout the church.

After the Post Communion Rev. Dr. Teefy ascended the pulpit and preached the sermon of the day, and to say it was a master-piece of oratory is like "painting the lily"; the fame of the gifted speaker is so wide-spread that our modest need of praise would seem superfluous. Those who had the pleasure of listening to the distinguished orator on former occasions, were quite delighted to renew that pleasure on this occasion. He selected as his text, Tu es sacerdos in aeternum, secundum ordinem Melchisedech, "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech," from Psalm CIX., first giving his glad greetings and good wishes to the newly-ordained priest, and to the Rev. Pastor, then explaining in Dr. Teefy's own incomparable style of eloquence the sanctity, the dignity, the honor, power and responsibility of the Catholic, Christian Priesthood, and as the peroration came there was but one regret among the spell-bound listeners, and that was—the voice of the speaker had ceased.

At the conclusion of Mass the choir sang "Te Deum" and Rev. Father Hehir gave his blessing to the people. As his hand was uplifted, asking the best grace of Heaven on the assembled throng, many a fervent prayer was offered to the great White Throne that the consecrated young priest might live for many, many years to bestow his benedictions on the people and be an honor to the Church of God.

Among the first to receive the blessing of Rev. Father Hehir were his brother, Mr. Michael Hehir of New York and his two cousins, the Misses Kate and Nora Lynch of New York and Toronto respectively, who also are to be congratulated on the honor conferred on their esteemed relative.

Anniversary of Douro Church

The "Weekly Examiner," Peterboro, June 11th, gives the following interesting bit of history:

St. Joseph's church, Douro, was dedicated to the service of God on Sunday, June 11th, 1893. The officiating prelate was the Most Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough. The priest who celebrated Mass was the then rector of St. Francis Xavier's church, Brockville, and now the Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston. The preacher was the then rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, and now is the Most Rev. Bishop McEvy, Bishop of London, Ont. Rev. W. J. Kelly was rector of St. Joseph's, Douro, and still retains the same position. The corner stone was laid on May 24th—Our Lady; Help of Christians, 1892. The priest who preached on that occasion is now the Most Rev. Bishop Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie.

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THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

Along the Atlantic coast it was still winter, but where Gaetano lived, in Southern California, spring had already come, even though the calendar showed that the young year was scarcely out of swaddling clothes. In the autumn the land had lain as if asleep, wrapped in a veil of golden and silver mist, for the hills were bright with waving wild oats, the mesas shadowy with the gray of the sage brush. Then after the annual rains, the sun shone forth again, the scene took on a tinge of green, and presently the wild flowers, like troops after troops of fairies clad in fairest raiment of white and rose, blue, yellow and flame color, overran hillside and valley as if in answer to the call of the birds. "Come out in the sunshine! Come out, for it is spring."

In Gaetano's heart it was spring also on this pleasant afternoon, and as he worked in the orange orchard of "il Signor Inglese," he whistled as blithely as the Mexican thrush in the tree above him.

Gaetano, sturdy, good-looking, and but twenty years old, felt that the summer of life was before him, as rich in promise as the great, fruitful country extending on one side of the sea, and on the other three, as far as vision could reach, to the snow-crowned peaks of the giant mountain ranges.

Through the vista of the green alleys of the orchard and the lines of irrigating ditches he could see the long, low-roofed adobe ranch-house, a relic of the Spanish occupation, almost overgrown with the scarlet passion vine, typical of the fragrance of romance that clung about it still.

Before it, the ground was purple with heliotrope, varied by gay patches of wild geranium. He could see the row of eucalyptus trees, planted on the south to give shade from the heat of the summer sun; the hedge of cypress up which rose-vines climbed as if eager to get out into the world, the magnolia bushes lifting their creamy or pink-tinted chalice to heaven, the cottages behind the ranch-house where the fruit-growers lived.

As the young man's eyes lingered upon the prospect, he sighed for very happiness. Had he belonged to a colder race he might, long before this, have become tranquilly accustomed to the beauty of the landscape. But sometimes it aroused in his ardent Italian heart an intensity of emotion hard for any one but a Latin to understand.

"Yes, it is beautiful," he said aloud; "as beautiful as Italy, though never, even when Marta comes, will it be so dear."

Before the eyes of his mind arose a picture of spring in the district where he was born; the fertile slopes of the Apennines, the lakes gleaming in the heart of the valleys, the silver sheen of olive orchards, the dark green of orange and lemon trees flecked with gold, the little chapels by the wayside, the voices of the workers in the vineyards, the laughter of girls by the fountains; of Marta, merriest and sweetest of them all.

The dreamer turned again to his work. Gaetano had come to California with his parents and a round half-dozen of brothers and sisters two years before. His father Giordano, hoped by frugality and patient industry one day to buy a small fruit farm, which he would cultivate with the aid of his family. Thus they would all become well-to-do. That day was, to all appearances, still far off. Having shown skill in orange and olive culture, however, Giordano was in charge of the orchards of "il Signor Inglese," and Gaetano, after an experience in apricot and prune growing on a neighboring ranch, worked with him. At the start the young man's labor had gone for nothing, since the apricot-grower failed to pay him.

The bitter remembrance of this vain toil came to him now with the thought of Marta. He had made plans of his own which the disappointment frustrated. But he would not dwell upon them in the springtime with the world so beautiful; "il Signor Inglese" was the richest man in the country, and was not every day's work for him as good as gold in one's pockets? So, peering up into the tree under which he stood for a glimpse of the brown thrush, Gaetano whistled as cheerily as the bird, banishing all but happy thoughts.

Through the glossy foliage gleamed the white blossoms, the green newly formed spheres, and the ripened, golden fruit, growing together; the air was laden with the fragrance of the flowers. As he looked up higher, he saw a tiny cloud, half sunlight, half mist, floating in the blue sky. The breeze waited it toward the purple and snow-covered mountains, beyond which, far across a continent and beyond the sea, lived Marta, to whom he had pledged his love. Marta had promised to come, under the care of some immigrant family, to California to marry him when he should send for her. Well then might Gaetano be happy. Here he picked the ripe oranges and dropped them into the cloth-lined baskets, to be carried later to the packing house; there he examined the boughs carefully, on the watch for the first sign of the possible blight, when the leaves suddenly wilt even in the rain; the young tree struggles on, blossoms bravely, and even puts forth fruit, but the bud falls to ripen and the tree is sure to die, if the blight is at its heart. There is a chance of saving it in the beginning, however, if a branch thus grown listless is at once cut off.

As the young orchardist espied a wilted twig and pruned it with his knife, marking the tree for treatment, he heard the voice of one calling: "Gaetano! Gaetano!"

Between the lines of trees his father was coming toward him.

"Gaetano!"

"Che desiderate?" he cried, and

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started forward to meet the old man, as he called him in his thoughts. The paternal years, being fifty odd, seemed to youth; crown of age. In his hand Giordano waved something white which, as Gaetano came up, he saw to be a sheet of paper closely written over.

"Here is news from Italy," said the father, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, of home-woven straw, and fanning himself with it.

Gaetano eagerly took the letter. It was addressed to the older man by a relative who had evidently sought the assistance of the professional correspondent of the village, and the items of interest were somewhat formally set forth. But Giordano had already spelled them out, and now Gaetano, who possessed advantages of education, began to read it easily to himself.

His eyes sparkled; he smiles; once he even laughed outright. Then the brightness died out of his face, a flush overspread his dark skin, but faded as quickly, leaving him more swarthy than before. A fierce despair burned in his eyes as he raised them and looked at Giordano, and one word broke from his quivering lips:

"Marta!"

"Che fortuna! I should have told you gently, my son," lamented Giordano in Italian, laying a hand affectionately upon his boy's shoulder, "but my heart outran my feet to bring you sympathy. Non lo credo! It may not be so bad, after all."

Gaetano sadly shook his head and read aloud from the letter, in their native dialect:

"Marta is dying of the fever. All the long days she raves of Gaetano; sometimes she thinks he has forgotten his troth. Then she begs the Madonna to send him back to her. It is pitiful—"

He broke off, choked with emotion, and raising a hand to his eyes dashed away the tears that dimmed them.

