

# The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest" — BALMEZ

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MOST REV. L. N. BEGIN, D.D.,  
Archbishop of Quebec.

## QUEBEC'S TRICENTENARY

### Magnificent Display of Religious and Patriotic Sentiment—Sights and Pageants Unequaled—Church and State Unite in Harmonious Demonstration.

(By our own representative, Margaret Lillis Hart)

During the past two weeks the Press of the Dominion has been endeavoring to accomplish the impossible. To describe the indescribable is not for mortals. Words fail and imagination stops short in attempting a portrayal of the uniqueness, beauty, picturesqueness and variety of phases by which the people of Quebec and many from all parts of Canada and from the associated nations of England, France and the United States, did honor to the Tricentenary and to the memory of Champlain the good and great, who three hundred years ago laid the foundation of the wonderful place to-day called Quebec, which keeps so true and constant guard by the blue and tranquil waters of the broad bosomed St. Lawrence.

And after all this was the primary note of the celebration. The note that told of the gratitude of the people who to-day live in freedom and happiness in the spot which but for the intrepid action of the brave founder would have remained unknown to those who now possess it as their much-loved home. The passing of the Plains from the keeping of one nation into that of another, was but incidental. So skillfully and naturally was the passing memorialized that no conspicuous attached itself to the process. The inhabitants of the present day, happy in possession of their Faith and of the things they hold most dear, troubled themselves in no great measure about the day a hundred and fifty years ago, when two brave men fell to their death and the destiny of Canada changed forever. Time, the wonderful modifier, that covers wounds with the balm of oblivion, had thrown the mantle of its influence across the commemorative scenes and pageants, and the French people above all others entered heartily into the meaning of the festivity. To affirm that the French saw anything of an imperialistic demonstration of power in the programme arranged is to do them an injustice, and to detract in no small measure from the admirable harmony that existed. The sound, too, of the never absent note of that religion which had played and which still plays so large a part in the lives of the sons and daughters of la belle France and their descendants, sounded loud throughout the entire demonstration and no one tried to deaden its pealing nor stay its sounding, but rather all heads bent to do it reverence, worshipping where they might and giving attention and respect where the path to worship had not yet been lighted.

The Tricentenary is past, but its results shall live. It has demonstrated to the world how two great nations can amalgamate in as much as that they live under the same laws, mindful each of the traditions of the other, and with the courtesies which is the outcome of the highest civilization, walk hand in hand for the general good of their common home. The Tricentenary was something that in many ways could not be paralleled. The days of Greece and Rome may have seen pageants and ceremonies of greater magnificence but for presentations which so nearly equalled the reality, nowhere in the world are historic resources so plentiful, and nowhere, too, in the world has there been such a demonstration of friendship between peoples once twain but now united, as that exhibited during the past few

weeks on the site and in the vicinity of Canada's Gibraltar, the quaint and picturesque old city of Quebec.

**THE CATHOLIC NOTE IN VIEW.**  
It is not the intention of the Catholic Register to give in detail the story of Quebec's great Te Deum, for in reality such it was. The secular daily press has already done this and for the most part has done it generously and well. In the space at our command all we can do is to touch upon a few of the more prominent events and to bear in mind the things to which Catholicity particularly attaches itself, this being of particular interest to our readers.

#### FESTIVITIES OPEN.

The festivities really opened on Sunday, July 19th, when every church and chapel had special devotions and "L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne Française," a society of young Canadians descendants of Champlain and his pioneer companions, marched in procession, all bearing amongst them the tri-color and other flags, to salute the statue of Champlain and recount his works and virtues. Thousands accompanied them and the square surrounding the monument was packed with a patriotic and enthusiastic multitude, who heard related the story of their hero and sang of the glory of Le Canada. Monday was devoted to the reception of the soldiers of the Empire, who in thousands marched through the narrow streets to their temporary homes in the tents or other quarters provided. From this on until the arrival of the Prince of Wales on Wednesday afternoon, the entire city resolved itself into an extensive reception committee, and for the entertainment of the guests the first performance of the pageants was given, the opera of Christophe Colomb was sung and in grand mood the Congress of the French-speaking Physicians of North America was held.

#### THE PRINCE ARRIVES.

Noon Wednesday saw the brown sides and grassy slopes of Quebec thronged by pedestrians from every direction, anxious to take possession of any coign of vantage from which they might view the coming of the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the Indomitable, was due to arrive about 2 p.m. By the time appointed the grassy slopes were covered with a mass of seated humanity and thousands had patiently waited on the broad foot of DuRoi's Terrace for hours in order to obtain a first glimpse of the arrival. Meantime active preparations were going on below. The white arches massed with flags and royal armorial bearings were the entry for many flying officials, and for the squad of diligent workers who up to the last moment were engaged in laying the vivid flooring of scarlet carpet over which the Prince should walk. The troops, infantry and cavalry, headed by their bands, marched gallantly to the ground fronting the wharf and deployed into the different positions assigned them. The sun, strong and brilliant, shown overhead and the charming scenery across the river made a pleasing resting-place on which to turn from the gay coloring of the uniforms and the civic decorations. As the hour approached all eyes were turned to the point at which the vessel should first be sighted, a certain uneasiness was discernible amongst the great men-of-war

that already lay anchored, and launches and other small craft flitted about with the incertitude of expectation. At last when many glasses and innumerable eyes were fixed on the spot, the dark grey outline of the "mystery ship" came into view, and the first of the twenty-one guns of the Royal Salute rang out from the Citadel near, while all the vessels in the harbor joining at the signal, opened up their guns, until the cliffs rang with the sound, and uniting in the uproar fairly beveled forth the notes of their song of welcome. The vessels in the river simultaneously "dressed ship," lines of flying pennants outlining their sides and masts, the air became gay with their fluttering and in this way the dark grey vessel with its companion ship the Minotaur, following closely in its wake, steamed quickly up the river and shortly dropped anchor between the attending vessels of England and France and the great yellow funnels of the United States vessel, the New Hampshire. Then there was another long wait and the assembled multitudes subsided almost into silence while small boats shot out from the great war-ships and admirals in uniform and civic officials of many ranks, went to pay their respects to the arriving Prince on the deck of his own boat, the Indomitable. At last the wait came to an end, the Royal Standard was seen to glide from its place and a bright little barge whose green edge made it conspicuous, left the vessel's side, and to make things certain the Royal Standard was seen to float at its mast-head. The guns again belched forth, the National Anthem was heard from the bands—the Prince at last would land.

Meantime a gorgeous entourage awaited him. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Cabinet, wearing for the most part their Windsor uniform, representatives of the Ontario Government, Archbishop Begin and Bishop Roy, Premier Whitney and Mr. R. L. Borden, Vice-President Fairbanks of the United States, Earl Dudley, Lieutenant Governor of Australia, Sir Louis Jette and Hon. Lomer Gouin for Quebec, Mayor Garneau, Quebec, our old friends Colonel Denison and General Otter, and many others. Lady Grey, whose white dress was conspicuous amidst the multi-colored surroundings, was the only lady present when, upon landing the Prince after being welcomed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others, was conducted to the marquee, where an exchange of addresses in French and English took place.

After this sharp words of command were heard, the bat'ions wheeled, the squares of gallant looking horsemen fell into line, the guard of honor opened ranks, the bands struck up the National Anthem, the Prince was conducted to the auto in waiting, and then through the soldier-lined streets and amid the buzzes of welcome—the Prince of Wales, the son of Britain's King, made his Tricentenary entry into Quebec.

George, Prince of Wales, is conspicuous above all for a quiet gentleness of demeanor which seems conscientiously anxious to leave nothing undone, which duty or kindness of heart would demand. No salute is left unreturned, and his powers of endurance must have been taxed to the utmost during his stay in Quebec, for his every move was accompanied by the recognition of the people. He usually appeared in uniform, the blue sash of the Order of the Garter signalling him out from those about him. His figure and countenance are well known to Toronto, where he became highly popular during his visit as Duke of York, and time has added to the ease of his bearing and to the esteem of those with whom he comes in contact.

#### MASS ON THE PLAINS.

Rome, the ancient city of the hills, has witnessed scenes for which man has laid the theatre. The world-famed dome of St. Peter's has been the canopy under which the one Great Sac-

riifice has been offered to the accompaniment of ceremonies the richest conceivable. Yet it is possible that the Mass offered on Sunday on the historic field of Abraham, of which the hand of God was the architect, surpassed in setting and equalled in devotion, the most solemn religious function to which the walls of the Eternal City have ever yet borne testimony. As a background the hills opposite stretched out to a far and wide distance, their green softened and subdued by the silvery blue mist of the atmosphere, the uniformity broken here and there by clustering cottages or the upward pointing spire of the omnipresent church. The St. Lawrence supporting Champlain's ship, Don de Dieu, upon its surface, and being an attraction for many, flowed majestically between the hills and the bells of the surrounding village spires at intervals broke upon the quiet of the expectant air. Facing the grand-stand, capable of seating 15,000, stood the temporary shrine. A conspicuous erection in dull red and gold, it became the cynosure for all eyes. An immense dome topping an oblong canopy with draped sides shaded the floor of the temporary chapel thus formed. Lattice work and a pretty railing in white surrounded the foundation and broad steps carpeted in crimson led up to the altar, which adorned as is customary, seemed as if erected by magic hands on the unaccustomed floor of the broad green field. Dome and canopy were covered with red cloth, festoonings of yellow making a vivid contrast, and beautiful silken flags floated languorously in the light morning breeze. The golden lilies of France on their spotless background, the new French flag of the Sacred Heart on its azure surface, the Tri-Color, the Stars and Stripes, the Harp of Gold on the field of green,

where they grounded arms and awaited the Mass.

Presently another stir was audible and the March of the Priests, played on brass instruments, was heard in the distance. Following came six mounted heralds in coat of mail acting as couriers to the open carriage in which His Grace, the Most Rev. Monsignor Begin, and His Lordship, Bishop Roy, chief pastors of the city of Quebec, were seated. As the prelates' carriage passed the grand stand the people rose and a shower of greetings went all along the line, the purple birettas being lifted at almost every step of progress in reply to the welcome given. The multitudes had given cordial reception to the nation's Prince, given it, too, without stint, and now the hour to honor these Princesses of the Church was come, and with pride and enthusiasm was the march past of the loved and honored pastors witnessed.

A short while, and the first lines of the ecclesiastical procession were seen approaching. Up the slight declivity which leads to the Plain came the gorgeously appareled processionists, the gold Cross conspicuous, the multi-colored cassocks, red, purple, black, blue—chasuble and dalmatics in cloth of gold—the purple capes and biretta of bishops and monsignors—censers swinging in the breeze, casting their fragrance abroad, the magnificently vested Archbishop in heavily embroidered and jewelled cope and mitre, carrying the heavy crozier with all the dignity of the Archbishop—it was a sight impressive and ever memorable. The band still played the March of the Priests and the ranks of the Zouaves opened and again closed as the "Introibo ad altare Dei" was intoned and the last diminutive acolyte took position upon the Altar steps. The celebrant was His Grace Archbishop Begin,

Lomer Gouin, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Hon. R. N. Scott, D'Arcy Scott, Hon. R. Lemieux, Hon. A. Turgeon, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Mr. George Wolfe and many officers of the men-of-war then in the harbor.

After Mass a French hymn followed by the Te Deum and then God Save the King were sung. The band again struck up the March of the Priests, the procession of ecclesiastics marched from the fields and the crowds dispersed.

As was fitting the Solemn Mass on the Plains of Abraham was the sublime note in the great Tricentenary celebration. The seal of Civic and Imperial approval had already been impressed upon the fete. It remained for the Church whose teaching had made the people loyal to still further implant the sentiment by celebrating its greatest mystery in the midst of the general programme.

It has been reported by some of the papers that the sanctity of the moment was disturbed by unseemly cries of vendors of wares and by the ever-present camera. The former—if present at all—were only heard by those unable to join in the solemnity of the religious celebration, and cameras in the large space were hardly noticeable and certainly not obtrusive. None present but must ever remember the magnificent and impressive ceremony.

#### AT OLD LAVAL.

A meeting of the Royal Society of Canada at old Laval was an opportune occasion to see the venerable college, around which centres so much of the past and present of the life of Quebec and the history of Canada. Through the courtyard which leads to the white walls of the famous institution, and through the gate, which in honor of the festival was a blaze of light and a blare of banners, those invited made their way. Cor-



COMING OF THE URSULINES TO QUEBEC.

the Union Jack—all flew freely, having for centre the large Celtic Cross, which stood conspicuously out from the dome.

An hour before the appointed time the crowds began to come in until the great stand was nearly filled and those who had not place there lined up on either side, forming a wall which enclosed the vast arena in which the Holy Mass would later be offered. Soldiers in red stouter here and there amongst the people, and shortly a murmur went up when the men of the guard of Champlain, Jacques Cartier and de Salaberry, the one in black uniform and the other in their bright blue, with white gaiters, three-cornered hats, white wigs tied with black, carrying side arms and bearing with them the beautiful French-Canadian flag, marched to the grounds and took position on either side of the altar. The French sailors 400 strong, the English numbering 200, and 100 Americans, had already come upon the scene followed by admiring eyes, for the Jackies were everywhere prime favorites.

Another stir amongst the standing lines and a burst of applause swept the air as the Papal Zouaves, seven of the old guard being still to the fore, wheeled in, carrying with them the flags of the Pope and Carillon. Very neat and soldier-like were the men in grey, with baggy trousers reaching just below the knee, the short, tight coat piped with red, white gaiters and smart black shako making a becoming ensemble. The Zouaves lined up in front of the altar

and as the Mass proceeded the solemnity of the moment was impressively felt. Prayer-books and beads were everywhere carried. The congregation knelt or rose unanimately. At the Elevation and again at the Communion the word of command cut the silence and the Zouaves presented arms, while their beautiful colors were dropped to do honor to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. At these moments the tension was at its height, the supreme silence broken by the clear clash of arms making a grand climax of sound, while the eye was visited by the flash of swords, and the reverence of the kneeling multitude seemed intensified by the fervor of the surroundings.

The singing was by a mixed choir with organ and the band of the Royal Artillery accompanying it. The Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Agnus-Dei, were by Laurent Rille, and the Credo from the Mass of the Second Tone. The Offertory was Gounod's Nazareth, played by the band. Hymns for the church, army and nation were sung at different parts of the Mass. Leaders of different Quebec choirs directed alternately and the voices and instruments were exceptionally fine, reflecting credit on all taking part and adding to the harmony of the occasion.

Amongst those in the Royal Box were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Lovat, Sir George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec; Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the Marquis de Levis, the Marquis de Mirepoix, the Count de Montcalm, Sir

ridor after corridor was traversee, meeting at every few steps the black-cassocked seminarian or ecclesiastic, and after climbing several flights of stairs, we found ourselves in the hall, which garlanded and festooned, received the guests.

