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VOL. XI. No. 28

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Ireland's Future and the Proposed Imperial Zollverein

Important Speech by Mr. W. Bourke Cockran in London last week at the Irish Parliamentary Banquet.

At a banquet in honor of Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, in London, on June 14, by the Irish party the great Irish-American orator delivered the following speech on Irish conditions:

Mr. Bourke Cockran was received with most enthusiastic applause. He said: Mr. Redmond and gentlemen of the Irish Parliamentary Party—He would be of colder cast and nature than some, who could listen unmoved to the eulogy which has been just pronounced and the enthusiasm with which it has been received. Mr. Redmond has been kind enough to speak of my poor services to the Irish cause but when I look round this table and reflect upon the long struggle of 25 years, the sacrifices made, the sufferings borne, and, indeed, the success which has been achieved in it, and the assured triumph that awaits it, it is for me to pay homage to you rather than receive courtesy and homage and compliments at your hands. I believe there is not in all the history of the world a struggle comparable to that which you have waged to the very verge of success. There have been in my recollection countries emancipated from oppressive conditions, and history records many in which the enslaved have broken their fetters but never was there a single instance, I believe, where emancipation has been achieved without outside aid (hear, hear). The country which has admitted me to citizenship would not to-day be a free Republic but for the intervention of France (applause). Instead of having free institutions she would have been suffering under provocation, violence and oppression, which would probably breed fresh resistance, fresh oppression and calamities. Cuba has been emancipated by the intervention of the American people (applause). The states that broke away from Turkey had the active assistance of almost every European state (hear, hear). But here is an island and a people, perhaps as no other nation has ever been

### PERSECUTED, ROBBED AND PLUNDERED.

as no other people ever has been despoiled, without armaments, without organization, with nothing but the justice of her cause and the fidelity of her champions, who has resisted the most powerful Government in the world, until now you stand upon the very verge of the promised land, with but a few steps necessary to place you inside its borders of peace, plenty progress and prosperity (applause). Now, I believe, I can prophesy that your victory is practically assured—in fact it does not require the gift of prophecy. It is already within sight. Recent events have established the fact that the Irish question is in process of solution (hear, hear). It may be well to remind you here of the definition I once gave of the Irish

question. I said, "Ireland is the only country in the world where the people own neither the soil on which, nor the Government under which, they live. They have determined to obtain control of both (applause). The English Government have refused them the control of either and that is the Irish question" (applause). The moment one of these rights is conceded the other is bound to follow (applause). When the restoration of the control of the land to the Irish people is assured when the Irish people have possession of their soil there can be little doubt they will obtain possession of their Government. When the foreign garrison is discharged and the landlords no longer hold the land no body will have any particular interest in resisting the power of the Irish people. What the Irish people demand for their country earnestly the Irish people will obtain. I am so certain of that that I have ceased to speculate as to the possibility or probability of it (hear, hear). But Mr. Redmond was kind enough to say and you applauded it that it would be agreeable to all of you if I should form a recruit in your ranks (loud applause). Believe me if I thought any sacrifice or any action on my part could advance the prospects of the Irish people for the recovery of their institutions and their soil and land I would not hesitate to make it, although it involved everything I possessed and hoped to gain (applause). But surveying the struggle you have made the success you have achieved and all the features of Irish life I do not believe there is any man living who can contribute anything to the success with which this contest has been waged or make more certain the victory that awaits you (hear, hear). The battle has been waged by Mr. Redmond and those associated with him so well that it will at all times remain the inspiration of those who lack liberty and desire it and the admiration of those who possess liberty and prize it (applause). I have little doubt about the success of the Irish people in their struggle both for land and their government. I am much more concerned about the use they will make of their privileges when they have gained them, and here is a subject which must necessarily be full of interest for all concerned, to every man who realizes the history of Ireland and gauges the points which necessarily arise in the path where all countries unused to freedom are suddenly called upon to exercise all the privileges of citizenship, the control of government, and the cultivation of the soil. I have very little doubt as to the outlook. The fitness of the Irish people to exercise the power of government has been established on the floor of the House of Commons, and it is the very irony of fate that the signal proof of Irish capacity for government should be gained upon the very spot where it is abolished (applause). I believe there is but one Party in English public life that deserves the name and has the capacity to carry on this government in form of Parliamentary procedure. It has been the feature of the close of the nineteenth century that there has been a marked decay in the vigor of the Parliamentary system everywhere. The decay of Parties—the tendency to split up into groups—has reached England, and to-day, if it should be necessary to form a new Government. I do not know where the King could find any person who could control a majority or a respectable following in England (laughter). In point of fact, if he selected the man with the largest following, he would have to send for Mr. Redmond (laughter and applause) and I am not at all certain, if the Empire is to continue, it will have to be

### AN IRISH RATHER THAN AN ENGLISH EMPIRE

(renewed laughter). Now that is not an extravagant assertion. If the King cannot find somebody who controls a majority to hold his conscience and advise his action, he must at least seek that person who has the largest majority, and outside the following of Mr. Redmond I do not know where you can find thirty men in the House of Commons who would agree to follow the leadership of anybody (cheers). One point upon which they seem to be agreed is that nobody should lead them (laughter). Now if the responsibility of the administration of the Empire should fall upon the shoulders of the Irish Party and the Irish leader, you will observe that some very grave questions will arise (laughter). You are forbidden by a very high authority to waste much time upon parochial matters. I think it would have a most beneficial effect if the light of Irish freedom and love of justice should be turned upon Imperial questions. I am not at all sure but we will find reason, with the selection of Mr. Redmond as the coming Premier and the selection of the Irish Party for the Administration of the Empire, in some proposals which have recently been made (laughter and applause). These proposals are highly

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ly significant. They are understood to effect miracles. I do not think Mr. Redmond will attempt miracles; he will be satisfied with acts of duty of a simple kind, but we have recent proposals made that must be of interest to the entire civilized world. It has been suggested that the fiscal policy that governed England for fifty or sixty years should be abandoned, and that a new policy shall be adopted which shall have for its purpose and object the making of everybody rich by making the country poor (laughter), which shall establish abundance by creating scarcity, which shall make food dear that laborers may become prosperous (renewed laughter). Now that is a suggestion which I confess I am not wholly able to grasp. But as I have had some experience of the administration of another Government, I would like to suggest to the members of the Irish Party—very possibly soon to be charged with greater responsibilities than they anticipate—that there are certain calamities of government. Government is able to do a great deal of mischief; of itself it can do very little good. Government can destroy, but cannot create. It can take anything you get by direct taxation or direct confiscation, but it cannot make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; it cannot cause a tree to fall in the forest and to be fashioned and formed instantly into smooth planks that form these tables round which we sit. Now, if government cannot create anything, it has nothing of its own to give anybody. If it undertakes to enrich one man, it must take from another; if it has a favorite, it must have a victim; and that government only is just that has neither favorites nor victims. Whenever, therefore, you find the Government proposing a plan of beneficence, you may be sure it marks

### A SCHEME OF PLUNDER

(applause). You see, there are but ways by which property can be created—one is by production, and the other is by plunder. Anything a man wants he must either make or take it (laughter). There is no other way. It must be made for him by himself or somebody else. Of course, what he obtains by exchange is produced by himself, because it is the product of his product; but when he tries to obtain property by any other means he is engaged in a scheme of plunder, however much he may disguise it (hear, hear). Now, it is well, to hear these few principles in mind when you come to examine any specific proposal that is introduced to enrich people by legislation. The Irish people ask nothing but simple justice—the right to obtain their soil, the right to go to work upon their soil. Once given them that, let them work upon their soil in a condition that guarantees them the possession of whatever they produce, and they ask no other favors. Now, we are told, for instance, that by a system of preferential tariff there is to be a vast spread of manufactures and an increase of prosperity, but you must not examine the matter—you must not consider formulas or expressions. One noble statesman has declared that "Free Trade," for instance, is not the Sermon on the Mount, and a Commoner statesman has declared that the fact that a policy has lasted for sixty years furnishes no reason why it should not be carefully examined. He says you must not have theories, but facts. Now, I agree with him. I think any person who appeals to phrases as fixed principles in economic discussion generally confesses himself incapable of maintaining his arguments. I do not care whether a thing is the consequence of free trade or protection so long as it makes for the prosperity of the people; and I go so far as to say that I think it important that we should define what we mean by either expression.

### WHAT DO WE MEAN BY PROSPERITY?

Do we mean huge armies and brilliant uniforms? Do we mean great, big ships with armaments and guns to exercise the gentlemen in blue jackets? We mean by prosperity abundance of commodity, produced by labor, distributed among those who produce them—we mean more loaves, more shoes, all of better quality; better houses, all of plenty of people dwelling within; more schools, and better constructed ones; better hospitals,

moment you establish a fiscal union it must have some degree of permanence, or else persons can't engage in business under it, and then if this fiscal union is established, some force, some power, must be established, to enforce its provisions upon the parties to it. Every State in the Union is prohibited from establishing any restriction of commerce with a sister State, and every other State has suddenly tried to do it. The whole object of our constitution—and three-fourths of it is based upon decisions which have been effected by attempts of the States to impose some kind of restriction upon the other States, but American Supreme Courts are constantly employed in setting aside such laws. Who is to enforce the condition of fiscal union proposed by this latest scheme? The Colonies must surrender their independence to England or England must surrender her independence to the Colonies (hear, hear). There can be no midway, and I desire to call the attention of the English people, who have been led to associate themselves in hostility to the demand of Ireland for Home Rule, to consider carefully whether from any Irish source a suggestion was ever proposed so fatal to the integrity of the Empire (applause), so fatal to the supremacy of England over every part of her dominions, so fatal to any claim that the Empire can remain together as this suggestion which involves dependence by the Colonies to which they will never submit, or else by England (hear, hear). Well, then, we are told to reconcile everybody to this proposal that somebody will be rich by it. First of all the laborer is to have the price of food increased and his wages increased afterwards. Now there is no doubt that his food is going to be increased in price (hear, hear). Suppose the prophesy about the increase in wages should miscarry, what, then, would be the condition of the laborer? Nay, more if it be true that the conditions that increase the price of food diminish instead of increase the price of labor, then the condition of the laborer as a class is worse than the first (applause). It is perfectly clear that anything that increases the price of food or raw material must diminish the price of wages. You know the two mixed conditions—if the field of labor is increased the competition for employment is increased, and wages go up. If the field of labor is narrowed competition is narrowed, and the rate of wages goes down. If you diminish commodities you necessarily restrict the field of employment and necessarily restrict wages (hear, hear). Now here is a large proportion of the community who believe that any increase in the cost of commodities must diminish their volume and ultimately reduce the rate of wages.

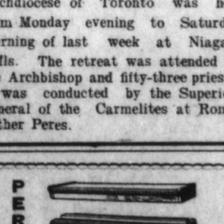
### HERE IS A TEST

which I suggest. It is that if there is to be any change in the price of food, in the hope that it will be followed by an increase in the rate of wages, just reverse the process, and insist that the rate of wages be increased first, and I promise you, gentlemen of the Parliamentary Party,

(Continued on page 5.)

**Senator Cloran**  
Ottawa, June 28.—It is as good as settled that Mr. H. J. Cloran will be called to the Upper House in succession to the late Senator O'Brien.

**Archdiocesan Retreat**  
The annual clergy retreat for the Archdiocese of Toronto was held from Monday evening to Saturday morning of last week at Niagara Falls. The retreat was attended by the Archbishop and fifty-three priests. It was conducted by the Superior-General of the Carmelites at Rome, Father Peters.

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## Irishmen Banqueted the Hon. John Costigan, M.P.

Champion of the Irish Cause Receives a Fitting Testimonial—Presented with a Cheque for \$1,500 by his Admirers—Speeches and Songs around the Festive Board.

The banquet tendered to Hon. John Costigan last Thursday evening in St. Patrick's Hall, by the Irishmen of Ottawa was a decided success. About two hundred people sat down to a sumptuous spread and the speeches afterwards were such as we seldom hear on such an occasion. Mr. Samuel Cross, chairman of the banquet committee, presided, and did the position honor. On his right sat Hon. John Costigan, the guest of the evening, Hon. Speaker Power of the Senate, Hon. J. J. Guerin, Senator Sullivan, Hon. Mr. McSweeney, Senator Coffey, Mr. Wm. Power, M.P., and Father Murphy; on his left were Hon. R. W. Scott, R. Lemieux, M.P., Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Mr. Chas. Marcell M.P., and Mr. A. A. Wright, M.P. Telegrams of regret at not being able to attend, and expressing good wishes were received from Mr. John Heney, sr., at Father Point, Que.; Mr. D. J. Hennessy, Butte, Mont., national director of the A.O.H.; Rev. Father Fallon, Buffalo, and from Mr. C. C. Meyer, Danish Consul, and Hon. F. R. Latchford, who was to propose the toast to the guest. All of the telegrams bore the heartiest expressions of appreciation and good will for the Hon. Mr. Costigan.

