



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

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Late Visit to Buffalo Continued—What that City had in the year 1848—Some Irish-American Citizens that I had not Forgotten—Where I Sought Employment and got it—Great Steamboat days in Buffalo Harbor—The "Free Soil" Convention of 1848—"Prince John" Van Buren—General James Shields and the Ending of the Mexican War—Toronto University Buildings Superior—Buffalo has Better and Cheaper Markets—Toronto's Unequaled Harbor and Surroundings.

There was no striking building that I remember of in Buffalo in 1848. I had heard, however, of the "Gothic" hall, a business structure on Main street, before I left Hamilton, and I was anxious to see that. It was situated only a short distance north of the "Terrace" and the "Mansion" house, and was in possession of a Boston clothing house. The manager of that clothing house, I learned, was an Irish-Catholic named William Carling, a fine-looking gentleman, who a few years afterwards met with a sad ending. He was burned to death in the hotel where he was living—the Clarendon—then the newest and best hotel in Buffalo, which was destroyed by fire in the fifties. The American hotel, also first-class, was situated near "the churches," on Main street, and seemed to me very tall, although only five stories high. What was known as the "Kremlia" block, about the same locality, was the best business block in the city. Why it was given that name I do not know. During my late visit I was unable to locate the exact spot where the American Hotel was situated or the Kremlin block either. The numbers have all been changed since they first were put on. The numbers then corresponded with the houses; they have been altered to correspond with the lots. The Gothic hall still stands and rears its fine Gothic front as of yore. But how many uses it has been put to since its erection, I cannot tell. But I know that it was used for some years by a worthy Irishman named Patrick Smith, as a gun shop, and I cannot forget the great wooden rifle he had gracing the front of the building as a sign. But Pat Smith and his sign-rifle are there no more. They are gone long ago like so many other worthies I knew there in my earlier days. I could not see near "the Terrace," on Main street, during my late visit, the once celebrated "Terrace Lunch" or "Red Jacket" saloon, in the basement on the west side of the street. Buffalo is greatly changed since my recollection of it, but not nearly so much as Toronto is changed. I do not forget a picturesque sign of a Scotchman named Smith, a sign painter on Main street, a few houses below "the Terrace," where a man was represented as "working his way through the world" with a paint brush in his hand, and breaking through a good-sized representation of the globe. This Mr. Smith was a nice kind of man and if I remember rightly, was an officer of the St. Andrew's Society,

for they had a St. Andrew's society in Buffalo in 1845.

One of the most prominent Irish men in Buffalo in those by-gone days, was one Patrick Short, who had a clothing store on Commercial street, near the bridge. He had, I believe, considerable wealth. Besides his store, he had a vessel or two on the lakes, and held some political municipal office, such as Supervisor of the Poor. He had a brother named James, who kept a boarding-house on one of the streets near the docks. The last time I saw "Jim" Short (and that is more than fifty years ago), he was "going the rounds" of a beat as a policeman. The Shorts were from the County of Monaghan in Ireland. There was a neat little Irishman named Cotter, who kept an eating house in one of the basements on the south side of "the Terrace," who furnished good board for \$1.50 per week and single meals for 12 1/2 cents. I believe Cotter drifted in the course of time to Chicago. At least Mrs. Baker of Chicago, a daughter of one Bloomer, who kept a stylish place of entertainment on one of those streets east of Main street, that I remember well, told me so.

In seeking employment in Buffalo in May, 1848, I looked very young for one who professed to have learned the printing trade and I did not expect full journeyman's wages. I was glad to receive double what I was getting, when I left the "Spectator" office in Hamilton. I remember of making only two applications, both on Main street, before I got a job. One was with a job printer named Faxon; the other at the "Commercial" office. It was at Oliver G. Steele's, of 206 Main street, that I struck luck. Mr. Steele was a bookseller, a book-binder and printer, and became a man of consequence in the city. He came to Buffalo from Albany, N.Y., and he had piles of old Albany papers heaped up in the rear of his store. There was the Albany "Argus," the Albany "Atlas" and the "Journal," all stowed away there, but what use Mr. Steele made of them I never knew, although he was something of a politician. The "Argus" was a Democratic paper, the "Atlas" also, which was edited by an Irishman named Casserly. I often wondered if this was the same Eugene Casserly, an Irishman and Catholic, who was United States Senator from California in the seventies, and a very able man. The Albany "Journal" was edited by Thurlow Weed, a Whig political "boss" in his day, who managed the Whig politics of the State of New York, along with William H. Seward and Horace Greeley. About this very time Mr. Steele was organizing the first gas company of Buffalo, of which he became manager, and afterwards was mayor of the city. He is long dead. He left one son, who failed to keep up the reputation established by his father, and we hear no more the name of that valuable old citizen. He treated me well and I served him faithfully for more than a year, afterwards working for a short time on the city directory in the "Commercial" office.

While in Buffalo I endeavored to become acquainted with my own fellow countrymen and coreligionists in that city. Well do I remember Patrick Milton, Maurice Vaughan, Thomas Cannon, Michael Bailey and Peter Walsh. I think the most prominent business Irishman of the early days in Buffalo was one Frank Gallagher, who I think was connected with the merchant marine of the port. That branch of commerce was then much more important than what it is now, on account of the railroads. During my late visit I looked in vain for palatial steamers like the "Sultana" and "Queen of the West" that used to make trips to Chicago, Milwaukee, etc. Those large, splendidly fitted up steamers did the passenger business in those days.

But here I must take heed that I am not writing a book. I must note, however, that some important events took place in Buffalo while I was there in the late forties. Perhaps the most important of those events in history was the Buffalo Convention at which Martin Van Buren was nominated for President of the United States in the interest of those Democrats who were opposed to slavery. Know-nothingism or native Americanism was rife too, but had not yet broken out in full force and cirulence then, but later a Buffalo man had become its nominee for president of the United States, in the person of Millard Fillmore. That this gentleman was an affiliated member of that prescriptive party, I have the assurance (Continued on page 8.)

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Church Music in Rome

Another very interesting feature of Church music in Rome, says the London Tablet, is the steady, if slow, disappearance of artificial sopranos from the choirs. The Maestro Perosi, assisted by the Maestro Rella, has given two good hours of his hard day during the last year to training the boys, who are to become the nucleus of the great Sistine Choir of the near future—and not altogether of the future either, for they have sung several times already at great functions, and they will take a very prominent part in the music of the Coronation Mass in St. Peter's on August 9. Meanwhile an inexorable rule has been laid down that no new "artificial" sopranos are to be admitted into any of the Church choirs of Rome. The music in the churches has also vastly improved in quality, though it is to be regretted that Plain Chant has not yet taken up the prominent position to which the Holy Father declares it is entitled. In only two of the churches has any attempt been made to introduce congregational singing during the Mass, at Santa Maria in Aquiro, and the Anima, which by the way, has now become the parochial church of the German residents in the Eternal City.

The Bishop's Reply to Pope

Rome, Aug. 16.—The Osservatore Romano publishes the reply of the French bishops, unanimously approving the terms of the Pope's encyclical against the separation of Church and State. In reply, the bishops give thanks to God that they have been able to hold a plenary assembly while for a century past an unjust contract refused them this right.

The reply declares that the French bishops are unanimous on all questions of patriotism and faith, and that the will of the Holy Father will always be their last word. The bishops thank the Pope for having authorized them to deliberate on questions which his holiness alone is able to settle. They affirm that they sacrificed at once, at his word, personal ideas which they might have expressed. The reply glorifies the encyclical as a monument of Divine and human wisdom. It compares the condition of the faithful in France with that of the Hebrews returning to Jerusalem after their long captivity, and affirms the wish of the bishops to re-establish Jerusalem and its temple on the invitation of the Pontiff at whatever sacrifice.

The reply approves all the condemnations pronounced by the encyclical and inveighs against what is called the criminal audacity of a power which, wishing to tear up a contract made with the Church, does so without putting herself into communication with the head of the Church. It also condemns sacrilegious usurpation of ecclesiastical properties. In conclusion, the reply reaffirms the fidelity of the Catholics of France to their faith and their resolution to obey the Holy Father. As soon, it says, as the French democracy sees things in their true light it will rise as one body in the faith of Christ and the love of the Pope. "That is why we demand the right," says the reply, "to preserve for France all the privileges of her protectorate over Catholic interests in the Orient."

On August 15th the corner-stone of the magnificent \$300,000 cathedral for St. Boniface was blessed by Mgr. Langevin, the sermon of the occasion being preached by the Archbishop of Ottawa, who also congratulated the Western Prelate upon the success of his great undertaking.

Congratulations to "Loretto," Stratford

Many times during the past twenty years have I had reason to feel proud of you, my Alma Mater, but never, I believe, more than when, on reaching the city yesterday, I heard of your latest glorious success. How many other schools of our province can say that 100 per cent. of their pupils have passed the Departmental Examinations? Yet, not alone in these, but also in the University Music Examination every candidate attained the goal, the majority there also winning honors. Yesterday only ten honors were awarded in Stratford and four of these belong to you—Loretto. How I envy the eight girls who learned yesterday that through the untiring care of "our nuns" they had won their certificates! And the high standing of the twenty-four pupils who passed the recent Entrance Examination shows on what a firm foundation is built such a success as that just achieved. Proudly and gratefully do I call myself

A FORMER PUPIL.

Tribute to Mr. Jas. Battle

In the very fine account given by the Welland Telegraph of the home-gathering of the people of Welland to honor the semi-centennial of Welland County, is found the following highly complimentary notice of one Ontario's deservedly esteemed Catholics and an old friend and contributor of the Catholic Register:

"When the name of James Battle of Thorold was called there was so hearty an applause as to make certain the silver-tongued orator of years gone by in the County Council had not been forgotten. He had been speaking but a moment when the audience realized that though years had passed since his pleasing and familiar voice had been heard in the chambers of the Council he had not lost the magic word that held the audiences of yesterday. Mr. Battle was indeed appreciatively heard. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be present and paid a fine compliment to his former colleague, J. Harrison Pew. He launched forth in an eloquent picture of Welland's future. For centuries, he said, Niagara had done nothing but sing Te Deums of thanks. It was still singing, but, as well, poured forth a current of white heat for the making of Canadian industry. In the fifty years to come, Mr. Battle continued, we must have a new Welland Canal double the size of the present one, so that the white winged messengers of peace might bear their burdens direct from Fort William to the markets of the Old World."

Outing for Hamilton Children

The pupils of the Separate schools of Hamilton, accompanied by their parents and friends, numbering in all about 1,000, held their annual picnic at Centre Island Park, Toronto, on Wednesday of last week, coming by the boats of the Hamilton Steamboat Co. The weather being fine, and the water smooth, the trip was most enjoyable. All got to the island on time, and in safety. The clergy with the party were Rev. Fathers Brady, Holden, Coty, Walsh and Weidner.

The afternoon was spent in baseball and other games for the boys and girls, while the ladies prepared a generous supply of table dainties which were appreciated to the utmost by the hundreds of children. A baby contest was a notable feature of the day, the judges being William Halley, Toronto; M. J. Forester, James Wall, P. S. Bateman and James Redding. All the babies were perfect, so all received prizes.

POPE'S ENCYCLICAL ON FRANCE

Message to the Clergy of France Made Public—Urges Bishops to Organize—Counsels Against Sedition—Hopes for Restored Dignity to France.

The text of the Pope's long-expected encyclical to the archbishops and bishops of France concerning their future conduct in view of the enactment of the law providing for the separation of Church and State appeared in the Osservatore Romano. It refers to the previous encyclical condemning the general principals of the law, and says the time has now arrived to indicate what should be done to defend and preserve religion in France.

"We deferred our decision," the document continues, "owing to the importance of this grave question and particularly through a charitable feeling for the great service your nation has rendered to the Church. Having heretofore condemned this iniquitous law, we examined with the greatest care its articles to see if they permitted the organization of religious life in France without jeopardizing the sacred principles of the Church."

After approving the recommendations of the French hierarchy disapproving of the law, the encyclical says:

"Therefore, concerning cultural associations such as the law prescribes we decree absolutely that they cannot be formed without a violation of the sacred rights which are the life itself of the Church. Putting aside, therefore, these associations which our conscience forbids us to approve, it is opportune to examine, if some other kind of organization, both legal and canonical, can avert the threatened dangers of the Church."

The encyclical then examines at some length the old forms of organization.

The Pope says that nothing causes him greater agony than the eventualities menacing the Church in France, and, therefore, he hopes to find some other kind of association not endangering divine rights, adding:

"But as this hope fails us and the law remains as it is we declare it is not permissible to try these other kind of associations so long as they do not establish in the most legal and most positive way that the divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff, and the bishops, and their authority over the temporal welfare of the Church, particularly the sacred edifices, will be irrevocably protected by such associations. We cannot wish otherwise without betraying our sacred charge and producing the ruin of the Church in France."

The document urges the bishops to adopt all means within the law to organize their forces, assuring them of the Papal co-operation and support.

"It is not difficult," the encyclical says, "to foresee the recriminations which the enemies of the Church will make against our present decree. They will seek to persuade the people that we do not seek the salvation of the Church, but that the form of republic in France is odious to us. We denounce with indignation such insinuations as false. The makers of this law have not sought separation but oppression. While affirming their desire for peace they have made atrocious war against religion. They hurl a brand of the most vehement discord, thus arraying one citizen against another, to the great detriment of public welfare. We have supported patiently injustice after injustice through love of the French nation and are finally asked to overstep the last limits of our apostolic duties, and we declare our inability to overstep them. Let the responsibility rest with those whose hatred has gone to such extremes."

The Pope counsels against seditious or violent actions and says firmness will give better results than violence. United action, he says, can be learned from those who have imposed the stigma of this criminal law upon the nation.

In conclusion the encyclical says: "In the hour of hard trial for France if all unite in defending the supreme interests of the country the salvation of the Church is far from

THE PENTATEUCH

Papal Commission Answers Queries as to its Authorship

The Pope has approved the most recent findings of the Biblical Commission bearing upon the authenticity of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. The questions submitted to the commission and the answers given by it are as follows:

First. Whether the arguments amassed by the critics to impugn the Mosaic authenticity of the Sacred Books known as the Pentateuch are of sufficient weight, notwithstanding the very many evidences to the contrary contained in both Testaments taken collectively, the perpetual agreement of the Hebrew people, and the constant tradition of the Church as well as the proofs furnished by internal criticism of the text, to justify the statement that these books have not Moses for their author, but have been compiled from sources for the most part posterior to the time of Moses? Answer—No.