Savants great in science and art were undoubtedly assembled, the platform containing a notable gathering mostly of French nationality, amongst whom was a white-robed Dominican, Ontario being represented by Chancellor Burwash of Victoria College, Toronto, Mr. Cumberland, M. E. J. Thompson of Toronto and Miss Mather of Kingston. His Lordship, Bishop Roy, was present, and the priests and seminarians were everywhere seeing to the comfort of their guests and participating in the honors conferred by the Society. Addresses in poetry and prose on Champlain and his labors were the chief work of the gathering, the enthusiastic eloquence of the speakers helping in no small degree to supply the lack of familiarity with the tongue of the ancient Gauls. The delegates from Ontario were the only English-speaking representatives, Chancellor Burwash being most happy in his tribute to the Jesuit missionaries and to the French people who since he had been able to visit their little villages near had gained so high a place in his estimation. He spoke, too, of their honor and honesty as well as fidelity, and he expressed the wish that before long all might unite in one faith and that every dusky head of the tribes

(Continued on page 8.)



BISHOP LAVAL MEETS MARQUIS DE TRACEY.

The HOME CIRCLE

THE SOULLESS SOUL. With her good-night kiss, when the nights were cold, I remember a tale that my old nurse told...

I fear the quaint tale, with its moral a deep. But little troubled my childish sleep, but often now, when I hear the wind, both tale and moral I bring to mind...

DIETETICS AND OUR CONVENT SCHOOLS.

We are told that among some oriental nations the physician is paid so much a year to keep the family in good health rather than to cure the ailing...

But one might ask, "What has this to do with our convent schools?" It has all to do with them, that is with boarding schools, and unless the question is taken up and given serious consideration by our teaching Sisters...

Was Weak and Run Down WOULD VERY OFTEN FAINT AWAY

Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, Port Elmsley, Ont., tells of her experience with MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

middle of the term on some pretext or other, and the good Sisters never knew the reason; but the mother considered a predominance of pork in the meat diet of sufficient seriousness to justify her in taking the child away from the school...

YOUR COMFORT MEANS TOIL TO THOUSANDS.

Suppose these people who say that they owe the world nothing were obliged to make all the comforts and luxuries they enjoy! How long would it take them to produce even a lead pencil, a sheet of writing paper, a jackknife, a pair of spectacles, a pair of shoes, or a suit of clothes...

A CHEERFUL NATURE.

The value of a sunny woman, scattering happiness and good cheer wherever she goes, is beyond any appreciable value. A cheerful nature and smiling face are attracting magnets, whereas a gloomy or sad face repels and drives away friends.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Tomato Omelet.—Take three eggs and one large tomato. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Chop the tomato, add to the yolks and add the whites just before cooking. Season with salt and pepper. Heat a saucpan, put in a piece of butter and when hot pour in the omelet and cook for two or three minutes. Fold over, turn out on a platter, garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

Apple Custard.—Take four apples, pare, quarter, and cook as for sauce, leaving little juice. A few minutes before removing from the fire stir into the apples the following mixture: One quarter nutmeg, grated one large tablespoonful butter, the yolk of one egg, and sugar to taste. After the custard has been removed from the fire spread over it the white of the egg, which has been beaten stiff, with a tablespoonful of sugar.

Orange Custard.—Soak one-third box gelatine in a third of a cup of cold water until soft. Pour on one-third cup boiling water, stir until dissolved, then add one cup orange juice and the juice of one lemon, the orange pulp with a little of the grated rind, and a scant cup of sugar. Strain, then set in a pan of cracked ice to chill and stiffen. As it begins to harden, whip to a stiff foam, add the whites of three eggs also whipped until stiff and light, then continue the beating until the mass is stiff enough not to drip. Line a mould with split lady fingers, slices of sponge cake or sections of orange as preferred, turn in the cream and set on the ice. When ready to serve loosen around the edge of the mould with a limber-bladed knife, turn out on a low glass dish and pile a half pint whipped cream on top.

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THE GRADUATES.

June, the month of roses, brides and graduates, has produced its usual this year, for during the past month hundreds of brides have left the parental roof to begin a home of their own, and thousands of girls have bade adieu to Alma Mater and with congratulations and floral display, stepped from school room into the workaday world, where there is little dreaming and much practical labor.

The Nobility of Confession

Confession is often alluded to as a mark of weakness in the Catholic character, and its institution as destructive of manly dignity by encouraging humble dependency. Yet the world, if it were honest, should confess that it is not the weakness which the sacrament is accused of engendering that holds it from acknowledging and accepting the holy tribunal, but rather the self-denial, the self-sacrifice, the strength of character that the confessional demands.

The Cross-Cut Path

There is a certain fascination to every energetic young man in perilous journeys through unknown lands where a single stroke of the pick may reveal a great heap of yellow nuggets. With dreams of sudden fortune his imagination is stirred, and

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tions, each of us must earn the proverbial bread and butter, it seems ridiculous that many of our best years are wasted and we awaken to the fact, often when too late, that all that glitters is not gold.

And speaking of brides, does it not grate on one to learn of the willful extravagance of some of our young Catholic women these days. If a bud (and, honestly speaking, the girls who graduate from our Catholic boarding schools and academies are the very worst), I say if one of these young girls marries her ideas take on a wide range and the meager salary her hubby earns, the more she desires to outshine her neighbor, entertaining, etc., is her sole idea of what a good wife should be. The display generally begins with a church dress parade the day of the wedding and the good pastor, disgusted though he may be, is compelled to witness the "show" when at the same time he knows his stipend will be very scant and he will be forgotten in a monetary way once congratulations are extended. Well, I think our modern ideas of education has much to be blamed for. There are too many girls aping the airs of the wealthy all because they are daughters of struggling parents, who wish to be able to say: "I have a daughter in boarding school." And encouraging this neglect of home for boarding school, is a poor way to fulfill the precepts our Divine Lord. He meant that children should be taught at home, and Home is the place created for them. Frivolous mothers, who have spent a few years idling about academy grounds are the ruin of hundreds of homes. Our missionaries, our tried and true teachers, both Sister and lay, were reared at home and in many instances first saw the inside of a boarding school when they entered the mother house as a novice. We must get back to the old time system of house-keeping. The system which produced the practical fathers, the dearest and best of mothers, whose lives were spent in fulfilling their duties faithfully as God meant they should do. Better a hundredfold for pastors and teachers if they strenuously endeavor to keep down the increasing frivolity of the age and encourage the old system.—Michigan Catholic.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Legal Educational Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion congenial to study.

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

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The Children's Page

SIGNS OF RAIN.

(From an Irish Reader of 1840.)
The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.

HOW WINNIE ENTERTAINED.

"I don't believe that any one was ever quite so unlucky as I am!"
As the girl who said these words was about fifteen, appeared to be in excellent health, and wore a nice blue serge dress, it may be supposed that her words were too strong for the situation! They were, indeed. Yet Winnie Armstrong was in what her brothers teasingly called "a tight place."

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Land Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

WESTERN Assurance Co

Table with financial data: Assets \$3,284,180.06, Liabilities \$816,749.43, Security to Policyholders \$2,467,430.63, Income for the year ending 31st Dec. 1907 \$3,299,884.94, Losses paid since organization of the Company \$48,934,205.34

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those who had been content with so inexpensive an entertainment must have something for their pains! But the first prize was not won without some trouble.

Is There Such a Thing as "Catholic Truth?"

In its issue of June 6, London Academy comments upon the following sentence which occurs (very appropriately, says the Academy's editor, in a review of some treatise on Modernism: "We hear occasionally of 'Catholic truth,' which requires the efforts and subscriptions of a society to make it true. Such a conception is absurd. Truth can not be sectarian. We might as well take a Protestant Mathematics or Jewish Euclid."

Had Weak Back

World is in Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able To Turn Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Cured Mrs. Arch. Schaefer, Black Point, N.B., writes:—For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail, and have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial.

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Head Office: 24 ADELAIDE ST. EAST TORONTO
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WRITE FOR BOOKLET. SWEENEY-TIERNEY HOTEL COMPANY E. M. TIERNEY, Manager

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House Painter and Decorator 709 Bathurst Street Phone College 1710 ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

A WISE CATHOLIC BOY.

A graduate of one of the Catholic schools was recently brought into a controversy, the subject related to the Holy Eucharist. A non-Catholic friend told him candidly that he could not believe in it. "Do you believe the words of Christ?" asked the other. "Most decidedly," was the reply. "Here are His words which are recorded in every Bible, and language cannot be plainer: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood. Unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood you have no life in you.' 'He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day.' 'My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.' 'As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father—that is substantially—so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.' 'But I can't understand it, all the same," said the Protestant friend. "But what can we understand?" asked the other; "it does not follow because we don't understand a fact, that the fact does not exist. Go into a wheat field in the spring of the year and root up with your knife what seems a blade of grass. At the root you will find a rotten grain of wheat. That grain was the seed. But from it in the harvest time spring up two dozen grains! It had to rot before it reproduced those other grains. Can you understand that? No! But it is a fact. God's power is there, the same as it is manifested in the Holy Eucharist."

BLOWN AWAY.

"I'm tired of everything, mamma. Do tell me what to do," said Beth Lincoln, coming into the room where her mother was sitting. "Why not play basket-ball with me?" "With you, mamma? I didn't know you could play basket-ball." "Why not? I have balls in the yard-basket, and I am going to weave the yarn in and out over the ball," said Mrs. Lincoln, smiling and holding up a wooden ball, over which she stretched the heel of Madge's little stocking. "Oh, that kind! I don't call that play," said Beth. "You and your friend Nellie had a nice time yesterday playing you were a sewing society, and why may I not play that my real work is play—basket-ball, for instance? I will toss a ball to you." Beth caught the ball, and said, as she came close to her mother: "But, mamma, without joking, what can I do? I am tired of everything and everybody. Please tell me what I can do." "Is my daughter really tired of herself?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with a slight emphasis on "herself." "Why yes. Didn't I say so, mamma?" "How would it do to stop trying to please self, of which you are so tired?" "Mamma, what do you mean?" "Just then dear little Madge came toddling into the room, and said wistfully, 'I have an't any one to play with.' Mrs. Lincoln gave Beth a meaning look, and said: "How would it do for my big girl to get away from self, and amuse my little girl?" Mrs. Lincoln was called from the room, and she found two happy children when she returned half an hour later. What were they doing? Beth was blowing soap bubbles, and Madge was trying to catch them. Mrs. Lincoln stood for a moment in silence, thinking, "What a beautiful picture!" Beth looked up and saw her mother, and said, "Aren't the bubbles beautiful, mamma, and isn't Madge a dear?" "I have two dears now. At what has become of that tired self?" "How away, mamma, with the bubbles," laughed Beth.

Trial Proves Its Excellence.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclatric Oil is the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found to be a sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

The Catholic Register

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TORONTO, AUG. 6TH, 1908.

THE TURKISH CRISIS.  
Thinkest thou there is no tyranny but  
that  
Of blood and chains? The despotism  
of vice—  
The weakness and the wickedness of  
luxury—  
The negligence, the apathy, the evils  
Of sensual sloth, produce tea thousands  
and tyrants  
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses  
The worst acts of one energetic master,  
However harsh and hard in his own  
bearing.  
—Byron's Sardanapalus.  
If there is any region under the  
sun where exists the aggregation of  
tyrannies described by the great  
English poet, the weakness and wick-  
edness of luxury, the negligence, ap-  
athy and sensuality of sloth, it is in  
the palace and court of the Ottoman  
Empire that they will be found to-  
day, and they are not of today's  
growth, but are the product of at  
least twelve centuries of accumulated  
vices.

Our readers in general are well  
aware of the divers atrocious against  
Christians within the limit of  
our own memories have been perpe-  
trated by the Moslem races, under  
the instigation of the successive Turk-  
ish Sultans themselves with the hearty  
co-operation of their respective  
governments, and the approval of the  
highest religious authorities of the  
Empire who have indeed the sanction  
of the Koran in pronouncing that  
it is lawful and meritorious to plun-  
der, oppress, and even murder Chris-  
tians, who are stigmatized as infid-  
els, or Giaours, that is unbelievers  
in the Moslem creed.

It was owing to such cruelties that  
Greece fought for independence, which  
was achieved in 1832, that Bulgaria,  
Serbia, Montenegro and Crete were  
also delivered from Turkish rule, and  
that Macedonia has been seeking for  
similar independence.

Within the last few weeks events  
have taken a new and unexpected  
turn. It has been known for some  
years that the mere intellectual part  
of the population, even including the  
Moslems, have become more and more  
dissatisfied with the despotism of one  
man's absolute rule, and as Abdul  
Hamid II. is, besides inherently a  
tyrant, the Young Turks' party has  
become convinced that the people, at  
least in Macedonia and Albania,  
should have a voice in the government  
and within the past two weeks they  
have made upon the Sultan a deter-  
mined demand that a Parliament and  
a constitution be granted them. They  
assert that thus only will corrupt and  
oppressive government, excessive tax-  
ation, and official stupidity and ven-  
ality be brought to an end, and the  
army be properly paid.

The Sultan has hitherto been led to  
believe that his army and the Al-  
banians would enable him to crush  
out any demands for such reforms as  
are now demanded, but to his dis-  
gust, he has made the discovery that  
the army is now mutinying against  
him, that the Albanians have joined  
with the Young Turks, and that the  
reforms are demanded by Christians  
and Mahometans alike. To the army  
long arrears of pay are due and the  
Albanians have discovered that the  
government is totally incompetent to  
protect the people against brigands  
and other murderers by profession,  
and to preserve law and order.

The malcontents, in sending their  
ultimatum to the Government, de-  
clared that they do not wish to have  
reforms imposed upon them by the  
other powers of Europe, but if what  
they demand be not peaceably grant-  
ed, they will declare themselves inde-  
pendent and establish a Parliamen-  
tary Government of their own at  
Monastir.

The Sultan manifested great anger  
when these demands were made, and  
he called his Ministers traitors be-  
cause they advised him to grant what  
was asked. Finally, however, he  
yielded to the demands made and he  
has called a Parliament to meet in  
November. The crisis, however,  
is not over yet, as it is  
suspected that the Sultan will  
not keep his promises when the  
Young Turks now under arms dis-  
perse to their homes. Just such a  
trick as this the same Abdul Hamid  
played upon his deluded subjects thirty  
years ago. In was proved in  
1876 by the report of Mr. Baring, the  
British Commissioner in Bulgaria,

"that a ferocious Mussulman soldiery  
in revenge for a feeble and abortive  
insurrection, were let loose on the in-  
habitants of that large province; that  
the population were barbarously mas-  
sacred, men, women and children in-  
cluded, and that during the storm of  
savage fury crimes of all descriptions  
and outrages unmentionable were per-  
petrated on the inhabitants."

