

The Catholic Register

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

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

MATTERS OF MOMENT

To Assist the Needy—Campaign Against the White Plague—What Our People Are Reading.

Long ago in the land of the Pharoahs, when the King dreamed of the seven beautiful fat kine that came forth from the river and of the seven lean kine that followed, eating up the first, it required a seer no less wise than Joseph to interpret the dream, as also the second experience of the sleeper when he dreamed that he beheld seven full ears of corn plethoric with nutriment and seven thin and blasted ears which, growing up beside them, devoured the first delightful growth, leaving all the country about bare and desolate. Since that the world has grown wiser, history inevitably and infallibly repeats itself and we know that when the world goes well with us either individually or collectively, when the fat and beautiful kine wander about on all sides, when the full ears shake their glistening, golden tassels in our faces, that another and far different state is sure to ensue, that as surely as night follows day, so surely will the days of the black harvest and lean cattle unerringly follow. Despite the centuries of warning, we all too often neglect to avail ourselves of the harvest time by preparing for the thin days of distress, sickness and want, which must unfailingly come.

In Canada every summer may be said to be a time in which it is a duty to think of the winter as close at hand, this with particular regard to those whom circumstances or inability have so placed as to make it impossible for them to think or act for themselves. In this class there is always a certain number of the native population, and a far greater number of others who come to us from distant shores. Of this latter class in the winter of last year, we had hundreds who, unable to help themselves, were forced to depend on others, and these others, by whom we mean the general Canadian public, met the demand made upon them heroically, yet the task of going to the assistance of their distressed brethren, was made much more burdensome than it might have been, if only warning had been heeded, if only the exigencies of the winter season, this year the warnings are louder even than last. The air is filled with the signs. Already many are out of work, both men and women. Starvation stares some even now in the face. An aged woman, a slender youth, a middle-aged man, have already been found dying for want of food on the streets of our city. The sun shines brightly, it is true, our places of amusement are gay to reckless with a careless and affluent crowd, nevertheless our congested streets have already told their story of hunger and want and with the weeping hue of the autumn leaves shall come, the increase in the numbers of those whom God intends should be given work, should be fed and clothed and yet who know not how to find these things for themselves.

Our societies have done good work and are probably preparing to do even more in the coming season, and in this connection we would suggest that there exists a certain want that has never been filled and for which provision should be made. There ought to be some headquarters to which application might be made with a hope of immediate relief in case of an urgent call. Some centre ought to be agreed upon, to which applications for work, food, clothes or even monetary assistance, could be referred with a certainty of prompt action being taken in every instance. So far as we know no such provision exists, and as everything points to the coming season being even harder than the last in many ways, an institution of the nature suggested would, we have no doubt, find a great field for usefulness. This is a time, too, when individuals should prepare to leave the doors of their hearts perpetually and widely open. The old cry of being imposed upon should be kept pretty well in the background. Better be deceived many times than that one in want should perish or even suffer for the little that we might have given, but refused. "Am I my brother's keeper?" To a certain extent the answer is never stronger than when during the long winter months many are unprovided for, while we in the designs of Providence are never without something in our coffers and larder.

A few days ago a convention was held in Washington, D.C., at which the world's greatest physicians attended and at which such names as that of Dr. Hock, Germany's great scientist, were organized. The gathering was to register a campaign of warfare against the fell disease which has carried off and is carrying off thousands, and these not always the old but very often the young, for "Consumption has no pity, for blue eyes or golden hair." A few years ago this great White Plague was thought to be something against which it was useless to contend. One was "born with it" and so it must be accepted as perhaps a cross, sent with divine purpose. How different is the idea now. Investigation has shown that consumption has its origin and owes its continuance to our own improvidence, ignorance, and indolence. Consumption is the result of the coming of a plague of microbes which, like the locusts of old, swarm and darken our atmosphere. This, too, because we allow the advance scouts unquestioned entry, sending out no preventives until too late, until the invading armies have taken

possession and having gained the citadel are henceforth impregnable.

The scientists at Washington and others tell us that the preventive, and at certain stages the cure, for tuberculosis is sunlight, the medicine which God gives us with every breath we draw if we only allow ourselves the natural environment which He meant we should have. God has given us the bright, warm rays with a potency to penetrate and lay unerring touch upon bacteria and bacilli, if we will but only give them entrance. This entrance, however, the greater part of mankind deny them. We put up shutters and pull down blinds. We encase our furniture in sunless rooms, we give the first coming microbes free play, until by and by our carpets, curtains and the rest are the homes of millions of the death-dealing bacteria. The gentle house that upholds its gentility by a continuity of drawn blinds, as well as the house which tries to hide the poverty within by a show of curtains without should all take the advice given by the science of the day. Open your windows and let God's blessed sunlight pour in unmolested. Sunshine not only banishes and kills microbes, but it is good for the mind and soul, banishing the blues and sending into the heart a song of gratitude to the kind Giver of all good things who sends His great gift to all, rich and poor alike.