Second. Whether the Mosaic authenticity of the Pentateuch necessarily postulates a reaction on the whole work in the sense that it must be absolutely held that Moses wrote with his own hand or dictated to amanuenses all and everything contained in it, whether it is possible to admit the hypothesis of those who think that Moses conceived the work under the influence of divine inspiration, and then intrusted the writing of it to some other person or persons, but in such manner that they faithfully render his meaning, wrote nothing contrary to his will and omitted nothing; and that the work thus formed, approved by Moses as the principal and inspired author, was made public under his name? Answer—No, to the first; yes, to the second.

Third. Whether it can be conceded, without prejudice to the Mosaic authenticity of the Pentateuch, that Moses in his work used sources, i.e., written documents or oral traditions, from which, to suit his special purpose and under the influence of divine inspiration, he selected some things and inserted them in his own work, either verbally or in substance, summarized or amplified? Answer—Yes.

Fourth. Whether, granted the substantial Mosaic authenticity and the integrity of the Pentateuch, it may be admitted that in the long course of ages some modifications have been introduced into it such as additions after the death of Moses, either inserted by an inspired author or attached to the text as glosses or interpretations; words and forms translated from the ancient language to more recent language; and, finally, faulty readings to be ascribed to the error of amanuenses, concerning which it is lawful to investigate and judge according to the laws of criticism? Answer—Yes; due regard being paid to the judgment of the Church.

Fulcranus Vigouroux, P.S.S.,
P. Laurentius Janssens, O.S.B.,
Secretaries.

Opinion in Paris

Paris, Aug. 14.—Opinions on the Pope's encyclical differ widely. Le Temps, commenting on the document, says that the Vatican is making a grave mistake in not accepting what the paper calls "the broad and liberal provisions of the separation law."

La Croix, the organ of the clericals, on the other hand, says that the wish of the Pope will be realized and that despite possible trials, the Church will finally emerge victorious.

Sir William Hingston in Town

Sir William Hingston of Montreal is in town attending the British Medical Association Convention.

Eight bishops and archbishops in the Western States are now engaged in building Cathedrals, St. Louis and St. Paul heading the list with million dollar structures.

desperate. On the contrary, it is to be hoped that her dignity will be raised to its former prosperous height."

The document was signed August 1st.



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The special August Sale of Furs figures to your advantage in this way:—

—Ermine Muffs and Ties usually sold here at \$120 and seldom sold in the States for less than \$100, Special if bought now at \$90.00

Every lady will appreciate the importance of this offer. Gentlemen who pay the bills should be equally interested. Furs purchased now will be stored free of charge until required.

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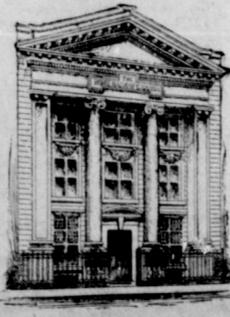
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AN IRISH MOTHER'S LONGING TO HEAR HER SON'S FIRST MASS.

The morn has come, alanna, That I've looked for through the years...

Sweet day of all my longings, Oh, why should I complain, I'd bear 'o have my boy a priest...

To watch you at the altar And to hear you read the book And when you turn around to pray...

Some say I would not know you now, You are so changed, ashore; Oh, I would know you, darling...

Now do not feel alone to-day, Ma bouchal stor machree, For Christ is more than mother...

'Tis sure, ashore, I'm with you, And though worlds should us part, My eyes would look into your eyes...

Oh, darling, were I nearer, I'm sure my heart would break, Such blessedness steals o'er me...

The morn has come, alanna, And I'm kneeling where you kneel The little shrine of Mary...

I'll make my heart your altar And my breast a house of prayer, And Jesus at your holy word...

When twilight shakes her hourglass at the sun And fairies from their popped fastness flee...

I like to think that up among the stars We used to count 'twixt dusk and Land of Nod...

I like to feel that still you watch my ways And hand in hand go with me, just as when...

For that brief time I offer thanks, It sheds Its radiance down the years to guide me on...

There was gladness in the old days when all the lanes were long, When every brook went singing a happy, hopeful song...

But they had to pass, the careless, the rosy, happy days, To leave us toiling onward along the winding ways...

There was gladness in the old days, when fair winds only blew, When we saw a fairy's jewel in every drop of dew...

Are the glad days that always are somewhere on ahead. — S. E. Kiser.

DEVOTION TO OUR LORD'S SACRED HEART.

It is the heart of our divine Lord that most appeals to us, for it was from it, as a centre, flowed that burning and consuming love...

It is to return this love all we can, that Holy Church asks us in June to be devoted to our Lord's Sacred Heart. It will we know, but an imperfect return...

It cannot be a mere sentiment, a passing word, a thoughtless joke; it must be founded deep in the heart and something that has life and vigor...

THE CATHOLIC PAPER IN THE HOME. We are told that the home is a training institution of infinite importance because the education it bestows...

From insurance records it has been found that about 35 per cent. of the deaths of policyholders was attributed to diseases of the digestive system.

THE FATALITY OF INDIGESTION WHICH ALMOST INVARIABLY ARISES FROM LIVER AND KIDNEY DISORDERS.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From insurance records it has been found that about 35 per cent. of the deaths of policyholders was attributed to diseases of the digestive system.

To persons who have been accustomed to think lightly of indigestion, biliousness and liver derangements, this statement will be rather startling, but it cannot be refuted.

Wind on the stomach, rising of sour taste in the mouth, smothering sensations in the chest, pains about the heart, headaches and dizziness, drowsiness and discomfort after meals and sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels are the symptoms of this serious and dangerous form of indigestion.

Mrs. H. Husband, Moore street, St. Catharines, Ont., states: "I was seriously afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for sixteen years. Finally I became so bad that I could scarcely eat anything without suffering terrible distress. Gradually I grew weaker and more emaciated, and though treated by three doctors and a specialist I received no benefit."

"After a time a pain began in my right side which medical men said was liver trouble. I never got relief until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and they helped me at once. By using about a dozen boxes I was entirely cured. I owe my cure entirely to this treatment and make this statement with the hope that some poor sufferer may benefit by my experience."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will promptly overcome these symptoms. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

— S. E. Kiser.

principle and honor will defy the vast of years and outlive the more mature knowledge received in after life. It is in this home education that the Catholic paper of to-day should be permitted to play an important part.

Jealousy is such a mean, small passion, yet it seems that by far the larger number of humanity are beset by it.

It is not pleasant to feel that another has more charm, more power to attract. But if this is so, perhaps some fault lies in us.

SMOKERS' CANCER. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body.

NOVEL READING. Every girl desires to make acquaintance with the great masterpieces of fiction. She must at least know by their titles the principal works of Sir Walter Scott, and must be familiar with some of his characters, such as Jennie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian," and Rowena and Rebecca in "Ivanhoe."

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION. The Christian educator is not one who gives a modicum of the average knowledge, and then adds a little catechism and prayer.

YAWNING IS BENEFICIAL. "Yawning is beneficial," said a throat specialist, "and in certain troubles—sore throat, buzzing in the ears and so on—I recommend artificial yawning. This is more helpful in some cases than the best gargle."

THE LAST WORD. The woman who, at any cost, must have the last word, is seldom popular. She is much too apt to offend people's prejudices and to rub them up the wrong way.

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Refreshing Sleep. 11. There are two members of my congregation who have used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with great benefit...

FREE. A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free.

she will fling away, without another thought, domestic peace and the affection of those nearest to her just for the insignificant right of having that last miserable word.

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The Children's Page

TO MY FRIENDS IN VACATION. (The Young Catholic Messenger.) The blithe vacation days are come, With all their merriment; Let all the school books now at home And leave the narrow tent.

Now rove thro' woods and o'er the fields; And see the babbling brook; Your heart to Nature's chantment yields, Joy nods from every nook.

And every tree breathes forth its joys And every bird is glad; How happy feels the sprightly boy! You never see him sad.

He hunts for life's bright butterflies, His soul is full of song; As Time goes on shrewd Fortune tries His heart, his eye, his tongue.

Oh, let the little ones rejoice, Short are their merry days; We all one day were lively boys, And roses decked our ways.

But now we feel the bitter thorn, Since leaf and beauty fled, Our heart is sore, our feet are torn And crosses are our bed.

THE TIP-TOE MARCH.

Hush! hush! Baby's gone away, Gone to join the fairies In their merry play. Then hush! hush! Baby's fast asleep— Dolly soon will meet—her—there.

By-low! Bysie bysie low! Little shoes and stockings Hanging in a row. So by-low! Time for cribsie-by— Tired dimples feet—at—rest.

Tip-toe! Night is drawing near— Birdie's nest is quiet— Vanished every fear. Then hush! hush! Elfin steps are nigh— Mr. Sandman's tip-toed—home —Annie Josephine Levi.

GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURE

When grandma was a little girl, She owned a box — her dearest treasure. In it she kept with dainty care The things which gave her greatest pleasure.

A scrap of pale buff calico With little sprigs of blue upon it, A bit of stiff silk ribbon wide, From some one's old discarded bonnet.

A fragment each of muslin thin, Of gingham pink and silk magenta, A bit of velvet soft and green, That some dear maiden aunt had sent her.

Doll rags they called them, But to her, shy little Jane Amanda Baker, They furnished food for many a dream And into fairyland they'd take her.

To-day her great-grandchild, Lucile, Bows sunny head o'er box of treasures. "Doll rags," they call them, But to her they're almost chief among her pleasures.

A bit of pale blue velvet left From baby sister's cloak and bonnet, A piece of rose-pink corded silk From mamma's evening waist so pretty.

A bit of soft white albatross From Aunt Minerva in the city. A fragment of old plaid silk— 'Twas worn by grandma at her wedding.

And through the years, with smiles and tears, A gentle radiance 'tis shedding. Dear old rags! Loved by childish hearts From little Jane Amanda Baker Down to Lucile, her great-grandchild, The winsome little sunshine-maker.

Fragments of velvet and of silk, Oh, childhood's joyous round of pleasures! Nearest and dearest of them all — The precious little box of treasures. —Harriet Crocker Le Roy, in Youth's Companion.

HOME AGAIN.

I know some grown-up people Who say they're fond of boys, But when you go to visit You mustn't make much noise. They have a splendid garden, With beautiful flowers, but, there! They don't like boys to pick them, Because they're all so rare.

They have some chairs with cushions That look like velvet moss, But they aren't meant to sit on, Or lean against, or toss.

They have some talins in cabinets All fixed up spick and span, "For careful boys" to play with (The boy who dares to, can). They're always kind and pleasant As ever they can be, They've spent a whole long fortnight Just entertaining me. I guess I like my family The best of any one; And when you've been a visiting, The coming home is fun! —Youth's Companion.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

TWO CAT HEROES.

Two East Orange cats gave their owners excellent arguments against the somewhat popular notion that cats are useless animals.

One of the felines was a per maltese named "Simpkin," belonging to the family of Francis W. Wilcox, of 12 Mitchell Place, the other rejoices in the name of "Tabby" and belongs to J. P. Deas, of 70 Arlington Avenue north.

"Simpkin" was asleep in the kitchen of the Wilcox residence, when, shortly after midnight one morning, he was awakened by the smell of smoke. An ironing board that had been in use the previous afternoon had caught fire and had been burning for hours. About midnight the smoldering fire burst into flame.

The cat was alert, but its meowing could not be heard by the members of the family asleep upstairs, and the animal could not get out of the kitchen. So frantically enough the flames solved the problem by burning a hole through the door, and through this fiery opening the cat leaped. Its hair and whiskers were singed, but unmindful of this the cat dug its claws into a fruit tree just outside the door, and soon reached the roof of the rear porch. Going up to the closed shutters of a window he clattered there with his paw and growled.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox were awakened by the unusual noise. Mr. Wilcox was about to throw something at the cat when there was a crash of glass in the window below. A burst of black smoke followed and the glare of the flames could be seen. Mr. Wilcox suddenly forgot about the cat and jumped for the telephone. Having notified fire headquarters, he gathered up his little daughter and with his wife they sought a place of safety.

"Simpkin" was still on the roof when the firemen arrived. He was ruefully looking at his singed coat and smoothing the stumps of his beautiful whiskers. He was in bad humor and spat at the firemen as they worked with their hose, but recovered his equanimity when the little girl came around and took him in her arms. The firemen extinguished the blaze after about half an hour's work. The damage will foot up to about \$500, fully insured.

"Tabby," the other cat hero, showed almost equal intelligence. Like the Wilcox cat, it was asleep by the kitchen stove. Its slumbers were disturbed by the breaking of glass in the parlor. Tabby pushed her way through the door which separates the kitchen and dining-room and crawling along in the shadows saw a hand slipped through the hole just made in the window. The catch was unfastened and the window gradually raised, allowing the entrance of a man whom Tabby failed to recognize as a member of the family.

The cat ran upstairs and scratched at the door of Mr. Deas' sleeping room. Mr. Deas got up and drove the cat away, but before he had gotten the sheets over him again the scratching was repeated.

Losing his patience, Mr. Deas started after Tabby on the run, when he was startled by hearing the noise of someone beating a hasty retreat across the dining-room, floor and out of the window. On making an investigation he found several pieces of silver laid close together, presumably placed there ready to be carried off. The noise of Mr. Deas scurrying after the cat had caused the thief to beat a hasty retreat, and thanks to the cat, the tripod had been fixed tight, a search was started for Tabby, who was huddled up in a corner of the hallway, ready to dash away from any possible punishment.

In the morning Mrs. Deas was telling of the exploit of her cat to Mrs. C. Ray, who resides at 72, next door, when that family also found out they had had an unwelcome visitor the night before. The burglar broke a rear kitchen window and lifted the sash.

The doors that led to other rooms are always locked, so the thief did not get any further than the kitchen. Without having disturbed anything, the man left by the rear door, leaving no clue behind.—East Orange Record.

TWO STOPPAGES OF NIAGARA.

Twice within the memory of man the Niagara River has very nearly run dry. In both instances the flow of water was stopped by an ice jam. On March 20, 1848, an ice jam was formed at Black Rock, at the entrance to the river, which held the waters of Lake Erie back for an entire day.

At that time Thomas C. Street had a gristmill on the Canadian rapids above the falls. That morning his miller knocked at his door at five o'clock in the morning and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill-race and no water in the great river channel outside of the race. He was startled and dressed hurriedly. There was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, he and his daughter started from Table Rock and walked near the edge of the precipice of the Horseshoe Fall, about one-third of the way toward Goat Island on the American shore.