### TO THE GUEST.

Dr. Freeland replaced Hon. F. R. Latchford in proposing the toast to Hon. John Costigan, the guest of the evening. In doing so he paid the highest tribute to Mr. Costigan, referring especially to the incident of the debate on Mr. Costigan's Home Rule resolutions voted upon recently in the House of Commons. He said that he spoke for the Irish citizens when he said that they appreciated the efforts of Mr. Costigan on behalf of suffering Ireland. He also spoke appreciatively of the efforts of the French parliamentarians in supporting the Home Rule resolutions. But there had been one discordant note to mar the harmony, in that some forty members had not only voted against these resolutions, but had insulted and maligned the grand old champion of the Irish cause by saying that he was trying to solicit the friendship of the Irish people of Canada. "As if he had not done this long ago," said Dr. Freeland. Mr. Costigan did not seek the position. It was thrust upon him as a result of the request of Mr. John Redmond and Hon. Edward Blake, made when they visited Canada in Ireland's behalf.

They had accused Mr. Costigan of stirring up strife, that the time was not opportune and that the Irish people did not want it. "For the wounds and insults he received that night in the House of Commons we assure him that if the esteem and the affections of the Irish people have any efficacy as a balm, he has them in the fullest measure," said Dr. Freeland.

Another point that Dr. Freeland said bore the highest testimony to the character of Mr. Costigan was the fact that he had for forty-two years represented Victoria, N. B., in the Canadian Parliament. This was a record that he would challenge the world to equal and was one for all Irishmen to be proud of.

As soon as Dr. Freeland had concluded Chairman Samuel Cross made the presentation of the testimonial, which was accompanied by a cheque for \$1,500. In making the presentation Mr. Cross paid the highest tribute to the guest of the evening.

### MR. COSTIGAN REPLIES.

In replying to the toast and to the testimonial Hon. Mr. Costigan said that he could not possibly find words to express his feelings. He had never seen such a demonstration in his lifetime and felt exceedingly proud of it. He wished to reply to the slanders which had been thrust at him on the occasion in the Commons. He had been accused of being a demagogue, a traitor to his party, and of seeking for the Irish vote.

the candidate of his people, because they had been fooled for a time before it. He was young at the time, inexperienced and poor as a church mouse. There was no need of being a Home Ruler to hold the constituency which he represented. They had differed with him at the time on the New Brunswick school question, but they knew that they could trust him on other matters, and he was elected. Following the school question came the question of Confederation. He had been an anti-confederate and had fought the question. In New Brunswick at that time there was a majority against confederation of 32 to 9. Not a Minister that had favored confederation had been re-elected.

He had then been offered the position of Postmaster-General in the confederation government, which subsequently gained power, but he declined it, on the ground that he had been elected to represent a people opposed to confederation, and he did not propose, under any circumstances, to leave them. He had been subsequently elected to the Provincial House through hard fights, but the manner in which those political battles had been fought did a great deal to bring the Catholic and Protestant elements together and, in consequence they became fast friends. When he came to Ottawa elected to the first parliament of confederated Canada, he did not come through any favor of the government of the day, but came because the people of Victoria had chosen him as their representative.

Hon. Mr. Costigan then outlined as some length and defended his stand in the crisis of 1896 with Sir Mackenzie Bowell and remedial legislation.

"It has been said that I was a traitor, but I was one of those who was loyal to Sir Mackenzie Bowell when the others had given him a blow below the belt by resigning to wreck his Cabinet and drive him out of power. I stood by Sir Mackenzie Bowell because I thought that by doing so I could gain legislation which would protect the minority in Manitoba. I would sooner go on one meal a day than betray my people. Those were the conditions on which I entered the Tupper Government and they are not such as to be ashamed of." Loud cheers greeted Mr. Costigan's statement.

Mr. Costigan, continuing, said that while looking after the rights of the minority he had always endeavored to keep from interfering with the rights of others. At the same time he said that unless the minority looked after themselves they would certainly suffer. He had tried to do his duty by the people he represented. He had no further ambition in life now. He had had enough of politics. He had seen more ingratitude than they could put in a book, but this had been largely wiped out by the occasion of the evening. He concluded by extending thanks to those who had conveyed their feelings and esteem for him by the testimonial, his warmest and heartfelt thanks. His conscience, he said, told him that he had done his duty. This was perhaps the last time that he would have the opportunity of speaking to them, but he felt that they had shown him that his principles had been appreciated, and he thanked them for it.

### THE PARLIAMENT.

The toast to the Parliament of Canada was proposed by Mr. M. J. Gorman, K.C., and replied to by the

(Continued on page 4.)

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OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

(Continued from last week.)
(Continued from last week.)
medal, presented by Rev. A. Valliquet, O.M.I., Superior, Hull, P. Q., awarded to Martin O'Gara, Ottawa.
Second form, French course—Silver medal, presented by Rev. J. Gascon, P.P., Grenville, P.Q., awarded to H. St. Jacques, Ottawa.
First form, English course—Silver medal, presented by Prof. E. Stockley, M.A., Ottawa. Awarded to Edmund Byrnes, Ottawa.
First form, French course—Silver medal, presented by Mr. A. Charron, B. A., Ottawa, awarded to Alfred Verreault, Ottawa.
Second form, English course—Silver medal, presented by Mr. A. Charron, B. A., Ottawa, awarded to Alfred Verreault, Ottawa.

SPECIAL MEDALS.

The Warnock gold medal, presented by James G. Warnock, Ottawa, for highest note in B. Ph. examination. Awarded to Vincent Meagher, Read, Ont.
Bronze medal, presented by James Hyde, President de l'Alliance Française en Amérique, for proficiency in French by English-speaking student. Awarded to James Walsh, Read, Ont.
Bronze medal, presented by James Hyde, President de l'Alliance Française en Amérique, for proficiency in French by French-speaking student. Awarded to Raoul Lapointe, Ottawa.
Silver medal, presented by Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O. M. I., rector, for the best speech of the annual Prize Debate. Awarded to John Burke, Ottawa.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

First English course—Nicholas Bawlf, Arthur Cox, honorable mention, Edmund Jones, Gerald Dunne.
First French course—Albert Couillard, Al. Verreault. Honorable mention, R. Gaudry, Aur Cote.
Second English course—Rupert Vallillee, R. Cosgrove. Honorable mention, Wm. Kennedy, Martin O'Gara.
Second French course—Henri St. Jacques, E. Theriault. Hon. mention, Emile Beroard, Henri Letourneau.
Third English course—James McNeill, Hugh Donohue. Hon. mention, Jas. Gillies, Jos. Cassidy.
Third French course—A. Bastien, O. Dion. Hon. mention, G. Verreault, E. Chartrand.

SECOND FORM.

(English Course.)
Greek—Francis Johnson, R. Vallillee. Hon. mention, John Cox, Martin O'Gara. Hon. mention, R. Cosgrove, F. Johnson.
English—Wm. Kennedy, Fred. O'Keefe. Hon. mention, M. O'Gara, R. Vallillee.
French—James McNeill, M. O'Gara. Hon. mention, J. Marshall, H. Donohue.
History—M. O'Gara, Wm. Kennedy. Hon. mention, Fred. O'Keefe, L. Brennan.
Zoology—M. O'Gara, Fred. O'Keefe. Hon. mention, R. Vallillee, R. Cosgrove.
Zoology—H. St. Jacques, E. Beroard. Hon. mention, E. Theriault, R. Joron.
Mathematics—H. St. Jacques, E. Beroard. Hon. mention, R. Joron, L. Joron.

FIRST FORM.

(English Course.)
Latin—Ed. Byrnes, H. Howard. Hon. mention, J. Gravel, G. Driscoll.
English—Ed. Byrnes, A. Cote. Hon. mention, A. Stanton, F. Higerty.
French—F. Johnson, H. Southwick. Hon. mention, Art Cote, Jos. McCool.
History—A. Houle, Ed. Byrnes. Hon. mention, G. Driscoll, N. Bawlf.
Botany—A. Houle, Ed. Byrnes. Hon. mention, J. Bazinet, L. Boileau.
Mathematics—A. Howard, John Brankin. Hon. mention, A. Stanton, Jos. Gravel.

FIRST FORM.

(French Course.)
Latin—A. Couillard, A. Verreault. Hon. mention, Aur. Cote, E. Courtois.
French—E. Courtois, A. Couillard. Hon. mention, A. Gaudry, A. Verreault.
English—Ivanhoe Desrosiers, H. Legault. Hon. mention, A. Verreault, Aur. Cote.
History—A. Verreault, A. Couillard. Hon. mention, J. Legris, M. Lachaine.
Botany—A. Gaudry, A. Verreault. Hon. mention, A. Couillard, M. Lachaine.
Mathematics—A. Verreault, L. Bisson. Hon. mention, Ivanhoe Desrosiers, M. Lachaine.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Those Who Receive Prizes and Diplomas in Business Training.
The following have passed successfully, and in order of merit, the prescribed diploma examinations: J. H. Macdonald, Macleod, N.W.T.; O. E. Poissant, Montreal; P. T. Kirwan, Ottawa; A. Anderson, Ottawa; G. L. Kirwan, Ottawa; Albert Michaud, Ste. Anne de Bellevue; J. W. Peachy, Ottawa; Jno. C. Bradley, Durango, Col.

MEDALS OF HONOR.

These medals are awarded to those only who have followed all the steps to obtain eighty per cent. of the branches taught in their class. The successful competitor for a medal has

sum of the marks for all the branches not less than fifty per cent, in any branch.

Graduating Class—Gold medal presented by A. Lussier, B.A., Ottawa. Awarded to O. E. Poissant, Montreal. First in merit.

Third Grade—Gold medal presented by J. L. Chabot, B.A., M.D., Ottawa, A. Fink, Mattawa. First in merit.

Second Grade—Gold medal presented by R. Cameron, Buckingham, Que. Awarded to E. Mondor, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. First in merit.

First Grade—Silver medal presented by W. Thompson, Albany, N. Y. Awarded to Jno. Kehoe, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. First in merit.

Preparatory Grade—Silver medal presented by J. B. Lyons, Albany, N.Y. Awarded to George Dayon, Ottawa, Ont. First in merit.

Special medal—Gold medal presented by A. McMillan, Ottawa. Awarded to James Harry Macdonald, Macleod, N. W. T., for highest notes in commercial branches in diploma examinations.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Good Conduct—Jos. Sigovin, O. Gibeault, Jos. Martineau. Hon. mention, F. Gervais, E. Durocher, A. Mousseau.
Application and Earnestness—Frank McCann, Jos. Martineau, E. Durocher, Hon. mention, W. Baril, R. Morin, F. Gervais.
Christian Doctrine, first English division—Harry Macdonald, Alex. Anderson, P. T. Kirwan. Hon. mention, G. L. Kirwan, J. C. Bradley, A. Fleming.

Christian doctrine, second English division—Frank McCann, E. Leacy, M. Skelly. Hon. mention, D. J. O'Brien, A. Mousseau, G. Breen.
Christian Doctrine, first French division—Joe. Martineau, Omer Langlois, Rene Morin. Hon. mention, M. Rousseau, E. Hainet, A. Michaud.
Christian Doctrine, second French division—W. Baril, Edward Chartrand, J. Delisle. Hon. mention, E. Durocher, C. Labelot, D. Boyer.

THIRD GRADE PRIZE LIST.

English—Frank McCann, Allen Fleming, Willie Baril. Hon. mention, J. Martineau, E. J. Gauthier, E. Hamel.
French—E. J. Gauthier, M. Rousseau, W. Baril. Hon. mention, J. Martineau, E. Gagner, R. Morin.
History—Frank McCann, Allen Fleming. Hon. mention, M. Rousseau, J. Martineau.
Geography—Allen Fleming, M. Rousseau. Hon. mention, Frank McCann, J. Martineau.
Arithmetic—E. Galpeau, A. Fleming. Honorable mention; J. E. Gauthier, J. Martineau.
Bookkeeping—J. E. Gauthier, A. Langlois. Hon. mention, A. Fleming, H. Chartrand.
Drawing—H. Chartrand, E. Hamel. Hon. mention, J. E. Gauthier, A. Fleming.
Stenography—E. Hamel, F. McCann. Hon. mention, J. E. Gauthier, R. Morin.

SECOND GRADE PRIZE LIST.

English—Chas. Kehoe, H. Menard, F. Gervais. Hon. mention, I. Benninghaus, E. Gagner, E. Durocher.
French—C. Lanctot, A. Barrette, E. Chartrand. Hon. mention, J. Delisle, R. Legault, F. Hamel.
History—Chas. Kehoe, H. Menard. Hon. mention, J. Benninghaus, E. Durocher.
Geography—Fred. Gervais, E. Durocher. Hon. mention, H. Menard, Chas. Kehoe.
Arithmetic—E. Gagner, R. Legault. Hon. mention, Fred. Gervais, J. Bastien.
Bookkeeping—W. Guertin, F. Gervais. Hon. mention, R. Legault, H. Menard.
Drawing—Fred. Gervais, J. Delisle. Hon. mention, J. Bastien, E. Durocher.
Pennmanship—J. Delisle, F. Gervais. Hon. mention, W. Guertin, E. Durocher.
Map drawing contest—W. McHugh, F. Gervais, E. Mondon. Hon. mention, A. Bonneville, J. Finegan, E. Durocher.

FIRST GRADE, DIVISION A.

English—Percy Mulligan, A. Barrette, Geo. Breen. Hon. mention, R. Foley, A. Desrosiers, R. Bigras.
French, first grade—L. Lane, A. J. Gibeault, E. Durocher. Hon. mention, R. Peachy, O. Gibeault, J. B. Monfils.
History—F. Hamel, Geo. Breen. Hon. mention, P. Mulligan, R. Bigras.
Geography—F. Hamel, R. Bigras. Hon. mention, Geo. Breen, P. Mulligan.
Arithmetic—F. Hamel, P. Mulligan. Hon. mention, R. Bigras, R. Peachy.
Pennmanship—A. Tremblay, R. Foley. Hon. mention, G. Gauthier, W. O'Brien.