"Marta is dying! Could a worse misfortune come to me?" he cried, and rushed away down the orchard and across the fields, to hide himself and wrestle with his sorrow amid the solitudes of the neighboring hills.

"Cielo! Youth is ever desperate," exclaimed Giordano, mopping his face with his red handkerchief as he looked after the young man. "Marta is a good girl, but he might better marry Bianca, the daughter of Cassini, who came out here with us. Cassini has done well with his market garden, and would give her a dowry. Buno! It may come about in the end."

To Gaetano, speeding away, as if with the wish to outstrip sorrow in the race of life, existence seemed no longer tolerable with Marta lost to him. In his frenzy he was tempted to hurl himself into the depths of the canyon or plunge his knife into his heart. But a power like Marta's gentle hand upon his arm, the voice of his guardian angel in his ear, restrained him. As he stood on a hill-top and looked across the green valley to the white and purple mountains, and above them still to the calm sky, he stretched forth his arms in pleading to Omnipotence and cried out, simply as a child:

"O God, spare Marta's life! O Madonna mia, obtain that we may meet again."

Quite exhausted by his mad fight, he slung himself upon the ground and sobbed out his misery.

With calmer thoughts a plan took form in his mind.

"Marta asks for me. I will go to her," he said, springing to his feet.

The sun had now set. He turned to his home in the valley. No one was there; on a balmy evening, who with Latin blood remains indoors? Going to a corner where he kept his belongings, he tied up a change of clothing in a kerchief of generous dimensions, hid a leather money-belt, unfortunately light of weight, in his bright-colored girdle, and took his coat. Then, after forcing himself to eat a little of the supper of fruit and bread set ready for him on the table, he took a loaf under his arm, trudged through the dust of the road in the moonlight toward the pass of the hills.

It was very early on a June morning, but the air was chill and a fog lay over the great city of New York, shutting out from view the smoke-stacks of the ocean steamers lying at the piers in the North River, the cruisers for the time at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Statute of Liberty and the shipping down the bay. At the entrance to one of the bridges, those bonds of steel that bind Greater New York to old Manhattan, a party of boys had built a bonfire some hours earlier and a few bright embers still glowed in its heart.

Here, close to the place where the heat had been the roundsman of the beat now found a man lying on the ground asleep.

"You drunken tramp, wake up and move on," he called, roughly, giving the prostrate vagabond a thrust with his foot.

The sleeper stirred, but did not awaken.

"Up with you, I say!" repeated the trusty guardian of the law. And stooping, he caught the vagrant by the coat and shook him vigorously. The man staggered upright and wrenched himself free.

He was a young fellow; his beardless face was not the countenance of a hobo, and the dark eyes that looked out from it were keen and clear, not dimmed by dissipation.

These characteristics in his favor were lost, however, on the police officer, who, newly appointed to the force, prided himself on his efficiency.

"What are you doing here, you da-go?" he continued, flourishing his club significantly. "I arrest you for sleepin' in the streets. Come along with me without trouble; it'll be the better for you."

Business in the E— Police Court was rushing later that morning, and the sharp-featured little magistrate was meeting out sentences to disorderlies and petty offenders at the rate of one every three minutes.

Impatience quite overruled the judicial calm when the young Italian found asleep by the bonfire stood before him.

"Humph! That such an able-bodied fellow should be arrested for vagrancy," he snapped out. "Are not you ashamed of yourself, young man?"

The prisoner steadily met the stern eyes fixed upon him.

"No, Excellence, I am not ashamed," he said.

The judge started. His words had been but the beginning of a homily, such as he sometimes addressed to hardened cases. He expected no reply, yet that gently spoken "Excellence," even more than the sturdy denial, disarmed him.

"Then how is it you are reduced to this? There is employment to be found by those who seek it," he proceeded, with a frown.

"I work in California," explained the young man, with a soft Italian accent. "One day a letter from Italy brought bad news, 'Marta, the betrothed of Gaetano, is dying,' it said; 'she begs to see him.' I am Gaetano, Excellence, Gaetano Decardo. That evening I set out to return to my own country and to Marta. I had little money. Sometimes I rode under the freight cars, sometimes I walked for days. When I could, I worked to earn food and lodging; often I endured hunger. My clothes have turned to rags. The dangers of the desert, the loneliness of the mountains, the noises of the cities have in turn terrified me. It may be that my betrothed is dead long before now but I will not think so. I got here last night. To-day I find a ship. You will let me go free, Excellence?"

For fully a half minute the little magistrate gazed at the prisoner without speaking.

There was a ring of truth in the young Italian's voice. His haggard air and apparent physical weakness despite his stalwart build also weakned for his story.

The judge softened. He was human after all.

"Decardo, are you hungry now?" he asked, leaning over his desk.

A red glow mounted to the brow of the prisoner. For a moment he did not reply. At last he admitted shamefacedly:

"Excellence, I have not tasted food for two days."

"Very well. The best sentence for you is a dinner, boy," declared the judge, with whimsical severity.

Writing a few words upon a slip of paper, he handed it to Gaetano, adding: "This is an order on the restaurant across the street. Return here this afternoon. By that time I hope to have arranged to send you back to Italy."

Two days later Gaetano was on his voyage across the sea.

Somewhere in mid-ocean, unseen, unknown, his ship passed another, westward bound.

One forenoon soon afterwards, with a party of Italian immigrants just landed at Ellis Island, stood a fragile young girl.

"She is too pale; she will not be permitted to stay in this country," her compatriots whispered among themselves.

"She has been ill, but she will soon be strong again," said the mother of the family in whose care she had made the journey.

"I am Marta Franconi," declared the girl to the interpreter. "I am come out to marry my betrothed, who should be here to meet me. He lives just over in California; surely if he is not here to-day he will come to-morrow."

Despite the ominous prediction of her companions, Marta obtained a clear bill of health; the few shining coins she wore in a little purse suspended by a chain from her neck saved her from being returned to her own country as one likely to become a pauper here, but to send her across the continent was not to be thought of. She must wait for Gaetano to come and marry her.

When Marta remained day after day in the lodging of the detained

woman immigrants, and yet he did not come, with unflinching trust she still had recourse to the sweet confidence of her maiden heart, the Blessed Madonna.

"Nuestra beata Signora will make intercession for us and set all things right," she said.

Finally, word came from the tranquil orange valley in the distant West: "My son Gaetano disappeared the day we dyed," Giordano wrote to the commissioner. "We know not whether he is living or dead."

By her handiwork Marta had shown that she could earn her bread. She was released accordingly, but only to find that the family with whom she came over had migrated to some other place. Through her skill in lace-making and embroidery, however, she was able to gain a pittance in the great city. Toiling sometimes far into the night, she made few acquaintances. The summer passed; September with its harvest of sunshine faded away. It was now October. One evening, on her way home from work Marta stopped at a little church in the crowded Italian quarters. Here she always found comfort. Here the sweet face of the Madonna looked down at her from the gilded frame of a beautiful picture as through a window of heaven. Marta had been very lonely to-night, but this pause when the light of the chancel lamp led like a star to the Door of Peace made her brave again.

In a corner of the church an old man knelt, beating his breast; near by a condottina with a shawl over her head recited her rosary audibly and with extended hands; several trichins from the street, with faces like Raphael's cherubs, and an exuberance of spirits the reverse of cherubic, passed noisily through the aisle; a man came in quietly and knelt at the back of the church.

Marta rose from her knees and turned to go out into the world, taking up the burden of life once more.

As she drew near the man kneeling at the last bench, her attention was in some way attracted to him.

"He is a sailor, or just from a voyage," she said idly to herself.

He raised his eyes.

Marta caught at the back of a bench to keep from falling.

Was this an apparition?

"Gaetano!" she gasped. "Gaetano!"

He had stared at her like one in a dream, but now he started up.

"Yes, Gaetano!" he cried. "Ah, carissima mia, from across the mountains and over the seas I have sought you long!"

"I waited, mio caro, but when I grew better of the fever and my uncle wanted to marry me to Guido, the vine-dresser, my mother let me come to join you as we planned," stammered Marta, in an ecstasy of happiness. I knew Nuestra beata Signora would guide you to me. But, ah, think of it, Gaetano, had you not come in here you would have passed me by."