The American Falls of Niagara almost ceased to flow on Sunday, March 22, 1903. A big ice jam had formed on the reefs at the head of Goat Island, and the water that usually flows through the American channel between the New York shore and Goat Island was nearly all diverted to the Horseshoe channel, and the rocks above Green Island and that vicinity were left high and dry.

To walk about the bed of such a river as that which pours down toward the Niagara precipice is an unusual experience. Thousands of people wandered over sections of the river bed never before touched by human feet. The solitude of the pretty little isles above the Goat Island bridges was broken by the merry laughter of people who rejoiced at their ability to walk where water had poured for centuries untold. From the head of Goat Island down to the stone arch bridges a crowd searched every crevice, every depression, every spot where there was a likelihood of finding relics and souvenirs of this day when Niagara ran dry.

Nearly all the water that managed to creep through the jam of ice found its way down the channel close to the New York mainland. The channel is lowest at this point. Out beyond this the rocky ledges were high and dry. There was only enough water left to form a thin curtain. At nightfall on Sunday the river had almost ceased to flow, but on Monday morning the water conditions were nearly normal, and the full beauty of Niagara was restored.

WHY HE COULDN'T SELL SHOVELS IN ENGLAND.

A millionaire shovel maker, as he sat in the smoking room of an Atlantic liner, said: "I have been over in England trying to sell shovels to the British government. I failed. I couldn't sell a shovel. A dead man named Jones was the cause of my failure."

"Jones was alive, very much alive, during the Battle of Waterloo. He sat on horseback near Wellington's tent. Wellington, seeing him there in civilian's dress, said angrily: 'Who are you?'"

"I am a shovel salesman," said Jones, "and I came here from Brussels to see the battle."

"Now that you are here, said Wellington, 'are you willing to carry a message for me to one of my generals?' It will be a dangerous errand, but I have no one else to send."

"I'll carry your message," said Jones, "and as for danger, one part of this battlefield is no more dangerous than another to-day."

"So Wellington gave him the message and Jones delivered it, but failed to return. The Duke thought him slain, but one day eight or nine years later a man accosted the Duke in London.

"Do you remember me?" he said. "I do," said Wellington, shaking the man's hand warmly, "you saved two regiments of mine by the delivery of that message. Why didn't you return to me?"

"Jones said his horse had been killed by a cannon ball as he was returning, and he himself had been shot in the side, but not badly—a few days' abed brought him round."

"Well," said the Duke, "what can I do for you?"

"I am a partner in that shovel house of ours now," said Jones, "the firm name is Smith, Jenkins & Jones, and I'd like to get a government contract."

"He got it," the millionaire ended, sadly. "From that day to this all the shovels used in the British army and navy have been supplied by the house of Smith, Jenkins & Jones. I wasted my time trying to compete with that firm."

Feet That Fret

No wonder some people's feet fret and sweat, no wonder corns and bunions appear, no wonder they are tender and sensitive. Did you ever spend 25 cents on your feet? You buy chocolates to please your mouth, tonics to help your stomach, lotions to keep your skin smooth. Your feet fairly cry out with pain, they sweat, blister, get hot, are tortured and you think all this is necessary. Not so. If your feet were healthy and natural they would not complain in this way. TREAT THEM TO FOOT ELM.

Foot Elm soothes, comforts and invigorates the feet.

HORSE IN ITS THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

We are glad to publish the following account of the horse "Pompey," owned by Dr. H. B. Cross of Jamaica Plain:

The subject of this sketch is only a horse, but he has long been well-known to many people in this vicinity, as among the best and most intelligent of his kind.

He has now reached beyond the very unusual age of thirty-four years—has had very little sickness—and has been in the harness almost daily for the last twenty-six years, which period he has been owned and driven by his present owner, and now he appears to be able and willing to do service for an indefinite period. He came of the old Hamiltonian stock.

Besides his service as doctor's horse he has frequently been driven long distances in the country on summer vacations, and seems never to forget places where he had been before, however long the intervals.

On homeward journeys he has been known to choose a nearer way than the one he had been over, although the road was never traversed by him before.

When left to himself in the city it has seemed remarkable to note the ease and certainty with which he would go to streets and houses where he had been but once before and when it was not easy for the driver to find the way and place except by number on the doors.

In case of accident he has always been tractable and seemed to under-

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stand that he must be quiet and unexcited even when the harness broke and let the carriage onto him going down hill, or if a trace got loose or a strap broke he would understand it and stop or indicate in some way that something was wrong.

This horse is still living and still useful in the doctor's service.

A BRAVE BRUTE.

Yesterday, shortly before noon, a man was crossing the Seventeenth street bridge over Wheeling creek, and, noticing some object in the water, he leaned over the balustrade. Reaching out too far, he lost his balance and tumbled over, falling into a deep hole in the creek. He either could not swim, or was rendered powerless by fright or the effect of his concussion head first into the water, and floundered about helplessly.

A few spectators were in sight, and all rushed to the bank, fully expecting to see the man drown. He sank twice, and was about going down the third time never to rise alive, when a huge shaggy Newfoundland dog dashed down the bank, leaped into the creek, swam to the man, and grasping him by the coat, held him up and pulled him toward the shore until the man's feet were on the solid ground, not letting go his hold until both were clear out of the water.

Then the shaggy brute shook his coat dry, and walked off wagging his tail, amid the plaudits of a hundred odd men and boys who had been attracted by the shouts of the few people who witnessed the man's tumble. The man, as much dead as alive, waited until he had recovered his senses entirely and drained somewhat, and then walked off. Neither the man nor the dog was known to any of the eyewitnesses.—Wheeling, W. Va. Intelligencer.

GOOD EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

Every boy who wants to be muscular should practise this exercise: Take off your shoes and stockings and in your bare feet practise standing alternately first on your toes and then on your heels.

By the term "standing on your toes" I do not mean on the very tips of your toes, like the ballet dancer, but squarely on the toes themselves. Then let yourself down again, and as soon as your two feet are planted firmly on the floor rest for a few seconds before raising the toes and standing on the heels again.

This exercise, you will find, is an exceedingly difficult one to accomplish. The strain on the thigh muscles is very great, and perhaps it may hurt some. But a few days' practice will remove all traces of soreness, and you will be able to accomplish the feat with greater ease day after day. Devote five minutes to this exercise every evening—longer if you can spare the time, and the muscles of your legs will speedily develop and become harder and bigger week after week. Standing on the toes develops the calves and ankles, and standing on the heels does the same for the thigh muscles.

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which we never borrow, yet often return? Thanks. Why are grasshoppers like watches? Because they move by springs. When is an umbrella like a person convalescent? When it is recovered. What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet? A coat of paint.

What is it that has neither flesh nor blood, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove. Why is a historical event like a parcel untied and tied again? Because it is recorded.

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw. What is it that no one wishes to have, and yet when he has it does not wish to lose? A bald head. Where was Adam going when he was in his thirty-ninth year? Into his fortieth.

A HOMESICK HORSE.

Dying of homesickness, a horse recently purchased by Orrin Rice, proprietor of a large summer boarding house at Rock Hill, Sullivan county, a few days ago, broke its halter and ran seven miles to its old home and dropped dead as it came in sight of the barn. The horse was purchased from a man near Monticello. Rice took the animal home and it continually whinnied, refused to eat, showing all signs of homesickness. Veterinaries did not help it and it became so weak that it could not stand up. Saturday night it lay apparently dying in the field. Sunday morning it was missing. Signs showed that the horse had broken the halter, jumped the fence, run seven miles to its home near Monticello, and as it saw the barn where it had been born and brought up it dropped dead of exhaustion. The horse was buried on the farm where it was born.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

HOW MANY HAIRS ON A RAT'S TAIL.

When Prof. P. H. Holden was a college student he taught a class in summer. The following story from The World's Work illustrates how he stimulated his scholars to form a habit of observing:

One day he asked his class, "How many hairs are there on a rat's tail?" One child said ten, another said fifty, a third said a hundred. No one knew. "How can you find out?" said one. "Look in the dictionary," said one. Finally a boy held up his hand and said, "Teacher, I'll catch a rat and see."

"That is the only way," said Professor Holden. That night there was a general rat hunt in the Michigan village, and the next day every child shamefacedly reported that there were no hairs on a rat's tail.—The Young Idea.

A GOOD RETORT.

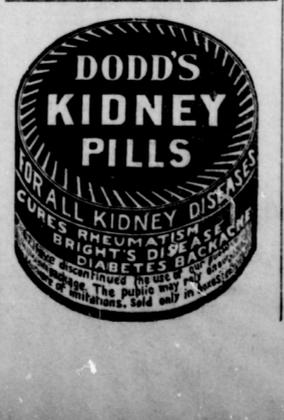
A Philadelphia paper relates this story, which is credited to a prominent lawyer of Pottsville, who was once a high school principal. The former pedagogue said: "One day at school I gave a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and although the problem was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it. I remarked: 'You should be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor.'

The boy looked me straight in the eye and replied: 'Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States.'

THREE EASY PUZZLES.

1. Decapitation: Behold a rock and leave a sound. 2. Charade: The first is to draw a long, sad breath; the second is to let a borrower have the use of something for a time. The whole is not talking. 3. Transposition: With a vegetable that grows in a pod on a vine, make a monkey.

Thousands have been cured of sweaty diseased feet by using "Foot Elm". Why don't you try it? 18 powders 25 cents. A bushel of satisfaction in every box.



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TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1906.

THE HOLY FATHER AND
FRANCE.

At length the Sovereign Pontiff has issued his encyclical concerning the Church in France. As only a few extracts appear in the despatches, it is premature to surmise its full argument. We may, however, be certain that in common with all the other documents of the present Holy Father it is clear, strong and unanswerable. The time it has taken for consideration and preparation bespeaks its importance; and the consequences which may follow its appearance are serious enough to make men less prudent than Plus the Tenth hesitate. France had not consulted the Head of the Church in breaking the Concordat. The Head of the Church was perfectly free to reject or accept the disruption, and to take his own time about expressing his views. Nor in this official communication was he treating with the French Government. It is a mandate addressed directly to the Bishops of France, and declaring what line of action the prelates are to take. It has been unanimously approved by them in a plenary assembly, the first of its kind since the Coacordat was entered upon between Pius VII. and Napoleon. Their reply glorifies the encyclical as a monument of divine and human wisdom, and compares the condition of the faithful in France to the return of the Israelites to Jerusalem after their long captivity, affirming at the same time the wishes of the bishops to rebuild Jerusalem and its temple upon the invitation of the Pontiff at any and all sacrifice. What the Holy Father has already written condemning meets with the cordial approval of the bishops who inveigh against the criminal audacity of a power which, wishing to tear up a contract made with the Church, does so without putting herself into communication with the Head of the Church. The Holy Father condemns and rejects the Associations of worship or Associations cultuelles. "We decree," he says, "absolutely that they cannot be formed without a violation of the sacred rights which are the life itself of the Church." This is undoubtedly the centre of the conflict. Nor could the Sovereign Pontiff yield upon it. Had he done so, had he accepted this clause not only would he have suffered in dignity, but he would have started a schism by betraying the French Church to any class of rationalists and atheists the Government might choose for the various associations of worship." Whether some other organization is possible His Holiness now deems it opportune to examine. Thus the French bishops will have until December to arrange some modus vivendi. Will the government seize the Church property? Not likely. When we remember that the revolutionary party in 1792 recognized the right of the Church in regard to the property, and that they laid it down as a principle that the pension of the clergy was a perpetual national debt we do not think their successors, the bloc, will repudiate what a century of their fellows have acknowledged.

When we remember, likewise, the difficulty which the Government had in merely taking the inventories of these properties, we can see that to take the churches and close them would be little short of civil war. With continued menace from the eastern frontier a civil war or even the threatening danger of one, would break down the strength of any Republican government in and through the money market. French securities would withdraw away in twenty-four hours.

Turning to the reception of the Holy Father's encyclical by the French politicians, we are not astonished at their soreness. Combes considers it the death knell. It may be. But if it is, it is a Good Friday

which in the near future will be followed by Easter Sunday. Catholicism is too deeply rooted in the soil, the history and the spirit of France to die so easily that an act of a French Assembly may do it to the death. Nor is it so deeply buried that within its grave it cannot hear the cry and prayer of its bravest, best and most patriotic children calling it to come forth and clothe itself, as of old, with piety, devotion and learning! That Combes and his ilk may feel sore at the encyclical is natural. But Combes is of that ancestor who was mendacious from the beginning.

LABOR IN POLITICS.

The American Federation of Labor is resolved to enter politics for the purpose of gaining justice and fair play. Seeing that the Labor Party in England has so strong a force in the House of Commons the Americans are turning in the same direction for the bettering of their condition. Circumstances alter cases. The two countries are different; nor is the political spirit the same in both. In England the public pulse is much more sensitive than in the United States. Party lines are not drawn so tight. And what is more to the purpose, labor and capital do not stand so far apart. Public opinion brings them together; and that inherent love of justice and sympathy for the weak insists upon relief. Strikes in England have been generally successful, whilst in the States the opposite has been the case. That the Federation will have difficulty in practically entering politics is evident from the state of the two parties. Politicians in the United States of every rank are either Republicans or Democrats. National politics, or municipal—no matter—the same cleavage runs through all alike. What can labor or any other element, do in such a case? Nothing. And hence throughout the history of the labor movement the motto has been, 'Keep out of politics.' The Labor press looks upon the new move with grave suspicion. Socialist organs look upon it as a veiled attack upon socialism. Yet socialism, which must look for its recruits amongst discontented workmen, seems jealous. Socialism has for some time been pushing its way into American politics. Its prospects will be seriously affected if the Federation of Labor enters the field. The Pittsburgh Labor Tribune, however, thinks that: "It is a sorry pessimist, indeed, who thinks that this condition bodes any ill either to labor itself or the country." Another journal claims that the labor vote represents the balance of power, so that without organizing a new party the Federation will secure such legislation as it has long been seeking. What might be the effect upon the two parties if the labor vote became crystallized it is not easy to say. The difficulty is that just at the last moment, after all the shouting of the election campaign is over, and the voter is called to poll his vote a tremendous slump is found to have taken place. Whispered threats of closed shops, capital withdrawal, hard times produced more effect than platform speaking and brass band displays in turning eloquent appeals into ignominious defeats. Up to the present organized labor does not show to much advantage. Frequently it strikes all round without consideration, too often it is so local in its grievances that it fails to win just and universal sympathy, and sometimes the remedies are offset by indirect application of capital's abundant stock of poison. The entrance of labor into American politics will be as slow as foot as justice herself. We hope, however, that labor may reach there and obtain from its selfish foe the rights for which it has wrought with patience and suffered with honorable equanimity.