FIRST GRADE, DIVISION B.

English—O. Gibeault, S. Chalifour, T. Donnelly. Hon. mention, C. St. Onge, M. Charbonneau, A. Gibeault.
French, preparatory—F. McCann, Ray Davis, E. Leacy. Hon. mention, J. Benninghaus, W. O'Brien, John Kehoe.
History—S. Chalifour, M. Charbonneau, Hon. mention, E. Ouellette, O. Gibeault.
Geography—M. Charbonneau, S. Chalifour. Hon. mention, O. Gibeault, E. Ouellette.
Arithmetic—E. Ouellette, S. Chalifour.

four. Hon. mention, M. Charbonneau, J. Langlois.
Pennmanship—M. Charbonneau, R. Souliere. Hon. mention, Thos. McGreevy, E. Ouellette.

La Grande Chartreuse

Scenes at the Closing of One of the Most Famous of French Monasteries.

(From The New York Evening Post.)

The excitement of the Catholics in France over the present expulsion of the religious orders, which has already resulted in riots in different parts of the country and in the resignation of several army officers—among them the distinguished colonel of the Fourth "Dragoons, Monsieur de Colbertin—is particularly apparent here in Grenoble and the surrounding Dauphine region.
For a time it was supposed that the Carthusians of La Grande Chartreuse would not be excluded in the forced exodus of the "religieux" because of the financial benefits accruing to the country from their presence. When, however, Monsieur Combes sent forth the order expelling also the monks of La Grande Chartreuse the indignation was great in all Dauphine.

In Grenoble especially, these monks are highly regarded and beloved. Their liquor factory at Fourvoirie gave employment to a large number of workmen; they built and sustained a free hospital at St. Laurent-du-Pont, as well as an asylum for deaf mutes near the monastery. A large part of their immense revenue was given away yearly in charity.

The majority of the monks have already gone, taking with them their treasures, their library, their chronicles, and the appliances for making their precious liquor. Only a handful of brethren remain to represent their order in the mountains of the Massif de la Chartreuse, where since 1089 Carthusian monks have lived, prayed and died. It is true this handful has been carefully selected, and only able-bodied men, keen-witted and of cool judgment were allowed to remain to hold the monastery against the Government. They have barricaded the doors, no one is given exit or entrance, nor are they provisioned for three months, and it is their avowed intention to compel the Government to forcibly eject them, and by so doing, said Father Clovis, "violate in our persons the rights of citizens."

As the expulsion was expected to take place on the night of the 29th, a small party of Americans, myself among the number, determined to visit without delay the famous monastery before its extinction.
It is not the time of year the average tourist selects for a visit to La Grande Chartreuse. The snow lies too deep yet on the mountains, the road is not without its dangerous places, and the air is far too cold for comfort. Nor are the "voitures de service" running, and those who contemplate an excursion must either walk or engage a private carriage.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 29th of April we accordingly started for the monastery.
We were accompanied by Madame la Comtesse G., whose husband, an ardent Catholic, is among the vast number arranging a "manifestation" when the moment of expulsion comes.
We drove past the little village of Corenc, along the ledge of the "Col de Venec," where we commanded a magnificent view of the valley Graisivaudan, watered by the winding Isere, and the more distant lying Drac. The white houses of that "coquette ville" Grenoble glistened gayly below, unweary by the grim, gray walls of Fort Rabaut above it. On our right towered Mount Saint Eynard, its black fort isolated in the clouds.

SCENES ON THE WAY TO THE MONASTERY.

The snow became less deep as we descended into the valley of Saint Hugues, where small hamlets snuggled cozily on the side of protecting mountains. But, if we left a rain-storm above us, we found a driving rain storm awaiting us. We arrived at Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse wet and cold and hungry. We halted at the small hotel for lunch. There was an air of suppressed excitement about the inn, and indeed in the usually quiet little village as well.
From the direction of the convent came a succession of women and children, trudging along in the pouring rain, carefully balancing under their arms cheaply-framed pictures of saints, of the Virgin, of the infant Christ—the farewell gifts of the Chartreuse monks. But a longer procession passed them, ascending the steep mountain road to the convent, a procession composed of peasants, some white-haired, the backs bent with age, others in the full vigor of manly strength, and still others not out of their boyhood days. Not for monkly gifts were these peasants going—but to join the army of campers outside the convent walls.

My attention was, however, particularly attracted to a quiet, elderly man, military in appearance, and possessing a fine air of distinction. He was keenly alive to all that took place in the dining room and watched sharply each new arrival. Once his stern features relaxed and I saw him smile kindly upon a tall young man who entered. Madame G. whispered to me, indicating the new arrival: "That is Monsieur Ponsot, the 'avocat' of the Chartreux Brothers." This young lawyer has for many days past remained behind the convent walls with the monks, advising them, directing them in every step they take in resisting the government's action against their order.
Later, during lunch, Madame G. learned that our military-looking neighbor was Count P—de C—, with whom her husband was well acquainted. She promptly made herself known to him, at the same time introducing us. We had a most interesting conversation with him. For eight days he had been in camp beyond the walls of the monastery. He came up on the first rumor that gendarmes were to be sent to expel the monks, and such was his haste that he stopped for nothing, not even for a change of clothing. He was in a white hunting costume, very much soiled as to color from his long exposure in the mountains. He intended, he added, to remain to defend the monks if any violence was offered them. We heard him give an order to send forthwith all the necessary ingredients for a punch to the camp about the convent. He turned to us with a smile and said we must not suppose him capable of consuming that amount of liquor; that he intended it for his men in camp, who had slept for nights in cold and wet; without covering of any kind. It was almost 2 o'clock in the afternoon when we again stepped out in the pouring rain and into our carriage. The Count had preceded us his picturesque figure enveloped in a long black cape, and a "beret" (a species of Tam-o-Shanter) covering his gray locks.

THE MONASTERY OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

Three-quarters of an hour later we reached La Grande Chartreuse. Behind the great stone inclosure of the convent no sign of life was apparent. The heavy wooden doors were locked and barred; the "avocats" alone can gain admittance there. But beyond the walls a curious scene of animation reigned. In all the little sheds and outhouses of the monastery bonfires blazed; around them peasants were drying and warming themselves, while on some fresh-laid straw nerved tired watchers slept. One young fellow stepped up to us as we entered a shed and invited us to share the welcome warmth of their fire. He pulled a large log nearer the blaze, at the same time apologizing that he could not offer us more comfortable seats. "When it is war-time," he said, "one cannot have many conveniences."
"Ah! it is war, then?" I asked.
"I hope so," he replied, significantly.
"There are not many of you," I continued tentatively, at the same time throwing a comprehensive glance at the figures about the fires.
"The others are in the forest—everywhere" (par-tout), he answered quietly, casting another stick into the blaze.
Just then the Count came up to us, in his hands some small "objets de pieté," which he presented to us, saying he had begged them from the monks as souvenirs for four ladies of his acquaintance.

who entered. Madame G. whispered to me, indicating the new arrival: "That is Monsieur Ponsot, the 'avocat' of the Chartreux Brothers." This young lawyer has for many days past remained behind the convent walls with the monks, advising them, directing them in every step they take in resisting the government's action against their order.

The Six Judges

In the folk-lore of Hindustan is a queer story of a Brahmin (a high-caste Hindu), a Tiger and six unusual "judges."

Once upon a time a Brahmin who was walking along the road came upon an iron cage, in which a great Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught him.
As the Brahmin passed by the Tiger called out and said to him: "Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin, have pity on me and let me out of this cage for one minute only to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst."
The Brahmin answered: "No, I will not, for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me."
"O, father of mercy!" answered the Tiger, "in truth I will not, I will never be so ungrateful; only let me out that I may drink some water and return." Then the Brahmin took pity on him and opened the cage door, but no sooner had he done so than the Tiger, jumping out, said: "Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterward." But the Brahmin said: "Only do not kill me hastily. Let us ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die."

"Very well," answered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will first ask the opinion of six."
So the Brahmin and the Tiger walked on till they came to a Banyan tree, and the Brahmin said to it: "Banyan tree, Banyan tree, hear and give judgment."
"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan tree.
"This Tiger," said the Brahmin, "begged me to let him out of the cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so, but now that I have let him out he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so or no?"

The Banyan tree answered: "Men often come and take shelter in the cool shade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the sun, but when they have rested they cut and break my pretty branches and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race!"
At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed the Brahmin, but the Brahmin said: "Tiger, Tiger, you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six."
"Very well," said the Tiger, and they went on their way.

A CONVERSATION WITH ONE OF THE FATHERS.

We were very desirous of a conversation with one of the fathers, and asked the Count if he could not persuade one of them to talk with us through the small grating in the gates. He promised to lend us his influence to obtain our wish.
We accompanied him to the great wooden gates, before which stood a crowd of men who had also come up from Saint-Pierre to interview the monks. They had rung the big bell, knocked vigorously on the doors, and made, in fact, every effort to obtain some response. But no sign came from the inclosure that they were heard. The Count pulled the bell gently, then stepped up to the small wooden slide in the gate and, called softly:
"Frere, frere, c'est moi."
Instantly the slide was withdrawn, and through the grating a cowed head was just visible. The Count explained our desire to have a conversation with one of the fathers, and added, "as well as benediction."
The brother said he would inquire, and before long he returned with the reply that if we could wait till 4 o'clock our petition would be granted. Unfortunately we could not wait.
As we turned to leave, I noticed for the first time, suspended from a tree, an unfurled flag of France draped with long streamers of black crepe; beside it floated the red flag of the convent, the "Bleeding Heart" in the centre.
"Who did that?" I inquired of our new friend, and pointing to the black draped flag.
"Who did, France is in mourning," he made answer.
He then saluted us gravely and disappeared.
As we made our wet descent to Saint-Laurent-du-Pont, we passed the still unending stream of peasants mounting to La Chartreuse. They were all unarmed, save for great mountain sticks, but a certain unsmiling mood seemed upon them which augured ill for the gendarmes when they should appear.

THE BULLOCK.

They next met an Eagle flying by through the air, to whom the Brahmin cried:
"O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment!"
The Brahmin stated the case to the

But three of the officers—two captains and a lieutenant—who accompanied their men to La Grande Chartreuse, after obeying the orders they had received, sent in their resignation, with the statement that they entered the army to defend their country, and not to eject monks and nuns from convents.

VISECTION IN SCHOOLS

(From Editorial in Harper's Weekly.)
But there is a subordinate phase of the subject somewhat recently presented which one cannot regard with so much satisfaction, namely, the growing practice of vivisection before classes of young pupils in the schools. Such an over-zealous application of the "scientific method" is fit to appear only in that sorry system of education to be the acquisition of bare facts. In a broader view it must appear that such gruesome exhibitions

cavalry and a battalion of infantry with the police. Against these well-armed soldiers resistance was more than futile.

THE BULLOCK.

They could only indignantly protest as the gendarmes, guarded by the sternly silent military force—for the soldiers, like ill these recent duties—battered down the venerable doors and led out one by one their beloved recluses from the chapel, where they were found kneeling in prayer.
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PILES SO BAD COULD NOT WORK

After Three Years of Suffering One Box of Chase's Ointment Effected a Complete Cure.
Mr. Joe Benson, Deerwood, Man., writes: "I may say that for three years I suffered almost all the time with blind, itching piles. Sometimes they were so bad that I could not work or even sit on a chair. I tried several remedies, but got no relief. A friend of mine told me that he had been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I got a box for 60 cents, but it was well worth ten dollars, for it completely cured me. I cannot say anything too good about this preparation."

VISECTION IN SCHOOLS

Every day adds to the popularity of Dr. Chase's Ointment, as people are continually finding out that it is the only positive cure for piles, one of the most torturing ailments known to human kind. Ask your neighbors about this great preparation.
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VISECTION IN SCHOOLS

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VISECTION IN SCHOOLS

will have a most unwholesome effect upon the mind of a child, tending to strengthen rather than to repress its selfish and cruel instincts. The child who has been taught through "scientific" demonstrations to regard a pet cat or dog as an animated machine with contracting muscles and blood-propelling heart, and bite-secreting liver, instead of as a living being possessed of feelings and emotions something akin to its own, can never again regard the sacred mystery of life in quite the same light as before. It has gained knowledge of very doubtful value at the expense of a distinct ethical sacrifice. Far better might that child remain ignorant of the appearances of vital organs than lose its awe for the vital principle that animates them.

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1-Chemical, 2-Analytical, 3-Mining, 4-Steam, 5-Electrical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.
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SEVENTH MONTH July THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTIMENTS, and liturgical events for July 1903.

Business Men Who Walk Much TRY DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS For that Tired Feeling

The HOME CIRCLE

TELL HIM SO. If you have a word of cheer That may light the pathway drear...

WHY HE CLIPPED. I saw him take the paper and Turn to the household page...

"Aha!" he muttered to himself, "Here's 'How to Make Rice Fritters'..."

"Do you," I asked, "preserve those notes So that your wife may eye them?"

AS A LITTLE CHILD. The cost of enjoyment in age is in abstemiousness in youth...

HOME GARDENING. There is no use in collecting plants and endeavoring to rear them unless you are prepared for the attacks of insect pests...

illusions, of beliefs and of confidence. There ought to be a society for the prevention of deceiving and disillusioning children.