Sunlight gives us what we usually call fresh air, and these with nourishing food and sound sleep, will inevitably shut out all tuberculosis. These conditions being guaranteed, we are assured that in a few years the now dreaded Plague will have disappeared, and like the yellow fever and cholera which were thought to be the certain necessary accompaniments of certain seasons and periods, shall be altogether a thing of the past. In carrying on the work of eliminating the scourge from our knowledge, every family can and should have a place. Think of it then. Fresh air, nutritious food, plenty of sleep and God's sunshine everywhere,—in our schools and homes, our churches, will rid the land of the pest and shut the doors of many houses against that destroying Angel who was once an unwelcome though unquestioned visitor.

The Catholic Citizen in its last issue gives the result of a visit made amongst his parishioners by a certain Father Dillon for the purpose of finding out the kind of reading indulged in by his people. Our contemporary tells us that Father Dillon greatly marvelled at the evidences of worldliness which everywhere confronted him during his tour. At one Darcy's, the pastor found "Cavendish on Whist," but no Bible. At Dolan's he found "Richard Carvel," "Wormwood," and "Janice Meredith," but when the inquiring pastor asked if they had Christian Ried's "Weighed in the Balance," or Father Sheehan's "My New Curate," he noted that the Dolans had never heard of these books or their authors. At the home of a certain family who were in "society," Father Dillon found no Catholic paper but Puck and the Outlook were in evidence. Against these Father Dillon had no objection, but as the family professed to be Catholic, it was certainly strange that while they could take several non-Catholic publications, the Catholic newspaper had no place. Other homes showed journalism of the yellowed shade and the Police Gazette was a favorite. At Ducey's Father Dillon asked, "Don't you take any Catholic paper?" and was told, "Oh yes, Della do go over to the Jesuit church the first Sunday of every month and do bring home The Calendar." We wonder if there are any Darcys, Duceys or Dolans nearer than the home of the Catholic Citizen, and if a Father Dillon closer to us made a visitation there is play for imagination as to what he would find.

A Unique Miracle

A miracle which is perhaps unique in the annals of such wonders—certainly amongst modern miracles—is that which has been arousing such interest in St. Winifrid's Well, the famous Welsh shrine near Pantisaph, writes the London correspondent of the Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati. A miner, Daniel Madducks by name, has recovered the use of his limbs, which had been paralyzed for five years, owing to a colliery accident. But the most remarkable part of the whole story is that Madducks is a Protestant, coming of a family of staunch Episcopalians and entirely out of touch with any Catholics—indeed he lives in a village where there is no Catholic church.

The man, a quiet young fellow, only just over thirty, was assisted to go to Holywell by the kindness of the Protestant vicar of the parish and his wife, who, hearing of his strong desire to renew a visit which he had made without success some three years before, and thinking the change might do him good, arranged with a few friends to pay his expenses. Madducks declares that he had certain faith that the pilgrimage would cure him, despite two previous disappointments. Immediately on entering the water he was aware of an indescribable sensation thrilling through the limbs which he had not used for so many years. On emerging from the water he found himself able to move without the assistance of his crutches and he has now returned to his home, weak but perfectly recovered and gaining strength every day. One naturally desires to hear as a sequel that after such a reward of faith, that recipient will be blessed with a ray of that heavenly effulgence which will reveal to him the one true Church, but so far Mr. Madducks has said nothing of a desire to enter the fold.—Exchange.

LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

Brilliant Opening of Congress—Keen Disappointment Follows—Attitude of Archbishop Bourne.

London, Sept. 17, 1908.

Westminster presented a wonderful spectacle on Thursday, when the Congress, which had opened the night before, was in full progress. After the solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, sung by the Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of most of the Archbishops and Bishops attending the Congress, people began to detach themselves in groups and make their way towards the various halls, where sectional papers on subjects connected with the Blessed Eucharist were to be given, some in French, and others in English. Of these numerous halls the largest and most important was that of the Horticultural Society in Vincent Square. In each and all, however, the silent loving work of Catholic women was apparent in the beauty and tastefulness of the hangings and in the graceful clusters of ferns and flowers, which in their scheme of colour perpetuated the palatial hues of white and gold.

The innumerable important happenings of the Congress yet to be recorded, prevent anything more than a mention of the subjects discussed, and their erudite expositors, at these sectional meetings, but the first of these was particularly noteworthy from the facts of the large number of distinguished prelates present, including the Cardinal Legate who presided, and that the lecturer was Abbot Gasquet, the learned Benedictine who some years ago sat upon the memorial commission on Anglican Orders, and as an ecclesiastical historian has very few equals in this country.