Such was the summary of the Com-  
missioner's report as given in the  
London Times, and yet at this time  
the Sultan agreed to call a Parlia-  
ment, which was opened in March,  
1877, just on the eve of the Russo-  
Turkish war, which was chiefly the  
result of the Bulgarian outrages re-  
ferred to above. In 1878 this Parli-  
ament was dissolved by the Sultan,  
who found he had troubles enough  
arising out of the war with Russia,  
the demands of his troops for pay-  
ment of what was due to them, and  
the open rebellion of the Balkan pro-  
vinces, which took occasion from the  
war to demand independence, and  
openly sided with Russia that such  
independence might be assured.

Many of our readers will remember  
that after several battles in which  
success was sometimes on the side  
of Russia, and at other times with  
the Turks, Russia at last by pushing  
the war vigorously, was finally uni-  
formly successful and marched her  
forces to within sight of Constantinople,  
which city would without doubt  
have fallen into her hands only for  
the intervention of Great Britain at  
this moment. The British fleet passed  
through the Dardanelles into the  
Sea of Marmora without leave asked  
or given by the Turkish Government.  
This was, of course, a broad hint to  
Russia that she should check her ad-  
vance, and so the war was brought  
to an end. A treaty of peace was  
signed at San Stefano, but was much  
modified by the later treaty of Berlin  
in which the great powers of Europe  
took part. The objection of the  
British Government to Russia's ad-  
vance was founded upon the ground  
that Russia was acting alone, against  
the concert of the powers.

The constitution granted by the  
Sultan in 1876 ceased on the dis-  
solution of Parliament in 1878, as no  
second session of that body was ever  
held. It remains to be seen whether  
the Sultan's grant of a constitution  
now will be seriously carried out. It  
is said, indeed, that the Sultan told  
his cabinet that it was an easy mat-  
ter to grant a constitution, and then  
to withdraw it when the danger of  
the present uprising should have passed  
away. It remains to be seen whether  
or not the reforms sought will be  
carried out. In our estimation  
there is little confidence to be placed  
in the promises of the Sultan and his  
Government, and there will be but  
illusory amelioration until Europe is  
entirely freed from the rule of the  
Turks.

LORD LOVAT.

The announced visit of Lord Lovat  
to Toronto makes his personality  
of interest at this moment. If plans  
have carried he has already been the  
guest of the Catholic people of Hal-  
ifax, Antigonish and other eastern  
points, where not alone the Highland  
societies, but the C.M.B.A. and others,  
joined to do him honor. Celtic  
sports and other appropriate pas-  
times are on the programme, and To-  
ronto will probably not be behind-  
hand. The address which Lord Lovat  
beats from the Frasers of Scot-  
land to their clansmen in Canada, will  
be found elsewhere in this issue.

At Quebec Lord Lovat, whose manly  
set-up quite upholds the traditions  
of his race and clan, was a conspicu-  
ous figure always appraised in the  
picturesque kilt of his ancestors, the  
Fraser tartan making a bright spot  
wherever he appeared.

Like the Irish who never lost the  
Faith, certain branches of the Frasers  
have ever stood true to the teachings  
of Catholicity, thus we see the chief  
of this powerful clan one of the most  
prominent Catholics known to the  
British Isles.

Speaking of the public life of Lord  
Lovat, the Antigonish Casket says:  
Lord Lovat, though still young, un-  
der forty years, has added fresh lustre  
to a name already illustrious in the  
history of Scotland and of Great  
Britain. Except Lord Strathcona he  
was the only citizen of the British  
Empire, who at his own expense raised  
and equipped a troop of cavalry  
known as "Lovat's Scouts," for ser-  
vice in Africa during the Boer War.  
As became a chief of the powerful  
Fraser clan, he led them on the field  
of battle himself, and his name ap-  
peared repeatedly in military  
despatches from the seat of war. The  
Home Government fittingly recogniz-  
ed and requited his conspicuous ser-  
vices by conferring on him such titles  
as fall only to the lot of the few  
whose names and fame merit in the  
interests of the Empire acquire a  
national character.

His Lordship is accompanied by his  
pipers, but the pipers of the different  
towns in which he appears, as well  
as the people generally, honor his  
coming by extending the warm, old-  
fashioned "Hieland welcome."  
At the reunion of the clans when  
the Chief of the Frasers comes to  
Toronto on the 10th inst., it is ex-  
pected that representatives from New  
York, Detroit, Chicago, Montreal and  
other points will be present. The  
Catholic Union will give a luncheon  
on the same date.

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As security, you have our Paid-Up Capital, amounting to the exceptionally  
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and Three Quarters Million Dollars protecting your money from  
loss. You have also the further protection of our Charter, which limits the  
total amount we may receive on deposit to the amount of the Paid-Up Capital  
and further provides that our total borrowings from the public shall not exceed  
four times the Paid-Up Capital. Do you know any place where money is bet-  
ter protected? And it is always available when wanted.  
An account may be opened with one dollar. Every dollar bears interest  
at Three and One-Half per cent.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation  
TORONTO STREET - - TORONTO

THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

Once again the children of the Se-  
parate schools of the city have stood  
the test of the "Entrance" examina-  
tion, and once again have they come  
off with credit to themselves and  
their teachers. This has happened in  
every instance during the last few  
years in which the children of our  
schools have taken the work of the  
Entrance examination under exactly  
the same circumstances as do the  
children of the Public schools. The  
pity is that this action was not taken  
years ago, and that the efficient  
work of our schools might have been  
demonstrated publicly sooner, thus  
giving the contradiction to all, both  
within and without the gates, who  
would have had us believe that our  
schools were behind hand and by no  
means up to the mark.

Catholics, and unfortunately there  
are some few to whom this ap-  
plies, who have spoken about their  
schools in a half-apologetic tone,  
may now change their attitude, and  
while boasting is never in place, a  
respectable self-confidence is always  
helpful, and to be commended.

Some have striven to show that the  
superiority in numbers of the Se-  
parate school pupils who passed is to be  
accounted for by an advantage in the  
ages of those pupils. In an interview  
with the Globe of Saturday, Inspec-  
tor W. F. Chapman refutes this argu-  
ment. He stated that the number of  
pupils from the Public schools of To-  
ronto who wrote was 1,555 and that  
957 or 61.54 per cent., passed. Whilst  
quoting those who wrote at De La  
Salle, Mr. Chapman states that 78  
per cent. of the girls who wrote and  
73 per cent. of the boys were success-  
ful. As to the matter of age, while  
no computation of all who wrote has  
been attempted, an investigation of  
the ages of those who were successful  
has been made with the following re-  
sults; average age of those who wrote  
at De La Salle 13.6; at Harbord Col-  
legiate, where the great bulk of the  
candidates wrote, 13.8; at Jameson  
avenue, 13.8; at Riverdale High  
School, 13.8, and at Jarvis Street  
Collegiate, girls 14.2 and boys 13.8,  
averaging about an even 14 years.  
These figures speak for themselves, no  
comment is necessary.

To account for the disparity and the  
success of the children of our schools,  
over those of the Public schools, In-  
spector Chapman suggests that the  
pupils of the latter schools are pro-  
moted too rapidly. Perhaps so, but  
this brings our children still further  
to the front, for as their average age  
at Entrance is less than that of the  
Public school pupil, so it is to be in-  
ferred is their average age at pro-  
motion at previous examinations. Mr.  
Chapman is to be thanked for his fair  
presentation of things which has helped  
to place matters in their just  
light before the public.

The suggestion of Dr. Hawke that  
parents are to blame for insisting on  
sending children to write in opposi-  
tion to the judgment of their teach-  
ers, has much in it that may not ap-  
peal to the parent, but is, in the  
opinion of educators, substantially  
correct. Parents, no matter how  
well informed, are not technically in-  
touch with the workings of the  
schools and examinations. They are  
not capable of judging of the all-  
round knowledge and capability of the  
children in as far as it meets the re-  
quirements of the curriculum. No  
one knows this, generally speaking,  
except the teacher in charge. A word  
here to Catholics who sometimes  
seek to insist that their child is just  
as well prepared for First Commu-  
nion or Confirmation as is the child  
of someone else. This is all wrong,  
the priest and teachers here are the only  
judges, as are the teachers in the  
case of the Entrance examination.

In seeking a reason for the success  
of the pupils of our schools, might  
we suggest something that has seem-  
ingly not entered into the calcula-  
tions brought about by figures.  
Granting the teachers in both classes  
of schools capable and painstaking,  
might not an esprit de corps amongst  
our Catholic children have some-  
thing to do with their success? The  
little ones know that for the past  
few years the eyes of the public are  
on them. They work for best re-  
sults. Their best endeavor is put  
forth. Not only do they apply them-  
selves hard and brain, but they seek  
assistance, in this for them impor-  
tant work, where their religion teach-  
ers them assistance is to be found. In  
many cases they go to Mass every  
morning for weeks for this intention.  
They make novenas and receive  
Holy Communion that they may be  
successful. Who will say that their

prayers have not been answered? To  
non-Catholics this might not be un-  
derstandable. To the Catholic it is  
easy of understanding and belief.

Our school-teachers and pupils are  
to be congratulated. The duty and  
pleasure of extending congratulations  
we willingly perform. While, as we  
asserted previously, boasting is never  
in taste, acknowledgment of merit is  
allowable according to every code of  
ethics. The present standing of our  
primary schools as gauged by the En-  
trance examination, is good; it is  
more, it is excellent. Let this en-  
couragement all to even further endeavor.  
Education in all grades is one of the  
things that can never receive its full-  
est complement. There is always  
room for more. To try to perform  
the impossible is the ideal of the  
student. His effort is always the  
attainment of something new. His  
motto is ever "onward and upward."  
So with our schools; content and  
satisfaction as to present conditions  
is ever the forerunner of a retrograde  
movement. The banner to fly from  
every school in the land should bear  
the life-stirring motto "Excelsior."

WOMEN SHOPLIFTERS.

While perhaps it is difficult for those  
not similarly tempted to enter into  
the impulse which prompts women to  
steal, for no other reason seemingly,  
than that their stock of finery may  
be increased, a moment's meditation  
on the judgment of Judge Morgan in  
the case of two women lately brought  
before him for shoplifting, that their  
action was the result of an "inordin-  
ate desire for attire" is worthy of a  
moment's reflection. To steal from  
necessity, real or supposed, to steal  
from pure viciousness, is comprehen-  
sible, but to steal as in the case of  
these two women, for the sole pur-  
pose of an unnecessary acquisition to  
their wardrobe, is something which  
makes the opinion of the judge of  
value as a warning to others. The  
women in the present case are said  
to have been supplied with ample  
money for dress in the average judg-  
ment. This did not suffice. Some-  
what singular, too, the culprits were  
Jewish women. Now, unless we are  
much mistaken the Hebrew women of  
our city are seldom public offenders,  
therefore the present instance is  
somewhat glaring.

If, as Judge Morgan asserts, "the  
inordinate desire for attire is an ab-  
solute curse of modern society and  
applies to rich and poor, young and  
old," it is time to cry halt. We do  
not think that the menace is quite  
as threatening as depicted, but that  
there is a certain amount of truth,  
and therefore danger to society, in  
the statement of the learned judge, is  
borne out by the fact that the wo-  
men in the present instance had no  
normal ground for their act, and that  
only the cause ascribed seems to pre-  
sent itself.

If society of all ranks is running in-  
to extremes in the matter of dress  
to the point of making thieves of its  
members, then it is certainly time to  
put on the brakes at some points at  
least.

Death of Rev. Mother Mary Bap-  
tiste Ursuline Convent, Chatham,  
Ontario.

The Ursuline Convent, Chatham,  
Ont., has lost one of its best  
known members by the death of Mo-  
ther Mary Baptiste, which occurred  
on Tuesday morning, July 21st, at  
about eleven o'clock. The event was  
not unexpected, as Mother Mary  
Baptiste had been in failing health for  
some time, and about six months  
ago was stricken with paralysis.  
Every means that medical skill could  
devise to avert the blow had been  
checked the malady was resorted to  
with persistent and loving solicitude.  
But in vain. God called His faithful  
servant home, and human skill was  
powerless to prevent her soul in its  
eager flight to the Heart of its Mas-  
ter.

The deceased, whose former name  
was Jane Frances O'Grady, was a  
native of Troy, N.Y., where she was  
educated at the Catholic school, and  
afterwards graduated from the Emma  
Willard Seminary of that city. Her  
education completed, she prepared to  
obey the divine summons that was  
calling her to embrace the religious  
state, and it only remained to decide  
where she should go to fulfil her great  
vocation. Many flourishing convents  
in her native country desired to claim  
her, but from far-off Canada there  
came to her word of the little com-  
munity of Ursulines at Chatham,  
struggling amid all the difficulties and  
hardships of a new foundation, and  
anxiously in need of help. Her choice  
was quickly made. She would go  
where the voice of her Divine Lord  
surely called her, to follow Him  
through poverty and privation in a  
strange land.  
It was in 1862 Mother Mary Bap-

tiste joined the small band of pioneer  
laborers in the work of education in  
Chatham, and ever since that time  
her name has been most intimately  
identified with the rise and progress  
of the Ursuline College in that city.  
Her versatile and remarkable abili-  
ties were early recognized, and the  
most important offices of trust and  
responsibility were constantly allotted  
to her. Besides fulfilling for sev-  
eral terms the duties of depository  
and general mistress of the school,  
she was four times elected Superior  
of the community, holding that office  
during twelve years, and at the time  
of her death, she had been for two  
years Assistant Superior.

Her work, as an educator can hard-  
ly be over-estimated. A strong sup-  
porter of every plan that could pro-  
mise advantages to the students of  
the Ursuline schools, she had the  
happiness of seeing those schools grow  
and prosper to their present flourish-  
ing condition. Nor were the virtues  
of her heart less admirable than her  
mental endowments. Her amiable,  
genial disposition won her a friend  
in every acquaintance, while in the  
school every student found in her all  
the devoted solicitude and prudent  
counsel of a true mother. But it  
was her religious Sisters who knew  
her best and who, therefore, valued  
most highly her exceptional traits  
of character and virtues of soul.  
Among them she was most affection-  
ately loved and esteemed, and her  
death has been a great sorrow to  
them. Her last illness was borne  
with wonderful patience and serenity.  
She had always been of a very active  
disposition, and until January last  
had constantly taken a foremost part  
in all the business of the convent.  
Even after the first stroke of her dis-  
ease had forced her to keep her room,  
her interest in the affairs of the  
house was as lively as ever. But  
when at last it became evident that  
her disease would never be cured, it  
was beautiful to see with what calm  
resignation she turned away from  
things of earth and time to devote  
her thoughts entirely to those of  
heaven and eternity. Her strong  
spirit of faith and loving confidence  
in the mercy of God made her look  
on death without fear, and God was  
pleased to grant her many striking  
graces to temper the severity of that  
last dread hour.