When we are told in the gospel of St. Matthew that "except we become as little children, we shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven..."

Money cannot buy everything. It cannot buy health, life, or love. If you were a hundred times richer than you are, you could not multiply your wants and pleasures by one hundred.

Never resist impulses of generosity, they will make you cheerful and healthy. They will give color to your cheeks and prevent your flesh in old age from turning into yellow, dried-up parchment.

There is no use in collecting plants and endeavoring to rear them unless you are prepared for the attacks of insect pests, and are willing and prepared to fight them.

things, eternal vigilance is the price of freedom. You must not consider that by once eradicating the pest you have forever won the victory.

"JUST FOR NOW." Many young people form habits which cripple and handicap them for life by doing this "just for now."

An Old Time Scout. "A white man with the same training can beat the Indian at his own game," is the recorded belief of Col. Cody...

Time was pressing. The river must be crossed; but how? "Bridger," said the captain, "what shall we do?"

Next he took tanned buffalo hides, and sewing them together, stretched them over the frame, bringing them well over the gunwales and tying this covering down with his bearskin things.

"It was a double-barreled rifle which, through his St. Louis friend, he had had made to order in England at a cost of four hundred and ten dollars.

Far out in the West, said Gen. Reynolds, the expedition traversed ground that Bridger had not seen for nearly twenty years, yet he remembered it perfectly. He could tell just

Legends of the Rose

Although floriculturists have produced many varieties of "ever-blooming" roses, it is only in June that every rose is in bloom...

Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow, But angels saw the roses, one of our well-known American poetesses alludes to the legend which relates that the thorn-crown of Christ was made from the rose-brier...

The Rose of Jericho, from its ability to revive after being blown about like a dry leaf by the winds of the desert, became the natural emblem of the Resurrection.

The Rose of the Virgin, probably because the pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre reported that it marked every spot where Mary and Joseph rested on their flight into Egypt.

Thus we see that the symbolism of the rose has a curiously wide range. The same flower which signified silence and secrecy to the ancients is for us a favorite poetic image of innocence and purity...

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE. Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated.

LIKE OTHER EVILS cramps and diarrhoea come suddenly. Promptly give a dose of Perry Davis' Painkiller and the pains will go immediately.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve...

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 19, 1902. DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief.

254 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1902. DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself.

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The Catholic Register
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. CRONIN,
Business Manager and Editor.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

COMBES HEADING FOR A FALL.

The news from France this week is significant. The Government majority has been reduced to sixteen. The outlook is even hopeful now for the vindication of representative government.

The "popular representative" dreads nothing else but the votes of his constituents. The French people at last seem to be waking up, and their so-called "representatives" have become alarmed about their safety in the Chamber.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech condemning M. Combes was the sensation of the week. Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes' predecessor in the Premiership, is the author of the iniquitous Associations Bill. That is to say he is its public author.

What Waldeck-Rousseau intended, and what the Bill as passed declared, was that only those congregations refusing to apply to the Government for authorization should be broken up. It was a tyrannical measure even in that form, but Combes was prepared to see to it that no congregations whatever would obtain authorization.

A change has come over the spirit of the members of the majority. They begin now to see that Combes is not their real master and that patronage is not their only prop.

The present is possibly the darkest hour in this period of persecution. The congregations are disbanded. In some near future day they will be

triumphantly re-established. The obligations of the religious life still exist among the members, and scattered as they are, some in Europe, some in America, they are but awaiting the expiration of Combes' hour of brief authority to see the end of their sufferings.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The rumor which was set afloat a few weeks ago that the exiled Carthusians were about to purchase the Island of Iona had very little foundation. According to The London Tablet, the monks had Iona and half a hundred other places brought to their notice.

The annual report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for England shows that the Society is doing good work there. There are 2,196 active members and 1,023 honorary. The total number of visits paid during 1902 was 94,068.

The London Tablet criticizes Lord Lansdowne and exposes the hollowness of his plea that he is powerless to obtain redress for the confiscation of the property of the English Benedictines at Douai.

The London Tablet criticizes Lord Lansdowne and exposes the hollowness of his plea that he is powerless to obtain redress for the confiscation of the property of the English Benedictines at Douai. It recalls that at the time of the Revolution the French Government paid compensation for the seizure of the same property under almost precisely the same circumstances.

Dr. Larkin, the Abbot of the Benedictines, who arrived with his community and students in London last week, is the son of Irish parents. He was born at Bridgewater, in Somerset, forty-five years ago, and was educated at Douai.

There is sorrow, sorrow for the pulses that are beating, but unutterably blessed are the dead.

From Douai to England Once More

(Dublin Freeman's Journal, June 20.)

In Charing Cross Railway Station, London, on Thursday afternoon, there was a singular re-union. Some hundreds of priests and laymen of the English metropolis assembled to welcome to England the English Benedictine monks from Douai, in France.

Resolved, that as liberty-loving American citizens, quite apart from our feelings as Roman Catholics, we deem it a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens as well as to all the Catholics of France, to call public attention to this travesty on "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and we denounce and condemn the conduct of the French Premier and all those associated with him in this intolerant persecution, as subversive of all liberty, inconsistent with all equality and destructive of all fraternity.

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Protest Against French Government

Holy Cross College, Massachusetts, has made the following protest against the persecution of the religious by the French Government: "Whereas, we, the faculty, alumni and students of the College of the Holy Cross, in Worcester, Mass., assembled on the occasion of our 60th annual commencement, have heard with almost incredulous amazement of the outrages perpetrated by the Government of France against the students, alumni and faculties, of the French Catholic colleges, against the pupils and teachers of all Catholic academies and schools, for girls as well as boys, and against even the aged and infirm, by the closing of Catholic colleges, convents, academies, schools, asylums and hospitals,

the forced exile of thousands of French citizens innocent of any crime, the prohibition even of the preaching of the word of God, and in some cases, even of private religious instruction and administration of the sacraments, the secularizing of Catholic houses of worship and even the profanation and desecration of shrines and temples; be it

Resolved, that as liberty-loving American citizens, quite apart from our feelings as Roman Catholics, we deem it a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens as well as to all the Catholics of France, to call public attention to this travesty on "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and we denounce and condemn the conduct of the French Premier and all those associated with him in this intolerant persecution, as subversive of all liberty, inconsistent with all equality and destructive of all fraternity.

Catholics and Manitoba Schools

Winnipeg, June 28.—A deputation of Catholics waited upon Premier Roblin at the Government building yesterday afternoon to ask redress from the operation of the existing school law in this Province, as regards separate schools. This is the law of 1890 as modified by the legislation of 1897. Mr. Roblin, in reply, contended that the agreement of November, 1896, come to by representatives of the Dominion and the Province, having been marked "a final agreement," the Province has no longer any power to appeal.

New Church for McGregor

On Sunday last occurred an event in which the people of McGregor took an intense interest. In the afternoon of that day at 3 o'clock the corner stone of a new Catholic Church was laid by His Lordship Bishop McEvay, D. D., assisted by the various clergy of the diocese. The church is to be built of stone and the dimension is 123x51 feet, having also a winter chapel of 28x47 feet, and will be one of the best churches of the diocese when completed.

Ex-Chaplain a Convert

Capt. John S. Seibold, a retired chaplain in the United States Army, and until recently an Episcopal clergyman, has become a convert to the Catholic Church and is now a communicant at St. Mary's, New Haven. Capt. Seibold was received into the church privately several months ago. He is a convert of Father Guggenberger of Canisius College, Buffalo.

St. Mary's Court, C.O.F., No 1352

On June 17th last the members of St. Mary's Court, No. 1352, Catholic Order of Foresters, at their regular meeting passed a resolution of condolence upon the death of Mrs. Malvey, wife of Thomas Mulvey, K.C., one of the leading members of the branch. It expressed the deep sympathy that the members possess for their worthy brother and his children in the irreparable loss sustained by them in the death of the faithful wife and loving mother.

Irishmen Banqueted The Hon. John Costigan M.P.

(Continued from page 1.)

Hon. R. W. Scott and Mr. Charles Marcell M.P. Hon. R. W. Scott bore the highest testimony to the services rendered to the cause of Home Rule by the guest of the evening. He also said that the action taken in Canada and the sentiment voiced by the prominent people had undoubtedly created a great impression in England. It had often been said that Home Rule was an affair of Canada's, but he thought that the people of Canada had a right to voice their sentiments. It had been said that Canada was a bridge between Great Britain and the United States and in this position Canada had often suffered. The Irish people had taken up their abode in the Northern States and they too had often visited their wrath on Canada with the view of getting a drive at the Empire. They did this knowing full well that the sympathies of the people were for redress of many of the wrongs from which Ireland was suffering.

He said that the present occasion was a fitting testimony to the services rendered by Hon. John Costigan. Hon. Mr. Scott apologized for Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was also to have replied to the toast and who was hurriedly called to the House, where a matter had come up which demanded his presence.

Mr. Charles Marcell made, as is his usual custom, a happy speech. He spoke of Hon. John Costigan as the father of the House of Commons and bore testimony to him as not only champion of the Irish people but as the champion of the Canadian people.

HOME RULE.

The toast of Home Rule was proposed by Mr. D'Arcy Scott in a pleasing though short speech. He said that it had been said that Canada was loyal because she was free. The loyalty of Ireland to the Empire would be attained in an equally strong degree if she were given Home Rule. He said that this gathering was to bear testimony to the great services rendered to the Irish cause by the Hon. John Costigan. It had been often said that the Irish could not govern themselves, but the fact that so many Irishmen had gained prominence in other nations dispelled this idea at once. He then went on to deal with the work of the United Irish League in bringing the Irish land question before the British parliament. He was satisfied that the bill now before the Imperial parliament would settle the land question for ever. And as soon as the Irish people secured the land he believed that Home Rule would surely follow. If this time came, as he believed it was coming, happiness would reign in Ireland as it did in Canada to-day.

Hon. Senator Sullivan the first to reply to this toast, said that Hon. John Costigan richly deserved the honor which had been bestowed upon him. The account which Mr. Costigan had given of his career was interesting, and certainly showed that he had done his loyal duty to his countrymen. He was sure that every one was pleased to know that the Home Rule cause was progressing so favorably. He eulogized highly the services which Hon. Edward Blake had rendered to the people of Ireland and the sacrifice which had been made by Mr. Charles Devlin, who had resigned his position to aid the cause of Ireland in the Imperial parliament. Hon. John Costigan was also honored by the Irish Catholics of Canada for the services he had rendered. He wished to tender the thanks of the Irish people of Ontario for these services. He thought that the honors of the evening were only a commencement of the honors that were in store for him. He believed that the Almighty God has a dispensation for the Irish.

THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Those who subscribed to the testimonial were: Hon. Wm. Hartly, Kingston, and M. P. Davis, \$100 each. Hon. R. W. Scott, John G. Hearn, P. P. Owens, Charles Murphy, George Goodwin, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, John Heney and Son, Edward Guerin, Montreal, \$50. John P. Dunne, D'Arcy Scott, C. A. McCool, D. J. Hennessy, Butte, Mont.; Divisions No. 2 and 1, A. O. H., Ottawa; Division No. 1, A. O. H., Montreal; Division No. 2, A. O. H., St. John, N.B.; Hon. J. J. Guerin, Rev. M. J. Whelan, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Jos. Fahey, Winnipeg; Wm. Power, M.P., Quebec; Rev. Dr. Falon, Buffalo, Thos. Ahearn, \$25. M. A. Finn, St. John, N.B.; W. H. McAuliffe, Rev. Father Connolly, Ingersoll, Ont.; M. F. Walsh and Roger Ryan, \$20. Division No. 1, A. O. H., County Labeled, M. J. Gorman, Dr. J. L. Barrett, Winnipeg, \$15. Mr. Fitzgibbon, John Hatchette, Montreal; C. P. Stanton, Rev. H. H. Meahar, Moncton, N. B.; H. G. Roche, John O'Leary, W. H. Barry, John Gorman, Francis Gallagher, Senator Coffey, London, Ont.; Rev. Father Kieley, Douro, Ont.; B. L. Doyle, Goderich, Ont.; H. Smith, P. J. Driscoll, J. J. McGee, Chas. J. McCarthy, Moncton, N. B.; Jeremiah Gallagher, E. Lantalam, St. John, N.B.; Hon. Senator McSweeney, Thos. Conlin, John Kelly, St. John, N.B.; Dan. Galloway, M.P.; J. B. McCool, M.P., \$10.

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Waldeck-Rousseau's Attack

Declares That the Combes Government Has Strained and Misinterpreted the Associations Law.

Paris, June 27.—M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the former Prime Minister, made an important speech in the Senate to-day in which he criticized the Government's interpretation of the Congregations bill. The speech deeply impressed the lobby and will certainly shake the prestige of the Government. The anti-Clerical policy of the Government threatens to divide France into two as completely as the Dreyfus case did. The latest bill forbidding members of associations to teach in any schools which have been secularized by granting control to secular persons is looked upon by some as direct persecution and as showing that the French electors are ready to harass all members of monastic establishments, though they are willing to retain the parish priests. In the vote on the bill seeking for the authorization of eighty-one female congregations yesterday the majority of the Government in favor of rejection of the proposition was only 16.

Worthy of Imitation

(From The Ave Maria.)