Gaetano drew her into the little porch and poured out his heart in an eloquent Latin speech:

"Gloria mia, when, after landing in Italy and walking many a mile, I reached our village," he said, "they told me you had come to America with the de Sorios. As soon as might be I got work on a ship again to return to the United States and seek you. But I was too eager to be cautious. After we sailed I discovered we were bound for Argentina. Only now have I got back to New York. To-day I searched through this quarter for the de Sorios, but they have disappeared. Those who remembered them declared that no young girl was with them. When I spoke your name, Marta, no one knew or had heard of you. A few moments since, passing along the street, I came to this open door. 'I will go into the church,' I thought, 'and at least give thanks that our ship was not lost in the storm we encountered when coming up the coast.' And so, beloved, as by chance—but no, surely it was a providence—I have found you. Ah, truly, God is good."

"Yes. Though so near, how easily we might have been again lost to each other," said Marta, trembling at the very mention of the danger escaped.

"Marta, I have money," continued Gaetano, proudly. "While we were at anchor in the harbor of a southern port, a passenger fell overboard. I jumped after and saved him. For me, who can swim like a fish, it was nothing. But he said otherwise, and rewarded me. Carissima mia, we will wed now, and I will take you with me to California, as I promised long ago."

That same evening Gaetano and his betrothed were married in the little church.

Thus it happened, Marta went back no more to the detestable sweatshop. Instead, the next day she set out with her husband for the beautiful valley of the Pacific slope, where, close to the old ranch-house and beside the fragrant orange orchard, Gaetano made for her a home.—Mary Catherine Crowley in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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If your feet yearn for rest and comfort "Foot Elm" will satisfy them. It prevents sweating and makes tight shoes easy. It's a fine thing for breaking in new shoes.

The silver jubilee of Rev. Father Duhan, O.M.I., parish priest of Notre Dame de Grace, Hull, was celebrated on June 11th by High Mass and concerts in honor of the Rev. Jubilarian.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little ones. Mother Graves' Worm Extremator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

The Catholic convent at Maryport, England, has just won high distinction. At the recent examinations held by the London College of Music, the three pupils sent from the convent, Miss Brown, Miss Wilkinson, and Miss Stubbs, passed first class, Miss Wilkinson obtaining 100 marks.

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IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

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will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Davitt's Valedictory

The will of the late Michael Davitt leaves the entire estate to his wife. It concludes:

"To all my friends I leave kind thoughts, and to my enemies the fullest possible forgiveness. To Ireland I leave an undying prayer for the absolute freedom and independence which it was my life's ambition to obtain for her."

The will contains the following: "Should I die in Ireland, I wish to be buried at Straide, Mayo, without any funeral demonstration. If I should die in America, I must be buried in my father's grave at Manayunk, near Philadelphia, and on no account must my body be brought to Ireland. If I should die in any other country outside of Great Britain, I wish to be buried in the graveyard nearest to where I may die, with the simplest possible ceremony. Should I die in Great Britain, I must be buried at Straide."

"My diaries are not to be published as such, and in no instance without my wife's permission; but on no account must anything harsh or censorious written in said diaries by me about any person, dead or alive, who has ever worked for Ireland, be printed, published or used so as to give pain to any friend or relative."

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

The Laity We Want

What qualities and attributes, says the Chicago Catholic Citizen, should be desired in the laity of a modern democratic country, such as is the United States of America?

1. Intelligence, of course. We want the Catholic laity to average up to, or beyond, the intelligence of the several communities in which it dwells. To that end we want an adequate proportion of Catholics in the learned professions. We welcome the Catholic doctor, lawyer, teacher and newspaper man as real sources of strength to the Catholic community.

2. Civic patriotism. Whatever remaining tendency there is among Protestants to regard Catholics as a class apart and not entitled to the full heritage of American citizenship, should be met and overcome by a more than average disposition on part of Catholics to participate in civil affairs, and always on the right side of all moral questions involved.

3. Catholic public spirit—an interest in "things Catholic." This may be manifested by association with Catholic societies, participation in Catholic movements, the reading of Catholic papers (an indispensable method of cultivating intelligent interest in Catholic affairs), and the active support of the church, moral and material, in all its energies.

4. Last, but not least—Catholicity, the knowledge and practice of one's religion, the bringing of the teachings of the Church into one's conduct in private and commercial life, the upbuilding of Christian homes, the religious education of the children, and love of neighbor, with all that this implies.

Something is missing to the ideal, if all four of these attributes are not sought after. Piety without intelligence, will save souls; but intelligence joined to piety will save souls and promote religion.

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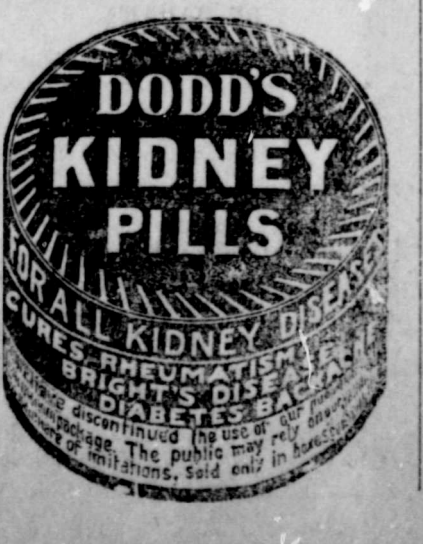
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The Children's Page

FIRST COMMUNION.

And so, my darling, you will kneel to-day For the first time before God's holy altar.

And I will throw all worldly care aside. And think of nothing save the Guest we cherish,

HOW TOM SAVED HIS FATHER.

"Yes; Tom's been here. Can't you tell he's been here? See the mud on the floor, all the way from one door to the other.

COULD YOU DO BETTER?

"There is something about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said the German artist, who has been in this country about a year.

FIDELITY OF DOGS.

Here are two little stories from our Dumb Animals, illustrating the fidelity of which dogs are capable:

LEARN TO SWIM.

The long and somber chapter of drowning accidents which is a part of our Summer history, has opened, says the Irish-American.

"In some way this boy—I do not know who he is, as I did not see him—discovered the damage done by the water.

"The car had started on the down grade, when the boy appeared in the middle of the track waving green branches and his hat.

"They had all they could do to stop the train. The engineer said he thought at one time the train would run over the boy.

"When the men started to examine the bride, he just fainted. A doctor on the train took charge of him.

"There is a carriage just coming here," said Nellie. "And Tom is getting out! Why"—and away she ran to meet him.

Yes, it was Tom, somewhat pale, but trying to appear as if he had done nothing. Tom had saved the train, a large number of passengers—and he had saved father.

"There is something about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said the German artist, who has been in this country about a year.

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?" was his first question. "Boston," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of Illinois?" "Chicago," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of Montana?" "Helena," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of Wyoming?" "Cheyenne," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of New Mexico?" "Santa Fe," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of Arizona?" "Phoenix," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of California?" "Sacramento," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of Texas?" "Austin," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

"What is the capital of Florida?" "Tallahassee," was the prompt answer from the young woman.

wandered away a short distance, came bounding back. In an instant he had the savage by the throat and threw him to the ground.

The little girl (now a grown woman) is a dear friend of the writer. Now, children, let us remember that other dogs are capable of just such bravery and that they will risk their lives for those they love.

The story of a dog's affection for its little mistress from whom it would not be separated even by death, was brought here by the steamer Columbia, which arrived to-day from Glasgow.

Among the passengers on the steamer was Andrew MacDonald, who was bringing his four-year-old daughter, Mary, to America for the benefit of the sea voyage might be to her health.

The little girl's two collie dogs, Daisy and Ben, accompanied them, and until she was taken ill spent all her waking hours with her pets.

When the storm became more severe the child became violently sea-sick and died. The dogs missed their little mistress and whined constantly until they were taken to the cabin, where preparations were being made to bury the child's body at sea.