HIS HOLINESS AND PEACE
CONGRESS.

That His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., was not invited to the Peace Congress at the Hague in 1899 caused much comment at the time, and it was universally conceded that the Powers and the cause for which they were gathered lost much by the omission. Now when another Congress is in the near future, it would seem that profiting by the past, a different course will be pursued with reference to the present venerated occupant of the chair of St. Peter. Speaking on the subject the London Tablet says: "The question as to whether the Holy See is to be represented or not at the next Peace Congress at The Hague continues to excite some interest in Italy, and some very curious revelations on the subject have been made this week. Thus, for instance, it appears that under the first Pelloux Ministry in 1899, Canevaro, who was Foreign Minister, and therefore the one whose opinion should have counted for most, was entirely in favor of the participation of Leo XIII. in the Congress, and did actually receive the thanks of Holland for his attitude or the subject.

But at the last moment Vaccelli, Minister of the Treasury, and Fortis, Minister of Agriculture, bitterly opposed the admission of the Holy See, and Canevaro was obliged to eat his own words. Something of the kind appears to have happened under the Fortis Ministry last year when there was talk of summoning the Peace Congress again. Tittoni, who was then Foreign Minister, thought that Pius X. should be represented, but other Ministers objected. Just now Giolitti holds the reins, and it is believed that he is quite favorable to the idea of having the Holy See take a part in the future Congress. It is well known that Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, as well as Spain and Holland, were pleased to see the Holy See represented, and it is more than likely that President Roosevelt is strongly of the same way of thinking."

That the one who, above all others, is the accredited ambassador to carry to the nations of the earth the "glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace," should have been omitted from a universal peace gathering was a mistake fatuous in the extreme. The awakening to past-blindness is a hopeful sign for the times.

"VERY FUNNY."

The following article from the Buffalo Union and Times is interesting as an instance of the alertness of a Canadian priest, who even when off duty, or as our contemporary puts it, "on business and pleasure bent," had his eyes open to things generally, and when necessity arose, acted promptly and with beneficial result to the cause of society and religion:

"To some people some things appear excruciatingly amusing. To others the same things are simply atrocious. The penny-in-the-slot machine is susceptible of startling wonders and no opportunity is lost to produce through this medium scenes which to the pure-minded are nauseating filth.

"The other day there came to Buffalo a Canadian priest on business and pleasure bent, and, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he wandered into one of the 'arcades.' His attention was at once attracted by a sign on one of the machines: 'Scenes from the Confessional—Very Funny.' Having had some experience in the line named, and having failed to grasp the "funny" side of it, he parted with a penny, and immediately became a witness of the most impossible, repugnant, disgusting series of scenes—pictures positively hellish in conception.

"The indignant clergyman did not smash the lying device, which he would have been entirely justified in doing. He went quietly to the manager and explained. It is gratifying to note that the man in charge expressed regret that such pictures should have been exposed. He was, he maintained, entirely ignorant of the matter, and was very glad that his attention had been called to the insulting thing. No more pennies go into that particular outfit. It is dark.

"But in 10,000 other slot-machine places that same series is doing its degenerate work. All over the country these contrivances are working overtime. We urge Catholics to be vigilant along this line and to see that these machines are kept within bounds of decency."

Disputes Statements

(From an Ottawa Exchange.)

Mr. Editor,—In your issue of yesterday Mr. Crawford Ross is reported to have made the following statements at Arnprior: "The government at Toronto was truckling to the Irish Catholic vote to which Mr. Whitney owed nothing."

"The Toronto House was full of Irish Catholic officials, and if one dropped out he was replaced by another Irish Roman Catholic."

I challenge Mr. Ross to furnish a single instance in Toronto or elsewhere in which such has been done. But if he so desires I can furnish him several instances in Toronto where the Whitney Government has replaced Catholics by Protestants.

To come nearer home several new positions were created here by the government. They were in every case filled by Protestants, although if you take population as a basis, two of them should have gone to Roman Catholics.

An extra bailiffship and Inspectorship of automobiles, both positions worth something like \$2,000 a year, were given to Mr. Van Nierop, an outsider and a man never known to have done anything for the Conservative party. He is like my friend, Mr. Crawford Ross, a Protestant and an Orangeman.

I would like to have seen Mr. Ross appointed to these positions, as his devotion to the Conservative party is well known and deserves recognition.

To go a little further, Mr. O. A. Rocque, French-Canadian Catholic, was dismissed from the Inspectorship of factories. He was replaced by Mr. John Argue, an Orange Protestant.

Mr. A. Portier, French-Canadian Catholic, license inspector for North Renfrew, was dismissed and replaced by an Orange Protestant.

Mr. John O'Callaghan, Irish-Canadian Catholic, license inspector for Carleton, was dismissed and replaced by an Orange Protestant.

Mr. John McCann, of South Renfrew, Irish Catholic, inspector of colonization roads, was dismissed and replaced by an Orange Protestant.

Mr. John J. Carter, Division Court clerk, South Renfrew, Catholic, dismissed and replaced by Orange Protestant.

John Loughrin, Irish Catholic, police magistrate for Nipissing, dis-

missed and replaced by an Orange Protestant.

Mr. Dawson, Catholic, sheriff of Frontenac, dismissed and replaced by a Protestant.

Several dismissals of Catholics have taken place in the two Lanarks, in every case the new appointees being Protestants.

Mr. T. A. Eamont, Protestant, replaces the former Catholic solicitor to the local board of license commissioners.

"And I know that in Western Ontario numbers of Catholic officials have been dismissed and replaced by Protestants. I will get the official proof of this from the representative departments in Toronto if Mr. Ross desires to pursue the matter further."

In view of these facts impartial people will judge to which creed the present government has given the preference.

Perhaps the solitary instance of the Ottawa license inspectorship rankles in the mind of Mr. Ross? There would not have been even that solitary instance if Mr. Ross and those who believe like him could have had their way.

And what has Mr. Ross to say against Dr. Ryan, of Kingston? He is and has always been an ardent Conservative. He has campaigned for years with the present cabinet ministers and with the leaders of the Dominion opposition party. He was frequently mentioned for a cabinet position and if considerations of locality had not prevailed, would doubtless have got it. He is one of the ablest Conservative orators in the Dominion and in every way entitled to any position he has or may receive.

Mr. Ross is also far astray when he says Mr. Whitney owes nothing to the Irish Catholic vote.

He knows better. Were it not for the combined vote of the Irish and French Catholics the Ross Government would have been sustained by at least nine of a majority, as an examination of the figures in which such votes predominate will readily prove. But my friend Mr. Ross was simply talking for effect with full knowledge of the mental calibre of his audience and doubtless with the idea that no one would take the trouble to refute his absurd statements.

JOHN O'MEARA.

Ottawa, Aug. 15.

The lists of dismissals of Catholic employes of the Province of Ontario under the Whitney administration is relatively larger in other districts than in Ottawa, where the principle of Catholic representation stands for something. The Register is collecting complete and authentic data and will appreciate the aid that may be afforded by all injuriously affected persons.—Dd. C. R.

Communication

To the Editor Catholic Register:

With great pleasure and, I trust, with some little profit I read your editorial of the 9th inst., on the choice of a state of life. If you give your readers at frequent intervals such food for thought as this article supplies, you will be filling a long felt want. We have Catholic papers that give us a large amount of pious reading and excellent articles at times on the utility of sacred images, the advantages of devotion to the saints, and similar points of Catholic teaching. This is excellent; we have too little rather than too much of it. But if a Catholic paper is to be an uplifting power it must grapple with vital questions, such as education, the scarcity of priests and of religious vocations in our midst, and such like. And these are precisely the questions which our Catholic papers either pass over altogether, or touch very lightly.

In the article to which I refer you have broken away somewhat from the beaten path, and given us food for thought. You state an obvious and unpleasant truth when you write: "Whilst in many of the walks of life the supply is greater than the demand, in those callings which may be looked upon as supernatural, the very opposite is the case. The fields are white unto harvest and the reapers are few—just as when our Lord looked forth from the eastern hill." Well and truly said! But it is of little use to say such things, unless an honest effort is made to reach the sources of what is depleted. Your allusion to our Lord suggests the inquiry whether the causes of the scarcity of laborers in the vineyard in His day are not active at the present. And a moderate acquaintance with prevailing conditions will justify, nay demand, an affirmative answer.

The greed for gain and worship of wealth and power were strong then as now. But together with these, other agencies were at work. There was in the first place a narrow and malignant spirit of race pride. Race pride is an excellent thing when kept within due bounds, but when it builds around itself a Chinese wall of self-sufficiency, proclaiming its superiority to all outside aid, it degenerates into narrowness and inefficiency. A glance at the Gospels will show that this spirit was rampant amongst the Jews in our Lord's day. The most potent factor in the hatred the leaders of His countrymen entertained for Him was His declaration that the kingdom of Heaven would be taken away from them and given to the Gentiles. The very suggestion that the Gentiles would be put on an equality with, nay, preferred to them, and the selection of a Samaritan as a type of charity in contrast to a Jewish priest and Levite, stung them to fury.

That the same narrow spirit exists amongst ourselves is undeniable. Your correspondent has heard it more than once expressed in words, and can find no other explanation for various phases of action and inaction. You say truly that the harvest is ripe, and you could go farther and say

that it is rotting. Why is no effort made to bring laborers from outside, when the home supply is insufficient? If the Northwest farmer were to wait until his family grew up in order to save his crops, he would find himself ruined before that goal was reached. But he sends his shout for help to the East and the South and across the broad Atlantic, and men of various nationalities pour in by thousands at his call. He cares not whence they come, provided they are able and willing to work. Why should not the zeal and enterprise he shows for the saving of his wheat be manifested for the harvest of souls? Our universities, our non-Catholic colleges, have no hesitation in scouring the United States and Britain for men to fill their professorships and presidencies. If they find the best man at home, so much the better. But if they do not, have no hesitation in seeking for him in Edinburgh or Boston or Baltimore. Oxford, with its traditional exclusiveness had no difficulty in offering one of its most coveted chairs to a Canadian. Apropos of this, your correspondent has recently heard from the lips of a young and zealous confrere in the priesthood, a strong denunciation of the narrowness and backwardness of college and seminary training as the root of that want of enthusiasm which is in a large measure responsible for the conditions the editor of the Register deplors.

In connection with this one might ask why no provision is made for the sustenance of aged and infirm priests?

Your correspondent gratefully acknowledges that this article has brought him to a sense of his deficiency in urging as often and earnestly as he should the sublimity and desirability of a religious vocation. Probably an absurd fear of seeming to glorify one's own calling has had something to do with this. To the Register belongs the credit of opening in this regard the eyes of at least one

CLERICAL READER.

Changes in Kingston Diocese

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier has appointed Rev. Father O'Farrell, the present assistant of St. Francis Xavier church, Brockville, to the curacy of St. Michael's Church, Belleville, of which Rev. Father Twomey is the pastor.

Much indignation is felt at Williamstown, Pa., over the action of the board of education in ousting teachers of the Catholic faith in the public schools of the borough at the instance of the Societies of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, the Junior Order United American Mechanics, the Independent Order of Oddfellows, and Chester post of the Grand Army of the Republic, which presented a joint resolution to the board requiring that the Bible be used as a text book in the schools and no Catholic teachers be employed, and as a result of which no Catholic was reappointed.

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION
IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

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

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No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE HOPE. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I try to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

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JOTTINGS

On the Feast of the Assumption six postulants were received into the Community of St. Joseph, Peterboro, and two novices made their final vows.

At St. Catharines on August 16th, Mrs. Bridget Welch, wife of Maurice Welch, was working about the house, when she suddenly fell over dead. She was 73 years of age.

Pope Pius has approved the decision of the Propaganda to appoint the Rev. I. S. Walsh of Massachusetts, a graduate of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Bishop of Portland, Maine.

Among the visitors received by His Holiness on August 14th was the Very Rev. P. G. Blanche, apostolic vicar of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, who found the Pope perfectly well and strong.

Once more the Franciscans, with Rev. Maurice Bertin, O.F.M., late vicar at Quebec, in charge, will take up their work in Japan, the mission at Seporo, Yezo, having been assigned to them.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Peterboro, was the delegate from the T.A.S. to the great temperance convention at Providence, R.I., at which about 1,000 delegates from all parts of North America were present.

The annual retreat of the clergy of Peterborough began in St. Peter's Cathedral on Monday evening, closing Friday evening, the cathedral being closed to the parishioners until Saturday morning.

The annual collection made in aid of the House of Providence and St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro, taken during the past few Sundays, in St. Peter's Cathedral, amounts to the handsome sum of \$2,000.

At the invitation of Archbishop Farley and Rev. James W. Power, rector of All Saints' church, New York, four Irish Christian Brothers will leave Dublin for Queenstown on the 22nd to assume charge of All Saints' school.

His Grace the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Gauthier, has made the following changes in the Diocese of Kingston during the past week. Rev. Father McCarthy will go from Morrisburg to Camden; Father Connelly from Camden to Chippewa; Father O'Riordan becomes pastor of the parish of Frankford to replace Father McKernan, who has been removed to Madoc, and the Rev. Father John Meagher, of the latter parish, has been appointed to Kemptville to succeed Rev. T. P. O'Connor, who has taken charge of the parish of Napanee.

General Intention for August

The history of the spread of the Faith makes interesting reading, and by suitable illustration the reading could be made even more interesting. With the facilities now at our command for that purpose, it should not be difficult to picture for the eye what the historian narrates on his pages. Let the geography of the world as we know it be printed in black; let the light of the Faith be represented in white; then the struggle between light and darkness, between faith and unbelief, could be graphically put under our very eyes. Call in the aid of any one of the numerous devices for moving pictures, and by a succession of the proper views, we could witness the light in its first faint dawning amidst a world of night, and then its growth and changes, winning place after place and country after country to its bright rule, increasing in one spot into the perfect day, gaining a partial victory elsewhere, or after a triumph relapsing once more into the shadows of defeat.

The advantage of such a view would be many. It would show us the wonder, the miracle of the sunrise of Christ on the world. It would display a panorama that would delight and inspire, but would also depress. At one time a great flash of light would flood almost in an instant whole countries; at another a cloud would float between light and land and blot out the bright vision that the eye had just feasted upon. Then there would be stretches of twilight on the way to day, and other tracts on the way to darkness. The eye would contrast the first point of light with the present area lying in the sunshine, and there would be delight. It would contrast the great constituents still almost in their ori-

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ginal darkness, and then a feeling of depression would come upon the spectator. The promise of the dawn has not yet been fully realized; the white has yet much black to conquer; the light must extend to territories; the faith must spread. The spectator would turn back again to the sunrise to study and learn the promise it held forth and gain inspiration and courage for the performance that is yet to come.