The protest of a Catholic student of the Ohio State University has resulted in the wholesale banishment of anti-Catholic books, from the library of that institution. According to The Catholic Columbian, of the 40,000 volumes comprising the library, fully one-third deal with religious subjects; yet the only Catholic books in the list were Newman's "Apologia," Nicholson's "Rome and Reason" and Justin McCarthy's "Life of Pope Leo XII." "The alcove or shelves labeled "Catholicism," says our contemporary, "were filled with such books as 'The Popes and Their Doings,' 'The Papal Conspiracy Exposed' and 'Trials and Sufferings of Edith O'Gorman.'" That Americans of any class should want a State University to go into the little business of retailing the bigotry of an ancient and ignorant day is as much a case of wonder as that Catholics should tolerate it for a month after it was discovered. The many young fellow whose protest led to the expurgation of that library did a service to his university as well as to the Church. May he have many imitators!

VALUABLE WINDOW.

Ottawa, June 28.—A friend of St. Peter's Church, corner Carlton and Bleeker streets, has generously given a beautiful stained glass tripart window, which has been placed in the chancel, and was seen by the congregation for the first time on Sunday. The subject is Christ presenting the keys to St. Peter, with several of the disciples in His presence. The work is most tastefully executed by the N. T.

DEATH.

COSTELLO—After a lingering illness, on June 29th, Michael Costello, aged 62 years.

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Ireland's Future and the Proposed Imperial Zollverein

(Continued from page 1.)

if you apply that test and enforce it you will hear little more of those new proposals, at all events, by the foremost and most active of those who have been engaged in withstanding the Irish demand for Home Rule (ap- plause). But the Irish people, I think, have a peculiar interest in everything that affects this attempt to introduce a protective system into this coun- try. For, gentlemen, I think I may say to you that the closer you ana- lyze this question you will find that the essence of production has precisely to do with the absence of loss. If business can be done with a profit it does not want protection. It is only when business is being done at a loss that recourse is had to legisla- tion and taxes to make up the de- ficiency. There is no other ground of excuse or explanation (hear, hear). In America we have Protection, and there it is worked up to a high de- gree. You see that Protection gen- erally involves taking money from somebody for the benefit of somebody else. If all could be protected alike nobody would be affected. If we be- gan here to-night and each took one shilling from the pocket of his neigh- bor, at the end we would all be where we were before, and because each man would gain a shilling and lose a shil- ling no one would be harmed by the enterprise. But if every tenth man insisted that every other nine should give him a shilling you would find every five gentlemen strenuously argu- ing with every other forty-five that in taking away these shillings they were entering on a new vision of prosperity the like of which was never opened up before (laughter and ap- plause). What promises they would employ to convince them I do not know; but I understand perfectly the promises by which the Protectionist has succeeded in deluding the public. An agriculturist must sell his produce in the labor market, but here he must buy at home in a highly protected market. If he sells wheat at 75 cents a bushel in Liverpool, and buys stockings in New York or Chicago, and pays three dollars for a dozen of stockings that if he could buy them in Liverpool he would get them for a dollar and a half, he is, therefore, compelled to pay four bushels of wheat instead of two bushels of wheat to the manufacturer of the hose, which is necessarily an unprofitable business. Now, in this country the proposal is reversed. Instead of tax- ing the farmer for the artisan dwell- ing in cities it is proposed to

soil, and agriculture begins to grow more profitable, you will find imme- diately that the new hands will be employed to manufacture this increas- ed output, and these manufactures must be distributed and redistributed, and additional hands will be employ- ed. The city, which is the seat of manufactures and the fabrics for the markets, will continue to grow, and every development of its growth will be a stride in

THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND

(applause). Now, when I speak of cities I do not speak of them as they existed in the past, with their noise- some purities and crowded tenements, breathing forth disease and immor- ality. Such conditions as these ex- isted in the larger cities of America. In the younger portion of the old cit- ies, life to-day is carried on in heal- thier, purer, and more moral con- ditions than in the past. I know of no change for the last forty years in America greater than the change in the condition of her cities. The old tenements are disappearing, and parks and open spaces are taking their place. To-day running water and sanitary houses replace the tenements of noisome purities, and we find al- together a better life, including the provision of schools and hospitals. Nothing is more gratifying than to see the prosperous artisans, all of them succeeding by tens and hundreds of thousands in their industrial lab- ors, and entering upon a better po- sition for themselves. That is a fu- ture which I well believe awaits Ire- land (applause). In Ireland to-day more hands are encouraged in the absolute cultivation of the fields than should be employed if the industry was properly organized, and hands that should be liberated from the fields, while greater produce would be realized should be crowded to-day in- to the cities, manufacturing the out- put, close to the soil in which it is created, and a better means of trans- portation to her markets should be found for a happy, contented, pros- perous people looking forward every day to a more prosperous country. War, I think, belongs to the past. The two countries which have been at war—my own country in the Philip- pines, and this country in South Af- rica—have demonstrated that war is not so prosperous an undertaking as to be likely to tempt others into it. And because I think this century will be an industrial century I believe Ire- land will be destined to lead in it (ap- plause). Ireland is the only country that never yet invaded any other country, except to civilize it or culti- vate it by its labors. Ireland's sons have shown themselves possessed of the greatest industrial progress of any country in the world, and I be- lieve in this century Ireland will lead the march of progress (applause). I believe her cities will grow not merely because her sons are industrious, but for another reason. I believe

prosperity of her sons, and every in- crease in her material position she will be found holding still higher aloft the lamp of progress, morality, and justice before the footsteps of hu- manity through all the world (ap- plause). At the close of Mr. Bourke Cockeran's address Mr. Denis O'Sulli- van sang a number of Irish songs, and the proceedings soon afterwards terminated.

Commencement at Loretto, Hamilton

Hamilton June 24.—Each year the closing exercises at Loretto Abbey become more popular, and last even- ing's entertainment was certainly one of the best and most successful yet. The spacious concert hall was crowd- ed with the parents and friends of the children, who came to see them receive prizes and assist in an excel- lent programme, which delighted the audience. It consisted mainly of choruses, drills and instrumental mu- sic. Among those present were: His Lordship Bishop Dowling, Rev. Fath- er Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Mayor Morden, Hon. Dr. Montague, Fathers Brady, Walsh, Whibbs, Donovan, Holden, Coty, Wal- ters, Crofton (Dundas) and Burke (Toronto), Col. A. H. Moore, Dr. Langrill, F. H. Whitton and M. A. Piggot, as well as a number of the school trustees. The programme which was so excel- lently carried out, was as follows: Sabta Marua (chorus from Dinorah) Meyerbeer Choral Class New Life, New Spirit (duet, four pianos) Englemann The Misses B. Luttrell, E. Bennett, M. O'Donnell, M. German, E. Evans, E. Carroll, G. McCabe, J. Porter. Flower Drill. Air De Chasse Piano trio Czerney- Gurliitt The Misses E. Tracy, P. Montague, P. Leatherdale, M. McNicholl, M. Petrie, K. Sullivan, M. Gordon, M. Jenkins, G. Wilkins, M. McGuire, M. Quinlan, L. Timmons. Semi-chorus, I Saw From the Beach Moore Bolezo (four pianos) Streabog The Misses M. Cole, V. Petrie, M. Shannon, V. Wilkins, L. Blake, H. Rankin, M. Werhle, G. Pressnall, E. McGuire, M. Wolfe, M. Wall, A. Hagan. Vocal Prologue to Cinderella in Flow- erland, Miss M. Wolfe. Operetta The Little Ones Marche Triomphale (two pianos) Goria The Misses McKeever and Whitton. A Dream of Fair Women Tennyson Elocution and Delsarte Class. Norwegian Dances (piano duet) Greig The Misses L. Whitton, M. McKeever, A. O'Connor, F. Sneath, F. Dan- jels, M. and E. Deucean, E. Gray. Chorus—Blow, Soft Winds—C. Vincent. Conferring of medals. All of the above young ladies ac- quitted themselves most creditably, and their work was ample evi- dence of the good training they receive at this institution. The piano selections were specially enjoyable, the young musicians playing with artistic touch and finish. The choruses also pleased very much. The vocal prologue to "Cinderella in Flowerland" was one of the best numbers on the pro- gramme, a large number of the little tots taking part in it. The costumes were very appropriate and beautiful, and the graceful movements and sweet singing of these young performers were much appreciated. The elocution and Delsarte class, composed of a number of the young ladies, distin- guished itself by its number. The choral class, which gave the opening and closing numbers on the pro- gramme, was well received, and for- ably commented upon. Another se- lection which pleased very much was the "Marche Triomphale," by the Misses McKeever and Whitton, who played with much taste and skill. The audience was very generous in its applause. PRIZES PRESENTED. Upon the conclusion of the musical and literary entertainment the pre- sentation of the prizes took place. His Lordship Bishop Dowling and Mayor Morden presented most of them, and Miss Monica McKeever read the names of the winners. As each of the young ladies stepped forward to receive her medal she was greeted with much applause and compliment- ary remarks. Bishop Dowling made a brief speech congratulating the pupils and teach- ers upon the excellent showing made, and also thanked those present for their attendance. He then called upon Dr. Montague for a few words. Dr. Montague also congratulated the teachers upon the excellent showing made by the pupils, and the pupils on the capabilities of the teachers. He concluded by paying a tribute to the Bishop, and speaking in complimentary terms of the insti- tution and the good work being done there. The speech-making was curtailed on account of the length of the pro- gramme and long list of prizes. Here are the names of the success- ful pupils, and the donors of the prizes: HONORS. Crowning of graduates and confer-

ring of gold medals—Miss Annie O'Connor and Miss Edith Evans. Gold cross for Christian Doctrine, presented by His Lordship Bishop Dowling, obtained by Miss Marjory German. Bronze medal for literature, pre- sented by His Excellency the Gov- ernor-General, obtained by Miss Greta McCabe. Gold medal for English essay, pre- sented by Rev. Father Mahony, ob- tained by Miss Greta McCabe. Gold medal for instrumental music, presented by Rev. Father Brady, obtained by Miss Monica McKeever. Gold medal for mathematics in un- der-graduating class, presented by Rev. Father Holden, obtained by Miss Lottie Whitton. Gold medal for general proficiency, donated by Mr. W. M. German, M.P. P., obtained by Miss Lottie Whitton. Gold medal for general deportment, donated by Mr. F. H. Whitton, ob- tained by Miss Ethel Sneath. Gold lyre, for fidelity in Saint Ce- cilia's choir, donated by a friend, awarded to Miss Annie O'Connor. Gold lyre for fidelity in St. Ce- cilia's choir, awarded to Miss Monica McKeever. Gold medal for prompt return after vacation, awarded to Miss Frances Daniels. Silver medal for music, merited by Miss Ethel Sneath. Silver medal in sixth class French, obtained by Miss Ethel Sneath. Silver medal for Christian Doc- trine in junior department, obtained by Miss Lona Timmons. Silver medal in fifth English class, obtained by Miss Camilla Kavanagh. Silver medal in fifth class English, obtained by Miss Carita McCabe. Silver medal for composition in fifth class, obtained by Miss Ursula Clu- hecy. Silver medal for composition in fourth class, obtained by Miss Edna McGuire. Silver medal for application in 4th class, awarded to Miss Edna Tracey. Silver medal for regular attendance in day school, Miss Camilla Kavan- agh.

The following gentlemen acted as ushers: Ald. M. J. O'Reilly, W. A. Baby, J. P. Dougherty, J. J. Bucke and F. Stephens. Both teachers and pupils worked very hard to make last evening's af- fair a success, and they must have been fully satisfied with the results of their efforts.