"Persian horses," says Mrs. Bishop in "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan," "are to be admired and liked. Their beauty is a source of constant enjoyment, and they are almost invariably gentle and docile.

"I guess you're about right, youngster," he said. "It is like a ray of hope. It's about the first as a chap sees on comin' here, when he's apt to feel down in the mouth.

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stances where accident or injury are not threatened. The terrible losses in the Slocum district would have been largely, if not wholly, averted had the people on board the steamer been able to swim, even for a few yards, since most of them were drowned close to the shore.

The drowning accidents at our beaches, too, where people who cannot swim suffer themselves to be led into too deep water, or are pitched into the sea by the malign hoodlum who rocks the boat, would never, or seldom, occur if the bathers would practise a few of the swimming strokes before they ventured beyond the life lines, for swimming is quickly and easily learned, and the one who is conscious of his ability to keep afloat, even for a few minutes, is less apt to lose his head in an emergency than is one who may fall overboard, even in shallow water and close to the land.

THE WHITE MAN'S STAR.

(Anna T. Sadler in the Messenger.) When Jack Morris went off to Alaska, it was with the highest hopes. He saw before him the gleam of gold, as mariners of old saw the fabled treasure ship or the glint of the Hesperides.

Then he wandered forth again, to find the shades of evening falling over the busy and populous streets of the little mining town.

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"I guess you're about right, youngster," he said. "It is like a ray of hope. It's about the first as a chap sees on comin' here, when he's apt to feel down in the mouth.

bronzed his complexion to an indescribable color. He had endured, as the seasons came and went, more of misery and privation and loneliness and homesickness than he would ever be able to express, even to his nearest and dearest.

Under the inspiration of his new resolve, Jack Morris went to work with new ardor. A prospecting expedition set out from Nome, despite the unpropitious season and the probability of unusual hardships, and the young man accompanied the party.

Fortune, which had hitherto proved singularly neglected, actually turned upon him at last. He won gold, thousands of dollars in dust and nuggets. His wildest dreams were surpassed. He could go home now to keep his mother in comfort and luxury forever.

He did not wait for the camp in the hills to break up, but in company with the veteran, his first Alaskan acquaintance, he set out to return to the town, which was at no very considerable distance.

Grimly they struggled over the frozen tundra, hoping to discover some indication which might guide their steps aright. A nameless terror was in their hearts, for many a grewsome tale was current of miners who had perished after indescribable sufferings, almost within reach of help, wandering over the plains in darkness.

"I guess, Jack, if you've got any of that religion left about you after six years' wear and tear, you'd best put 'up a prayer'."

"Yes," assented Jack, "it's about our only hope," and he did pray with a warmth and fervor which had remained aglow within his chilled and benumbed frame.

"No!" objected Jack, "I'm not dreaming. She always says her Rosary in the evening. She's saying it for me!"

"The veteran had no knowledge of 'the Rosary.' The two ploughed on again in silence. Worse than the 'mush' of Arctic moss in summer or the 'nigger grass' laying snares for the feet of the unwary, was the stiff, hard frozen sheet of ice, being now gradually covered with deep and treacherous snow.

"I guess your God don't hear much!" the veteran exclaimed, unconsciously, echoing what was said of old to the faithful who labored under the Covenant. Scarcely had he spoken when he was stricken into a silence of awe, almost of terror.

Through the snow mist, darkening into the blackness of the Arctic night, at a comparatively short distance from where the comrades stood, there suddenly appeared upon the darkness a quick, vivid flash of light and a radiance as of many stars gemming a miniature firmament.

"Look! Look!" cried Jack, gripping his companion's arm, while the veteran, taking off his cap, bent his head, "we are saved, saved by the 'White Man's Star.'"

"The cross erected by the Rev. Father Jacquet, S.J., first resident missionary in Nome, and lighted at his suggestion.

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PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor.

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

Subscription rates

City, including delivery... \$1.50; Outside points... \$1.75; Foreign... \$2.00

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TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1906.

A COMPREHENSIVE CHURCH.

In the best and truest sense the title above is predicated of only one Church. This is the Church of Rome, whose right to comprehensiveness and Catholicity in time and place there is none to dispute.

one whole. Just as the organs of the body join together to form one body, which as one and a whole is animated by the soul, so do the various parts of Christ's mystical body unite and form the Church.

UNIVERSITY GOVERNORS.

On Tuesday last the Government chose the new Board of Governors in whose hands would be vested the management of the University of Toronto.

ANOTHER EXPOSURE.

If the narrative concerning the operations of a Toronto abattoir published in the World of Tuesday morning be true in effect or intention, there is not the least doubt that a rigid and vigorous investigation of this class of business must be undertaken without delay in the interest of public health.

APPEAL OF A STRUGGLING MISSION.

In another part of our paper is found an appeal from Rev. Father H. W. Gray of Norfolk, England, on behalf of a mission in which the Holy Sacrifice is offered in a garret, and in keeping with this, poverty reigns supreme in the surrounding atmosphere.

Guelph Notes

His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, in compliance with the advice of his physicians, has returned to St. Joseph's Hospital for a few weeks for special treatment, and it is reported he is doing as well as can be expected after his operation.

Prominent Catholic of Montreal Dead

Last week we were only able to note the sad fact of the death of Mr. F. B. McNamee, one of Montreal's best known Catholics, and one whose name and memory will long be reserved for his great work in connection with the charitable and philanthropic institutions of the city in which the greater part of his long life of 79 years was passed.

Knowing The Church

One of the most fruitful reasons for adherence to Protestantism in the rank and file is the existence of the widespread belief that it knows and understands Catholicism, and knowing it, must have shun it for the soul's sake.

Cathedral, Convent and Hospice Destroyed by Fire in Nicolet

Shortly after six o'clock on the morning of the 22nd inst., the fire, which had raged all night in the village of Nicolet, Que., and which had done in all damage estimated at \$700,000, was finally extinguished.

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

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Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE. 152

Loretto Abbey

The Commencement Exercises of Loretto Abbey were held on Wednesday morning, the 20th inst., in the Abbey concert hall, a number of the resident clergy and the parents of the graduates attending.

In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, Vicar-General McCann presided.

After the final chorus the Vicar-General rose and graciously complimented the young ladies on the success of the entertainment and on the honors received. He offered some words of advice to all the pupils as to their manner of spending the holidays, recommending them to shed sunshine on those about them in the home circle. He then addressed himself particularly to the graduates, who were going out of school-life into life's school. They were exhorted to prove themselves ever true children of Loretto and to carry out in their daily lives the valuable instruction they had received during their stay at the Abbey.

At the conclusion the reverend speaker commended the pupils one and all, during vacation and during their life-time to the care of Mary.

"Ave Maria Loretto."

Following is the programme: Anthem—"Salve Regina." Plain Chant Crowning of the Graduates. The Rose-bud Blows!..... Chorus Distribution of Graduating Medals. Senior Choral Class.

Tripping O'er the Hill Comes Lovely June.

Conferring of Medals and Honors in Senior and Junior Academic Classes.

Recitation—"A Legend of Service....." "Van Dyke Vocal Duet—"I Saw from the Beach" Murrum Soft, Ye Breezes!—Senior Choral Class.

Piano Solo.....Singing Vocal Solo—"Believe Me if All These Endearing Young Charms"

Recitation Vocal Solo—(a) Silent, O Moyle, (b) The Minstrel Boy.

Distribution of Departmental and Toronto University Music Certificates. Ave Maria Loretto—Senior Choral Class.

"God Save the King."

GRADUATES OF 1906.

- Miss Alston.....Toronto
- Miss Corcoran.....New York
- Miss Chafey.....Pittsburg
- Miss Deoie.....Toronto
- Miss Gager.....Toronto
- Miss Leonard.....Buffalo
- Miss Martin.....Toronto
- Miss Phelan.....Toronto
- Miss Ryan.....Toronto

HONOR LIST.

Graduating Medals conferred on Miss Florence Alston, Miss Florence Chafey, Miss Sileen Corcoran, Miss Blythe Gager, Miss Helen Leonard, Miss Mabel Martin, Miss Clare Phelan, Miss Susie Ryan.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine in Senior Department, presented by Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., awarded to Miss Mabel Morton.

Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine in Intermediate Department—Obtained by Miss Irene Hynes.

Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine in Junior Department—Obtained by Miss Frances Hearn.

Gold Medal for Church History, presented by Rev. P. McGuire—Equally merited by Miss Eileen Corcoran and Miss Clara Phelan.

Prize for Good Conduct in Senior Department in Boarding School—Miss Hattie Upper, in Day School—Miss Cecilia Hynes.

Prize for Good Conduct in Intermediate Department in Boarding School—Equally merited by Miss Inez Mulligan and Miss Marie Krug; obtained by Miss Krug; in Day School Miss Mabel Orpen.

Prize for Good Conduct in Junior Department—Miss Gertrude Doyle. Bronze Medal, graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, for Excellence in English Literature—Obtained by Miss Florence Alston.

Gold Cross for Proficiency in Under-graduating Class—Obtained by Miss Agnes McKenna.

Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Mrs. John Foy—Obtained by Miss Ethel Hughes.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe—Obtained by Miss Eva Guilfoyle.

Gold Medal for Latin, presented by Reverend W. A. McCann—Obtained by Miss Helen Leonard.

Gold Medal for Proficiency in Third Year Academic, presented by Rev. G. A. Williams—Obtained by Miss Irene Malone.

Gold Medal for Ceramic Art—Awarded to Miss Josephine Bawlf. Special Prize for Painting—Obtained by Miss Alice Grace.

First Prize for Painting—Obtained by Miss Gertrude McCauley and Miss Irene Charles.

Prize for Regular Attendance—Obtained by Miss Victoria Rooney.

Promoted to the Graduating Class—Miss Agnes McKenna, Miss Louise Connee, Miss Josephine Bawlf, Miss Evelyn Foley, Miss Mamie Fulton, Miss Gladys Moore.

First Prize in Second Year Academic—Obtained by Miss Gertrude Kelly.

First Prize in First Year Academic—Obtained by Miss Mary Fee

First Prize in Senior Fourth Class—Obtained by Miss Mary Enright.

First Prize in Junior Fourth Class—Obtained by Miss Mary Hearn.

First Prize in Senior Third Class—Obtained by Miss Irene Martin.

First Prize in Junior Third Class—Obtained by Miss Frances Hearn.

First Prize for French in Senior Matriculation Class—Obtained by Miss Pearl Foley.

First Prize for French in Junior Matriculation Class—Miss Berna Loughrin.

First Prize in Fifth French Class—Obtained by Miss Florence Alston.

First Prize in Fourth French Class—Obtained by Miss Frances Adam.

First Prize in Third French Class—Obtained by Miss Christina Clairmont.

First Prize in Second French Class—Obtained by Miss Nora Hutcheson.

First Prize in First French Class—Obtained by Miss Catharine Hayes.

First Prize for German in Junior Matriculation Class—Obtained by Miss Pearl Foley.

First Prize for German in Junior Matriculation Class—Obtained by Miss Christina Clairmont.

First Prize for Italian—Obtained by Miss Hattie Upper.

First Prize for Drawing—Obtained by Miss Beryl Blackwell.

Prize for Drawing—Obtained by Miss Mary Hearn.

Prize for Fancy Work in Senior Department—Miss Alice Grace.

Prize for Fancy Work in Intermediate Department—Miss Gertrude Kaake.

Prize for Plain Sewing—Miss Emmeline Clisdell.

Prize for Writing in Intermediate Department—Miss Mary Snillie.

DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATIONS

Senior Leaving, Part I—Miss Florence Conlin, Miss Bessie Gaitan, Miss Mary Power.

Senior Matriculation—Miss Violet Boyington.

Junior Leaving—Miss Sadie McSedle, Miss Fabiola Bartless, Miss Helen Leonard.

Junior Matriculation—Miss Grace DeFoe, Miss Ethel Hughes, Miss B. Moore.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for Toronto University, Senior Grade Certificate with first-class honors—Obtained by Miss Florence Smith.

Silver Medal for Toronto University Junior Grade Certificate, with first-class honors—Obtained by Miss Florence Phelan.

First Class Honors, Senior Piano, Toronto College of Music—Miss Gladys Moore.

Prize for Satisfactory Progress in Toronto University Primary Grade—Awarded to Miss Anna Gartlan.

Prize presented by Mrs. Ryan-Burke in Intermediate Vocal Class—Merited by Misses May Wolfe, Frances Adam, Hattie Upper—Obtained by Miss Frances Adam.

Prize in Junior Vocal Class—Awarded to Miss Leona Millar.

Prize in Primary Vocal Class—Miss Norine Baker.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal in Commercial Department, presented by Mr. J. B. Seitz—Obtained by Miss Gertrude McCauley.

Diplomas for Stenography and Typewriting—Obtained by Misses Gertrude McCauley, Susie Clegg, Laura Clairmont, May Wolfe, Fronez Gleason, Mary Cushing, Mary Flanagan, Annie O'Donnell, Matilda Twohey, Helena Tevlin, Luella Elliott, Sibb & Maedonald, Christina Clairmont, Estelle Kennedy, Beryl Blackwell, Gertrude Kaake, Irene Moore.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Honorable Mention—Misses Eileen Corcoran, Ruth Kellogg, Luella Elliott, Mary Kinsella, Margaret Coughlin, Jennie McLaughlin, Mamie Clarke, Georgina Simpson, B. Simpson, Teresa McKenna.

Second Prize—Misses Virgie Cooney, Vera Pearson, Gladys McConnell, R. Murphy, E. Roessler, M. Wheeler, M. Enright, F. O'Leary.

The Rev. Warren F. Parke, who was raised to the holy priesthood at the Kenrick Seminary recently by Archbishop Glennon, was reared a strict Protestant, and was studying for the Episcopal ministry until his conversion to Catholicity six years ago, in Chicago. All of his friends and relatives are still members of the Episcopal Church.

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The French Invasion

Possibly nothing about a woman's appearance is quite so noticeable as the condition of her hair. If it be well kept, shining and glossy, and arranged neatly and becomingly, she is almost sure to look well in every respect, whereas, if it be thin and straggly, and ill-cared for, the prettiest of frocks cannot redeem her appearance.

Jules and Charles, those Parisian experts in hair needs, are meeting with great success in their electric scalp treatment for rejuvenating faded tresses. They have two new men from Paris to do that beautiful Marcel wave for which their little shop is noted, and their patronage for hair-dressing is remarkably large.

A new idea, for which Messrs. Jules & Charles are responsible, is a pin-curl, which is merely a pretty wavy front to be fastened on with hairpins over one's own locks, and which, unlike them, will not become disarranged or wispy on the longest of boat or train trips. These are quite invaluable for summer traveling, and I am sure the tourist will appreciate them.

BOOK REVIEW

"The Ordinary of the Mass" by Rev. A. Devine, C.P., is a book of 311 pages and contains between its covers a wonderful fund of instructive matter with which it would be well that every Catholic should be familiar, but which to the majority is known only in outline. The first chapter deals with the origin, significance and use of the Sacred Vestments. This introduces the matter proper of the volume, namely, the "Ordinary of the Mass," which is explained even to the minutest detail. The subjects of "Solemn High Mass" and "Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," are also fully treated. A chapter is devoted to the Liturgical chants and Sacred Music, with references to the Motu Proprio, all matter of moment. Altogether the work deals comprehensively and in a most illuminating manner with the sacred subjects treated, and could not prove but a means of wonderful enlightenment to the majority into whose hands it might fall. Publishers, R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., Paternoster Row, London, Eng. Price \$1.60, at W. E. Blake's, 123 Church street, city. Postage extra.

A book which, while meant particularly for sodalities of women, dedicated to our Blessed Lady, may yet be used with profit by every Catholic girl or woman, is entitled "Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children." It is a collection of papers illustrating the virtues proper to adorn the Child of Mary, and by examples and illustrations it gives much food for profitable thought on many and miscellaneous subjects, all tending to a high order of practical Christianity. It would make interesting reading for Sodalityists, and its purchase would be a proper and prudent investment for every sodality library. The author is Madame Cecilia, an English religious of St. Andrew's Convent, London, Eng. Publishers, R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., Paternoster Row, London, England. Price \$1.00, at W. E. Blake's, 123 Church street, city. Postage extra.