The Faith, it is true, began to spread with the Incarnation, with the first visit of the Orient from on high, which, by the prophetic words of Zachary, was to enlighten them that sit in darkness. The Faith, too, continued to spread with every increase in the knowledge of Jesus and of His power. But it might be said that the sun was still below the horizon. Its light lit up the sky with the hope of its coming, but it had not yet leaped over the mountain-line of Palestine. The world's map displayed no white except to the close gaze of a few trained eyes whose sight was keener than that of most men. When Christ, however, had gone to His death and had come to His Resurrection, then the word went forth to His followers that He would go before them into Galilee. Thither they went after the many visits of Christ's risen life, prepared for some great revelation before His departure, which was now near at hand. They toiled up Mount Tabor or perhaps the Mount of the Beatitudes, and there was Jesus before them.

The student of the moving geography of the Faith would not perceive the first noticeable spot of white upon his black atlas. Could there have been chosen a more appropriate place for the sunrise of Christ's Faith than from the summit of a mountain in His loved land of Galilee? Could there have been a more appropriate time than that after the Passion, after the consolation and teaching of the Resurrection, just before the fagwells of the Ascension? There, then, and at that time began the real spread of the Faith. Christ pointed out to His followers the boundaries of His kingdom and sent them forth to conquer. There He laid out the plan of campaign and ordered His followers to advance to the attack. There, to recur to our illustration, was the promise of the coming day and the command and guarantee of its future glory. "And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Truly that was a glorious sunrise to the Faith, and the promise of a day that knew no horizon, no zenith, no sunset. Christ gives us there the ideal which the Faith was to aim at, and the command to strive for its realization. Christ gave us a picture that could not have been devised by a human brain or uttered by a human tongue. No Palestinian Jew would have dreamt or dared to express it. The dimensions of that canvas are so great, so sublime, so entirely new in the world's history up to that time, that its designer and artist could have been no other than God Himself. Christ, finally, gave on that momentous occasion the command to fill in the details of His sketch, to work out the fulfillment of Christian imperialism, and to carry the rays of the Faith to the world-wide and heaven-high and unending daylight whose dawning took place upon the mountain of Galilee. "Go," said Christ, "with all power; make all nations my disciples, scholars in my school; teach them all things. Go, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

The spread of the Faith, therefore, is something that can never stop. It must be carried to all the dimensions which Christ laid out for it. It must be continued in obedience to His command. His words were directly addressed to His Apostles, but they had a meaning and a force for the others who stood around the eleven. They, too, were to engage in apostolic work. On all of us, therefore, according to our calling and capacity, lies the obligation of spreading the Faith; we all must be apostles; we must all go.

Every one of us can and should be apostles of the purse and apostles of practice, but it is not given to all to be apostles of preaching in its strict sense, and yet for the spread of the Faith this third apostolicity must be added. Here might be mentioned the devoted sisters and brothers and laity who teach in our Sunday schools or our every-day schools. They are engaged more immediately than all others except the priests in the work of spreading the faith. Were their work to cease in our country, imagine the change that would occur in the geography of Christ's Kingdom. Its boundaries would shrink, and straightway thousands would be plunged in darkness or into that unhappy twilight which sometimes possesses those who have not had the blessings of a Catholic education, that twilight, where the sneer is all too ready, where criticism spells culture, where to be skeptical is to be broad, where a little learning and much conceit makes advanced thinkers so sensitive to the charge of superstition that they scarcely ever go to church. To avoid such an unhappy condition of affairs and to increase Christ's light to its full intensity, we must have Catholic schools with Catholic children to fill them and Catholic teachers to conduct them.

Finally there must be apostles of preaching in the strict sense of the term. We must have direct descendants of the eleven to whom Christ's ideal and command were first made known. It will scarcely be believed that as late as 1860 experienced observers were of the opinion that the Church in this country would always

have to depend upon Europe for its priests. Happily we have lived to see so narrow a judgment completely falsified. There have been, and there are now priests from our own country in great numbers. They are not yet as numerous, especially in the south and west, as they should be. There the white light of Christ needs radiation by the apostles of preaching. But great undoubtedly as are our needs, has not the time come in this country when we can take up more extensively the work of foreign missions. France and Germany and Belgium have been the apostolic nations of the nineteenth century as Spain and Portugal were for the earlier centuries, and Ireland and other countries were in still earlier days. Has not the time come for America to be an apostolic nation and give to others the light so bounteously given to it? Protestant America has long been prominent in that matter. It has expended immense sums in striving to bring nations over to Christianity. Catholic America has not had the wealth to give, but it has more now, and better than wealth, it has the influence of great examples, the inspiration of truth and the command of Christ. "All nations and all truth," declares Christ, and Catholic America must go forth to the apostolicity of preaching.

But where shall we get the generosity to be apostles of the purse, the strength to be apostles of practice, the enthusiastic courage to be apostles of preaching? Christ tells: "Ask ye the Lord of the harvest." There remains then that other apostleship dear to us, an apostleship which would unite mankind in one great petition to the Lord of the harvest to send laborers to the harvest field; there remains the apostleship of prayer. What made those hearts on the Mountain of Galilee listen to the words of Christ; what made them accept His command; what made them go forth to all nations? It was the grace of God to whose light they opened their minds and to whose call they submitted obediently their free wills. The Lord of the harvest had sent laborers by the persuasiveness and by the pleading of His grace. The Apostleship of Prayer kneels always at His feet, begging for the gift of that same grace to the apostles of to-day. It would untie the purse-strings that selfishness is drawing tighter; it would desire to defeat the thousand enemies that contend with Catholics and keep them from the full practice of their religion; it would breathe courage into the souls of mankind and lead hosts to the class-room and the missions; it would spread the Faith in all of Christ's truths to all nations.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Canada's Future

The following is taken from a lengthy and most interesting letter in the Boston Pilot of August 4th. As the outlook for Canada, according to the writer, is most optimistic, it cannot fail to be pleasant matter for our readers:

Sometimes I find Americans who are supremely sceptical of Canada's growth and destiny. It is not an ill-natured scepticism; the same thing exists in England. Not one man in a million over there has the slightest conception of the prospects and possibilities of Canada. From end to end of the Dominion there is abundant life, energy and prosperity. The amazing industry and thrift of the French element is fast transforming into meadow, orchard and wheat-field the fertile vales and dells of Quebec that a generation past were clothed with primeval forest. There is not a city or hamlet of Ontario that is not surging with life and energy, and the city of Toronto is unquestionably one of the most progressive and ambitious metropolitan cities of the world.

But it is not in Quebec or in Ontario that you see the secret of the great new life and hope of the Dominion of Canada. The people of Quebec and Ontario have hardly yet risen to the full conception of the destiny in store for the Dominion. Travel from Montreal to North Bay through the valley of the Ottawa and you will see on every side evidences that a new Canada is being evolved—a Canada of wonderful industrial activity and achievement; but you see also that its growth is slow, conservative and sure. You see its beautiful capital city gloriously situated above the Ottawa river, and its piles of magnificent government buildings, which yet leave a sleepy impression on your mind, as if the rulers of the Dominion have even still some misgiving of their own of their country's destiny. It is not very long ago since Lord John Russell, accompanied by Tom Moore, visited Canada. He was a great English statesman in his day, and his word was more potent in the political affairs of Canada than the wishes of all the people of Canada combined. It was while boating with Lord Russell on the Ottawa river that Moore caught the plaintive melody that he wedded to the immortal song, "Row, Brothers, Row."

THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD.

The English statesman and the Irish poet saw in Canada a lonely and picturesque country from which England would forever draw material for its wooden walls and its commercial navies. They never dreamed that Canada was fated to become the granary of the world, nor had they the least conception that in a generation the seat of power would be transferred from Westminster to a Parliament House to be built upon a lonely cliff overlooking the river over which they were then gliding. What would Lord John Russell have said if told that hardly would he himself have disappeared from the busy stage of life to the silence and oblivion of the tomb before the people of Canada would have assumed the shaping of their own destiny and the mould-

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ing of a nation that would yet rank among the greatest. Lord John Russell is but a memory and his shade owes whatever immortality it possesses to the friendship of Moore. The Canada of his day is dead, but another and happier has taken its place.

WHAT THE CANADIAN PACIFIC HAS DONE.

Recollect that the prairies and rolling foothills of the Canadian West cover an area greater than all Continental Europe, if we eliminate Russia. Recollect that in this territory there are 1,000,000,000 acres of rich and prolific soil that will yield bread and beef and pork and butter and cheese and milk and cream and honey to feed a billion people. Recollect that there is room here for a farm population of 250,000,000, and you will get some idea of the vastness of the wonderful country that 30 years ago was wilderness and desert. Staid and conservative men looked upon the building of the Canadian Pacific as the wildest of dreams, but the Canadian Pacific has developed into the greatest and most perfect transportation system ever known, and the wilderness of Western Canada is now being grid-ironed with railroads more rapidly than any part of the world has ever known before. Something like \$200,000,000 has already been appropriated for immediate railroad construction in the Canadian Northwest, and that is to be pushed as fast as men can be secured to do the work. The Hill system is pushing its tentacles up through this wonderful country and the Mann and MacKenzie systems have already thousands of miles built. And the Grand Trunk Pacific is pushing through it out to the Pacific, while the Canadian Pacific is rushing work at a hundred different points to feed its mighty railroad. North, south, east and west, railroad construction moves onward, and yet the cry and the need for more railroads is heard on every side. Hundreds of thousands of the pioneer farmers of Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Kansas have sold out their hands in America and migrated across the Canadian border and settled down in the Canadian Northwest and are changing it into a rich and cultivated land. The wilderness of the past generation is already becoming the granary of the world. The finest pork and beef and poultry raised on the American continent can be had in the wonderful provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and this vast new country has become the El Dorado of the home seekers of Europe and America. How happy is the lot of the European exile who leaves behind him a nightmare of baleful political and economic conditions and settles here in a land of overflowing plenty under conditions more advantageous to the tiller of the soil than those enjoyed by him in any part of Europe or America!

A WONDERFUL EVOLUTION.

Run out over any of the railroads through this vast agricultural country and you will see the wondrous evolution taking place, the older settlers dwelling in fine farmhouses in the midst of groves and gardens and highly cultivated fields and fine herds of cattle, the settlers of to-day living still in tents while the land is being plowed and the wheat sown. When that is done, the log cabin or the little wooden shack will shelter the pioneer till his crop is harvested. There will be many a long day before him ere his toil is done, before he has suitable shelter for his little folks ere the land has been brought to the high state of cultivation in which he sees his neighbors', but he knows that the land is rich and the crops certain and the yield great and his is the joy of life transforming the wilderness into fields of golden grain and rich meadow, and he toils and is happy.

There are those who will not envy the life of the pioneer. They prefer the glare and glamor of the city, with its heartaches and its tragedies, but to me there is something supremely sweet in a life passed amid "The odor of ploughed fields and flowery mead." Canada is creating great ocean-going fleets of its own to handle a large part of the tidal wave of American travel to Europe. I commend these facts to the study of American transportation magnates, who allow English and German firms to reap the lion's share of the golden harvest of American ocean traffic. I commend these facts to the authorities at New York and Boston and Washington, that they may devise some scheme to do away with the intolerable annoyance, delay and extortion that travellers entering American ports are subjected to. But the great lesson for Americans is that Canada is building her own commercial fleets to handle her ever-growing traffic and that there must be something rotten in the State of Denmark when America cannot do the same. Moreover, Canada, with unrivalled and unharnessed and unlimited water-power, and its cheap food supply, is destined to become a great manufacturing country. Already vast steel plants have been built at Sydney, Nova Scotia and at Sault Ste. Marie. At the Crow's Nest Pass of the Rocky Mountains are coal fields of immense extent, from which is produced the very finest quality of coke. It is but a question of time when British Columbia will take her place

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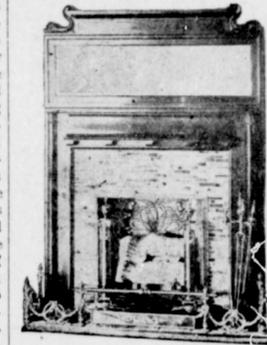
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as a great producer of steel and iron, for the raw material is there in boundless quantities. Moreover, British Columbia ranks among the richest mineral countries of the world. Its mines of gold and copper and silver and lead and zinc are of fabulous extent, and its great seaports on the Pacific are the natural gateways of ever-increasing commerce with the Orient and Alaska. Ponder on all these facts and you will begin to realize the prospects and possibilities and the mighty destiny of the Dominion, and in your mind's eye you can see the flags and ships of all nations crowding one another on the majestic river that rolls onward to the sea past the heights of Quebec.

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The Waiting of Laduskie

The doors of the double log cabin swung open, for the richly autumnal day had been warm, and the sunshine flashing in its last glad message into the valley, flamed in a very mist of glory into the room, revealing the poverty and the cleanliness of the mountain cabin that stood alone in this little cleared spot in the wilderness.

"We nought a thought us this afore, Mis' Capps," Emmie Kuykendall said. "Duskie hez sich a bad chance ter git about. That's not a gal in the settlement that stays a home like pore Duskie, not arry soul that's tied down like her."

"That's so," said the women addressed. She touched her brow significantly, and nodded towards the old woman, who sat just outside the door, her lean old hands listless on her lean old knees, her head bent forward on her breast. "An' hit's powerful hard on Duskie—her maw like thet year in an' out. Folks'll talk, ye know, Emmie. That's some talk, sez Mis' Marchbanks done hit."

"How?" The words slipped over Emmie's young lips breathlessly. Mrs. Capps laughed—a dry, elderly chuckle. "Mis' Marchbanks hadn't no likin' fer Nathe Black," she said. "She favored yer uncle Abe. Ef she done hit, ef she spilt Duskie's life, she's payin' fer hit naow, pore thing."