A Loving Adieu from St. Patrick's

Montreal, June 24.—A pleasant en- tertainment, tinged, however, with a touch of sadness, was the farewell reception tendered yesterday by the pu- pils of St. Patrick's Academy to the Father of St. Sulpice, who are about to sever their connection with St. Patrick's Parish. The reverend gentlemen of the sem- inary have been connected with the school for the past fifty-seven years, and they have also been identified with the work of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who are in charge of school, since the early days of the colony, the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois, foundress of the order, having come to Canada, with Mons. de Maisonneuve to lay the founda- tion of her institution in Ville Marie. Very Rev. Abbe Lecocq, Superior- General of the Sulpicians in Canada, presided. With him were Rev. Mar- tin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Leclair, P.S.S.; Rev. J. P. McGrath, Rev. Gerald McShane, P. S. S.; Rev. J. B. Ouel- lette, P. S. S.; Rev. M. J. McKenna, Mr. Justice Curran, Messrs. Richard Burke and Martin Egan, churchward- ens of St. Patrick's; Mr. Hugh J. Semple, School Commissioner; Mr. Dan. Furlong, and a number of ladies, relatives of the pupils or friends of the sisters. The entertainment opened with an vterture, Guonod's "Fete de Jupiter." This was followed by an allegorical tribute to the guests, opening with a "Fairy Vision," in which the part of the "Fairy Queen" was carried out with much tact and skill by Miss May McNally, one of the young pupils of the institution. In pictured language the pupils described their feelings of gratitude to the Fathers of St. Sul- pice and their regret at seeing them sever their connection with St. Pat- rick's. "The Bells of St. Sulpice," with Miss Kathleen Murphy as soloist, also recalled the days of the Sul- picians in St. Patrick's, while the closing number of the tribute was a floral dance and drill by the juniors, including the presentation of bouquets to each of the priests, with the ex- pression of a suitable sentiment in each case. The little girls taking part in the floral offering were the Misses S. Car- penter, M. Smith, B. Brennan, K. O'Callaghan, L. Power, E. Lukeman, E. Warren, L. O'Connell, M. Loye and L. McCaffrey. Miss E. LeBrun recited the poem "Far Away," after which addresses were presented as follows: To the Very Rev. Abbe Lecocq, Superior of St. Sulpice, Miss Gertrude Egan; to Rev. Martin Callaghan, P. P.; Miss Maud Furlong; Rev. L. N. Leclair, P.S.S., Miss Alice Roheny; Rev. P. J. McGrath, Miss Annie Lynch; Rev. Gerald McShane, P.S.S., Miss Minnie O'Callaghan; Rev. J. B. Ouellette, P. S. S., Miss Mary Hanley; Rev. M. J. McKenna, Miss Rosie Smith; the re- quest of one of the fair pupils, im- parted his blessing to the school and all those present, after which the choir rendered "Our Good Old

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dwelling in cities for the benefit of the farmer, or, perhaps, to put it more correctly, for the benefit of the farmer's landlord (applause). Now, let us see how this affects the Irish people, for this is a matter in which you and I have the greatest interest. I believe everybody here is deeply in- terested in checking the flow of emi- gration, which, if maintained, will de- populate the land. It certainly would not lie in my mouth to check any man for quitting his native land. It may be you will differ from me here at first, but at the end you won't. I think a man is almost bound to take his hands to the place where they can be used to the greatest advantage. I think his powers of industry and labor, mentally and physically, are granted to a man by God to be exer- cised wherever they can be most pro- ductive; but whether that is accurate or not, whether it is the duty of a man to remain at home or to go abroad, in the abstract we all agree that a man will go where he will get the best reward for his labors (hear, hear). You can't stop him, even if you try. Now, is it possible to check this emigration? I believe it is (ap- plause). I think it is possible, and only in one way, and that is by giv- ing young Irishmen as good a chance at home as they can get abroad (hear, hear). How is that to be accomplish- ed? A great step would be accom- plished when the Land Bill is passed. But believe me the tendency of the age, the growth of population every- where, is not in the country, but in the cities. No country can prevent its population from growing, and you will perceive on a moment's reflection that that is in obedience to a natu- ral, inevitable, and inexorable law. I may add this, also—that any law which is inevitable and inexorable is obviously beneficent. The one indus- try which is, perhaps, less organized than any other, and in which man ex- ercises the least important part, is the industry of agriculture. The growth of invention and the spread of organization will necessarily in- crease the productive power of every person engaged in the fields. The re- sult will be that the yield of agricul- ture will be greater, although the number of hands employed upon it will be less. All the hands no longer necessary to cultivate the fields will go to the cities to find better em- ployment and large remuneration in manufacturing the increased output of articles necessary for the welfare and comfort of man. When, therefore, you obtain the control of your own

IRELAND IS GOING TO LEAD

in the industrial race, because she possesses three enormous advantages. First, industrial capacity, certain physical conditions and physical ad- vantages, which to my judgment will give her commercial prosperity in the centuries to come. We all know, in the development of industries and the growth of prosperity, transportation is probably the most important element. Transportation across the ocean has been greatly facilitated and cheapened by the increase in the size of ocean-going vessels. The size of ocean steamers has quintupled during my recollection. It is certainly not extravagant to expect that they will double during the next twenty years. Already we have ships of 20,000 tons plying between England and America. It is not extravagant to assume that in the next twenty years we will have ships of 40,000 tons, but there are few ports into which these ships can enter. This is marked by the end of London's growth. I do not say Lon- don is decaying, but it is at the end of its growth. There is but one country in which harbors can be found to accommodate the huge leviathans, and that is the

WEST COAST OF IRELAND

(applause). Now, if the West of Ire- land is to become the only place where great ships can be harbored Ireland must become the great dis- tributing centre of commerce (ap- plause). Numerous hands will have to be employed, cities will spring into existence. Hundreds of thousands must be fed, and in the various in- dustries of life hundreds of thous- ands of people will find employment. Ireland was at one time the distrib- uting point of commerce between England and her Colonies. She is destined to become that again in the course of twenty-five years (applause). With the growth of cities based upon her natural advantages and the indus- trial capacity of her sons will come something better. There is not nec- essarily a connection between a num- erous population and crime. The prox- imity of men ought rather to make for their improvement than degrada- tion. I believe that in Irish towns an entirely new urban spirit will arise, and I base that hope upon the fact that Ireland possesses the most virtuous women that ever lived upon the surface of the globe (applause). So, my friends, I am glad to say to you here to-night at the beginning of this 20th century, I hail it as Ire- land's opportunity, as Ireland's cen- tury. I believe before its close, be- fore your labors shall have done, be- fore you close your eyes upon this sphere of activity and extension, Ire- land shall be found springing to the front, and with every increase of

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PRIZES PRESENTED.

Upon the conclusion of the musical and literary entertainment the pre- sentation of the prizes took place. His Lordship Bishop Dowling and Mayor Morden presented most of them, and Miss Monica McKeever read the names of the winners. As each of the young ladies stepped forward to receive her medal she was greeted with much applause and compliment- ary remarks. Bishop Dowling made a brief speech congratulating the pupils and teach- ers upon the excellent showing made, and also thanked those present for their attendance. He then called upon Dr. Montague for a few words. Dr. Montague also congratulated the teachers upon the excellent showing made by the pupils, and the pupils on the capabilities of the teachers. He concluded by paying a tribute to the Bishop, and speaking in complimentary terms of the insti- tution and the good work being done there. The speech-making was curtailed on account of the length of the pro- gramme and long list of prizes. Here are the names of the success- ful pupils, and the donors of the prizes: HONORS. Crowning of graduates and confer-

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FRENCH LESSONS - COURSE

Followed, 1st, principles of pro- nunciation explained; 2nd, verbs ac- quired by means of conversation; 3rd, idioms and phrasing; pupils address- ed in French from the beginning, to cultivate their ear. Subjects chosen in accordance with pupil's profession or business. For terms apply to Mile. E. de Coutouly, 4 Laurier ave- nue, Toronto.

TWO CATHOLIC MALE TEACHERS

wanted at the Wikwemikong Industrial School, to teach lower and higher grades respectively. Applicants should state the class of their certificate, their experience and the salary expected. Board and lodging is furnished in the institution. Address Rev. J. Paquin, S.J., Principal, Wik- wemikong, Ont.

Church Bells

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**A Romance of the San Rafael Canon**

You asked me to tell you a story, little one. What shall it be? About the San Rafael Canon? Well, let me sit down with my pipe before I begin; for I am old, and my thoughts do not come so rapidly as they did when I was twenty years.

Yes, it was seventy years ago, and I was a young man, tall and strong, and able to work from early dawn until the purple shadows deepened on the hills, and twilight descended, bringing the soft dark mysterious night that enfolded us in her embrace. I thought not of it then, Caro, but it is a blessed thing to rest from toil.

It was the Señor Joseph Waring I worked for, tending the great herds of cattle that roamed over his rancho. A magnificent place it was, enclosing miles of fine rolling country, and on the very brow of the steep cliff above the river's bank, stood the hacienda where the señor lived alone—until I came to San Rafael Canon. It was a long, low Mexican building that had been put up by the Mission Fathers and then had almost crumbled to ruins; but the señor bought it with his own money, and had it restored, and there he lived, making it such a home as was the wonder of all the country, when I was no older than you are now, little one. The broad gallery, fifteen feet wide, ran out over the cliff, and from here you could see up and down the lovely river, and for miles over the country to the distant blue hills that extended range on range, as far as the eye could reach.

I was ten years old when the señor came to Texas. He had been a great student in Dublin, they said, but his health broke down and then he came to our beautiful country where men live so long they forget how old they are, Caro.

You know my age, you say, ninety years! That is nothing, little one, for I was born, and he still smokes his pipe with me when we talk over the years gone by. But the señor—oh, he meant to go home again some day; but he never did. After ten years he was sound and strong and might have gone back to his own country to become the great lawyer he meant to have been; but by that time he had become the great lawyer he meant to have been; but by that time he had become the great lawyer he meant to have been.

Padre that the magic enchantment of our soft, southern land had enchainéd him; and that his roots were set too deep in the soil to be easily transplanted again. So I grew up on his rancho where my father worked before me, and where we all loved the señor. For such a good master he was. Not one of us but would have moved heaven and earth to serve him, Caro. I think the master grew rich, he built his houses and made good roads, and best of all, he restored the church that the Padres had built over a hundred years ago. Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe it was called. It stood then, as it stands now, mellow with age, half-covered with vine and with its frescoes undimmed by time, but beautiful. Many came from afar to visit the shrine of Our Lady, where the señor had placed a lovely marble figure of the Blessed Mother and her Son, before which a light was always burning, in thanksgiving for his own recovery, the señor said.

And the Parroco, the good Padre Paul. Ah! now I come to our story, Caro. A strange history was his. When a little one, an infant, he had been found floating in a box on the river. That was the feast of the Conversion of the Blessed Apostle Paul, and the good people who discovered him and took him home, Catholics they were, adopted him, being childless, and named him for the great Saint.

Who he was no one had ever been able to find out, but he grew up and became a priest, and then the señor, whose good friend he was, got him appointed to Our Lady of Guadalupe. All those two were friends, even to the communing of their souls. Often in the evening twilight, when my work was done, I would see the Padre coming walking up the path that bordered the cliff, and always there was the welcome for him from the señor, who loved him as the sweet singer David loved Jonathan.

Was that the only love? you ask. Did not the señor, with his youth and his wealth and his good looks care for some lovely señorita? Ah! little one, you are too young for your mind to run on such things. But you want to know? Well, have it as you will; for now she rises before me, the señorita who came to the hacienda in the spring time of her youth, and who lived there, happy and honored, many years, as the señor's wife.

Five miles she lived from the Waring rancho, with her father and sister and three brothers, and the English governess, the Señora Wentworth, who had cared for the motherless children since their own mother died. It was the whole country that loved the English señorita; never a case of illness or sorrow that she did not come forward with the heart to comfort and the skill to relieve, that made her seem to us like a saint of God. The good young Padre Paul often had recourse to her, and many a time I have seen them come out of some miserable hut where I would not have wanted your grandmother to go, Caro.

It was a mixed household at the Godone hacienda; the Doctor—he was called Dr. Godone—though his chief employment was cultivating cotton, of which he had thousands of acres, was an Italian, and at the time I am telling, he had been twenty years in Texas. He married a Spanish lady, so his children, though all Americans by birth, had both the Italian and Spanish names. Three boys, Joachim, Roberto and Rafael, and the two young señoritas, Candita and Beatrice.

The youngest señorita was but fifteen years old at this time, and the other—the Señora Candita—ah, Madre Santissima! if she had not been born of the sunset and starlight, the sparkle of the river and the sweet odor of the pomegranate, she would have been just eighteen years old.

So it was one spring, that I heard Padre Paul tell the señor that a strange woman had come to the village, in whom he was much interested. Very ill she had been, alone in a little hut near the river's bank, and the Padre, who was afraid of the fever for the rest of his flock, sent for the doctor and then came to tell the master. "I can't get anything out of her," I heard him say, "beyond the fact that she has been acting as a lander at an hotel near the Mexican border. She has a pleasant face, and in her delirium she has said a great many strange things."

"When she is better we may find something out," replied the master; "until then let old Maria take all possible care of her. As long as the doctor says the fever is not contagious, there is no danger."

Now I was young still, Caro, and curious, and I remember that old Maria was my mother's own aunt, so I determined to try and find out what I could; but work was plentiful that week, and it was not until several days later that one evening I got away from the rancho, and started down the cliff walk to the village. I reached the little hut—a miserable broken down place it was—and seeing no signs of old Maria I concluded she had gone home, and was just going further up the river to find her, when the door of the hut opened, and the woman stepped out. I was hiding behind a tall pecan tree, where she could not see me; but the moon was at the full, so that I saw her, and all in a moment knew who it was.

Two years before, Caro, there had been a horrible murder in the city, and a Mexican, one Dario Cavaros, was known to have committed the crime. He was never found, but his portrait and that of his wife was posted everywhere. The woman had a deep scar across the top of her forehead, close to the roots of her hair, which she was said to keep covered by drawing the hair low down on her brow. It was this face, the scar in full view, that I was looking at now.

—Lupe Cavaros beyond a doubt. Why had not the Padre recognized her? So interested was I that I leaned forward and stumped my foot against the tree; the woman heard and looked in my direction, just as I hastily withdrew.

"Is that you, Dario?" she said, softly, in our Spanish dialect. Here was confirmation sure, and I scarcely breathed, fearing she would suddenly withdraw into the hut, and I made haste to slip away. What were they doing here, the woman, and that villain Dario? They boded no good to our peaceful little village I knew.

Should I tell the master? No, I decided not. I wanted the glory, if glory there was, of unravelling the mystery myself.

But I was not through with the revelations of that night, Caro. Reaching home I found Padre Paul on the gallery with the master, and they were talking. As I passed something the Padre said about the woman made me listen intently, so while I busied myself around the house, I knew well the master, who was ever indulgent to me, would not send me away.

"The woman was out of her head all last night," said the Padre. "Old Maria was so frightened, she sent her grandson for me; and when I arrived, Waring, the strangest thing happened the woman looked at me and then shrank away as if in mortal fear."