No less interesting was the opening of the French section in Caxton Hall, which was graced by the presence of two Cardinals, Cardinal Ferrari, the learned and beloved Archbishop of Milan, and the venerable Cardinal Sancha-Hervas of Toledo, who had heroically braved fatigues which seemed all too heavy for the frail form bent beneath the weight of years, which enclosed that dauntless spirit that upheld the Church's prerogatives in the face of persecution and imprisonment so many years ago in Cuba. Here, too, were gathered many distinguished Churchmen from various parts of the world. The lecturer was one who, in the words of the poet, had "flung crowns for rosaries after him"—Prince Max of Saxony—and after he had concluded his elegant disquisition upon St. John Chrysostom and the Blessed Eucharist, the past and future hosts of the Congress spoke, in the persons of the Archbishop of Metz, and the Archbishop of Montreal, Monsignor Bruchesi, who hopes to welcome the Congress to Canada in 1910.

The latter spoke with pride of Canada's preparations for the great gathering, and invited as many of his hearers as could do so to come over and see the work of the Church and her freedom of action in "la nouvelle France" on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the evening the ranks of Congressists were swelled by the numerous professional and business members, whose various avocations did not permit them to take part in all the ceremonies. The centre of interest was removed to the Albert Hall, which was to witness marvellous scenes on three successive evenings. Long before the hour of admission thousands waited patiently outside the doors, and after their entrance other thousands took their stand about the great portico to catch a glimpse of that gracious and noble figure who represented the most powerful captive the world has ever seen, he who sways the hearts of millions from his prison within the city on the seven hills.

The Colonies were well represented at that memorable gathering, by men who did honor to their country and their sees. Amid a galaxy of splendid speakers, Monsignor Delamaire, Coadjutor, with right of succession, to the Archbishop of Cambrai, stood out with all the lustre of a born orator. In beautiful French and in sentences easily flowing but perfectly constructed to lead up to their climax he proposed the first resolution of the evening, that:

"This nineteenth International Eucharistic Congress pledges all who assist at it to promote by every means in their power solid and earnest devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar according to the mind and teaching of the Holy Catholic Church."

With well chosen words of gratitude to Archbishop Bourne and the English Nation, Monsignor Delamaire went on to speak of the triumphs of our Lord in the previous Eucharistic Congresses. Lifting his eloquent voice he cried, "Yes, Jesus Christ, we believe in You, we believe in your personal presence, substantial and living upon our altars, we honor You; we acclaim You, we adore You with all the energy and affection of which we are capable." And swiftly turning to his vast audience he exclaimed, "Will you have the Blessed Eucharist?" and the answer came, "Yes, —Oui, oui!" "Will you have Jesus Christ?" continued the speaker, and with a thunder of sound which must have surpassed that terrible cry of rejection uttered 1900 years before, the great assemblage answered, "Oui, oui, oui." "We will!" Truly that shout must have been a mighty consolation to the Sacred Heart.

Archbishop Carr of Melbourne followed with a speech instinct with the poetry of words. Amidst very beautiful parallels drawn by Australia's representative, was that by which he referred to the days of the "Reformation" as a second flight into Egypt. "But Herod the persecutor

is dead," said the Prelate, and the Divine Child has taken up His abode once more, not indeed in the old home, but here in one that in years not distant will be no unworthy compeer of the historic shrine at Westminster.

The cheers which greeted this fine speech had no chance to die away, for, as Monsignor Bruchesi rose to second it, the popularity of the Dominion in the Homeland added its quota to the furor which greeted Montreal's eloquent and noble Archbishop.

Commencing his speech in very graceful English, Canada's representative suggested that the marvellous enthusiasm which the Congress had already evoked must remind the Papal Legate of Rome's most glorious days. He spoke for the Province of Quebec, perhaps the most Catholic land under the British Empire. He referred to the Prince of Wales' recent visit and to the magnificent display in the Metropolitan Cathedral on the occasion of the Tercentenary celebrations which marked for them the coming of the faith, and then, asking permission to lapse into his mother tongue, went on to speak of the sentiments of jubilation, gratitude, and hope which filled the soul of every unit of that vast gathering. While so wide-spread was its effect that it seemed a national demonstration, we should not forget the sentiments of respect and sympathy for those who thought separated from us, we yet called "Brother." Pointing to the Papal flag and the Union Jack, whose graceful folds met over the great organ, His Grace exclaimed that it would indeed be a triumphal progress for our Divine Lord, when, heralded by the flag of religion, and protected by the flag of liberty, He should take His way through the streets of London, which would be strewn with lovely blossoms sent by their brethren in France to carry tender messages of love and faith and sympathy, and whose sweet fragrance would go up like the incense of prayer.