Mother Mary Baptiste was in the  
sixty-seventh year of her life and the  
forty-fourth of her religious profes-  
sion.

The funeral took place from the  
convent chapel at 9.30 on Friday  
morning. Solemn Requiem Mass was  
celebrated by Very Rev. Mgr. Men-  
nier, administrator of the London  
Diocese, with Rev. P. Langlois, Te-  
cumseh, as Deacon, and Rev. C. Par-  
rot, Tilbury, sub-deacon, and Rev.  
Father Basil, O.F.M., Chatham, mas-  
ter of ceremonies. The following  
were also present in the sanctuary:  
Very Rev. Father James, O.F.M.,  
Chatham; Rev. J. T. Aylward, rec-  
tor of the Cathedral, London; Rev.  
P. J. McKeon, St. Mary's, London;  
Rev. J. Scanlan, St. Joseph's Hos-  
pital, Chatham; Rev. J. Mugan,  
Ridgetown; Rev. J. Brennan, Both-  
well; Rev. P. L. Heuxeur, Belle Riv-  
er; Rev. E. Ladouceur, St. Peter's;  
Rev. P. McCabe, Maidstone; Rev.  
Father Eusebius, O.F.M., Chatham.

Tried to Save Alia

As might have been expected, the  
Franciscan Fathers of St. Elizabeth's  
Church, Denver, made a last effort to  
obtain mercy for Giuseppe Alia, the  
murderer of their beloved confrere,  
Father Leo Heinrichs. From the Den-  
ver "Catholic Register" we learn  
that Alia expressed no repentance for  
his act, but, on the contrary, heaped  
malediction on the Catholic priest-  
hood. Father Wulstan, O.F.M., of  
St. Elizabeth's, was sent to make a  
last attempt to soften the prisoner's  
heart, but as the execution took place  
yesterday night, whereas it had been  
given out that it would take place  
either on Thursday or Friday night, he  
arrived too late. Father Bernard, O.F.  
M., Father Leo's successor as pastor  
of St. Elizabeth's, learning that Father  
Wulstan would fail to reach the pen-  
itentiary in time, at once sent a  
representative to personally plead  
with Governor Harper for a commu-  
tation of the sentence to life im-  
prisonment, or a suspension of sentence  
until further effort could be made to  
reclaim the condemned man. The  
Governor refused to grant the peti-  
tion.

"We bore no ill will toward Alia,"  
said Father Bernard in a statement to  
the press. "We mourn Father  
Leo as a lovable man and a good  
companion, but we did not seek re-  
venge for his death. Had the  
Governor seen fit to pardon Alia,  
we should have offered no objection.  
On the other hand, neither the Gov-  
ernor, the judge nor the jury has  
made a mistake, according to the evi-  
dence. I believe Alia was sane. I  
believe, also, that he was a danger-  
ous criminal, as was proven by his  
thrice-repeated attempts to injure  
his guards. We are not opposed to  
capital punishment, nor are we an-  
xious to see a condemned murderer  
die. The dignity of the law must  
be upheld."

"I should have been pleased to see  
Alia converted, and with this end  
in view I sent Father Wulstan to Can-  
yon City to extend to him our full  
pardon for the wrong he has done us.  
We did not seek Alia's life because he  
killed one of our priests, but we as-  
ked his punishment because he had vio-  
lated one of the most sacred laws of  
the State when he took the life of a  
fellow-being.  
"We hope Alia has met a merciful  
God."

Prelates Sail for Rome

A distinguished party of Catholic  
clergymen, headed by Cardinal Gib-  
bons of Baltimore and Archbishop  
John M. Farley of New York, have  
sailed for the Mediterranean on the  
North German Lloyd liner, Konig Al-  
bert. There are about fifty clergymen  
in the party. Archbishop Farley  
is taking to Rome the Peter's  
Pence, which is said to be the largest  
contribution ever sent to Rome  
from the Diocese of New York. In  
addition to the Pence the Archbishop  
will convey many messages to the  
Pope from the Catholic Church in  
America. He will also present to  
the Pope a handsome copy of the  
book written on the recent Catholic  
centenary.

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#### OTTAWA NOTES

Rev. Sister Mary of St. Anne's Community, Lachine, spent several days last week in Hull, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pharaud.

Out of the one hundred and fifty pupils of the Separate Schools who wrote upon the Entrance Examinations in this city, one hundred and twenty-five were successful.

Rev. Father Aubin of Swanton, N.Y., delivered the sermon in St. Anne's church on the occasion of the celebration of its patronal feast. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Bonchard, who was assisted by Rev. Father David.

Rev. Father Le Jeune, of Ottawa University, and who came to this country from France over four years ago, is one of those who recently applied for naturalization papers. The application will be considered with many others during October.

Rev. Father Legault, prefect of studies in Ottawa University, has left for Mauritania to accept an appointment in a mission there under the direction of Rev. Father Nilles. Rev. Father Legault leaves many friends among the priests and students of the University with which he had been connected for over ten years.

About seventy-five of the priests of the diocese were in attendance at the annual retreat at Ottawa University which was held during last week. The sermons were delivered by Rev. Father Gavary, Professor of Moral Theology, and among those present were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel and Mgr. Routhier, V.G.

At the concluding of the Triduum in the Basilica in honor of St. Anne, twenty-five ladies were enrolled in St. Anne's Society, the membership of which is now almost 800. Archbishop Duhamel presided at the ceremony and officiated at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. An eloquent sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Corbell.

Rev. Father Pietro Pisani, from Versailles, Italy, spent several days during last week as a guest at the Archbishop's Palace. Father Pisani, who is a professor of theology in one of the Italian universities, is interested in Italian immigration, and is making a tour throughout Canada and the United States, observing the conditions attending the Italians, in both countries.

The will of the late Miss Catherine Clabby, who recently passed away in St. Charles' Home, bequeathed practically all of the moderate estate to religious purposes. Of this \$200 was left to the Capuchin Monastery, \$50 to St. Charles' Home, \$5 to St. Bridget's church, and almost all of the balance to the education of candidates for the priesthood in this city. Miss Clabby was a native of Ireland and had no relatives in Canada.

Magistrate A. H. X. Talbot, a prominent citizen of Hull, and member of Notre Dame De Grace church, in that city, passed away suddenly during last week, following an attack of heart trouble. He is survived by a widow, two sons and three daughters, including Rev. Sister St. Sebastien, who is a member of a Montreal community, and who was in attendance at the funeral. Rev. Father Dubruic officiated at the requiem service, and special music was rendered by the choir.

The announcement from the national convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Indianapolis, that it had definitely decided to erect a monument over the graves of the twelve thousand Irish immigrants, who perished of famine in 1841 and were buried on Gros Isle near Quebec, has been a source of satisfaction here, as many local members worked energetically in support of the proposal.

Rev. Father Lajeunesse, of Ottawa University, who in company with three students of that institution, Messrs. W. Baril, Sixte Coupal and A. Couillard, set out some time ago to journey from this city to Quebec by canoe, has returned and the party

reports an enjoyable trip, though it was necessary to overcome many obstacles, such as when their canoe and provisions were carried away during a storm at Louisville. The canoeists arrived at the ancient city at an auspicious moment—just as Champlain in the "Don de Dieu" approached the city from the Isle of Orleans.

Rev. Father McCauley of Osgoode, has invented a flax-pulling machine which will be exhibited at Minneapolis Fair on September 1st. A patent has been secured jointly by Father McCauley and Mr. Edward McCauley of Minneapolis, Minn. It is claimed for the invention that it will considerably reduce the price of manufacturing hemp rope and binder twine, as well as the price of labor now entailed by the pulling of the flax by hand. Rev. Father McCauley has just returned from a visit to St. Agnes, New York, where he has been supervising the construction of his two former inventions, a mud-guard and a patent pole tip for vehicles.

#### The Boy King of Portugal.

Just as his late father, the murdered King Carlos, was at once an ardent sportsman, a painter of unusual ability and a musician of unusual skill, so the boy monarch of Portugal, Manuel, is a splendid gymnast, and a poet of much promising genius. Not only is he one of the best swimmers, and riders in Lisbon, but Dom Manuel has also been a most generous distributor of the efforts of his Muse. The King is now about to put this poetic gift to a purpose, at once filial and pathetic. With the Queen Mother, Maria Pia, he is about to retire to the beautiful Castle of Pena at Centra, and there, where Carlos spent the happiest days of his life, the young King will compose an ode to the memory of his assassinated father and brother, and an appeal to the loyal spirit of the Portuguese people.

Already the romantic idea has made a deep impression on the impulsive nation, which is now markedly loyal to the new King.

The Pope announces that the old Lateran palace, the residence of the Papacy from the time of Constantine to the Migration of Avignon, will be built over for the purpose of housing the Rota and Segnatura courts, while the penitentiary tribunal will be housed at the holy office near St. Peter.

W. D. McVey, the Photographer, will make your photograph day or night. Studio 514 Queen St. W. Mention this paper.

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It is proverbially difficult to collect the means for finishing a large undertaking, but Cardinal Newman's name is held in such honour that we feel justified in our hope of opening the Church in 1909 free of debt.

Up to the present time more than \$25,000 has been given in donations, varying from \$5.00 to the smallest sums, and we look confidently for further help from those who cherish the great Cardinal's memory. We therefore appeal earnestly to your generosity to aid us in collecting the amount still needed, during the next fifteen months, by a weekly or a monthly subscription, or by a single donation.

JOHN NORRIS, Provost.

The Oratory, Birmingham, England, May 1908. \*Mass is said twice a week for all Benefactors of the New Church, and their names are entered in the Liber Aureus, or Golden Book, to be preserved under the future High Altar.

### LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

London, July 23rd, 1908.

An Italian Duca, in a recent book exclaims, "All the English I have ever met have been Scotch or Irish!" This trite remark occurs to me as I hear daily of the British victories in the Olympic games which are now in full swing at the Stadium, for it is very true that in these peaceful victories, as in her famous battle-fields, England owes much to her Celtic allies. Scottish and Irish names figure largely among the competitors at Shepherd's Bush, and in the latter, if not the former also, there are naturally not a few Catholics, which must be my excuse for mentioning a mundane subject that is taking up so much attention in the London world-to-day. America is coming in a good second to Britain in her victories and here again much of her lustre comes from such competitors as Flanagan and other typical Irish names.

Interest in the Quebec Celebrations continues to grow rather than decrease. People here are captivated with the story of Champlain and his girl wife, and the Catholic Press are holding up this Canadian Pioneer as the ideal Christian explorer, whose first aim should be to plant high the standard of the Cross, and commend this new land to the Sovereignty of our Blessed Lord before extending the dominion of the earthly monarch who sent him forth. Father Wilfrid Lescar, too, has an interesting article on the "Quebec Battlefields" in one of the Catholic magazines, illustrated by some extremely good photographs.

Speech Day at St. Edmund's College Ware, the Seminary for the Archdiocese of Westminster, was of more than usual interest this year, Archbishop Bourne, taking the occasion to unveil the memorial tablet to Prior Chauncey, subscribed for by the East Herts. Archaeological Society, and erected in the cloisters leading to the chapel. The priest whom it commemorates was a monk of the London Charterhouse, and came of an ancient Norman family. After escaping during the persecution under Henry VIII, he returned from France in 1556 on the accession of Queen Mary, and became Prior of the Community, and Confessor to the Queen. At her death he retired with his monks to Bruges, and finally died at the Chartreuse, Paris, in 1581.

St. Edmunds itself is not without its memories and traditions, being founded in 1793 by Bishop Douglas to take the place of Douai, which had then been seized by the Revolutionaries. The present fine building is the successor to the Old Hall manor House, purchased by Bishop Talbot for the purpose of a centre from which priests could go forth over the whole of England. It is now scarcely large enough to meet the needs of the Westminster Diocese alone despite the accommodation for some 250 students, and the additions which have been made since the disastrous fire of last year, which indisputably postponed the Clergy Retreat, but did not cripple the work of the College, owing to the generosity of Monsignor Ward, the Reverend President, and his many friends.

Last Saturday saw the marriage of Miss Esther Redmond to Dr. W. T. Power of New York at Our Lady of Victories, Church St., Kensington, the old Pro-Cathedral. The bride was charmingly gowned in exquisite draperies of Carrickmacross lace and chiffon over white satin and was given away by her father, the Irish Leader. After the nuptial Mass a breakfast and reception took place at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, where the beautiful presents received were tastefully displayed. Notable amongst them was a finely bound edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets from Mr. Birrell, and a handsome silver tea service and salver, the gift of the Irish party. Dr. and Mrs. Power are spending their honeymoon in the West of Ireland.

The feast of the Passionist Beati, Venerable Gabriel of our Lady of Sorrows, was observed with great solemnity both in Scotland and Ireland, last Sunday. In Glasgow Archbishop Maguire was present in the sanctuary of St. Mungo's, the Passionist church, and preached a panyergic in which he laid greater stress upon the lessons of fortitude of those things which are not for our salvation, that the Saint's life teaches us, rather than upon the glories of Venerable Gabriel. With equal splendour was the feast of this young Saint who appears so near to us in time and in human emotions—kept at Mount Argus, where the Mass was sung by the Most Rev. Dr. Leithan, Bishop of Auckland, and the Rev. Fathers McArdle, S.J., and J. Smith, C.P., preached morning and evening respectively. There are always compensations and in this age of indifference and disbelief, the lonely grave at Isola of this young man who realized so completely the motto of his Order, "Ama meserici et pro mihilo reputari," "Love to be unknown and reputed as nothing"—has become a flame of that fire which our Lord cast upon the earth, and about this little flame many hearts have been kindled with the love of God. No, the age of miracles is not past. There are few of us who, looking into the secrets of our own lives, do not know that this is so. People are prone to look only at the great miracles, but how many there are of those little wonders worked for the preservation of our daily life of soul or body—like those which the Master did not disdain to compass when the "Virgin Water saw her Lord and blushed" as someone beautifully describes the miracle at Cana. Miracles are the impressive public miracles lacking. Holywell has just witnessed another remarkable cure in the person of a colliery miner who met with a pit accident five and a half years ago, since when he has lost

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the use of his legs. A fortnight ago he visited St. Winifrid's Well, and the day following his application of the water, Daniel Madducks found himself able to rise and move about without the aid of crutches. He has now returned to his home entirely restored to health and soundness.