"Were Duskie so pretty, Mis' Capps?" "Pritty! I kin see her settin' in thet ole parlor with the color jes' like a will' rose on her cheek, an' her big eyes glowin' an' her red lips partin' in 't show them leetle dimples thet useter play round' her mouth. That ain't no gal in these parts ez pretty. She looked like the queen o' Sheebey ez she set that waitin' fer th' weddin' party to gather, an' under the fine hat Nathe brung all the way from Asheville, folks could see thet her cheeks got redder an' redder. She fairly worshipped thet boy—an' allus did. I couldn't help thinkin' she were sayin' ez she turned thet ring on her finger—hit were gold plumb through, Emmie—an' she looked so shy an' happy an' shiny, jes' like a candle were lighted inside uv her: I'm settin' hyar in white silk, me thet's allus wore calico, an' when Nate comes t' git me, I'm gwine ter go to church an' marry the man I love. All the rest o' the gals were envyin' Duskie."

"They weren't envyin' her ez they wuz goin' home," the girl said, quickly. "No," Mrs. Capps spoke slowly, "they'd no cause ter envy her then, nur sence. She looked like a sleep-walker ez the party broke up; looked like the blood were froze in her veins. When the judgment unfolds its secrets, I 'low we'll know why Nathe Black weren't thar t' step up like a man an' marry Duskie ez he'd promised."

"I wisht she'd marry uncle Abe," the girl said. "Hit ain't right fer them two pore things ter live off like this. He's ben talkin' to 'er ever since I've ben born, Mis' Capps. When I were a chile I've seed his face cloud at mention uv Duskie. Oncet me an' brother Abe come up hyar at night ter see ef she hed thet light in the winder, ez folks said. We foun' him settin' on the roadside in sight o' hyar—jes broodin' an' watchin' over her."

"Thet light's ben thar 'thout missin' a night fer nigh twenty year, Emmie. She ain't spoke his name in all thet time, but folks know hit's put thar ter light him home."

"But hit all 'pears ter be so useless," the girl said. "An' pore Uncle Abe a terdin' her crops, choppin' an' baulin' her wood, an' watching over her an' thet pore old maw o' her—"

Both women started guiltily. But it was only the quavering old voice of Laduskie's mother. "Whar's Laduskie?" she asked.

"She's gone ter th' debatin'," Mrs. Capps hastened to assure her. "We come ter set with ye, she's thet tied down."

"I useter go ter debatin'." The old voice trembled with its burden of years. The toothless old jaws shook. "They don't hev no sech debatin' ez I useter go ter." The shadow settled on her face again. Her eyes grew vacant. "Whar's Duskie? Whar's Duskie?" She asked the question over and over.

Laduskie came up the little flower-bordered path swiftly and dropped on the step of the cabin door. "I'm powerfully obliged ter you uns," she said. "I had a right smart time, an' I didn't hev no uneasiness about her. Ef I go ter a neighbor's fer a leetle kerosene, I don't hev no peace tell I git back. Some days she's thet bad she'll try ter git in the fire, 'lowin' she's a back-log. Some days she thinks she's the leetle gal I were, an' she'll play all day long thinkin' she's rockin' a doll baby. You uns ain't goin'?" as her neighbors rose to leave. "Ye don't drap in on me often. I git thet lonesome I go out an' talk ter the flowers, but flowers air powerful dumb things."

"Hit's lonesome upter uncle Abe's house, too." Emmie was watching her breath, as a swimmer might before plunging into the sea. "Duskie, Duskie," pleadingly, "I ast him oncet when I were small ter tell me thet meanin' o' love, an' he said hit were a thirst thet couldn't be quenched, an' a hunger thet couldn't be filled. Hev ye the right ter burn thet light fer ene thet never comes, an' is false t' ye, when one is jes' outside the door breakin' his heart with the lonesomeness uv lovin' ye?" Her voice rose shrilly. "Is yer heart made outen rock, that ye take everythin' an' give back nothin'?"

She stopped frightened. Laduskie had thrown out her hand, as if to ward off a blow.

"Ye don't know nothin' about lovin'," she said, faintly, and turned into her cabin door.

Twilight had settled over the cove, when Abe Kuykendall came up the walk between the flowers that were like ghosts in the wan light. Before he reached the open door he saw that Laduskie sat idle, her face downcast and troubled. His eyes were heavy and hungry with longing as they rested on her unconscious face. Involuntarily his square jaw stiffened. Was he a man and unable to win one solitary woman? Why, a man was a man to win; a woman a woman to yield.

Greeting Laduskie briefly he went in and sat down heavily. Not many times in the years since her mother's affliction had he entered her cabin after nightfall.

Perhaps it was the shadowy interior, the flickering flames that leaped in the chimney's yawning black throat only to settle in slumber on the glowing coals, the swaying unreality of the room, for the scarlet pepper-pods and stripe of yellow pumpkin suspended from the ceiling swayed with the shadows, or seemed to; perhaps it was just the human nearness to the woman he loved that made the mountaineer suddenly put out his great, rough hand and cover Laduskie's listless fingers.

"Hit's lonesome in the grave up ter my house," he said. "Hit's thet lonesome I've ketched myself talkin' ter the truck in the garden ez I've hoed it. I want ye, ez I've wanted ye fer more'n twenty year, Duskie. Ye need me. No woman ain't raily happy 'thout a man about doin' leetle odds an' ends thet's a man's work. An' yore need, coupled with my longin' fer ye, air powerful wearin' powerful wearin', honey."

It was a long speech for the mountaineer, and his heavy, bearded jaw was trembling when he finished it. "Ain't ye never gwine ter fergit him?" he asked, despairingly.

"Fergit him!" A little sobbing laugh caught the woman's throat. "Fergit Nathe Black! I talk ter things thet ain't human, too. Many's the time I've cried ter the flyin' birds. 'Tell him the light's in the winder, night after night, to light him home, leetle bird. Tell him the ring he put on my finger is wearin' in itself out rubbin' agin my heart. Thet I'm waitin' an' watchin' an' trustin' an' prayin' an' will be tell I die.' Abe," her lips quivered suddenly, her worn cheeks flushed, "I know ye need a woman's keer an' presence

After that night time hurried to the June night that found Laduskie, too wide-eyed and excited to sleep, creeping across her cabin to the cheap little trunk that held a rose-wreathed hat and a white silk dress. How her fingers trembled as she touched them! "He's jes' the best boy," she whispered. "He's ben bendin' his back all spring doin' extra work fer me ter nev the pritties' out thar." She sat by the open window and watched the stars wheel up the sky. Just beyond the window the honeysuckle grew, and she leaned out and buried her face in its dewy fragrance. "Sweet, sweet ter-morrow," she murmured, and slipped back to bed and happy dreams.

When she awoke the trees were stirred by the strong, joyous morning wind. The mountains swam in sunshine that was like some golden fluid, birds were sweeping across the sky on jashing wings. "Sweet, sweet ter-day," she cried, and stretched out her arms to the life that lay before her all sun-shine and summer weather.

Standing in front of the cheap little looking-glass that hung on the wall, she rejoiced in the reflected glory of the rose-wreathed hat and the white silk dress. "He thinks I'm pritty," she said, softly; "the pritties' gal thet God A'mighty sent ter blossom in these parts." Blushing, she kissed the mirrored face. "Good-by," she said. "I 'low I'll never meet ye no more, Miss Marchbanks."

Her face wore a sweet seriousness that veiled its radiance as she entered the parlor where her friends were gathering—so near was she to widowhood with one she worshipped.

Always afterward it seemed to Laduskie that her life stopped then, that the buoyant, happy-hearted young girl died when she stepped inside that door and sat down, waiting and listening for Nathan Black's step, as she had waited and listened through all the endless hours of the endless day.

Under the light of multitudinous stars she found her way to the fenestral spot that held the mound of earth which was all that left to her of the father who had loved her. She flung herself, face downward, on that sacred ground and lay there, suffering as dumb things suffer, until the dawn broke.

The sun looked in the Marchbanks' cabin to find Laduskie preparing the simple morning meal—she had taken up her life again.

But the man who lay there was not Abe Kuykendall.

Laduskie shrank back, but only to drop on her knees and search the features the moonlight fell on so pitilessly. Her face changed sharply. A wild, incredulous recognition settled on it. Suddenly she flung up her hands with a terrible cry.

Abe Kuykendall came hurrying around the bend. Did that pore creature skeer ye, Duskie?" he asked, solicitously. "I went back to git his ole hat, not that hit's wuth it. He come towards me lookin' thet shabby an' puny an' miser'ble by the light o' the moon thet I loved his own houn'—if he had ole—wouldn't er owned him. He were walkin' mighty nigh the aidge o' the road. He mus' hev mistook the moonlight an' mist under him fer somethin' more solid, but he mought hev stepped on a rollin' stun. Anyway, I 'lowed he'd gone ter glory, takin' a consider'ble uv timber along with him. Ef he hed, from the looks o' him, I 'low thar'd not ben a houn' her a-howl'd. Kin ye help me ter git him ter yore house Duskie? Thar's no other place ter tote him ter night."

Laduskie's voice as she gave assent sounded strange and lifeless even to her own ears.

The night passed slowly. Laduskie sat by the fireside. Abe sat there, too, smoking pipe after pipe. Silence hung heavily in the room. Towards day a cock on the roost crowed. Stirred as if by a call, Laduskie's eyes travelled to the bed to meet the wondering, puzzled eyes of the man who lay there, struggling to remember, to account for his environment.

Quite suddenly he slipped from the bed, crossed the room and stood before Abe Kuykendall, catching at the top of a chair for support. A pitiful figure, worn with disease, scantily dressed, and, it might be, with death looking out of his haggard eyes.

"Murder wuz in my heart when I last saw you," he said. "I wuz jes' about the happiest young feller the world hed then, Abe. My little house wuz ready an' waitin' fer its mistress. She'd ben up thet evenin' glowin' an' blushin' like a rose at all the little fixin's I'd put about to pleasure her. 'Taint here nur thar who come to my house thet night a-warnin' me thet my house o' happiness wuz built uv sand. I got outside the door an' inter the night burnin' inside like I'd swallow a live coal. I hed—a coal

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Calendar for August 1906, including days of the month, feast days (e.g., St. Peter's Chains, St. Stephen I, Pope), and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

LIBRARIES advertisement for W. E. Blake, Church Supplies, 123 Church St., Toronto.

HOUSEKEEPERS advertisement for EDDY'S WARES, WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRE TUB and PAIL.

JOHN LABATT'S ALE advertisement for PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED.

TOMLIN'S BREAD advertisement with phone number RING UP PARK 553 FOR.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited advertisement for White Label Ale, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM advertisement for FINE WHISKEYS, 83 WHITE WHEAT, TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST.



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in thet lonesome house o' yourn, an' I'd come ef I could. Thar's plenty thet could, but I can't."

Her voice rose until it filled the room. The silence that followed beat like a heart.

"But yer life's so hard," the man pleaded. "I'm pore, but I kin make yer life easier than 'tis. Give me the chance ter try. Ye could hev a better home, a easier life, a husband thet loves the grouw ye walk on, mobby a chile ter brighten yer ole age. Is a shadow wuth hit, Duskie?"

"Abe," she cried piteously, "don't! I'll keer tell I die, an' then die keerin' in."

Without a word Abe Kuykendall got to his feet and stumbled heavily from the room.

"I'll keer till I die, an' then die keerin'." She said the words again, sitting alone by her fireside.

The time when Laduskie Marchbanks had not loved Nathan Black was a time too remote for her memory. She had first seen his laughing little face above the pallings that fenced in her mother's "garden truck."

Under the honeysuckle-wreathed window the lilies bloomed and blew out their frail, sweet lives, the wheat fields turned from green to gold, summer rested on the mountains like a full tide; it ebbed, leaving the woods bare and brown. Winter fell whitely. The mountaineers were shut in from their neighbors by great, whirling snowstorms.

Then came the drip, drip of thawing ice, the stirring into life of all winter-numbed things, the voice of streams singing in their abundance, and, with a rush that burst the arbutus on all the mountain sides into pink and white blossoming, the spring came again.

Spring again, the earth in an elemental ecstasy, the birds singing as though they were drunk with the new wine of the year, and Laduskie, moving listlessly about her, sordid tasks, sweeping the road that led out to wider ways, with wistful eyes morning after morning, placing the little lamp in the window night after night, listening in strained expectancy for a footfall too distant for a heart to hear, suffering as only the young can suffer. Day succeeded day and drew to a close, as do all days whether of anguish or ecstasy; the seasons drifted, year followed year, too uneventful to be remembered separately, five, ten, twenty—they rolled Laduskie's youth away.

Thinking of the man she had just sent from her, Laduskie's face took a piteous look in the firelight. Even in memory, the dust of the rough road over which she had travelled choked her; even in memory she trod with bleeding feet over its stones. A sudden impulse to follow Abe, to tell him that without him she would have fainted under the loneliness of the years, seized her.

She sprang to her feet, crossed the room and flung the door wide. A faint cry reached her ear. It sounded like a cry for help. With a single backward glance into the shadowed interior, and at the quiet sleeper, she snatched her shawl from its peg on the door and sped down the road.

In the moonlit curve of the road she almost fell over the body of a man. He lay with upturned face, so terrifying still that her heart gave a clutch of fear. "Abe!" she called.

uv hate. Cursin' ye an' cryin' out thet ye weren't fitten to live one minute, an' swearin' thet Duskie wuz true to me the next, I went from yore cabin to hern. Ye stood in the doorway, an' leashed down an' kissed her. Quick's a flash my eye travelled long the muzzle o' my pistol, my fingers pressed the trigger. The gun weren't loaded. It fert me. Duskie hed took the loads out thet very evenin', a-laughin' an' sayin' they skeered her—loaded guns. She'd saved ye, Abe. But I'm glad of it now. I wouldn't want murder on my soul, not even yourn. I knowed then it wuz true—thet she meant to flout me before all our friends an' kindred next day an' marry ye. I hadn't no ambition left to kill ye. Thar wuz jes one ambition a-burnin' in my brain, an' thet wuz to put all the tand I could twist me an' them thet'd ben false to me. I put it thar. I've hed good times an' bad. I've ben lucky an' onlucky. Since the pneumony left me ez ye see me, they've ben all bad. I ben pantin' for these wide, cool skies, an' the winds thet bloe down from the big hills, pantin' for the mountings purplin' in the sunset. I've thought o' nothin' else day an' night. The mountings hev jes' kept on callin' tell they've brung back their wanderin' son. I wuz goin' up to look in on ye an' Duskie unbeknownst to ye, thet is ef ye still lived thar, when I pitched down that mounting side. It's ben near twenty year an' I've ben tellin' myself thet I mought fin' a baby on Duskie's knee—a baby thet'd be her gran-chile." He sank into the chair that had supported him, panting for breath.

Abe had listened in complete silence, giving no token of any feeling. When Nathan finished speaking he rose to his feet.