"It is the child," she said, "such a lovely child! 'Curse it,' said Dario and then he stole it, the poor baby and drowned it in the river, oh my God! my God!"

"She said a great deal more in the same strain," said the Padre, "all the while showing such fear of me. You will be amused, Waring, but do you suppose that woman is my mother?"

Lupe Cavaros the Parroco's mother! I could have laughed aloud. I thought of Padre Paul's fair, handsome face, his splendid figure and firm tread, the face and mien of a born patrician you may be sure, little one, and then all of a sudden it flashed on me that some where, somehow, I had seen some one who looked like him, but where? My mind then was too confused to say, but it was later that I knew! Not the son of Dario and Lupe, that I was sure of now, the former was pure Mexican, the woman of European descent; but never could she have been of the same rank as Padre Paul.

I moved away from the gallery and was about going to my quarters for the night when the sound of carriage wheels greeted my ear, and I came forward just as the Señor Doctor Godone drove inside the gate that encircled the hacienda; and with him was the Señora Wentworth and the fair young Señorita Candita.

"Hold the horses, Santos," said my master, and so I saw all that passed. The sweet English señorita, with her fair, pale face, that we all loved so well, was the first to alight. She moved away with the Padre while the master lingered to assist the señorita.

I saw the señorita's glorious eyes flash and smile at him, and I heard a tone in his voice that was new, as he bade her welcome.

"I will leave the ladies here for half an hour," said the Doctor, while I despatch an errand further up the road," so he drove away, and I forgetting myself, stood there like the fool I was, looking at those two.

"Will you come to the orchard?" said the señor, who seemed for all the world unconscious of my presence, "the peaches are ripening, and we may find some I can give you."

So they moved away, and I sat down on a nearby stone waiting for the wagon to return so I could close and fasten the gate for the night.

But I seemed to be with the two who were now in the orchard. How abundant the fast ripening fruit was! How delicious the lingering twilight laden with the thousand and one smells of earth and trees, and the soft air that had been touched all day by the warm sun. I thought of the señorita, all fire and sweetness; surely the master must tell her of his love now. Not now after all; for even as I struck a flint to light my pipe, on the still night air came the report of a pistol, that sent me flying toward the cliff from whence the sound had come.

Startled, alarmed, the master and the señorita and several of the men were crowding on the gallery almost as soon as I reached there, all of us talking at once. It was Padre Paul who first made himself heard.

"Some one fired a shot at Mrs. Wentworth," he said; "the bullet passed close to her head, and is in that post," pointing to a hole in one of the pillars.

"Santos and you Pietro and Jose," said the master, "scour the cliffs, and we were gone almost as soon as he spoke. But we found nothing; the growth of shrubs was so thick that once the shot had been fired a skillful climber could beat a retreat without being discovered, especially in the deepening twilight. By whom was the shot fired? Like a flash the answer came to me—Dario the convict; but why had he aimed for the Señora Wentworth, the good God alone knew."

I said nothing, but I determined to get to the bottom of it. Two weeks passed, during which the master had sent to the city for a detective to work on the case. Then fresh excitement was occasioned by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the woman Lupe. She stole away one dark night after having promised the good Padre that she would see the Señora Wentworth on the morrow, he being anxious to bring the women under the sweet señor's influence.

I must not forget, Caro, that the woman gave her name as Susana, which confirmed me in my idea that some dark plot was on foot. The Padre and the master questioned old Maria, who had been nursing the sick woman. She, Maria, had seen the woman Susana the night before, about sun down, and had been told she need not come again, as she, Susana, was better, and anyway the señor from the Godone rancho was coming to see her and take care of her.

"Maria was shaken out of her usual stolidity," I heard the master say, "but even that unusual occurrence in a Mexican did not throw any light on the mystery."

Well, all Mexicans were not old Maria, Caro, and I began to form a plan which I thought would lead to the finding of those two, in hiding somewhere not far away. One night, the heat it was excessive, drove me out of my low-roofed abode, so taking a blanket, I rolled myself up in it, and lay down under a tree. There was no moon, but the stars were magnificent, the vast dome of the heavens seemed to have a thousand eyes turned toward the earth. How easy for the myriads of shining ones up above to look down through these windows of light, and search every dark corner of the world, and lay bare every evil deed. No wonder that with such millions of windows in the heavens, the blessed saints could know all that passes here below. So I lay and thought, and then I must have slept and dreamed. How long I slept I do not know, but I awoke suddenly with a start, the wind was rustling in the trees, and the sound seemed like the whisper of some saint in my ear; for I sat up, and like a lightning flash the thought came to me, "search the San Rafael Canon!"

Why had not I thought of it before? I rolled myself up in my blanket again, and considered. Yes, there they must be. I heard the master say he could not understand how the woman had got away without being seen anywhere. No train left that night, not even a freight, and if she had started to walk she must have been seen on the way. "To-morrow," I thought, so I went to sleep again, resting soundly until the first rosy dawn broke over the distant blue hills.

You are afraid there is not going to be a happy ending to this story, little one, wait and see! The blessed saints put not that idea into my head about the San Rafael Canon for nothing. What, you think Lupe and Dario are hiding in the Canon! Now you rogue, you must not anticipate old Santos, he must tell this story in his own way. It was the good master who gave me all the afternoon free from work the next day.

"Have it as you will, Santos," he said, "you have worked hard for weeks; doubtless you rascal, you want to go up the river and see the fair Juanita."

Then I laughed; for, yes! I was courting your grandmother then, Caro.

But it was not to see Juanita that I had asked for a holiday; but to search the canon. You know the place, Caro. High rocky cliffs on each side of what was once a branch of the river, but long since dried up. The cliffs extended then as they do now, for about a quarter of a mile, and within this space stood gigantic boulders of rock, fine old trees, and luxuriant vegetation that ran riot; what was once the river's bed, was now a rough wagon path. The whole spot was lonely, wild and romantic, fit hiding place for any one who shunned pursuit. As I entered the canon, the birds overhead sang magnificently, and the soft, southern wind rustled through the trees; nature that day was fair and beautiful, fraught with some divine whispering of a more glorious and eternal spring.

I struck off from the main path, and began to advance cautiously. I was barefooted, and long experience had made me skilful in making my way without a sound. After advancing in this manner for some distance, I sat down under a high ledge of rock to consider my plans. If the man and woman were there they must be, I decided, very near the exit of the canon, where a series of high boulders, and an unusually thick growth of shrubs and trees, would make a better hiding place than the lower end, where I now was, and where it was more open. I was just about to advance when the sound of voices made me fall down behind the ledge of rock, almost breathless for fear of discovery.

In a second's time I gave a sigh of relief—it was the master and the Señorita Candita, and peeping cautiously around the corner of the rock, I saw them advancing slowly, oblivious to all the world but their two selves, and then I remembered that the Godone hacienda was very near.

Ah! the beautiful young señorita! She was dressed all in some soft white stuff, and on her head was a wide brimmed sombrero of Mexican straw, shading her peerless face from the sun, the while her starry eyes looked up at the master. I am old now, Caro; but it quickens my heart to think of her as she looked that day. The master, too, was attired all in white, and on his arm he held a basket in which the señorita was placing some white blossoms that grew nowhere so well as in the cool, shady canon.

"How lovely these will be for the festa," said the señorita.

"The feast of Our Lady Help of Christians," said the master. "How little we think, in these times of peace, of what the Christians suffered from the Turks."

"No," said the señorita, "we have nothing here like that."

"Something worse," I thought, thinking of Dario.

"Father Paul will be delighted," continued the señorita. "An!" and she paused, "listen to that bird!"

Overhead Bob White began calling to his mate; the sun, just vanishing behind the western cliff, touched the señorita's dark hair; the master put down the basket and commenced helping her pick the blossoms. Somehow the two pair of hands became entangled, and the flowers were forgotten.

"Carissima," he said, and then reverently, tenderly, he commenced telling her the story ever old, ever new, which I waited not to hear to the end. Softly I arose and stole away; in my heart such joy for the master that I felt nothing deeper, even when I won your grandmother, Caro.

Half an hour later found me near the other end of the canon, my progress having been necessarily slow for fear of discovery.

It was not for me, little one, after all, to solve the great mystery; but I was there and saw it all, so you can believe old Santos when he tells you what happened now.

I was creeping along on hands and knees, heedless of the coarse grass and brambles, when the sound of carriage wheels broke the silence, and parting some bushes with my hands, I saw Padre drive by with the Señora Wentworth. I guessed all at once that she had been with him on some errand of mercy, and that he was taking her home; so there we all were in the canon, and the very air was still, as if all nature dreaded the tragedy that was to come.

It seemed only a second later that the report of a gun echoed on the air, followed instantly by the sharp firing of a pistol; the scream of a woman and confused voices, all mingled into one, the while the noise of the firearms went echoing through the canon. I sprang to my feet and commenced to run, just as the master and the señorita dashed past me. But I was there first, after all. On the ground, dead, lay the man, Dario Cavaros, while near by stood the detective the master had summoned from the city, a smoking revolver in his hand.

"Lupe Cavaros," I heard the Señora Wentworth say—"Lupe Cavaros, you here! And why has Dario made two attempts on my life?"

The woman who had uttered the scream was on her knees by the dead man, rocking back and forth, but at the sound of the señorita's voice she ceased her wailing and arose to her feet. Perfectly quiet now, she turned to the Señora Wentworth who stood there, supported by the Padre, her sweet, pale face and startled eyes showing what a shock she had received.

"You call me Lupe Cavaros," the woman said, "and you are right. I am Lupe Cavaros, and that man—pointing to the Padre Paul with an almost dramatic gesture—that man—though you know it not—is your son!"

The Master, the Padre and the Señorita Candita all sprang forward with a cry, but the poor señorita could bear no more, and I was just in time to catch her as she fainted.

Yes, little one, it was all too wonderful, the Padre was the dear señor's son. She, who, until then, had never known that she had a living child. Years ago the woman, Lupe, had lived with the señor; and Dario, that wicked one, was the Señor Wentworth's overseer. There was a quarrel, and Dario vowed vengeance. Then the señor was away and the little one, Padre Paul, was born; the woman Lupe, threatened by Dario, gave the child to him, and he placed it in a box and sent it adrift on the river.

The poor señorita thought her child had been born dead, and shortly after the Señor Wentworth returned, he was taken ill with a fever and died. So the dear señor, bereft of husband and home, had to work, and in course of time, she came to the Godone hacienda and the good God brought Padre Paul to the same country; truly his ways are marvelous, Caro.

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the children closer to him. And his sleepy eyes were wide and alert. He swept the shed with a quick look and thought "No trick here!" Then he went outside, but could not hear the noise. Soon as he was inside he could hear it again.

"This beats all," he muttered. "What can make that noise. The children began to whisper and were ordered to the house. He was going to make an investigation.

He moved every box in the shed and brushed the roosts and corners with an old broom, and finally ripped off a plank or two in the flooring, but nothing was to be seen.

He came wearily to the house and mused said: "I've cleaned out the shed and we will white wash it this week."

"Did—did you see anything?" asked Mrs. Lively nervously.

"Naw?" was the answer in such a disgusted tone that his wife would not ask him if he had heard anything.

Several times through the day he was seen to enter the shed and come out hurriedly, while Tilly and Thaddy were warned to keep in the house in sight of their mother. Then Mrs. Lively knew that her husband was afraid of some danger threatening the children.

The next day in counting the chickens Mr. Lively saw that at least a dozen were gone.

"Our chickens are being stolen," he shouted to his wife. "I'll rush them to market to-morrow."

That night they entered the shed to catch and tie the young fowls. There was a scramble as the light flashed, a box upset that was on a board above the roosts and a cat, white as snow, rushed out mewing and spitting.

"Look here!" cried Mr. Lively, "here are the children's ghosts!" Three little kittens with eyes tightly

closed were crawling over each other in the debris of the box, and on finding they were alone, began the long quavering cry that had haunted the chicken shed.

"I fancy their mamma is our chicken thief, too," laughed Mr. Lively.

"So it wasn't a ghost," sighed Mrs. Lively.

The next day Tilly and Thaddy were playing with the kittens, while the huge white cat, filled with milk and bits of mutton, dozed under the bench, never looking at a chicken—the New World.

Children's Corner

THE HAPPY BUTTERCUP. (By Cora W. Bronson.)

A buttercup beside the bars Stood up so tall and slender; She laughed to think how many friends The sweet June day would send her.

The meadow lark and bobolink Who piped and sang to cheer her, The little breezes soft and cool That passed so very near her.

The children and the butterflies, She counted on their coming; And though the bees were noisy folk, She always praised their humming.

But best she loved the big round sun That smiled all day upon her; Such comrades they, she felt quite sure Her friendship did him honor.

She whispered to a bobolink— He told, the saucy fellow— "I think 'tis looking down at me That makes the sun so yellow."

TO A BABY. (Thomas Walsh in Champlain Educator.)

Little lips, little hands that recall To me memories fonder than all, Clasp me close for a moment and hear What a throb my heart keeps for its dear—

Only a moment and then You may back to your frolic again. I am sad with the longings of old For the laughter and sunshine grown cold

And I find in the light of your face The epitome fleet of their grace. For your eyes with their eloquent glance Take me back to my dreams of romance.

And I hail on your brow undefiled The soul of the man in the child. God gave you in birthright above A paramount claim to my love; For your name — for yourself — you have won

With a smile what no other had done; And my heart for a blessing would reach From its depths to the summits of speech.