Similarly the benignant law of compensation applies if the Church loses ground in one country, for she gains it in another. While France is exiling the Mother to whom she owes all her greatness, Roumania is hastening back to that Mother's embrace. In consequence of the enormous number of conversions from the Greek Church the Holy Father has been petitioned to erect a new Bishopric. In Bucharest alone there are now 50,000 Catholics to 1,000 Greeks. In Jassy 89,000 to 1,000, while the conversions are particularly notable and numerous among the families of the nobles.

A large number of priests from various parts of Scotland and this side of the border also, were present at the laying of the foundation stone of Lanark's new church, by the Archbishop of Glasgow, rendered necessary by the growing needs of the Church in this district. It will be good news to Scotsmen in exile, who love their Church with the deep, strong, faithful devotion that is such a characteristic of the Scottish nature, to know that the Faith is advancing by leaps and bounds in the dear North land. The Catholic Truth Society's conference will take place in Glasgow this year, probably about September, and already the preparations for it are well in hand. Professor McAlister of Glasgow University is advocating the teaching of Gaelic side by side with English in the Highland Schools, and his voice carries much weight, as a man not prone to give way entirely to sentiment in his judgments.

The early days of the present week witnessed the Annual Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, held this year at Cardiff. His Grace Archbishop Bourne, sang High Mass in the Cathedral for the members of the Conference, over which the aged President, the Marquis of Ripon, presided. This Society is of incalculable value to the Church in England, not only as a means of sanctification to the souls of those men who generously give up so much valuable time and money to its needs, but as a powerful ally in the care of the Church's greatest treasure, the poor of Jesus Christ. We labor under many disadvantages here, not the least of which is our poverty, and it frequently happens in the larger and more squalid districts of the metropolises which the tourist seldom, if ever, sees, where the congregation of a mission is composed of the poorest, whose coppers go to keep up the worn fabric of the Church and support the overcrowded schools; there is little left for the priest himself to eke out a living on, let alone the numerous cases of distress deserving aid and sympathy, which come under his notice. And the poor look to the Church for sympathy and relief naturally, yet while very often there is little or nothing to give, the various bodies outside the fold are offering the temptation of soup tickets, coal and grocery tickets, free dinners for the children, and innumerable other attractions to those who will "only come to a little prayer meeting, and respectably of creed." Far be it from me to say that all these efforts on the part of the various Protestant sects are inspired by other feelings than those of Christian charity and goodwill, in most cases they are not. But they lead to other things. Well meaning or bigoted Protestants—and there are both in the ranks of these helpers—cannot resist the temptation of attempting to disabuse the mind of some Romanist recipient of their bounty. Of course our people should not take charity given under the name of another religion than their own, but poverty is a hard master. Here is where the Society of St. Vincent de Paul steps in, and subsidises the funds of a very poor Conference from the general treasury, sends young men to visit the people in their homes, and bestow, with gentle courtesy, the relief most suited to each family's needs. Clothes are provided, work is found, small loans are made—and I have it on the authority of a President of one Conference in a particularly poor and populous Mission, that it is seldom indeed that such loans are not repaid in full, with expressions of the deepest gratitude. Besides this there is the moral strength of feeling that they are not alone in their troubles, that some of their own people, not the aliens of another Church, are thinking of them and working for them, and how they repay the work and the trouble. There are no more lovable people than the London poor, and no more generous in their aid to each other, none more patient, and

none more weighed down by the slavery of a great city. Although most of them are, like the acquaintances of the Italian Duca before mentioned, Scotch or Irish. PILGRIM.

### Mid-Season at Catholic Summer School.

With June weather and August crowds, the fifth week at the Catholic Summer School, has been one eventful and significant. The large attendance at the different Masses on Sunday gave hints not alone of the large crowd present on the grounds, but of the inadequacy of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake to accommodate the growing needs of the school. The High Mass on Sunday was celebrated by Rev. John D. Roach, Rev. W. P. F. Dooley, deacon; Rev. John J. O'Brien, sub-deacon. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. William Sullivan, C.S.P., of Chicago, who, taking as his text "The Kingdom of God is Within You," delivered a most forceful sermon.

The Family Gathering on Sunday evening took the form of a reception to the Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg. A most delightful musical programme had been arranged for the occasion, including a piano selection by Mr. C. W. Zeckwer, vocal selection by Mr. and Mrs. McGuckin-Leigo, and short talks by Rev. John Talbot Smith, J.L.D., Rev. William Sullivan, C.S.P., and Rev. John B. Peterson, C.S.P. After the formal part of the programme, Father Smith introduced Bishop Gabriels, who in responding spoke with much feeling and interest of the School and its great work.

An indication of the especial appropriateness of the splendid lectures arranged for the session was manifested in the request this week of the Associated Press for the scholarly lectures on Modernism delivered by Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., of New York.

An echo from a week just closed, was a fitting preface to the most interesting series of talks on "Liturgical Origins" and the external elements of Divine worship, by Rev. John B. Peterson, of St. John's Seminary, Boston.

In musical circles this has been a most interesting week. The visit of the Troy Vocal Society on Tuesday and the piano recital of Prof. Zeckwer on Wednesday, were a fitting supplement to the evening song recitals of Mrs. McGuckin-Leigo, whose pretty contralto voice has made such a favorable impression.

Possibly one of the most significant movements in the history of the School was made a certainty during the past week by the interested gathering which greeted the Cliff Haven Stock Co. in its fourth production. Founded by Rev. John Talbot Smith to ascertain the possibilities of presenting to the world the great masterpieces in the Christian Drama, the work of the company has made what was a novel venture, a perfect certainty.

"Gala" only expresses in a negative way, the social week just closed, ushered in with "an evening with old melodies" at the Marquette Cottage on Monday, succeeded with euchre parties, receptions, dances, musicales, the week was brought to a happy close this evening with a Mardi Gras at the Algonquin Cottage, truly one of the prettiest social functions of the year.

In the outdoor sports this week has been witnessed the formation of the Cliff Haven Riding Club, with Dr. Smith as its President. Plans have been made for a series of trips to the neighboring points of interest during the remainder of the session. The McCall Challenge Cup tournament was played this week and all interest is now centered in the contest for the Conway Cup, which is to be played on August 17th.

The week just closing, in point of

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I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35x20 miles. The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small, we MUST have outside help for the present, or haul down the Flag.

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I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Spend the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

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Yours faithfully in Christ,  
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numbers, is the high water mark of the season. Next week, full to the brim with events of more than local significance, promises to reach the climax in the School's history both in the point of attendance and interest.

Among the events being looked forward to with interest, are the coming of Lieut.-Gov. Chandler, who is to participate in the dedication of the flag mounting of the Albany Cottage on August 5th. The day following is to be the annual bazaar for the benefit of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, under the auspices of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association. On August 7, the School is to have the honor of entertaining the Hon. Thos. Grady.

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# TRIUMPH OF THE PARIAH

"Lentry grange is let." The news aroused more than faint interest in the sleepy country town. "It wants doing up badly. It will cost them a lot of money," said the practical-minded.

"I hear they are taking it just as it is."

"Oh!"

The value of the newcomers depreciated.

"Yes," continued the latest informed, "they are either poor or mean. They are taking the grange because it is so cheap."

"Who are they?" asked another.

"Nobody knows exactly. There is a man and his wife and a daughter."

"Another girl in the place?"

"Already over crowded."

"But we do not know who they are."

"What name did you say?"

"The name conveys nothing, for it is simply Green."

"How is one to infer anything of people of the name of Green?"

"How, indeed?"

"Shall you call?"

"Well, one must not rush at them."

"I shall wait and see who calls."

"Of course, if Mrs. Billington calls it will be all right."

"Yes; we must certainly wait for Mrs. Billington."

Mrs. Billington was "at home" on Thursdays. Mrs. Parkin ventured to produce the newest topic, the advent of the Greens.

Billington had not yet considered the subject of calling on the newcomers. What horses were they bringing down?

"Oh, none!" Mrs. Parkin announced impressively. "They do not mean to live in any style whatever."

"I really cannot undertake to call on people of the name of Green without being specially asked to do so by intimate friends. They are probably nobodies."

Mrs. Parkin reported this speech to her daughter, and added in solemn tones:

"My dear, it would never do for us to call if Mrs. Billington does not. We have to know some undesirable people because of your father's position professionally; but we must not identify ourselves with the outsiders. It has been a little difficult to become one of the inner circle. No, we cannot be too careful."

"They have come, mother, and I have seen the girl. She's awfully pretty, with lovely hair, and such a pretty hat! In fact, all her clothes make one feel dowdy."

"Dear me. She probably dresses most inappropriately to her position. I wonder if the Archdeacon's wife will call? I suppose she is almost obliged to. But she might leave it to Mrs. Sparrow."

Mrs. Sparrow, the curate's wife, was a quiet, dowdy little woman, who devoted herself to her increasing nursery and to good works.

The girl and her father appeared in church on Sunday, and, as they sat in the front pew, were quite unaware of the distracting influence they had upon the congregation, who were annoyed to find her so pretty; therefore they chose to be equally annoyed at her pretty clothes, which were of a style they did not understand.

Mr. Green seemed to possess negative qualities only. He was neither strikingly aristocratic nor aggressively middle class. He was rather short and rather pale. He might have been a retired shopkeeper, or he might have been the son of a peer's younger son.

They had nothing to go by except that his name was Green and that he slumbered during the sermon. But they could not honestly condemn him for that. The Archdeacon was terribly long, and Captain Spurt invariably did the same.

During the week somebody, passing the grange, saw him in a shabby coat lopping trees with the energy of a woodcutter. The fact was duly reported.

Miss Green was seen daily in the High Street, but, so far, no one had seen Mrs. Green. An air of mystery began to shroud her.

At last some said that perhaps there was no Mrs. Green. Perhaps there was only Miss Green and her father—if he really was her father. But they were not the least alike. Somebody passed on the suggestion as almost a fact. Mrs. Parkin wished Mrs. Sparrow would call, but a domestic affair prevented her from doing so at present.

The Archdeacon's wife was away in London. Really Mrs. Parkin felt al-

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most inclined to call herself, out of sheer curiosity, only it would never do to lower herself in Mrs. Billington's eyes. Mrs. Spurt was so taken up with her sister's return from India, with her children, that she could not be expected to take an interest in obscure newcomers. So there was no one to give the inner circle a lead.

Meantime the vague suggestion that there was something odd about the inmates of Lentry grange began to take root, and by the time the Archdeacon's wife returned from town she was informed that there were "some rather queer people" established at the grange—a father and daughter, who were supposed not really to be father and daughter, and an imaginary mother, whom nobody had ever seen.

"My dear, I hope you do not expect me to call!" she asked the Archdeacon.

"Well—er—I did—rather expect it. I have called myself and they were not at home, and Mr. Sparrow has called, but only saw the daughter. He asked her to help in the Sunday school, and she agreed to do so. Miss Rollins, you know, is giving up her class."

"My dear Cyprian was that wise, if she is an undesirable person?"

"Come, come, my dear, we do not actually know anything against them. It is scarcely in keeping with Christian principles."

"Yes, of course not. Don't preach to me, please, Cyprian. I cannot bear more than your Sunday discourse."

"Through which, I fear, Mr. Green slumbers," murmured the Archdeacon.

"It seems to me that if you and Mr. Sparrow have both made your parochial visits, I am not called upon to place them on my private visiting list. I will introduce myself to Miss Green at the Sunday School, and will ask her to assist at the Mother's Tea next month."

The Archdeacon only looked half satisfied, but said:

"Very well, my dear," and Mrs. Cyprian Walsh did not call upon the Greens.

"We have been here six months, and our doorbell has rang twice."

Di Green's eyes twinkled with merriment.

"I did not quite expect this; it is rather hard on you, daddy."

"My dear, I am afraid I am wofully indifferent to the sociability of Little Meddleton. If it pleases you and serves your purpose you need not worry about me. So long as I am with your mother or in the garden I am quite happy. Besides, there is young Dr. Mellor to talk to when one gets the chance. But he is desperately busy. Are you getting what you wanted?"

"Not altogether. I intended to be an onlooker, I find myself a pariah."

"My dear!" protested Mr. Green.

"Yes, distinctly a pariah. It is an interesting situation. If my interests are not entirely detached from Little Meddleton, I might be tempted to resent the unfriendliness of its inhabitants. By-the-by, I was in Drew's library yesterday and was compelled to overhear a conversation between Mrs. Billington and Mrs. Longley. One cannot be out of earshot of Mrs. Billington's high pitched tones."

"My dear Mrs. Longley, have you read 'Developments'?"

"Then you really must; it is most clever, most amusing. Everybody is reading it; even the archdeacon sat up late over it."

"I don't know the book," said Mrs. Longley. "Who is it by?"

"Nobody knows. It is believed to be a man, but the anonymity has been strictly preserved. I believe it to be a man. At any rate, it is a book I highly approve of. Besides, if the archdeacon approves—"

"I came away after that. Think of it, daddy, the archdeacon and Mrs. Billington both approve of 'Developments.' There's fame for the anonymous author!"

Diana left the room with a merry laugh.

When Mrs. Sparrow was at last able to pay a belated call, Little Meddleton was so firmly convinced of the impossibility of the Greens that her gentle protest, "Miss Green seems so very nice and quite a lady," was unavailing.

"Did you see Mrs. Green?" asked Miss Baxter, who kept a keen eye on the morals of Little Meddleton.

"Well, no, I didn't. Miss Green said she could not see visitors," faltered Mrs. Sparrow.

"Ah!" ejaculated Miss Baxter, glancing across at Miss Lizzie Baxter, who set her mouth in a hard line.

Mrs. Sparrow made one more brave effort.

"Her Sunday school class are devoted to her, simply devoted, and they were such naughty boys, you know."

"Most precious," said Miss Lizzie. "My dear Mrs. Sparrow, are you sure that she teaches them sound doctrine?" The archdeacon had better be consulted. I sit too far away to overhear anything. But we may be cherishing a viper in our midst. In these days of plausible unbelief we cannot be too careful."

"Really, Miss Baxter!"—began Mrs. Sparrow, but other visitors arrived and she departed feeling perturbed and anxious.

The Misses Baxter thought it their duty to mention to the archdeacon's wife, that they feared the new Sunday school teacher was not teaching sound doctrine to the children. Mrs. Walsh reported the same to her husband.

"Cyprian, the matter ought to be investigated. She may be doing incalculable harm. Had she not better be asked to resign at once?"

"My dear Amanda," replied the archdeacon, mildly remonstrative, "for the first time since my residence here, that unruly class has been manageable. What Miss Green has done I do not know, but the result both in their behaviour and in the intelligence of their answers, is nothing short of marvellous. I would not dream of interfering."

"Cyprian, I think she is a dangerous young person. Knowing what we do about the household—"

"Indeed, I was not aware that we knew anything," interrupted her husband.