"Thar's no chile on Duskie's knee," he said. "Thet only chile she's got or ever hed's thet pore old manny sleepin' back thar in the shadders. Ye seed thet last an' last kiss I've give Duskie in all the years I've knowed her, and it were a pure kiss. I took hit 'thout askin' fer hit, like a dyin' brother night, the night afore she were ter wed with ye. The blood froze in her veins ez she waited in

(Concluded on page 7.)

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thet meetin' house fer ye, an' in
twenty year hit's not warmed. That
ring ye gin her is a-rubbin' itself thin
again her heart yet, an' the roun',
red eye uv her lamp sheddin' light in
this valley were the promise through
the years ter the wanderer uv the
warmth inside, ef he'd come pushin'
home in the darkness.

"Duskie hev got them shadders un-
der her pritty eyes a-lookin' fer ye
up that road; loneliness hev cut them
leettle ruts in her soft cheeks. Ye
ain't fitten ter lick th' shées up th'
bes' an' the braves' an' the faithful-
'es woman thet the worl' holds." His
voice had risen till it filled the room.

But his fierce words had fallen on
deaf ears. The man he addressed had
sunk to the floor slowly, inch by
inch it seemed, until he knelt at her
feet, shaken by weakness and his
panting breath. His eyes, the eyes
of the man who had wooed and won
her, were on her in hopeless love and
suffering.

Laduskie put out her hand, half-
timidly, and touched his hair. Life
flowed in on her like a returning tide.
"Nathan." It seemed that she had
called one from the dead.

"I hed my chance an' lost it," he
said, tremblingly. "I ain't with yore
forgiveness. Ef I had another trial
—but I'm jes' a husk o' a man, an'
thar's jes' a husk o' life left to me.
But I want one word from ye. Ye'll
give one word to the man thet's allus
loved ye, an' believed ye to be happy
an' satisfied?"

With a gesture swift, tender, protec-
tive, and infinitely maternal, Ladus-
kie drew the shaggy head to her
breast.

"I'll give ye three," she sobbed.
"Three. I—love—ye."

Once again Abe Kuykendall stum-
bled from Laduskie Marchbanks'
kiss. Dawn, a thrilling, roseate dawn,
lit up the sky. He bared his head,
and it seemed that he spoke to some
unseen but near and trusted presence.

"She's outen my pure han's naow,"
he said. "Ye'll hev ter take her in-
ter Yourn."

He took the road that led to his
cabin, lost among the morning mists.
—Sara Lindsay Coleman in Men and
Women.

A Successful Medicine.—Everyone
wishes to be successful in any under-
taking in which he may engage. It
is therefore, extremely gratifying to
the proprietors of Parnee's Veget-
able Pills to know that their efforts
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tions. The endorsement of these
Pills by the public is a guarantee
that a pill has been produced which
will fulfil everything claimed for it.

His Methods

A member of the faculty of the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin tells some amuse-
ing answers made by a pupil under-
going examination in English. The
candidate had been instructed to write
out examples of the indicative, the
subjunctive, the potential and the ex-
clamatory moods. His efforts re-
sulted as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English
examination. If I answer twenty
questions I shall pass. If I answer
twelve questions I may pass. God
help me!"

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

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

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

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making them strong, healthy and vigorous.
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help. I tried all kinds of plasters and
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after I had used three-quarters of the box
my back was as strong and well as ever."

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Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE REVIVAL OF LANGUAGES

(Translated from La Verite.)

Dr. Douglas Hyde recently delivered
an address at Toronto, which direct-
ed the attention of the public to one
of the most interesting facts of our
times, namely, the revival of the an-
cient Irish language. Every one is
familiar with the splendid fight Irish
Nationalists are making in the polit-
ical field. The name of Redmond is
known throughout the world. All con-
cede that the leader of the Irish Na-
tionalists is the ablest parliamentarian
of our times. The organization, the
discipline, and the work accom-
plished by his party place it on a par
with the German Centre.

But how many are aware that side
by side with this political fight, there
has gone on an active and enthusias-
tic campaign which aims at nothing
less than a radical intellectual trans-
formation of the Irish people. Red-
mond and his followers are endeavor-
ing to reconquer political autonomy
and the largest possible measure of
political liberty whilst at the same
time trying to root the Irish farmer
in the soil of his native land. Dou-
glas Hyde and his colleagues would
steep Ireland in her past. They
would get rid of the English veneer-
ing that has been forced upon her dur-
ing centuries of oppression. They
aim at bringing about a revival of
the ancient tongue, and would have
the old heroic songs sung once more.
In one word, they would breathe a
new soul into Ireland. The two
movements are independent, but par-
allel. The economical question un-
ites them on common ground. The
Irish farmer says Redmond, when he
is in possession of the soil and helps
to shape the laws under which he
lives, will witness the revival of for-
mer prosperity. The Irish farmer,
declares Douglas Hyde, when inspired
with a consciousness of nationality
and when proud of his mother tongue,
will be unwilling to be indebted to
any one but to himself and his coun-
try for the necessities of life. Al-
ready well known facts have realized
this hope as the progress of the Gaelic
League has been coincident with
the development of national indus-
tries. An Irish man, declare the
leaders of the League, once he is in-
spired with the spirit of nationality,
will not rest content with being an
Irishman in speech and thought, but
must become an Irishman from the
crown of his head to the sole of his
feet in all the relations of life. This
movement in Ireland is analogous to
the one Papineau and his friends
started here in Canada. Douglas
Hyde and his colleagues make no se-
cret of what they purpose doing. They
desire to make Ireland independent in
an economical as well as in a liter-
ary sense. M. Paul Tardival on a
former occasion called attention to
the beginnings of the Gaelic move-
ment. When started it had to encoun-
ter great difficulties. The Irish lan-
guage, which at one time had pro-
duced a marvelous literature, that
played an important part in the de-
velopment of Western civilization, had
sunk to the level of a patois which
daily was circumscribed more and
more by the inroads made by the
conquerors.

The man in the street made use of
English, and, knowing next to noth-
ing of the past literature of his race,
drew his intellectual pabulum from
English sources with fatal results.
The abandonment of the old tongue
meant for many that assimilation due
to the species of contempt described
by Edmond de Nevers. Persons were
ashamed of speaking the language of
the conquered, a language which was
spoken by the lower classes, and
which seemed weighted down by all
the miseries and the opprobrium of
many centuries. Enthusiastic and
fervent patriots like Archbishop Mc-
Hale attempted to breach the adverse
current. Some of them published lit-
erary productions showing the na-
tional genius of the race. But their
efforts made but a very slight im-
pression upon the masses.

The Gaelic League itself during the

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first years of its existence did not
meet with much success in dispelling
the indifference of the public. It is
only during the last five or six years
that it has made any great headway.
It is estimated that out of the four
million Irish in Ireland eight hundred
and fifty thousand of them now speak
Gaelic. In 1899 the old national
language was taught in one hundred
and five primary schools; to-day it
is taught in three thousand of these
schools. It is estimated that two
hundred and fifty thousand persons at
present are studying Irish both in the
public schools and in the schools of
the Christian Brothers as well as in
the special schools of the Gaelic League.
The League publishes a monthly
review in Irish as well as a weekly
journal, the greater part of which
is printed in Irish. During the last
four years a quarter of a million of
Irish books and pamphlets have been
distributed by the League. This, of
course, does not include the publica-
tions sold by booksellers who have no
connection with the League.

The League has eight hundred and
seventy branches which have a total
membership of a hundred thousand.
The members belong to all political
parties and to all religions. Whilst
Douglas Hyde is a Protestant, his
most enthusiastic co-laborers are de-
vout Catholics. Scarcely a week
passes without witnessing the publi-
cation of some new Gaelic publica-
tion. The daily national press and
several weeklies publish articles in
Irish. In Dublin, Limerick and in
several other places the knowledge of
Irish is a prerequisite for holding any
position under the municipal govern-
ment. The names of streets are writ-
ten in both Gaelic and English. Near-
ly everywhere a determined effort is
made to revive the songs, the games
and even the dances of ancient Ire-
land. The wealth of Ireland's an-
cient literature is spread before an
astonished public.

The Gaelic movement has become
much more important than they
thought it would be when it was
started. It is not merely the fad of
antiquarians enamored with a dead
literature. It appears to be a patri-
otic impulse which has its source in
the great masses of the people. Will
it be strong enough to attain its end?
Will it be capable of making Irish
once more the every day language of
the country, the language of com-
merce, of social relations, of politics,
and of the family? The future alone
holds the key to this secret. The ob-
stacles to be overcome are enormous.
It is a question of modifying a state
of things entrenched in customs hoary
with age, a state of things due to
the constant and powerful effect of a
foreign environment and to multiplied
and permanent relations with classes
of pro-English leanings. On the other
hand the success already won sur-
passes the fondest hopes. Who would
have thought ten years ago that on
St. Patrick's day a sermon would be
delivered in the heart of London in
Westminster Cathedral before a con-
gregation of seven thousand persons?

Moreover the nineteenth century
was essentially the century of a revival
everywhere of the national spirit and
of the rebirth of languages. Lan-
guages like the Hungarian, Croatian,
Roumanian and Bulgarian which were
no longer spoken except by workmen
and peasants and which seemed to
have been buried forever under a
foreign invasion, have reconquered
their former standing and have be-
come languages used in politics and
have even blossomed out into national
literatures. In France itself the an-

cient language d'oc has entered upon
a glorious era. It has produced a
poet and literary works which can
bear comparison with the most bril-
liant writers and the best works of
French literature properly so called.
Some even assert that Frederic Mistral
is the greatest lyric poet to be
found in French literature in the
nineteenth century.

Never before have the relations be-
tween the language and the soul of a
nation been better understood. It has
been said that "The grouping of
words means the grouping of men."
It is for this reason that the battle
waged round the language question
has assumed so much importance dur-
ing the last hundred years. The
great powers of Europe have endeav-
ored and are still endeavoring with
all the means at their command, to
crush out conquered nationalities. An
effort is made to deprive them of
their native language and to thereby
supplement the material yoke to
which they are subjected with an in-
tellectual conquest. But the con-
quered nationalities continue to offer
a stout resistance. An innate and
overmastering instinct makes them
feel that for them it is a ques-
tion of life or death. "When by the
law of superior force," writes Leon
Daudet, "a people loses the right to
express themselves in the language
spoken by their ancestors they be-
come in a certain sense, exiles in
their native land. In forcing him to
use his words and mode of expression
the conqueror strips the conquered of
his mentality preparatory to impos-
ing upon him the mentality of the
conqueror who envelopes him in a net
from which it is harder for him to
extricate himself than it is to free him-
self from the effects of the unjust
laws, the heavy burdens, the crush-
ing servitude and the heavy taxes im-
posed by the conqueror. The Con-
queror goes straight for the most vi-
tal part of a race, namely, words
that have been worn by long usage,
have been perfected in the course of
time by the process of elipsis and
that have been made flexible by the
need of expressing the joys and the
sorrows shared in common by the
race. This vital part the conqueror
forcibly destroys."

Whether or not Irish becomes the
medium of daily intercourse or even
the official language of Ireland, the
fact remains that the Gaelic League
is conducting a campaign that dem-
onstrates the nature of the great
loss a people suffers who abandon
their native language. With what
unflinching energy and enthusiastic at-
tention should a people then preserve
the language of their forefathers. Such
is the lesson that is borne home to
all who are battling for the preserva-
tion of their mother tongue.

We French Canadians, unlike the
Irish, are not called upon to restore
a language that had almost become
extinct, to breathe the breath of life
into a dead language. But the duty
is imposed upon us of defending a liv-
ing language against the inroads of
the foreigner as well as against our
own neglect. It is the guardian of
our religious faith and of our tradi-
tions, and if we but will it, it will
be a factor in our economical pros-
perity. The least we can do for it
is to insist upon it being respected
whilst respecting it ourselves and to
secure for it at all times and in all
places the rank and the honor to
which it is justly entitled. Who will
undertake to say that we are now
and always have been, thoroughly
loyal to this duty?
OMER HERONX.

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and

Around Toronto

FEAST WAS OBSERVED.

The solemnity of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was observed in all the churches of the city on Sunday at the High Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening.

RECEPTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

The close of the annual Retreat of the Community of St. Joseph was marked by a reception into the Community of Miss Sosnowski of Weston and the taking of their vows by five Sisters of the House. Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G., presided, assisted by Rev. Father Doherty of St. Paul's. Miss Sosnowski received the name of Sister Mary Joseph. Sisters Lorette Delores and Paula made their final vows and the first vows were taken by Sisters Magdalena and St. John.

RETREAT AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

The second division of the Community of St. Joseph are now making their annual retreat, about 125 Sisters taking part. Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., is conducting the Retreat, which will conclude on the 26th inst.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Hickey of 305 Bathurst St., and Mrs. Shea of Danforth Ave., East Toronto, have just returned from a visit to St. Anne de Beaurpe.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Miss A. Cassidy, daughter of Dr. Cassidy, and Miss E. Curran, daughter of Mr. A. Curran of the Post Office Department, had a narrow escape from drowning on Monday. The young ladies were paddling at Long Branch, when a squall came up and upset their craft. Their cries attracted the attention of Warren Bruce and Norman Swift, campers, who at once came to the rescue. Miss Cassidy had gone down for the second time when pulled into the boat.

CORNER-STONE WILL BE LAID.

On Sunday afternoon next, the 26th inst., the laying of the corner-stone of the new Infants' Home in connection with the House of Providence will take place. The building, as has been before announced through the press, is to be erected in the grounds of the institution, which it is hoped will be crowded at the coming ceremony. The hour set for the event is 4 p.m., one which will not clash with any of the regular meetings of the day and giving all an opportunity to witness an interesting function while at the same time helping on a good work by their countenance and material support. It seems almost superfluous to direct the attention of the public to the need of an institution such as will be inaugurated on Sunday next at the ceremony in question. The number of little ones left deserted and helpless at doors and in the streets and lanes of the city and suburbs are every day telling their own story and crying out for just such a shelter as the one proposed, where a home and kindly treatment will be ensured to many otherwise homeless and forsaken waifs. The building, it is estimated, will cost about \$16,000, and the co-operation not alone of every parish in the city, but from outside sources will be needed in the carrying out of the work. Mr. A. W. Holmes is the architect in charge. The sermon will be preached by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G.

PRESENTATION TO REV. J. P. TREACY, D.D., P.P., DIXIE.

Dixie, Aug. 11.—Dixie Catholic presbytery was the scene of a very pleasant evening and surprise to Rev. Dr. Treacy, P.P., when a number of representatives from Dixie, Port Credit and Fifth Line churches were present.