"Our Lady's Book of Days" and "Virgo Praedicanda," are two booklets, each of which may be termed a diadem of gems linked together in honor of Mary, and laid for acceptance, at her feet. Their author, or rather collector, is Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., and his work has evidently been one of love directed to his Immaculate Patroness. The Book of Days contains a short meditation, poetic or prose, for every day in the year, and the selections are culled from the classic and saintly of all ages.

"Virgo Praedicanda" is a book of verse, sonnets, rondeaux and triolets, in Our Lady's praise, as many in number as the days of her own month of May. The publishers are R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., Paternoster Row, London, England. Price 55c. at W. E. Blake's, 123 Church street, city. Postage extra.

"Round the World" is a volume containing a collection treating on general subjects which may be found here and there in a trip through the world, but which are not often found collected in one place. "Climbing the Alps," "The Great Wall of China," "The Magic Kettle" and "Some Wonderful Birds," are amongst the headings. The work contains 109 interesting illustrations and is published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

A monster meeting in memory of Davitt was held on Monday, 17th, in Carnegie Hall, Chicago. Men from all over America were present, Jew and Gentile alike sharing in the feeling of the meeting. Hon. Wm. Bourke Cockran, M.C., came from Washington, and National President James Dolan represented the Irishmen.

Rev. Father Buckley Honored

(From the Owen Sound Times.)

As previously announced in The Times, the removal of Rev. Father Buckley from Owen Sound to take up the duties of parish priest at Corunna and Courtright in the diocese of London is marked by universal feelings of regret and gladness—regret at losing one who has won his way into the hearts of Owen Sound citizens, irrespective of religious differences, and of gladness because the change carries with it a well-merited promotion. For seventeen years Rev. Father Buckley has labored faithfully, often under great hardship and difficulty, to perform his allotted task and now recognition to some extent has come to him and he goes out from a people who have learned to love and respect him to form new ties and associations which his many friends in and about Owen Sound confidently hope and believe will be as lasting as the ones formed in this locality. In order to give a more tangible expression to their feelings, a number of friends waited on Father Buckley at St. Mary's parsonage on Sunday evening after vespers when His Honor Judge Hatton read an eulogistic address, while Mr. M. Scully presented him with a purse of gold. Though taken by surprise, Father Buckley made a suitable reply, expressing his gratitude to the donors for their gift and thanking his many friends for the kindly sentiments entertained towards him. The address was as follows:

To the Rev. Father Buckley:

Reverend Sir,—We, the members of the congregation of St. Mary's church, Owen Sound, while learning with extreme regret of your intended departure from our midst, desire to congratulate you upon your appointment to the important position of parish priest at Corunna. We feel that you have well merited this step in advance and that the parish which has you for its head is fortunate indeed. It is now some seventeen years since you first came to the Owen Sound mission and each of the succeeding years has but added to the esteem and affection in which you have been held by the members of the different congregations of this mission. It could not very well be otherwise. Such respect and affection was commanded by your strict attention to your parochial duties and especially your devotion to the unfortunate sick under your charge. For these no trouble was too great for you to take and no hardship too severe for you to undergo if by such consolation could be given. A priest's life in the Owen Sound mission, which extends from Warton on the west to Thornbury on the east and Dornoch on the south, is no easy one, and in the past seventeen years you have had the full share of the hardships incidental to such a life and no one has even heard you complain. In addition to the love of your own people we believe you have secured the esteem of those of our separated brethren who have made your acquaintance, many of whom unsolicited by us insisted upon contributing to the presentation we are about to make. We hope and firmly believe that you will be fortunate in your new charge. We now desire you, Reverend Father, to accept from us this purse of gold, not, indeed, in any way a recompense for the past seventeen years of devotion on your part to our spiritual interests, but as a tangible evidence, if a slight one, of our feelings of affection for you. Wishing you all blessings, we now bid you farewell. Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's church, M. Forhan, M. Scully, W. H. McClarty, P. J. Malone, Robt. Hatton.

Father Buckley was the recipient of very flattering addresses accompanied by appropriate gifts from the Chatsworth and Dornoch congregations, both of which were under his supervision. He let by the Grand Trunk train to take charge of his new field of labor. His removal will leave a vacancy on the hospital board.

First Catholic Burial Within Living Memory

On Friday afternoon the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Snow was buried according to the rites of the Holy Catholic Church, in the ground surrounding the parish church, Crediton, the Very Rev. Canon Hobson, M.R., Church of the Sacred Heart, Exeter, officiating. Crediton is the birthplace of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, and patron saint of the Plymouth diocese, and this was the first Catholic funeral seen in Crediton within living memory. It attracted many persons to the churchyard.—Liverpool Times.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

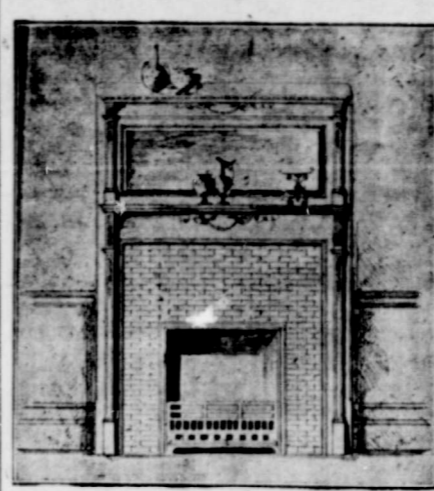
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A Delicious Blend of Both **HALF and HALF** Once Tried Always Taken

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We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Myrion & Marion, Reg'd., New York Life Bldg., Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

To see their son ordained to the priesthood on June 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Blaznig came from Austria to New York. They will return in two weeks to their home in Aibach, province of Krain, about twenty miles south of Innsbruck.

.....The HOME CIRCLE

LOVE THE SAINTS.

My brothers and sisters, I pray you, love the saints, And read their story of... When earth too closely presses, and heaven seems far away...

THOSE WE LOVE BEST.

They say the world is round, and yet I often think it square; So many little hurts we get From corners here and there...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Has it ever occurred to you that each one of us has a vocation in life? I refer not to our Christian vocation, which we all have in common...

How many are there who, when they examine their conscience ever think of questioning themselves upon the duties of their position in life? How many fathers of families, listening to these words to-day, question themselves daily as to how they govern those whom God has put under their charge...

The practical question I would have you ask yourselves to-day is this: granted that Providence has placed me in a position that involves duties and obligations to God, my neighbor, or myself; how am I fulfilling these obligations? How am I walking in the vocation in which I am called?

NEW IDEAS FOR MAKING THE HAIR AND COMPLEXION PRETTY

If the gods at your birth did not bestow the fairy gift of beautiful hair they were chary with their charms. There is no reason, though, for despair. This lack of generosity simply means added effort on your part to make up for their oversight.

Dry the hair until every bit of moisture is out of it. Let the air blow on it if possible; if not, ask some one to use vigorously a palm leaf fan. Avoid the "steamer" if you would have your hair shine.

SOME HEALTH NOTES.

No one can be healthy who eats too much, too often or of too many kinds of food, or who eats while hurried, anxious, excited or exhausted. We are told to eat moderately of simple foods, at regular intervals, and our meals should be taken while we are in a calm restful mood.

taken on rising, between meals, and on retiring at night. More water drinking will in no wise be hurtful, and the thirst should be quenched as often as necessary, outside of meal time.

The majority of people work too hard and too intensely, whether from force of habit or supposed necessity. The religion of rest should be taught to this class. While a large class suffers from overwork, a large number suffers from a lack of work, and for these latter, work, if at all appropriate, is a tonic, remedy, panacea.

There are no "average workers" to which all rules will apply. Workers vary widely in mental and physical requirements, so that it is impossible to prescribe a diet which would meet the requirements of all. Some workers (especially indoors) are suffering from obesity, others from emaciation; some are phlegmatic, others nervous; some doing their work easily, others under tremendous strain.

LONG LIFE AS A RESULT OF BRAIN WORK.