"My dear Amanda, let me remind you that in this house, at least, it is most unseemly that uncharitable conclusions should be drawn on wholly insufficient evidence," and he left the room.

"The fact is, my dear Mrs. Best," confided Mrs. Walsh to her most intimate friend, "Cyprian is deceived by that innocent manner. I fear he may even be blinded by her good looks. All men are prone to be less severe

on a pretty woman than on a plain one," and Mrs. Cyprian Walsh shook her head mournfully.

Mrs. Walsh must have whispered her doubts to the reeds and rushes, for not long after this Di had to upbraid the baker's son for fighting.

"If you please, miss, it were for you," he replied sturdily. "They was a-saying that you didn't teach us the right stuff. Bill Jenks said his aunt had heard it said, and that they talked of turning you away from the school. So I just knocked him down and pommelled him. Just let them send you away, and I'll never go to school nor Bible class nor church no more, no, nor will the others, either, and we'll make a row outside the school all the time, so as nobody will hear themselves speak."

"Jim," said Di quietly, "if you fight and make rows people will think that I am teaching you wrong ideas. Now, Jim, I depend upon you to show them that I am not."

She held out her hand to him. Jim wrung it and turned very red.

"All right, miss," he said, and they parted.

The interview made Di thoughtful.

"How wicked people are!" she said to herself, "not only have they cold shouldered us, but they have actually said gratuitously nasty things about us. Little Meddleton will end by making me vindictive."

The interest created in the spring by the arrival of the Greens was as nothing compared with that aroused in the autumn by the rumor that a Lord Sandys was coming to Little Meddleton for the hunting.

He had taken Avery Hall, so would be in their midst.

The Greens and their shortcomings were quite forgotten. Mrs. Billington was full of importance. She intended Hilda to come out at the Hunt Ball, and she meant to give a dance herself.

Lord Sandys would be a most desirable parti for Hilda. She intended to be most attentive to him.

"I wonder if we shall get to know him," speculated Miss Parkin. "We have never yet known a lord. I suppose he will be very grand and uppish. Perhaps he will not think us good enough to know, as papa is only a lawyer."

"My dear, said her mother, "wait and see. I dare say you will meet him at the Beaton's and the Archdeacon's, then it will be quite easy to call, and we should refer to them as our oldest friends here. You have known dear Hilda since she was in the nursery."

As soon as it was known that Lord Sandys had arrived, the avenue to Avery Hall was well trodden, and the pile of cards on the hall table speedily increased. But he was only to be seen, wending his way home on his tired horse, after a hard day with the Meddleshire hounds.

One Saturday morning, however, Mrs. Parkin looked out of her window in the High Street and saw a sight which took away her breath. In one direction was walking Lord Sandys, and in the other "that objectionable Miss Green." As they drew near Lord Sandys raised his hat, and Miss Green looked up into his face with the familiarity of an old friend.

"The forward minx!" exclaimed Mrs. Parkin, pressing against the window to witness all she could. Gracious! He had turned and was walking with her. How shocking!

Mrs. Parkin paid a round of calls that afternoon.

"Only think of it! These pushing Greens have called on Lord Sandys!"

"I call it great impertinence!" ejaculated Mrs. Walsh; "however, he would find that they are not received and will give them the snub they richly deserve."

Lord Sandys and Di Green meantime, were sitting together at Avery Hall with amazing ease and friendliness.

"Look at that pile of cards, Di," he exclaimed ruefully; "I came down here to hunt and to see you, not to run around paying calls."

"I observe that the hunting comes first," she remarked demurely, which caused him to stretch out his arm. Di took up the tray of cards and began reading out the names.

"Yes. They have all honored you. I see. Val, I fear you do not thoroughly appreciate the honor that Little Meddleton has done you. No sooner are you here than they fly to lay their pastebards at your feet. We had two

callers in six months—the vicar and the curate."

"What? Do you mean to say the people, such as they are, didn't call on you?" exclaimed Sandys amazed.

"But why not?"

"You are 'my lord,' and I am only Miss Green," replied Di.

"But, my dear girl, that is sheer nonsense. A lady is a lady. What more do they mean? Didn't that Mrs. Billington call? I met Billington out hunting, and he seems a decent sort. I am to lunch there tomorrow, but I'm hanged if I will if they were rude to you. Oh, I beg your pardon, darling, but I feel like sending back all their beastly cards."

"My dearest boy, calm your rage and modify your language. Consider the situation fairly. Some obscure people of the name of Green come to a small country town bristling with its own importance. Remember that it has created a clique as precious as the most exclusive London set. Whether the obscure Greens shall be admitted into that charmed circle is of momentous importance. Evidently we were weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"I don't care what you say, Di. I call it positively brutal to let new people come into your midst and to assume that they are not good enough for all these little self-important people to know. A lady can be recognized through the most abject poverty. 'Only Miss Green,' indeed! Snobs! And they showered cards on me because I am a peer without ever a thought as to whether I am a scamp as well. I feel so disgusted, I should like to take you away tomorrow."

"Please don't, for I am not ready to go. I confess if I had not had you in the background, it might have made me unhappy. Do you know what I named myself? The Pariah. No, don't get angry again. Passively I felt like one. Still, I feel that I have been severely punished for my experiment. I came prepared to collect a copy; I wanted to be authentic. Mummy wanted a change of some sort so we pitched our tent here. I did not bargain for being completely cold shouldered. If I had not had my dear boys at the Sunday school—and even there they imagined I was not a suitable teacher. That did hurt me. It seemed such pure malice. If you rage up and down like that, Val, I shall tell you no more."

Val flung himself beside her, and drew her into his arms.

"It's a shame," he said, "a disgusting shame! Why didn't you send for me?"

"It seemed so absurd to mind, especially as it was not for long, and mummy took to the Grange so. It is a charming place. But I felt that the people were having a bad effect upon me. I had a wicked desire to 'triumph over them ungodly.'"

"Well, I imagine they will sing pretty small when they find that 'only Miss Green' is the writer who is making no small stir in the literary world!" exclaimed Val hotly.

Mrs. Billington had determined to take the bull by the horns. She would let Lord Sandys know exactly the position of the Greens in Little Meddleton. She attacked the subject directly after luncheon.

"I hear that some very undesirable people have called upon you, Lord Sandys."

"Indeed," said he quietly.

"Let me warn you, as a friend, against the Greens. Nobody here cares to know them, and I am afraid they have thrust themselves upon you."

"Mrs. Billington," said Lord Sandys, getting up as if to go, "will you do me the kindness to announce to Little Meddleton that Miss Green and I are to be married after the New Year? It may also interest them to know that we were engaged in the spring, before she came here, and that my presence among you is solely on her account. Good-by," and he took his departure.

"My dear Hilda!" gasped Mrs. Billington. "People must never know that I warned him."

"But how do you explain the mother?" asked Miss Baxter, when she heard the news. "My dear" (turning to her sister), "you must catch Dr. Mellor and ask him, 'How is poor Mrs. Green?'"

If Dr. Mellor was surprised at Miss Lizzie's question, his face did not betray it.

"As well as such a conformed invalid can be," he said, and drove away.

When the wedding came off at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the descriptions thereof were greedily read by the inner circle of Little Meddleton.

"My dear, royalty was actually there," announced Mrs. Parkin impressively, "and so many distinguished guests."

"I wonder why there were so many literary people at the Sandy-Green wedding?" remarked the archdeacon to his wife. "Ah, here is a little paragraph about Miss Green. Dear me! I'm afraid we made a very grave mistake in not welcoming Miss Green among us. She was the author of 'Developments'."

The archdeacon's tones were awe-struck, but he could not forbear adding:

"And you doubted the soundness of her doctrine."

"My dear Cyprian," protested Mrs. Walsh, "I only repeated what I had heard. I originated nothing; my conscience is quite clear."

"Is it?" said the Venerable Cyprian; and Mrs. Walsh hastily changed the subject.

Little Meddleton did not care to discuss Diana Green's new book, which was published in May. There was no mistaking the local color, and the characters were pitilessly true to life.

"Of course," murmured Mrs. Billington, reading from the title page, "By Diana Creighton Green, if I

had known they were Creighton Greens, I should have called."—Maud Morin in The Lady's Realm.

In Nature's Storehouse There Are Cures.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However, this may be, it is well known that Parmelee's Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

The recent visit of Cardinal Logue to this country has given rise to an endless number of anecdotes regarding him, his wit, his personality. Here is one that is worth repeating: On a certain Sunday his Eminence preached at the Cathedral and was resting in the afternoon. One of the cathedral clergy, a Monsignor and a New Yorker approached the Cardinal and asked him what he would like to do with the rest of the daylight.

"I'd like to take a little walk," said he, "for since I landed they have never let me put my foot to the ground, but have carried me everywhere."

It is a short half mile to Central Park, and thither the cardinal, led by his friend, walked with the step of age. After about half an hour, the guide, seeking to spare the Cardinal undue fatigue, said he would take him back whenever he said so. But the Cardinal, still going feebly, would not for the world shorten his friend's walk. He admired the Park and could not see too much of it. So round and round and across lots they traveled.

They visited all the spots of interest and took all the views; the Cardinal gradually gaining strength and speed in his stride in a manner amazing, almost terrifying, to the Monsignor. At the end of two hours and a half of steady joggling the Cardinal, eyeing his wornout companion, said gently: "I believe after all I shall have to spoil your pleasure, for my snuff has given out."

He has not been asked out for a walk since.

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing

causes, usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

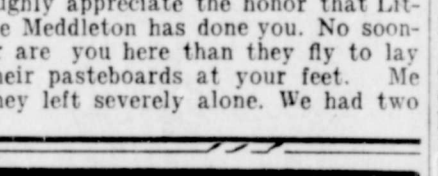
A Catholic, in good standing, that is, a consistent, practical Catholic, is one who goes regularly to church and receives the sacraments as often as his Father confessor deems good for the safety of his soul. That kind of a Catholic makes the safest kind of a citizen. If a so-called Catholic is not of this kind, does not go to church and does not go to the sacraments—keep him or her under your eye—particularly if they are in any way related to you financially.—Professor James C. Monaghan.

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# The QUIET HOUR

## FRANCOIS COPPEE'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

In May, 1899, a charming poem from his pen appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is a vivid description of a lonely visit to an old church near the sea on the coast of Normandy. The poet feels that the old walls are saturated with six centuries of prayer, they speak of the faith of the far-off Middle Ages, while the wooden benches, worn by the heads and foreheads of the peasants, remind him of a simple faith that is living in the world around him. Here, moved by the influence of the scene, he kneels before the crucifix and prays that the faith and fervor of his childhood may come back to him. We may venture to offer the following rendering of the closing lines of his fine poem:

Here, this simple faith hath dwelling,  
In the walls that round me soar,  
With its spirit penetrated these six  
hundred years and more.  
Think how many thousand Christians  
in this ancient nave have prayed  
And the fathers of their fathers here  
their prisons have made,  
From the far off Middle Ages in the  
dark and misty night  
Of a past no more remembered here  
their spirit took flight.  
Here, I feel the faith's communion;  
clouds of prayer that round me  
roll,  
Gathered in this holy temple pour  
their balm upon my soul;  
Bring sweet comfort to my trouble,  
make my heart's fierce beating  
cease,  
Still its stormy agitation, filling it  
with hope and peace;  
Like some tempest troubled water,  
when its wild waves sink to rest.  
Ye, good souls of this poor parish,  
may you be forever blest!  
Honest, hardy, brown-clad seamen,  
with your brows all tanned by  
brine:  
Ye that bear the white plumed dais  
o'er the Sacrament Divine;  
Worthy wardens of the parish, in  
your Sunday robes arrayed,  
Well you know to sing the office,  
mind each answer to be made.  
Ye who still from toil and sorrow  
came to Him who knows your  
needs;  
Aged grandmas whose worn fingers  
tireless tell their tale of beads,  
Village maids who to Heaven lift  
aloft your dreaming eyes,  
urchins of the Sunday school and  
girls the good nun's catechisee;  
All who here to Blessed Jesus many  
a time have prayed,  
At the Mass, to be hereafter worthy  
of His promise made;  
May you be forever blessed, for your  
prayers have set me free,  
Made me cast away forever pride and  
incredulity.  
For the prayers of all your fathers  
seem in these old walls to rest,  
Soaring up, in every corner, birds of  
God, they build their nest;  
And I catch the lingering echoes of  
their song serene and sweet,  
Till my heart is stirred within me,  
and my lips the strain repeat  
Weeping, to the Cross I turn me;  
Lord, I cry, my prayer receive;  
Yea, my God, I dare to say it, Lord,  
I love, and I believe!

## THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH

If any man has not made his Easter duty, he ought to think seriously on the frightful state of his soul. The decree of the Lateran Council, which prescribed the Easter duty, says of him who refuses to obey its law, "Let him, while living, be driven from the Church, and dying, let him be deprived of Christian burial." If this punishment meant simply a temporal exclusion from the society of the faithful, which at present it does not mean; or if it meant no more than a refusal of Christian burial, though that would be hard enough for the sinner, and especially so for his friends; if it meant only what it says, it might be tolerable, to a sinner at least. But really it implies more terrible things than it expresses. For the authority which put forth that decree is the same as that to which Christ said, "Whosoever you shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven." Thus he is excluded from the Church in heaven who is justly excluded from the Church on earth. This grievous sin of not hearing the Church does not take away that obligation of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again, as too many think. The obligation

hangs over the man who refuses to fulfill it until what it requires is done. As Moses said to the people of Israel in giving them the law of God, so might it be said to the sinner who scorns this most important obligation: "If thou wilt not hear the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep and do all His commandments and ceremonies, all these things shall come upon thee and overtake thee. Cursed shalt thou be in the city and cursed in the field. Cursed shalt thou be coming in and cursed going out. The Lord shall send upon thee famine and hunger, and a rebuke upon all the works which thou shalt do; until he consume and destroy thee quickly, for the most wicked inventions, by which thou hast forsaken me."

If these temporal curses do not come upon him who has neglected his Easter duty, he has already brought upon himself the worst of spiritual curses, the death of his soul by his mortal sin. And as has been said, the obligation is ever present to multiply evils upon the head of him who scorns it, just as every blessing becomes a curse to him that abuses it. For every time the sinner resolves to fulfill the ever-present obligation, and then breaks that resolution, by putting off without reason the fulfillment of it, he commits a new mortal sin. And thus the curse increases and multiplies.

Would that all might be impressed with the importance of this duty, and the gravity of the sin of neglecting it! Even if we did not have the explicit decree of the Church to bind us, we could not help inferring the obligation, from the strong words of Christ, "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

Nothing could impress upon us more forcibly the obligation of holy communion than these words of our Blessed Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if we cannot live, except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart, that such a sweet Fountain of Perpetual Youth is provided for our souls? "Drink ye all of this."