The occasion was the eve of the departure of their much beloved and respected Parish Priest for the Old Sod. J. D. Hickey, Esq., opened the proceedings of the evening by a few well-chosen remarks on behalf of the congregation, and closed by wishing the Rev. Father a pleasant journey, and a safe return, that he might be long spared to continue the good work in his parish. The Squire also made the presentation.

Mr. P. J. Lamphier read the address, which was as follows: Very Rev. Dr. Treacy, P.P.:

Rev. and Dear Father,—The occasion of our gathering this evening affords us much pleasure. We are pleased to learn that you are about to take a trip across the "deep," to visit your mother country, the land of your birth and the land of all our fathers or forefathers. While we rejoice in the fact that you are about to visit your home and mother, it is also mingled with sorrow that you are to leave our presence even for so short a time.

We must only on this particular occasion come to the conclusion that all attachments in this world bring with them their sorrows. While we are sorry you are about to leave us, we are also elated that you are on the eve of a much needed holiday, a short retirement as it were, from your great responsibility and parish duties, which you have in the past two years performed to the entire satisfaction of even the most fastidious and efficient critics. It also affords us much pleasure, with your kind permission, to present you with this purse of gold, as a small token of the esteem and respect in which you are held by all, not only in your own fold, but by our separated brethren.

Allow us, dear Dr. Treacy, to wish you God speed, a safe journey, a

pleasant time and the most important of all, a safe return; also asking to be kindly remembered in your prayers.

Sig.ed: J. D. Hickey, J. N. Heary, Jno. D. O'Connor, Dixie; Jas. Curran, T. McNeerney, Dan. Collins, Port Credit; Thos. Osburn, Fifth Line.

The Rev. Dr. Treacy replied, thanking the people very heartily for their kindness shown him for the past years. He was glad to see the representatives from Dixie, Port Credit and Fifth Line churches and to thank them for their kindness, and hoped through the help of God he would be spared many years in their midst and continue worthy of their appreciation.

DEATH OF SISTER M. ANSELM.

Sister M. Anselm Reddin died at Loretto Convent, 81 Bond street, on August 15th. The deceased Sister had edified all by her Christian fortitude and resignation during a long and painful illness. Her fourteen years of religious life had been faithfully and fervently consecrated to duty in the service of God, and her memory will be long cherished for the fragrance of her simple, unostentatious virtues. How truly can the members of her community say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." During the last painful weeks of her illness the deceased had expressed a wish to die on the Feast of the Assumption, and our Lord gratified this desire for her pure soul, in the full possession of consciousness, and while receiving the last absolute, calmly departed this life on the morning of our Lady's Feast.

The deceased was a sister of the late Rev. J. Reddin, and of Sister M. Seraphia of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, and a niece of Rev. Mother Anselm of St. Joseph's Convent. The other members of the family are Mr. D. and Miss Reddin of Toronto and Miss Minnie Reddin of Pickering.

The funeral Mass was sung by Rev. Arthur O'Leary, P.P., of Collingwood, a cousin of the deceased, several of the city clergy being present.

We tender our sincere condolence to the bereaved family and to the community of Loretto our sympathy, in the loss of a valued member. R.I.P.—Com.

MRS. TRACEY'S FUNERAL.

In our account of Mrs. Tracey's funeral we omitted to state that Mr. Thomas Keilty was present. During the long and strenuous years of his business career Mrs. Tracey's husband's special friend, favorite and associate was Mr. Thomas Keilty. Although now nearing his 70th year, he is still hale, hearty and alert. For some years he has held the position of Collector of Inland Revenue at Prescott, Ont., where he has passed all his life. No man in Canada has a larger number of friends, no man in Canada enjoys in a larger degree the confidence and esteem of all who know him than does Mr. Thomas Keilty of Prescott, Ont.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

of one who was a member of the same lodge with him. I heard some of the speeches that were made in those days. The style of public speaking was different then in the states from what it is now. The style then prevailing was a monotonous raising and lowering of the voice. John Van Buren or "Prince John," as he was facetiously styled, was probably the most prominent man of that free soil convention. I remember one sentence of his speech. He said: "They say that this movement of ours will cause the union to dissolve; if so, why don't the union begin to dissolve," lengthening out and putting all the emphasis on the word dissolve. The movement had first the name of "Liberty" party; at this convention of '48 it took the name of "Free Soil" party; and afterwards, when the Whig party began to dissolve, it took the name of "Republican" party; which was the first name of the "Democratic" party itself and so continued until division in its ranks caused Gen. Jackson, who was all-powerful in his day, to change his Republican following, to the name of Democrats, which still holds good.

The New York State fair was held in Buffalo in 1848. It is customary at those state fairs to have some man of immediate prominence to be present as a drawing card attraction. The war with Mexico (which, by the way, was a very unjust war) was just over, and General James Shields, an Irishman from Illinois, was its hero. He had been shot through one of his lungs, and a Spanish doctor in Mexico saved his life by drawing a fine silk handkerchief through the wound, thus preventing blood poisoning. Shields was then all the rage and all the talk, and he was brought to this fair as the man the people were most anxious to see. That was the only time I ever had a look at him. I remember that he had a pair of very brilliant black eyes. He was afterwards elected as United States Senator for Illinois; then again for Missouri, and finally for Minnesota. He would have been elected for California later on only for some technicality in the law. He lived successively in those various states on account of the state of his health. He was the only man, however, who represented three states in the United States Senate successively or otherwise.

The war with Mexico lasted a cou-

ple of years and I saw some of the disbanded volunteer American soldiers after returning home. Among them I remember a one-armed Irish officer, whose name I now forget, but who in 1866 was to lead the Fenian hosts into Canada, but for some cause or other failed to meet his engagement, and Gen. O'Neill was appointed in his place in that ill-starred enterprise. I remember seeing one poor fellow, a soldier, who lamented aloud on the streets over the loss of his wife and family, who had gone away, the wife taking up with another man. Such scenes, however, are always familiar in war times.

Among the new things I saw in Buffalo during my recent visit was a monument erected in Niagara Square, made of white marble and very tall. What it commemorates exactly I did not learn, but it looks very handsome. I suppose it is intended for a mural ornament more than anything else. It can be seen from eight different street views. In the olden days Buffalonians used to boast of their Delaware avenue and I believe they have a good right to do so yet. There is lacking in the general contour of Buffalo, however, a conformity to style, a unity of design, and that harmony which is noticeable in Toronto. Buffalo has university buildings, and so has Chicago, but in neither instance can they vie in beauty of design and conformity of style with the Toronto University buildings, which I think are not exceeded in America. The streets of Buffalo I thought were all asphalted, but only some of them are so. Some wooden sidewalks are left there yet, while in Toronto the sidewalks are generally composed of concrete. This concrete is the invention of an old Chicago friend of mine named Freer, and it was first used in Oakland, California, where it was known as Freestone.

The Buffalonians have the advantage of us in their market supplies, especially in their fruits and vegetables, which are much cheaper than ours and much better in quality. I think the people of Toronto are greatly imposed upon and ought to combine against their ill-treatment in this regard.

The Buffalonians have more tall buildings or "sky-scrapers" than we have here in Toronto, but I think the supply here is quite adequate for the wants of the city. Where we surpass them altogether is in our water front. The fact of the matter is that Toronto has one of the finest water fronts and harbors in the world. Look at our Island. I do not think it is appreciated at half of its great worth. At either Hanlan's or Centre it is unapproachable. The park feature of Centre Island is a boon and a blessing. And the magnificence of the view of Toronto harbor I did not appreciate myself until I viewed it lately. Why Venice with its canals and "bridge of sighs," its gondolas and overturned tower of the campanella, does not surpass what we have here at our own doors. Standing there in the Island front, one has one of the finest city views in the world, with a pure atmosphere, the clear waters of the bay, the circular conformation of the scene, the steamboats and ferry boats plying in and out; and in the night time, when the variegated lights and the electric illumination of the city attract attention and are in full play, the scene is enchanting. Not in Chicago, nor San Francisco, saying nothing of Buffalo, do we see anything of its equal. We have blessings that we do not fully realize. Local pride, love of the beautiful, and a full realization of the ensemble of nature and art, should be an inducement for us to make the most of our uncounted advantages, of which our water and land surroundings are the most conspicuous.

(To be Continued.)

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Death of a Catholic Authoress

London, Aug. 13.—Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), the authoress and dramatist, died in her sleep this morning of heart failure. Her death was totally unexpected, she having been apparently perfectly well when she retired last night. Mrs. Craigie had been spending a fortnight at her home, Steep-hill Castle, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, which she left Sunday afternoon, to keep an engagement in London. She was 39 years of age.

Mrs. Craigie was a native of Boston, Mass., her father being John Morgan Richards. She was married when nineteen years of age to Reginald Walpole Craigie, by whom she had one son, now sixteen years of age. Though of Protestant parentage, Mrs. Craigie joined the Catholic Church in 1892. Her interest in the land of her birth continued throughout her life, and she made several visits to the United States after her marriage, the last one being in November of last year, when she lectured on literary subjects. After her return to England she lectured there on "American Worship of Wealth."

OUR FALL TERM

Begins on Sept. 1st. Before you decide it will pay you to write for the Catalogue of this, the oldest commercial school in Canada. Our courses of instruction are the newest, and our facilities for placing young people in good business positions are unequalled.

British American Business College

Y.M.C.A. Bldg., Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto. T. M. WATSON, Principal

Annual Meeting of Hibernians

Peterboro, August 14.—This morning the annual meeting of the Provincial Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, opened in the T.A.S. hall, with about 125 officers and delegates in attendance.

This morning at nine o'clock the visitors paraded to St. Peter's Cathedral, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McColl, and Rev. Father Kelly, who is chaplain of the local division, preached an appropriate sermon. His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, Rev. Dr. O'Brien, and Rev. Father Galvin, were also present.

After the return from the Cathedral the meeting was formally opened, and Rev. Father McColl extended a hearty welcome to the visitors and expressed the hope that their stay here would be a pleasant one.

The Credential Committee then went into session and sat until noon.

At one o'clock the afternoon session was opened and officers' reports presented, after which the meeting adjourned to accept the invitation of the local Division for a trip over the lift lock and down the river on the steamer Water Lily, after which it was proposed to take a ride around the city on the street cars. An evening session will be held to-night and it is expected that the meeting will conclude on Tuesday.

The past year has been a most successful one for this Order. Eight new divisions have been organized, and a large number of new members have been added. Reports from different parts of the province, indicate the fact that the Order is in a most flourishing condition.

About fifty members of the Ladies' Auxiliary are also present at this session.

The Provincial Officers who are in attendance at this meeting, are as follows:

Vice-Pres.—J. J. Lynch, Peterboro. Secretary—Thos. O'Dowd, Hamilton.

Treasurer—Ralph J. Slattery, Arnprior.

Provincial Insurance Secretary—Frank J. Walsn.

Board of Directors—C. J. Foy, Perth; W. A. O'Mara, Pembroke; J. H. Lowry, St. Thomas; Dr. C. B. Coughlin, Peterboro, and Frank Slade, Toronto.

Delegates from York County—A. T. Herson, Hugh McCaffery, M. J. Ryan, Wm. Richardson, H. McCarthy, Thos. Callahan, O. Gannon, B. McWilliams, J. Hennessy, P. Wallace, J. Daniels, E. Moore, D. Madden, J. Hurst, Jas. Conlan, Hugh Kelly, Jas. Kennedy, J. B. McCauley.

Report has it that there is a proposal on foot to acquire Lundy Island, England, now for sale, and make it a refuge for nuns driven out of France.

United Empire Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
CORNER OF YOUNG AND FRONT STREETS
TORONTO

COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS—This Bank solicits accounts of firms, corporations, societies and individuals, being financially able and also willing to extend to its depositors every accommodation connected with conservative banking.

GEORGE P. REID,
GENERAL MANAGER.

Policy-holders Safeguarded

When a man wants life insurance the first thing he demands from the life company is an absolute guarantee as to its financial stability. The

Manufacturers Life

Gives this guarantee.

According to the Government calculations, on a most conservative basis, the present value on December 31st, 1905, of the liability of the company to its policy-holders was \$6,201,905. This amount the company held in uncriticizable, gilt-edged securities. But in addition the company held a surplus on policy-holders account of

\$906,912.64.

Certainly no company of its age ever met this demand of its policy-holders better.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, CANADA.

The Rev. Father Stadelman, S.J., has been transferred from Georgetown to New York, where he will edit and manage The Transcript, a paper for the blind.

The articles on exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, last year, were insured for \$3,000,000 and were of an estimated value of twice that amount. This year both insurance and value is expected to be half as large again.

TEA IS BENEFICIAL.

The notion that tea is injurious to persons of weak nerves is a false idea, as has been proved by the eminent scientist Jonathan Hutchinson. Tea, in reality, is a nerve nutrient and is extremely beneficial to weak nerves, especially when you use pure tea, direct from the gardens and packed in sealed lead packages, such as "SALADA" Tea, which received the Highest Award and Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

Some of the Strong Features Brought Out at the Recent Investigation of

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

This Company Has Been Examined by the Royal Commission

and the investigation proved thoroughly honest management. The company is sound to the core, and its affairs are conducted along scientific and popular lines, solely and economically in the best interests of its policyholders.

Gilt-edged Assets, Dec. 31, 1905—\$9,296,092

Not a dollar of stocks.
Not a dollar of unauthorized securities.
Not a dollar of speculative investments.
Not a dollar with subsidiary companies.
Not a dollar "written up" in its list of securities.
Not a dollar for stockholders; every dollar for policyholders.
The company is in the enviable position that it can convert on demand its entire assets into gold, and at the same time largely increase its surplus.

The Real Estate

held by the Company (outside of head office building) IS LESS THAN \$1,000

Expense Rate Unusually Low

Being the LOWEST OF ALL Canadian Companies for the year 1905, notwithstanding that the LARGEST VOLUME OF NEW BUSINESS in the history of the company was written in that year.

Remarkably Favorable Mortality Experience

The losses by death in 1905 were only 49% of the losses that were normally expected to occur. The fine quality of this company's business is shown by the notable fact that during the past 15 years the death losses AVERAGED ONLY 53% OF THE EXPECTED.

The Rapid Growth of the Company's Income

The income for 1895 was \$735,079, while in 1905—ten years after—it reached the large sum of \$1,956,519. The interest income exceeded the death losses during the same period by \$568,945.

The Mutual Life of Canada

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Is an Ideal Company, Furnishing Absolutely Perfect Protection to Its Policyholders at the Lowest Possible Cost.