The fact that mental activity is conducive to longevity has been dwelt upon by several noted alienists. In this connection an editorial in The Medical Times of New York asserts that to keep the brain in good condition, one should use it constantly to the safe limit of its capacity; just as constant use of the muscle and other tissues of the body is essential to physical well-being.

Skin Troubles of Babyhood

AND HOW PROMPTLY THEY ARE OVERCOME BY THE USE OF

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

Your family doctor will explain to you, if you ask him, the mission of the pores of the skin, and will tell you of the dangers of using pore-clogging powders for the chafings and irritations to which babies are subject.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ont., states: "My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We also tried remedies recommended by the people, but they had no beneficial effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it and am glad to say that it completely cured her before half the box was used."

ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH.

With the average child, it is entirely possible to present churchgoing as such a privilege that he will desire to go. It will be considered in the light of an honor and a treat. Many, many little ones do look upon it in this way, no matter how sleepy they grow during service.

It is sadly surprising how soon the children grow beyond influencing in the churchgoing habit these days. If this is to be established in the interest of the future welfare of both church and child, the custom must be fixed in infancy. How many boys and girls over 16 do you happen to know who began of their own accord to attend church, not having become Christians and taken a decided turn at this age?

The idea that a child should be allowed to choose or refuse to go to church, according to his own whims, and should never go unless he feels exactly like it, does not prevail among the best of the new-fashioned mothers any more than it did among the old-fashioned ones.

HIS WIFE'S QUIET REPROACH.

(From the Kansas City Journal.) Admiral Capps, in an address to a temperance society, told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier. In the course of the sad story he said: "Sometimes, after a debauch, the man would be repentant, humble. He would promise his wife to do better; but, alas, the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises."

DRESS HINTS.

To remove gloss from black garments brush free from dust and sponge with ammonia water. Don't overdress, but try to suit your dress to your style, and remember that dress makes or mars the woman.

SOMEBODY LEARNING.

A New York teacher of instrumental music one day was telling the father of a pupil, a lad of ten years, of the progress made by the boy in his studies. "I think he is improving a great deal," said the professor. "He certainly will learn to play the piano."

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there.

Prayer is the key that unlocks the treasury of heaven. If you are to persevere in the course which you have taken, you must pray with devotion, with perseverance, with humility, with confidence, with resignation. Practice makes perfect is but another way of saying that by praying we learn to pray.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it.

David Hennigan, aged 90 years, a respected resident of St. Catharines for nearly half a century, was struck by a G.T.R. train and killed on the 12th inst. The deceased is survived by a widow and eight daughters.

There is not a shadow of doubt but that "Foot Elm" is one of the greatest remedies known for all foot troubles.

Table for the month of July 1906, showing the days of the month, the day of the week, the color of vestment, and the feast or festival for each day.

Stations of the Cross In Oil, Half Relief, or Oleograph. W. E. BLAKE, Mnfr. Vestments, etc. Long Distance Phone M. 2453 123 Church St., Toronto

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RING UP PARK 553 FOR TOMLIN'S BREAD. If per chance the phone is in use, ring again. Success in the battle of life is won by persistence; and with good bread as the leading article of diet you have ten chances to one against your opponent who uses poor bread.

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Church Bell and Chime Bells

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

St. Joseph's Academy
ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO
The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every Branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

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The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

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

Church Bells
Memorial Bells a Specialty.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

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ROBERT McCAUSLAND
LIMITED
86 Wellington St. West
Toronto, Canada

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, held at its Temporary Offices, 10 Front St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 19th day of June, 1906.

The chair was taken by the President, MR. C. D. WARREN, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary, when the following Statement was read:—

STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST MAY, 1906.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like 'The net profits for the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and reserving accrued interest, amounted to \$396,231 75' and 'Balance at credit of Profit and Loss last year \$5,158 91'.

Percentage of Net Profits.....13.21 %
GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st May, 1906.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Divided into LIABILITIES and ASSETS. Includes 'Capital Stock paid up \$3,000,000 00' and 'Gold and Silver Coin Current \$288,879 84'.

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.

The accompanying statement shows the result of the business of the bank for the year ending 31st May, 1906; also its financial position as on that date. The business of the bank continues to show satisfactory progress. The net profits, 13.21, are in excess of the previous year, when they were 11.34.

The usual resolutions were moved and adopted. The scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as directors for the ensuing year, viz: C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kleopfer (Quebec), W. J. Sheppard (Waubesaene), C. S. Wilcox (Hamilton), E. F. B. Johnston, K.C.

The following comparative statement will show the progress of the bank from 31st May, 1897:—

Table with 7 columns: As on 31st May, Capital Paid Up, Rest, Deposits, Circulation, Assets, Dividend. Shows growth from 1897 to 1906.

A French Paper's Tribute to the Nuns
The following is a translation of a remarkable editorial that appeared in 'La Republique Francaise' of April. The editor of that paper is M. Meline, former Prime Minister of France.

FOR...
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.
DR. FOWLER'S Wild Strawberry

Apostolic Missionaries Have Over 500 Converts in the South

Father Doyle, the Rector of the Apostolic Mission House, is now engaged in making his annual tour of the Seminaries of the country. The purpose of this visit to the seminaries is not in the interests of the Mission House, but rather more and more to impress on the minds of the young men who will be the priests of the coming generation the glorious opportunities that are before the Church in this country, and to turn their minds more positively to the great work of convert-making.

Kubelik in Private Life

Kubelik, like most great men, was the son of poor parents. His father was a struggling violinist and a gardener, and his older brother was studying the violin. To all of his appeals for lessons his father turned a deaf ear, saying his Jan was too young.

In and Around Toronto

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, D.D., AT ST. BASIL'S.

The quarterly meeting of the Holy Name Society of St. Basil's Parish was held in that Church on the afternoon of June 17, 1906.

Father Kelly informed those present that they were singularly favored in having Dr. Smith address them, as though he had graduated at St. Michael's College twenty-five years ago and had been back and forth from New York many times since then, yet this was the first occasion on which he had occupied the pulpit of St. Basil's Church.

The marriage of Mabel Christina Cook to Mr. Augustine B. Sullivan took place in St. Paul's church, Rev. Father Hand officiating.

The maids of honor were Miss Louise Cook, another sister of the bride, and Katie Penney, her cousin, carrying pink sweet peas.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan will make a tour of the large American cities, returning to live in Toronto.

DE LA SALLE PRIZE LIST. At the closing exercises in De La Salle Institute Monday the diplomas presented by the institute were awarded to Jas. J. Kenny and Neil McGrath and the diploma for penmanship awarded by A. N. Palmer to Percy McAleer.

The medals were awarded as follows: Christian Doctrine (by Rev. M. D. Whelan)—John Burns. Commercial subjects (by Eugene O'Keefe)—James Kenny. Penmanship (by J. L. Woods)—William J. Cannon. Gymnasium (by W. E. Blake)—Percy McAleer. Special prize for Irish history (by A.O.H.)—Thos. O'Hearn.

PERSONAL. Very Rev. Ed. St. John, Canon of Southwark, London, England, was in the city for two days last week.

A.O.H. NOTES. The A.O.H. will hold an excursion to Niagara Falls, N.Y., on August 1st.

PRESENTED SILVER TEA SERVICE. About sixty members of the Athletic Club went to Hamilton last week for the purpose of presenting a silver tea service to Mr. Sherring, Canada's champion.

DE LA SALLE FIELD DAY. The athletic sports of De La Salle Institute were held last Thursday afternoon at Exhibition Park.

showed their appreciation of the events. The Gold Cup for the individual championship donated by Messrs. T. Flanagan and T. O'Rourke, was won by Gordon B. Roche; the Gold Medal for the mile running championship, donated by Mr. W. E. Blake, was also won by Gordon B. Roche; the Gold Medal by the school, for the mile bicycle race was won by James Heffron and the Silver Medal for putting the 12 lb. shot, donated by Mr. A. T. Hernon, was won by Robert Stormont.

The winners of the different events were as follows: 100-yard dash, 16 years and under—J. Clarke 1, F. O'Hearn 2, L. Wade 3.