## ROMAN DECISIONS.

(Rev. James Hughes in the London Catholic Times.)

To all priests who are saying Mass and to all the faithful who are present at Mass, if they piously recommend to God the sinners of the whole world who at that time are in their agony and will die that day, the Holy Father grants an indulgence of one hundred days, which may be applied to the faithful departed. (S. Cong. Indulgences, 10 Dec., 1907.) The Holy Father grants an indulgence of three hundred days, applicable to the faithful departed, to all the faithful recite this prayer: "My God, I offer Thee all the Masses which are being celebrated to-day throughout the whole world, for sinners who are in their agony and who are to die this day. May the Precious Blood of Jesus Our Redeemer obtain mercy for them." (S. Cong. Indul., 18 Dec., 1907.)

The Holy Father grants to all the faithful an indulgence, applicable also to the souls in Purgatory, of three hundred days for each repetition (quoties) of the ejaculation "Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, have pity on us." (S. Cong. Indulgences, 25 Dec., 1907.)

The Holy Father grants to all the faithful an indulgence, applicable also to the souls of the departed, of three hundred days for each repetition of the ejaculation, "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us." (S. Cong. Indulgences, 9 Nov. 1907.)

To all clerical students (quoties) in seminary or other college, or religious houses, and to all the clergy of every degree and order, for each time that in putting on their surplice with a cross and piously say the prayer, "Indue me, Domine, novum nomen, qui secundum Deum creatus est in justitia et sanctitate veritatis. Amen." ("Put on me, O Lord, the new man, who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth"), the Holy Father grants an indulgence of three hundred days, applicable also to the faithful departed. (S. Cong. Indulgences, 1 Dec., 1907.)

Do not delay in getting relief for little folks. Mother Graves the Worm Exterminator 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 Clan Fraser and the Canadian Celebrations

We have received from Mr. Geo. D. McDonald, a copy of the "Northern Chronicle" of Inverness, dated July 8th, containing an account of the gathering of the clan Fraser, preparatory to the coming of their chief to attend the Quebec Tercentenary. In view of the coming of Lord Lovat to Toronto, the Catholic Union will have him as their guest, the account of the Chronicle, which embraces the address from the Frasers of Scotland to the Frasers in Canada, will be read with interest.

Yesterday a representative meeting of members of the Clan Fraser was held in the Station Hotel, Inverness, for the purpose of considering a proposed address to be conveyed by Lord Lovat, Chief of the Clan, to the Fraser Clan in Canada, in connection with the approaching celebrations in Quebec, to which his lordship has been invited by the Canadian Government. On the motion of Mr. Fraser, Laigs, Major E. G. Fraser-Tyler of Aldourie was called upon to preside. Among those present were Bailie Alexander Fraser, Councillor Roderick Fraser, Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Messrs. A. Fraser & Coy.; Mr. D. P. Fraser, commission agent; Mr. Fraser, Young Street; Mr. Fraser, Jeweller; Mr. Duncan MacIachair, and others.

## INTERESTING SPEECH BY ALDOURIE.

Major E. G. Fraser-Tyler said he had been asked very kindly to take the chair in the absence of Lord Lovat, who had been called away to London. He read a telegram received by Mr. D. P. Fraser from his lordship expressing his regret that owing to his absence in London he was unable to attend the meeting, and mentioning that he was sailing from Liverpool for Canada on Friday. Major Fraser-Tyler, continuing, said the steps taken in connection with the proposed address had been somewhat hurried, because it was important that Lord Lovat should convey with him the address from the members of the Clan Fraser in Scotland to their brother-clansmen in Canada—(applause.) He proceeded to give an interesting historical account of Simon Frasers who had been great fighting men, and who had risen to high command in the army in connection with operations in America. No less than three of them were Generals. Two were Brigadier-Generals, and one a Lieutenant-General. Brigadier-General Simon Fraser, son of Alexander Fraser of Balnain, was the man who, by replying to the French sentinel's challenge, made him believe that the approaching troops were friends, and thus enabled the British to surprise the Heights of Abraham. He served with distinction in the war with America. At Saratoga in 1777 he commanded the Light Infantry and the 24th Regiment and was killed there. The American leader, Colonel Morgan, considering that the fate of the battle depended on General Fraser's death, told his sharpshooters: "That is General Fraser. I admire him, but he must die." In a few minutes he was mortally wounded, and died that night. When they were taking him to the edoult he had so well defended, he was buried, the Americans thought the members of the firing party were reinforcements, and they opened their guns upon them. The moment the Americans discovered what was happening, they, out of respect to the gallant soldier, General Fraser, at once changed their firing to a minute-gun salute for the funeral—(applause.) Another General, Simon Fraser, eldest son of Lord Lovat of the '45, fought with Prince Charlie, and was imprisoned for three years and his estates confiscated. He was afterwards asked to raise a regiment. He raised 1,400 men, and sailed to Canada in 1757. He fought under Wolfe, and took a distinguished part at Quebec. In 1762 General Fraser fought in Portugal as Brigadier-General. In 1771 the Lovat estates were returned to him. In 1776 he was ordered to raise two more battalions. He took 1,200 men to America again, among them being one Simon Fraser, who died a Lieutenant-General in 1807. The men refused to give up wearing kilts, even in the severe Canadian winter—(applause.) General Fraser of Lovat died in London in 1782. He (Major Fraser-Tyler) might state that he had at Aldourie the robes of Sir James Henry Craig, the Governor-in-Chief of British America in 1808, and who died in 1811. The robes were in perfect preservation. Major Fraser-Tyler read a quotation from an article in the "Celtic Monthly," in which the following by a lady was given: "So much has been written in this famous incident in history (the siege of Quebec) that the addition of a new fact may be acceptable. It is a tradition among the clan that there was a man in the regiment noted for his strength and

activity, which he had earned by several daring depredations committed on neighboring hostile clansmen. When anxious to obtain an active leader to scale the rock, it is said General Fraser, referring to this man, enquired, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard over the regiment, whether the man was there who had stolen the cheese from the Tower of Fairburn, then belonging to the Mackenzies; this clansman, with the bashfulness that so much adorns conscious merit, at once came forward and said he was the man. He was immediately selected to lead the way—he did so—soon reached the top, helped his fellow-soldiers to follow, and before the night, Quebec was in the hands of the British. Many of the Frasers settled in the country, and are still found among residents south of the St. Lawrence. They retain the clan name, but have adopted the language and the religion of the French-Canadian." Major Fraser-Tyler, in conclusion, said it was a happy idea that, in view of the approaching celebrations in Canada, they should send an address to their brother clansmen in Canada—(applause.) He thought they could not have a better representative to take their address to their brother clansmen across the sea than their distinguished Chief, Lord Lovat—(applause.) Major Fraser-Tyler then read the address as follows:

To the Clan Fraser in Canada from the Clan Fraser Association in Inverness, Scotland, on behalf of the Clan Fraser at Home:

The members of the Clan Fraser in Scotland desire to embrace this opportunity of expressing their warm affection and regard for their brother clansmen in Canada. Although broad seas roll between us, our hearts and our traditions are one. Your clansmen at home can never forget the strong ties of clanship and the warm spirit of brotherliness which now unite the hearts of their children together with something more enduring and closer than mere friendship. We recall with pride how our fathers and yours fought shoulder to shoulder and won fame and glory in your own country in the stirring times of 1757-1762. Are you not both sons of the men who on the Heights of Abraham made "Fraser Highlanders" synonymous with bravery—the men of whom a writer of the time said: "Their patience, sober habits, and hardihood—their bravery, their agility, and their dress contribute to render them formidable." And as our Chief of that day, General Simon Fraser, won imperishable laurels and earned the gratitude and esteem of his King and country, so our present worthy and well-beloved Chief, whom we all delight to honor, and who now honors us by being the bearer of this message, has distinguished himself by his patriotism and loyalty to his King. His brilliant and valuable services for our Empire in her time of need will not readily be forgotten. And was not the part played in that struggle by our Canadian brethren the wonder and admiration of the world? Truly the spirit of our forefathers still lives, and in peace or war draws us still closer in our loyalty to our King and Empire, and our attachment to our Chief and the traditions of our clan.

Mr. Alexander Fraser, of A. Fraser & Co., Union street, said they were all much indebted to Aldourie for presiding in the absence of their gallant chief. They desired to acknowledge on that occasion the valuable services of Major Fraser-Tyler with the Lovat Scouts in the South African campaign—(applause.) They all regretted that officers like the Earl of Arkle, the Hon. A. D. Murray, and many others did not return to reap their well-earned reward, but when those occupying high and responsible positions risked their lives and sacrificed the comforts of home in the interests of King and country, they might depend upon the noble example would always be an incentive to the rank and file to follow—(applause.) Alluding to their French neighbors and friends, who were so closely connected with Canada and who were interested in the celebration at Quebec, Mr. Fraser remarked that the sentiments and kindly greetings expressed in the address were applicable to them. From his business connection with France—and he visited it as frequently as most people—he could say there was no finer race in Europe than the French, and "Hands across the Channel" would, he trusted, always be their motto as regards their relations with the French nation and people—(applause.)

Bailie Alexander Fraser referred to the part to be taken by the French-Canadians in connection with the approaching celebrations, and observed that the joint celebration came in most happily in view of the entente cordiale between this country and France—(applause.) The fact that Lord Lovat had been invited by the Canadian Government to go out in connection with the celebration was extremely gratifying from the clan point of view—(applause). There could be no better hand than his lordship's to convey the address; to be sent to their clansmen in Canada—(applause.)

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Aldourie for presiding.

THE ADDRESS.

The address, which is illuminated in gold and colors, is of appropriate Celtic design. It is surmounted by an excellent portrait of Lord Lovat, the chief of the clan, and a water color drawing of Beaufort Castle with the Fraser crest between and draped with the clan tartan. In the corners, on either side of his Lordship, are shields with the Scottish Lion and St. Andrew's Cross reclining on Lochaber axes, and having a back ground of Scotch thistles properly relieved. The borders and base of the address proper are filled in with panels and scroll ribbons with appropriate Gaelic mottoes—the centre of the base being a large Highland target and claymores with the motto, "Clann nan Gaidheal an quailibh a cheile," while immediately over is a small sea sketch, in water color, with two hands clasped—"Hands across the sea." The address has been excellently designed by Mr. Thos. Munro, Academy street. The address is enclosed in a massive frame made from very old oak, probably 600 years old, the history of which is of interest, being found in the bed of the Beaulieu river near the old Castle Downie, and in the immediate vicinity of the present seat of Lord Lovat—Beaufort Castle. This old and valuable timber was secured

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by Messrs. A. Fraser & Co., art furnishers, Union street, and it has been in their possession for a number of years. The carving is elaborate and of Celtic design, while the silver mounting harmonizes with the carving. The four corners are mounted on silver with the stag's head, the yew tree branch (Fraser badge), while the maple leaf represents Canada. The lower part of the frame, too, the Fraser Arms, and the centre part of the top is beautifully carved in relief with the words, "Hands across the Sea," and, appropriately, the clasped hands.

## BOOK NOTES

Consequent to the Pope's recent Encyclical Pascendi Dominici Gregis, in which Modernism is condemned, much literature on the subject is already available. "A Catechism on Modernism," from the French of Father Lemius, O.M.I., is published by Washbourne (1 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.), and presents the encyclical in a novel form. It is composed catechetically of questions and answers and the answers are direct quotations from the Pope's words. It is a handy way of presenting the doctrine, their significance and their refutation, and to every student of the subject should be an invaluable guide.

The subject receives more popular treatment in two recent booklets of the Catholic Truth Society. "The Modernist," by Joseph Rickaby, S. J., has a two-fold object, "to show that Pius X. could do not otherwise than to eject the Modernist from the Catholic Church and to show John Henry Newman the whole-hearted opponent of Modernism, as it was not then called, but as it existed in his day." The ability of the learned Jesuit needs no commendation. Modernism is subjected to a searching scrutiny and fares ill under the process. Father Rickaby expresses himself concisely; he goes to the root of the matter, shirks no difficulty and at the end leaves us more than ever under the impression that Modernism is rather the result of pride and obstinacy than any genuine effort to "reform."

"The Encyclical and Modernist Theology" is a translation of J. Lebonnot's book, which has attracted so much attention in France. This will be also welcome to the public in general and help them to grasp the Pope's meaning, and the gravity of the question placed before their notice. The writer deals particularly with the Programma dei Modernisti (recently published in answer to the Encyclical) and to Father Tyrrell's works. There is a good appendix on "The Mind of St. Augustine on Excommunication" in which Father Lebonnot controverts the doctrine of "salutary excommunication" put forward by Modernists, who even claim St. Augustine as an authority. However, the context will not allow of such an interpretation being put upon the Saint's words.

In our last Book Notes we mentioned the St. Nicholas Series to our readers, though we limited our observations to the biographical section. The Editor has received the following from Cardinal Merry del Val:

"The Holy Father desires me to thank you for the volumes of the St. Nicholas Series, which you asked me to present to him. The Publishers and all concerned in bringing out these volumes have certainly fulfilled their promise to place within the reach of English speaking Catholics really beautiful books, well printed and beautifully illustrated. The names of the Authors are a guarantee that the series will also prove interesting to Catholics, and so supply a long-felt need. His Holiness is much interested in your endeavor. He wishes it all success, trusting that it may do much good, and gladly imparts to you and to your fellow workers the Apostolic Benediction."

Turning to fiction, we again find work of excellent standard. Barnaby Bright, by David Beame, S. J., is in two volumes. It adds considerably to the writer's reputation for the drawing of boy-characters. Father Beame does not indulge in involved plots, but there is just enough to keep the reader's interest. It is in description that the reverend writer excels, with a conciseness and simplicity of style. All Catholic boys should know something of Father Beame's stories. Those who have not yet had the pleasure, could not do better than make speedy acquaintance with Barnaby. The twelve pictures in these volumes deserve the highest praise.

Father Martindale, S. J., is a very promising writer. "The Legend of St. Christopher and Other Stories" is fiction, fact and legend combined. Christopher, as our readers must know, means Bearer of Christ. The story is that the saint lived by a ford, and—

"When travellers came there by night or by day,  
He carried them over and showed them the way."  
Once on a very stormy night, when the ford was almost impassable, a little boy came and called to be carried over.

It was Christ he had carried instead of a boy."

But here the story is invested with a new charm and flowing coils.

The next story in the book is that of St. Wenceslas and together with the tale of St. John Gualbert is the most historical of the four. "Alexamenos Worships God" derives its origin from a Crafitto, or wall-drawing, and round this relic of pagan prejudice the writer weaves a pretty story, which in its later development resembles that of the boy-martyr Tarcisius.

Might we suggest that the St. Nicholas Series is eminently suited for prize-books and we earnestly hope that by this or other means Catholic youth will come to know them.