DARLING FRED. I am but a little boy, Five years old last fall; And I like to play so much, With my top and ball.

But my papa says I must Soon obey the rule, And when next September comes, I must go to school.

I don't like this very well, For my sister Belle Says she has to suffer so, It is hard to tell.

She must spell and read and write, All the blessed day; If she idles she is told After school to stay.

But, you see, Belle's but a girl, Easy to annoy. I don't think the teacher would Plague a little boy.

And when I'm in school I shall Try to do my best, So that I'll know everything Better than the rest.

Then my mamma will be glad When I'm Number One; She will call me "Darling Fred" And "My Precious Son."

—Marie R. Thiele.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING. Two gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off; I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, 2 o'clock sharp. I want you too see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other. "Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into a street car for the Park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket. Each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl at about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces wore looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The man thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain, "I suppose those ragmuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that, would you?"—this to another girl.

"No, indeed; but there is no accounting for taste. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for

the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood, beckoning to the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one. "Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" asked another. "I'm on my way to Belle Clarke's. She's sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glanced toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the little girl to answer, but finally she said: "Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess maybe Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address in a tablet which she took from the bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little one comfortable. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with a radiant face, held in his hand a package, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant. At 2 o'clock sharp, the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing the comely lady; "and this," as a girl of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in a cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. Good-bless her!"

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the street car.—Selected.

DAVY'S WEATHER WISHES.

"Horrid weather!" grumbled Jacky Junior. "Perfectly dismal!" mourned Beatrix, disconsolately. For of course the much-looked-forward-to day at Lowell Lake was out of the question, as the rain was coming down in torrents, and the draining ditches each side of the roads were overflowing, till from bank to bank, along the wood road, there was a rushing, roaring stream of mud and water.

And to-morrow was the day of the picnic! Three carriage loads of young folks, Jacky, Beatrix and all the Farham cousins, were to drive to the beautiful little lake seven miles away, through the deep fir woods, and spend the day fishing, boating and merry-making generally.

Cousin Jack was to have charge of them, and any one who knew Cousin Jack knew that this meant a day of delight for every youngster in the party.

Even if the rain stopped, the sun came out, and the next day was clear and shining, still the picnic would be impossible, as the roads would not dry in so short a time.

Cousin Jack, coming into the library where the children were gathered, smiled sympathetically into the dismal faces turned toward him.

"It is rather hard," he acknowledged, "but aren't you glad you're not responsible for the weather? Think how hard it would be to suit several million people, all wanting different samples of weather, perhaps?"

"I'd like to have the chance just once, anyway."

"Did you ever hear the story of one man who tried it?" asked Jack.

In a second the group of cousins had settled themselves around Cousin

Jack, ready for one of his stories—for Jack knew just how to tell good ones, they all knew very well.

"He was a French-Canadian, named Davy," began Jack, "and he lived at St. Roch, so the story goes. It was a priest who told it to me, that winter I was with the lumbering party in Canada."

"Davy, they say, was plump and merry, and always singing, for the world went well with him. "One bright, cold morning, spruced up in his Sunday best, he started off with his sacks in his sleigh, to take the yearly tithes to the priest."

"It was a perfect day, and the deep Canadian woods were as beautiful with their robes of snow as in the green of summer. And Davy, enjoying it all, puffed his pipe, or sang merrily as he jingled along his snowy way."

"It was several miles to the village where the priest lived, and the road led through a deep forest. Suddenly, in the deepest part of the woods, Davy saw a stranger standing in the way, and stopped his horse at once, for this was an unusual sight. The road was a lonely, seldom-travelled one, and the stranger was like no one whom Davy had ever seen before."

"He was tall and fair, with beautiful, searching blue eyes, long hair flowing over his shoulders, and a bearing grave, dignified, yet of wondrous kindness. His flowing blue robe, belted at the waist, was not meant for rough, Canadian woods, and he wore no cap or coat. He had not been travelling, Davy saw; he had appeared there suddenly and mysteriously, and Davy gazed at him with awe and wonder."

"Peace be with you," was the stranger's salutation, grave and sweet.

"The same to you," stammered Davy, wondering but reverent.

"Where are you going?" asked the stranger.

"To the priest, to carry my tithe," answered Davy.

"You had a good harvest," said the stranger, kindly, "if this load represents one bushel in every twenty-six." (That was the Canadian farmer's tithe for the priest.)

"Oh, it's pretty good this year," assented Davy, "but, if I could only have made the weather—ah, sir, you would have seen a harvest."

"Be it so," said the stranger gravely, gently. "Hereafter you shall have such weather as you wish." And he was gone. Davy looked round in wonder and awe, but saw no trace of him. And he went on his way, pondering on what his angel visitor had told him.

"A year rolled away, and again Davy went through the forest to carry his tithe to the village priest. But there were no sacks with horse and sleigh this time. Davy took his offering in a handkerchief! He sang no more, and he was no longer plump and merry."

"Suddenly, in the depth of the forest, at the same spot as before, appeared his angel visitant of a year ago."

"Again he raised his hand in blessing, 'Peace be with you.' "I thank you," Davy answered; "I need it, for I'm at odds with all my neighbors, and even my own family have gone against me. I don't want any more weather-wishing power, sir, please, for they all say I'm a sorcerer, because every time I wish for a certain kind of weather, we're sure to have it. But I don't know how to wish right; the sun's been hot at the wrong time, and the rain's been cold at the wrong time, and we've had droughts and freshets, and the seeds have been washed out of the ground, the crops have dried and withered or rotted, or been blown down by the winds, and the stock won't feed as they should. So my weather wishes are bad for us all."

"The stranger smiled. 'So you know at last, that God knows best what is for His children's good? It shall be as you ask. Your wishing power is gone. Next year your tithes will fill your sleigh again.' "The angel was gone. So was Davy's wishing power. And at that his heart grew lighter. He was happy again."

"And now, in that part of Canada, when rain, or snow, or sunshine come, the peasants say, reverently, 'God knows best!'"—Jean E. Hanson in Christian Work and Evangelist.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

"Henpeck was delighted when his wife told him they were to move into a flat."

"Why, I thought he was greatly attached to his old home?"

"So he is, but he wants to see the janitor call his wife down."

The Admirer.—The fringe of magnolias beyond the lagoon. There is something poetic about the word "fringe."

The Poet.—Yes, except when it refers to trousers.

Activity is liable to commit some injuries; but indolence is sure to do no good.

The New Girl

The new girl did not seem to fit in anywhere. The other girls did not care to take an outsider in their circle, and the outsider only watched them wistfully and said nothing.

"I wish Julia had never come to our school," Lucy said to Agnes one afternoon. "I think it's lots nicer without any new girl."

Agnes thought of Lucy's words as she went to school next day. A little ahead of her was Julia Sanford. She walked slowly, looking down at the ground, thinking of something not altogether pleasant. Agnes wondered how it would seem to be a new girl and not be made welcome.

"Wait, Julia!" she called suddenly. "There's room for two under my umbrella."

Julia's eyes were shining when Agnes caught up with her, and the two walked on together, and chatted like old friends. It was such close quarters under the umbrella, there was no other way than to become acquainted and in five minutes Agnes knew more of the new girl than she had learned in the two weeks Julia had been attending school.

When they came in sight of the school house Julia slipped her arm about Agnes' waist and gave her a loving little squeeze.

"It was ever so good of you to let me walk with you," she said. "I wanted to wait when I saw you coming, but I was afraid you'd wonder why I didn't bring my own umbrella."

"An umbrella is a good place for getting acquainted," Agnes answered, returning the hug with interest. "I am glad there was only one, and that we were under it. We'll have good times after this." And from that day there was no trouble about the new girl's fitting in with the rest.

Julia and Agnes became fast friends; nor did their friendship cease after their school days had ended.

If there is any lonely, sorrowful heart among your classmates, seek to make that lonely heart welcome by kind words and gentle manners.—Caroline Vinton Henry, in New World.

The Mary Mass

What our forefathers believed, says the Rev. Canon Connelly, in his article on "Ancient Devotions in England," with regard to the Blessed Virgin may be summed up in one sentence: "Mary is the Mother of God."

Every village church, however small, had its altar in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In our Cathedrals and stately Ministers, behind the choir and high altar, was the Lady Chapel, to the extreme east, symbolizing her as the morning star that heralded the coming day. As a book printed in 1531 has it: "Like as the morning cometh before the sun rising, and divideth the night from the day, so the Virgin Mary rose as the morning before the Sun of Justice, and divided the state of grace from the state of sin, the children of God from the children of darkness. Whereupon the Church singeth to her praise that her glorious life gave light to the world, and illumined all the Church and congregations of faithful people."

The supreme act of all Christian worship is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is, and can be, offered to God alone, but it may be, and ought to be offered to Him, among other things, in praise and thanksgiving for the graces and glories of His saints, and most of all for those of His Blessed Mother. In old Catholic days a Mass was offered to God every day, in almost every church and chapel throughout the land, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It was celebrated at the earliest dawn, with the utmost solemnity, with organ and chorists, chanting the sweetest and most learned music of those times.

"Thus in England," as the late Dr. Rock wrote in his "Church of Our Fathers," "time was when notes of praise arose from the earth to heaven at the first streak of dawn; not only from wood and wold, poured forth by soulless birds of the air, but from out the thronged city and the busy town (wherein church steeples were then taller and more beautiful and more numerous than workshop chimneys), and from out the smallest village; time was when the chiming of St. Mary's bell at waking day awakened men and bade them come to the House of God and sing His praises."

—The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

EXTERNALLY OR INTERNALLY, IT IS GOOD.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

Bjens—It certainly seems to me that a man like Bjackson who has worked all his life and brought up a family of sixteen children, deserves a great deal of credit.

Bjones—No doubt. But he can't get it at the stores.

Mrs. Powers—Thomas, if you were to live your life all over again, and it came to the matter of choosing a wife, do you think you would choose me?

Mr. Powers (submissively)—There's no doubt about it, Maria; provided you wanted me.

Dr. Brann Answers Goldwin Smith

The Atlantic Monthly Refuses Room For It.

The following letter in answer to an attack upon the Papacy by the Toronto writer, Goldwin Smith, in the June Atlantic Monthly, was declined by that magazine. Inasmuch as other magazines of equal reputation open their pages to the communications of reputable scholars in instances like these, it has been deemed advisable to call the attention of the public to the rather discourteous action of The Atlantic.

To the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly:—

Mr. Smith in the June number of your estimable magazine, speaking of Pius VII., blames him for not protesting against the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa.

These are Mr. Smith's words: "Napoleon's marriage with Josephine having at the Pope's instance been repeated with religious form before her coronation, it was necessary to have recourse to a most wretched quibble for the purpose of invalidating the marriage and opening the way for a divorce. The Pope was at the time under duress, yet his conduct in failing to protest against this evasion of the laws of the Church, like his conduct in coming immediately after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien to crown the murderer, was hardly Hildebrandic or highly creditable to the pontificate of morals."

When Mr. Smith wrote this he must have forgotten the following facts: 1st. The Pope had already excommunicated Napoleon for many crimes on June 11, 1809. Napoleon married Maria Louisa on April 2, 1810; and was already under the ban when he attempted to marry Maria Louisa. To excommunicate him again would have been like kicking a corpse. 2nd. At the time Napoleon attempted to marry Maria Louisa Pius VII. was a prisoner at Savona deprived of the means of intercourse with the outside world. Even his correspondence was intercepted by order of the Corsican despot. 3rd. So far from Pius VII. lacking courage, he showed it in resisting both Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte, who tried to get him to annul Joseph's marriage with Miss Patterson of Baltimore, and throughout the whole dispute about the Concordat, during which Napoleon tried to browbeat, bully and deceive the aged Pontiff.

If Mr. Smith had been keeping in the current of recent historical investigation he would have read in the past year in the "Civiltà Cattolica," the best Italian periodical, a full account of the attempts of Bonaparte to bully the Pope and of their failure.

4th. The Pope was not obliged to take notice of every sin that Napoleon committed. When Napoleon divorced Josephine by the decree of an ecclesiastical tribunal appointed by himself, contrary to the Canon law, it was his business to appeal to the Pope against the injustice. But she made no appeal and her case was never officially brought before Pius. Had she appealed to Rome, the only competent court on the case, as queens of France had done before her, Rome would have come to her rescue.

Lastly, Mr. Smith begs the question as to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. If it was a murder at all, it was a political and quasi legal one. The Duke was put to death on the charge of aiding and abetting a plot against Napoleon's life. Was the Duke guilty? Mr. Smith does not know whether he was or not. Historians are divided on that subject. Napoleon was the Emperor of France in fact and in law. He had restored religion to France, and the Pope crowned him by request; but the crowning implied no connivance with nor condonation of the countless sins and crimes of the greatest ruffian of the 19th century.

It is amusing to read Mr. Smith's words blaming Pius for not being "Hildebrandic." If he had been "Hildebrandic," would Mr. Smith praise him? Is he an admirer of Hildebrand? We may be bigoted, but let us be just.

HENRY A. BRANN, D.D., Rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York. June 21, 1903.

ALL SEAMEN

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"Don't stand on ceremony, come in," said a lady to an old farmer who had called to see her husband.

"My gracious! Excuse me, marm," exclaimed the other, jumping hastily aside, "I thought I was standing on the door-mat."

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