100-yard dash, 15 years and under—P. McAleer 1, J. Granery 2, H. Belanger 3.

100-yard dash, 14 years and under—C. O'Leary 1, J. Neville 2, J. McCurdy 3.

100-yard dash, 13 years and under—F. Kelly 1, C. Grant 2, J. Shaw 3.

100-yard dash, open—G. Roche 1, N. McGrath 2, J. Torpey 3.

220-yard race, 15 years and under—J. Granery 1, P. McAleer 2, H. Belanger 3.

220-yard race, 16 years and under—F. O'Hearn 1, G. Fayle 2, J. Clarke 3.

220-yard race, 14 years and under—C. O'Leary 1, J. Neville 2, C. McCurdy 3.

220-yard race, 13 years and under—F. Kelly 1, C. Grant 2, B. Kearns 3.

220-yard race, open—G. Roche 1, N. McGrath 2, J. Torpey 3.

Sack race, open—J. Torpey 1, W. Markle 2, Y. Johnston 3.

Three-legged race, 15 years and under—C. O'Leary and J. Neville 1, W. Henderson and T. Dault 2, H. Belanger and A. Schneider 3.

Three-legged race, open—G. Fay and J. Torpey 1, R. Clarkson and F. Tracy 2, E. McGrath and L. Wade 3.

400-yard race, 14 years and under—J. Madden 1, C. McCurdy 2, F. Corcoran 3.

100-yard dash, 15 years and under—J. Granery 1, P. McAleer 2, H. Belanger 3.

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400-yard race, 13 years and under—F. Kelly 1, C. Grant 2, J. Shaw 3.

400-yard race, open—G. Roche 1, J. Torpey 2, N. McGrath 3.

150-yard hurdle race (3 hurdles), 14 years and under—J. Neville 1, F. Corcoran 2, C. McCurdy 3.

150-yard hurdle race (4 hurdles), 16 years and under—F. O'Hearn 1, L. Wade 2, J. Granery 3.

150-yard hurdle race (5 hurdles), open—R. Roche 1, J. Torpey 2, F. Tracy 3.

Half-mile race, 16 years and under—J. Granery 1, J. Kenny 2, J. McCabe 3.

Half-mile, 14 years and under—F. Corcoran 1, J. Neville 2, J. Madden 3.

One mile race, championship—J. Heffron 1, E. Tracy 2, T. O'Hearn 3.

Standing broad jump, 15 years and under—P. McAleer 1, J. Granery 2, H. Belanger 3.

Standing broad jump, open—N. McGrath 1, J. Clarke 2, G. Roche 3.

Running broad jump, 16 years and under—A. Leonard 1, J. Clark 2, L. Wade 3.

Running broad jump, open—G. Roche 1, A. Leonard 2, J. Clarke 3.

years and under—J. Neville 1, T. Dault 2, C. McCurdy 3.

Running hop, step and jump, open—G. Roche 1, A. Leonard 2, P. McAleer 3.

Putting 8 lb. shot, 14 years and under—C. O'Leary 1, F. Riordan 2, J. Neville 3.

Putting 12 lb. shot, open—R. Stormont 1, J. Clarke 2, A. Leonard 3.

Throwing baseball, open—J. Disette 1, L. Wade 2, A. Dee 3.

Half-mile foot-race, championship—G. Roche 1, J. Torpey 2, R. Clarkson 3.

Doubly Bereaved. Mr. David Mulligan of the Russell House, Ottawa, has been doubly bereaved by the death of his wife and of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Egan of Winnipeg, the funerals taking place at the same hour, one in Winnipeg, and the other in Ottawa.

Traders Bank's Year. The annual report of the Traders' Bank of Canada shows gratifying results of the year's business.

W. A. MURRAY & CO. LIMITED. SUMMER WAISTS. In a Great Variety of Styles.

We have a very remarkable display of beautiful summer waists, in fact we have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that it is the best we have had this summer.

LOOK AHEAD. To-day is your opportunity. While you are in health prepare for the to-morrow of sickness, adversity and old age. An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you. On account of its liberality, clearness and freedom from conditions the Accumulation Policy is the contract you will find which exactly meets your requirements. DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE AND FULL INFORMATION SENT ON APPLICATION TO Confederation Life ASSOCIATION. HAED OFFICE - TORONTO

W. A. MURRAY & CO. LIMITED. SUMMER WAISTS. In a Great Variety of Styles. We have a very remarkable display of beautiful summer waists, in fact we have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that it is the best we have had this summer. Sheer handkerchief linen, lovely hand embroidered effects, lovely silk and wool French Flannels and fancy Dresden mercerized zephyrs—smart, stylish waists, very dressy and serviceable for seaside wear, golfing and general summer outing. All Prices from \$2.00 Upwards. Let us know what particular style you like and we will send you full description and price by return mail. W. A. MURRAY & CO. LIMITED. 17 to 31 King St. East 10 to 20 Colborne St Victoria St. King to Colborne TORONTO

A New Way A Sure Way TO CURE RUPTURE. The Air Rupture Cure that you can try at OUR risk. You risk nothing. Tell us to send you an Air Rupture-Cure made to your special measurements, prescribed by expert rupture specialists for your own particular case. Simply write to us to forward measurement blanks—or call, if convenient, and let our staff prescribe just the Air Rupture-Cure you need. Take the specially made Air Rupture-Cure and wear it thirty days. Then say you want it or say you don't. If you don't, it does not cost you one penny. But you will want it—you will find that even in thirty days this appliance will prove to you that here, at last, is the one CERTAIN the one SAFE, the one EASY-TO-WEAR Rupture-Cure. The Air Pad is as gentle as a hand softly holding the rupture in place, relieving the pain, removing the distress and danger, CURING, steadily, surely. There is no clamping, no binding discomfort—no hard rubber pads to press the rupture open and make it worse. The Air Pad is inflated rubber, with a peculiar healing action of its own. It was invented by a man who, with a terrible rupture, given up as hopeless, had tried every known truss without relief even. He was CURED in six months, after twenty years' suffering; and it was this same Air Rupture-Cure that cured him. We have proofs of cases right here in Toronto and all over Canada. Will you hear about them? Will you read the booklet that tells the whole story? Will you try at OUR risk the ONLY Rupture Cure sold with this plain, straightforward guarantee? GUARANTEE. If after thirty days you find that the Air Rupture-Cure is not all we claim for it or is not satisfactory or you are not showing signs of improvement, send it back to us. WRITE TO The Lyon Mfg. Company, Limited Room 53, 435 Yonge Street, Toronto OPEN SATURDAYS UNTIL 10.30 P.M.

COBALT A Word to Investors. In mining investments of the right kind lies your opportunity. Most of the world's richest men made their millions because they had faith in mining. Because you have lost money in mining, it does not follow that all mining investments are bad. The thing to do is to investigate and select that which is good. YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY IN THE BUFFALOMINES LIMITED, OF COBALT (No Personal Liability) (Known also as THE DENISON-BUFFALO MINE, COBALT, ONT.) Incorporated under the Ontario Mining Companies Act. Subscribed Capital - \$900,000.00 Total Capital being 1,000,000 shares of the par value of \$1.00 each, of which one hundred thousand are unissued shares, to remain in the Treasury. It is not a prospect, but a fully equipped and operating mine. Its ores are showing assays of values as high as \$2,500 per ton. It is a producing and shipping mine. There are eight cars in transit or being treated at the New Jersey smelters, from which large returns are expected. Another three-inch vein was discovered on the property last week. This makes ten veins in all disclosed, and yet only one-half of the forty acres has been prospected. We offer for sale a limited quantity of this stock at par. Cheques (which must be made payable at par in Toronto), may be made payable to us or to The Imperial Trusts Company, Toronto. Applications for purchase of shares will be filled in the order of their receipt, and the right is reserved of increasing at any time, without notice, the price of the stock, or withdrawing same from the market. Pamphlet containing full information regarding the company may be had upon application to— A. E. OSLER & CO., PRICE NOW \$1.00 PER SHARE. 43 Victoria-st. Toronto. PRICE NOW \$1.00 PER SHARE.