"The Daily Companion," published by Washbourne & Co., is intended for the use of religious. It contains the chief devotions used in that state of life and many excellent prayers for various occasions. It should prove a handy little manual, and while the style is not too ornate, should help those who find pure mental prayer a difficulty. This book is nicely bound.

Among recent penny pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society we call the attention of our readers to the following: "The Real Authors of the Separation in France," "Some Debts Which Science Owe to Catholics," "The New Marriage Laws," "Faith" and "Personality, A Word for Educators."

Recent Books of Catholic Interest. Maroty, by John Ayscough, Constable, London.

St. Thomas of Canterbury, by R. H. Benson, Vittorio Da Felte, by A. Sister of Notre Dame; The Man's Hands, by R. P. Garrod; St. Nicholas Series, London. Macdonald & Evans. Adam St. Adelphi.

Daily Companion for the Use of Religious, Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London.

The Month of May, Stations of the Cross, Meditations on Christian Doctrine, being meditation and devotions by Cardinal Newman. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London. Books may be obtained from W. E. Blake, 123 Church St., Toronto, Can.

A. B. PURDIE.

## We Must Live our Beliefs

Oh, it is useless for us to set up our Crucified Christ before non-Catholic eyes if we insist for ourselves on down cushions and purple and fine linen. It is useless to exalt our distant heroes and heroines of charity if we won't give an hour or a dollar to save our local walls and strays from the dangerous kindness of the emissaries of disbelief or unbelief. It is useless to tell the stranger of our faith in the blessedness of abortion in the house of God when he sees that our hearts are set on a high place at the feast in the tabernacles of sinners.—Katherine E. Conway.

Justin McCarthy, the great Irish Parliamentary and author, whose eyesight had almost failed, has been living in retirement at Westgate, England. His friends will be glad to hear that he is enjoying excellent health, and also that his sight has so far improved that he is able to write letters to personal friends. Mr. McCarthy is at the moment engaged on a novel which he hopes will be ready for publication next spring. It is a story of domestic interest and the scenes are laid in England.

## Received into the Church

Misses Pardee and Bullock, until recently known as Mother Edith and Sister Marianna, of the Protestant Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, of Peekskill, N.Y., were received into the Church at St. Elizabeth's Convent (Mother Katharine Drexel) Cornwell, on Sunday evening by Archbishop Ryan. They were given conditional baptism and were confirmed, and on Monday morning they received their first Holy Communion.

It is interesting to note, says the Catholic Standard and Times, that the Peekskill establishment of the Sistershood of which they were members is within a short distance of the motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis, members of which community are in charge of the Italian schools and orphanage visits, as do also their chaplains. Dr. McGarvey was not the first of the Episcopal Sisters' chaplains to enter the Church. Rev. James S. Fen-ton, now rector of the Catholic church of St. Thomas of Lancaster, Cornwall-on-Hudson, whose family are Philadelphians, was formerly a chaplain to the Protestant Episcopal Sisterhood and is occasionally a visitor to the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis, this city.

## Will Retain His See

Bishop Van de Vyver of Richmond, Va., has been notified that the Pope had sanctioned his request to remain in charge of his diocese after his former request to be relieved of duty there. The Bishop's resignation is therefore withdrawn.

## TWO PRIESTS DROWNED.

Two priests, one the Father in charge of the Mission, and the other his companion, were recently drowned in the Athabasca river.

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In and Around Toronto

JUVENILE PIC-NIC. The Juvenile Court of the A.O.H. will hold a pic-nic at High Park on Saturday, August 15th.

SANCTUARY BOYS' OUTING. The St. Patrick's Sanctuary Boys held their usual excursion to St. Catharines on Tuesday. Many of the parents accompanied the young excursionists.

RETREAT AT THE ABBEY. Rev. George Nackey, S.J., of Georgetown University, Washington, conducted the annual eight-day retreat at Loretto Abbey. One hundred and fifty of the community attended. It was in every way most successful.

DEATH OF MRS. McCauley. Among recent deaths is that of Mrs. Helen McCauley, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, 202 Farley avenue, on August 1st. The funeral took place on Monday to St. Mary's church, then to St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

ST. HELEN'S SANCTUARY BOYS. On Tuesday, the 11th inst., the sanctuary boys of St. Helen's will hold their annual outing to St. Catharines. A large number is expected to join this always enjoyable excursion. Come without fail and bring your friends.

RETREATS AT ST. JOSEPH'S. The first annual retreat at St. Joseph's Convent, attended by one hundred and twenty of the Community, is closed. Rev. Father Mulhern, C.S.S.R., conducted the exercises. The second retreat begins on Friday evening.

LORD LOVAT WITH THE CATHOLIC UNION. On Monday next at 1 p.m., the Catholic Union will entertain Lord Lovat at luncheon at McConkey's. The Duke of Norfolk, who was unable to postpone his return to England, has written expressing his regrets. His letter will be read by Mr. E. J. Kyle. The health of the guest will be proposed by His Grace Archbishop McEvay.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH. On Sunday at the Masses, Rev. Father Canning announced that the church in which the congregation of St. Joseph's have gathered since the destruction of their church, will be known in future as the Church of St. Augustine. Renovation is in progress at St. Joseph's.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK HANNIFAN. The death occurred suddenly Friday afternoon of Patrick Hannifan, of Bradford, Pa., who came here with his wife to visit his brother-in-law, J. P. Conway, 511 Adelaide street west. For a few days previous to his death deceased had been slightly ill. He was 65 years of age, and was well known at St. Catharines, being for many years manager of the Stevenson House there. His widow was formerly Miss Jennie Conway, niece of Rev. Father Conway of Norwood. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church on Monday, and the interment was at St. Catharines. R.I.P.

New Convent at Temiskaming. Actuated by a desire to spread knowledge and build up a noble womanhood in Canada, the Grey Nuns of the Cross, of Ottawa, have decided to establish a Convent at Ville Marie, on the Temiskaming, and the new institution will be opened in September. It will be known as Notre Dame de Lourdes. The building, situated at the foot of a hill, with its grotto "a fac simile" of Lourdes, overlooks the village of Ste. Marie and beautiful Lake Temiskaming. At the Convent both English and French will be taught, and there will be courses in music and also in arts.

Here's Something New. A chapel for celebrating Mass is rarely found in connection with a hotel, yet Mexico City provides such a convenience for the use of visiting priests. It is believed to be the only one of its kind in the republic and receives the patronage of priests stopping in the city. The hotel which provides this accommodation is the Colon. For years it has maintained a private chapel and on this account has gained a wide reputation.

QUEBEC'S TERCENTENARY. (Continued from page 1.) might ere long bow beneath the saving waters of Baptism. The conferring of degrees and the eul to honors was answered in many cases by a stir from the body of the hall when a gowned student or priest rose and receiving the treasured

document, took place amongst the members on the platform. At the close of the meeting the rooms were thrown open and the treasured art—the grand master-pieces in oil, the many curious and valuable mementoes of this ancient seat of learning—became pleasure spots upon which the eye of the visitor might feast. One immense room like an old baronial hall, was covered with a rich red carpet and its walls adorned with paintings of priceless worth.

Having inspected the interior the visitors were admitted to the beautiful garden, and the writer was honored as being one of those present on the occasion, when for the first time within a hundred years, women were admitted to the charming spot. Quite a number of ladies availed themselves of the privilege, the beds of flowers, quaint shrubbery and plentiful stately gleaming in the moonlight, or under the ropes of colored lights, thrown across the grounds, well repaying the visit. Straying near the old walls, which surround the grounds, we climbed the stone steps of the terrace and looking over the parapet, an exquisite and ineffaceable picture was revealed. Below, the waters of the St. Lawrence flowed like a sheet of molten silver. Beyond were the hills and glimmering lights of Levis, and on the smooth surface of the waters rested the immense battleships of the nations, everyone outlined, from the topmost mast to the low-lying hull, by many globules of electric light. The effect was truly fairy-like—the quiet air, the motionless waters and their motionless burdens, the twinkling lights in the distance, the everywhere illuminated city which rose behind, and the outlined ships resting quietly at our feet, formed an ever memorable picture. One was forcibly reminded of Coleridge's description of the "painted ships upon a painted ocean." The visit to the old garden of Laval was something to be treasured as the realization of a poet's dream or as a reading from the entrancing pages of mythological times.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE OLD SEMINARY. Laval in daylight with Rev. Father Lambert of Louis River, New Brunswick, whom our party happened to meet at the door, as guide, was a delightful half hour with things ancient and new. Some of the thick old walls had stood two fires, while other parts were but of recent date and workmanship. The principal objects of our morning ramble were the chapels. The new seminary chapel is very beautiful, with its five altars and many paintings of value. It was perhaps the little chapel of Laval that proved most interesting. It was locked, but our guide—who by the way was like ourselves, a visitor, but a visitor who had before spent many years in the historic seminary, and whom everyone greeted with a delighted smile and hand-shake—obtained the key, and turning the lock, we found ourselves in the tiny apartment. All the party were not Catholics, but all undoubtedly felt themselves to be on holy ground. This was the spot which had often received the form of the great churchman, whose impress was upon the land and would be, though two centuries and a half had passed since the days of his earthly pilgrimage. Laval, whose university preceded that of Harvard itself, whose churchmanship was both conservative and adaptable, whose courage pitted itself in a cause which he esteemed just, as readily against a throne as against the savage Iroquois—Laval, scion of a noble house, who courted simplicity and practised heroic virtues, who had traversed oceans and taken the forest captive—this was he whose feet once ascended the steps of the tiny altar before which we now stood. It was very plain, but some old hand carving redeemed it from being poor and its associations made it venerable.

We were then shown into the Children of Mary chapel, where the students and priests who form the band of Our Lady's Knights meet every Sunday, recite her office and hold exercises in her honor. Leaving the seminary does not mean a ceasing of membership. Five hundred priests are enrolled on the register and Father Lambert told of the many Masses and privileges for those who die within its roll-call. Thanks to our kindly guide, and another walk through the long corridors, a few steps across the court-yard, and we again found ourselves in the midst of the busy city square of the Place d'Armes.

THE PAGEANTS. Wonderful to the point of marvel were the series of pageants, in which the career of Quebec, from the time of the coming of Cartier to the moment of the present, were portrayed by Lascelles and his body of players. Three thousand took part in the tableaux vivants, the people of Quebec and some from other cities, proudly and efficiently entering into the spirit of the characters personated. The costumes of men, women and children were in every instance historically correct and the ensemble was often bewildering in its beauty of color and design. The pageants, seven in number, would form matter for pages of description. Here we can but touch upon one or two points. The coming of Mere Marie de l'Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines, and her six companions, is most realistic and touching. The nuns are accompanied by their generous patroness Madame de la Peltre, and word of their coming brings forth the Governor and almost the entire colony of two hundred and fifty persons to meet them. Sieur de Montigny and his soldiers are vested in all the grandeur they can muster, the ladies of the little colony adorn themselves in their finery, still fresh from France, while the remainder of the population, including the Indians, are an assemblage in nondescript dress, all, however, are overjoyed to see the noble women who come to teach their little ones. The new arrivals are escorted to the Governor's residence with all honors and we see them later caressing and playing with the children, who sing the hymns of praise taught them by their new Christian teachers. The stand of Adam Dollard and his

sixteen companions at the Long Sault against the Iroquois is dramatically effective. These young men in order to save the colony, prepare themselves by receiving Holy Communion and then go out to meet the enemy. While singing the Veni Creator they are espied and almost surrounded by seven hundred savages. They escape to the hut which they had made their fort, and for days defy the enemy. In the end every life is sacrificed, but so great a lesson of bravery are they for the army that the latter retreat, leaving the colony unmo- lested.

Most impressive was the reception of the Governor, the Marquis de Tracy, by Laval, who in cope and mitre, with the swinging of censers and a full retinue of priests and acolytes goes forth to meet him. A canopy is borne over the head of the prelate. Indians accompany the ecclesiastics, while armed soldiers in all the panoply of their profession, surround the Governor. The meeting was most realistic, and the pageant one of the most impressive of the series. Delightful and bewildering in color and richness was the scene at the French Court, when Champlain received from Henry IV. his commission to proceed to the Government of New France. The colors and shades of the dress of the courtiers and ladies of the court formed a picture which as an artistic treat and historical lesson was in itself well worthy of a trip to Quebec. Hours might be spent in describing those living pictures.

MILITARY REVIEW. Magnificent was the military and naval review when 12,000 troops and 6,000 sailors stood in order awaiting the coming of their Commander-in-Chief, His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales. Up and down rode the Prince, reviewing the lines, and afterwards greeted with his staff, he sat almost motionless on his horse, with the exception of the ceaseless movement of the hand to his cap when returning the salutes of the passing companies, or the turn of the head in an occasional word to the officers near, while for an hour and a half the troops marched past in platoons, everyone preceded by its band playing its regimental air, the officers giving the salute and the colors drooping as they passed the spot where the Prince and his mounted staff were assembled. As the sailor boys in blue, the red-coated Grenadiers, the kilted Highlanders, the Alberta Horse, or the dark-coated Rifles, came on the assembled thousands cheered, and the kaleidoscopic views continued without intermission till brain refused to receive further impressions and the sight was satiated with the brilliancy and movement of the scene. A charming feature in the programme was when Lord Roberts, leaving his place just a pace behind the Prince, rode out to meet the Queen's Own Rifles of which corps he is honorary Colonel, and then riding at their head, joined in the march-past, saluting as he passed the Prince and afterwards returning to his place amongst the attendants of His Royal Highness. The Artillery display at the close, when the field being cleared, the guns were run across the course, was an exciting moment. The event was the greatest of the kind known in Canada's history.

A VISIT TO THE URSULINES. A half hour in the wonderfully historic walls of the Ursulines was among the things of our stay in Quebec. A small court divides the old building from the street and your ring is answered from behind a grating and the parlor in which you await those whom you wish to see, is plainness itself. The convent, however, is not wanting in richness. It has its beautiful chapel, rich in treasures and a store-house of sacred reminiscences. Here Jogues, Brebeuf and the other martyrs, once said Mass; here, too, Montcalm was buried and here, too, the children of the colony for generations have learned all that is best, fitting them for this world and preparing them for the next.

Mother St. Edward, a noted teacher and charming lady was the object of our visit. An old friend had asked us to call. The gentle nun is a native of Ontario, a sister of Father Fox of Cobourg and Father Fox of Alexandria. Mother St. Edward has a little plan on hand which in the course of conversation she divulged and which because it may help her, is now given to the public. Her desire is to get a special library of English books for her English-speaking pupils. A few hundred dollars is needed. These she is trying to raise privately. Old friends, seeing this, may come to the assistance of their old-time acquaintance. Mother

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