Needless to say when the resolution was put it was carried with acclamations such as have seldom been heard in that great building. Wonderfully solemn was the singing of the O Salutaris which followed, everyone joining in with perfect harmony, and then after a hymn to Our Lady, the second portion of the meeting opened.

It was the premier Catholic noble of England who moved the resolution pledging fidelity to the Holy See. With a quiet and somewhat hesitating speech the head of one of the noblest and oldest families in England gave voice to the sentiments of his fellow Catholics in their loyalty to the Apostolic See. When he referred to the proofs England had given in the past, it was impressive indeed to hear the shout which greeted the names of those Confessors who so many years ago gave the greatest proof that it is in man's power to sacrifice and the harvest of whose sacrifice was now beginning to show green and fresh with promise of coming plenty, above the ground. "So," said the Duke, "we will agree to this resolution with one heart, one voice, with unswerving loyalty, unwearied trust, undaunted determination—with one glad shout of thankfulness that in God's great mercy we are Catholics, and that we can lay this offering of our devotion and loyalty at the feet of Pius X, the ruler of the Church, the shepherd of our souls, the Vicar of our God."

Thus with acclamation, and with unquelled enthusiasm the great meeting closed with the Cardinal Legate's blessing for which all reverently knelt.

That which took place on Saturday evening had the same resolutions for its object, but the variations were in the personnel of the speakers, and in the audience, which on this occasion was composed entirely of men, the vacant places caused by the absence of the feminine element of the Congress, and by those members who were unable to attend, being filled by representatives of the men of the various London parishes. If the hall had been full on Thursday, it was packed on Saturday, but alas, the occasion was not the one of unmixed joy and triumph that the previous one had been. With the grave dignity which one has learned to associate always with the person of our Archbishop, the announcement of the Government's action was made known to that great assemblage. It was a keen and bitter disappointment, only a true lover of our Divine Lord can tell what a disappointment—for not indeed to us was the glory of Sunday's great preparations and wonderful display of loyalty and devotion gathered from the uttermost ends of the earth to be given. And that was not all. Every man in that vast hall, of English, Irish, or Scotch birth felt that he had been put to shame. With a blush did he remember the glowing eulogiums of British freedom and British fair play which had so often been on the lips of our distinguished visitors during the past few days. A Prime Minister of England has stooped to become the puppet of a handful of men whose cause appears best served by threats to murder, and hired bravos, who flaunt anonymous letters to stir up religious bigotry and strife, and who are repudiated and condemned by all but the jingo press of the land and the riff-raff of her population. But we cannot explain all this to those who have come from afar to take part in that crowning act of homage to our God and King, and whatever their courtesy may keep locked in their own breasts, England has suffered a blow to her prestige and her honor which it will take many a long year to heal. She, were she truly represented by those who sit in power—is not the most enlightened country on the face of the earth. She who gives refuge to alien anarchists and foreign Jews, who allows her streets to be paraded by bands of red hot revolu-

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

Conditions of Italians in America—Past History Glorious—Italy Pre-eminently the Land of Faith.

The following sermon, taken from the Catholic Standard and Times, was preached at the dedication of Holy Saviour Church, Morristown. The ceremony was an impressive one, a large number of the clergy and several Italian societies being present. As the Italian question is raising considerable interest in Canada the sermon will probably be found of interest to our readers.

Rev. Dr. Garrigan's sermon, a most interesting and instructive discourse, was notable for its frank and forceful discussion of the difficulties encountered in ministering to the spiritual needs of the vast and constantly increasing body of Italians in this country. The preacher said:

Father Veralli has just preached, in his own beautiful native tongue, a most eloquent and appropriate sermon for this occasion, congratulating Father Travi, telling of his great labor, giving expression to the hopes and fears of this work. It remains, then, for me but to add my word of praise to Father Travi, to congratulate him on adding to the glory of God and our Faith under great difficulties and most trying circumstances and briefly to outline for the English-speaking congregation here to-day the religious aspect of the Italian situation in our country as it strikes me.

This occasion, the blessing of a church for Italian-speaking Catholics, is of more than ordinary importance. You know, dear people, that Italian immigration is of comparatively recent origin. For although America has long been the land of a thousand nations, 'tis but a few decades ago that the Italian came here in search for success, but now he is coming here in great multitudes—thousands every year.

In his own native land the Italian leads a very beautiful, simple life. Surrounded by every natural beauty, living in an enticing climate, his soul is filled with beauty and poetry and sentiment, and this sentiment enters every phase of his life; it even forms part of his religion. When he comes to this country he finds customs, language, climate all so different. The cold, matter-of-fact, business-like, practical, more sensible, if you will, American spirit pervades everything, even the exercise of religious functions. He feels strangely out of place, like a tropical plant transported to a northern climate. He shudders and shivers at our matter-of-fact and practical way of looking at everything. But his natural virtues soon come to his rescue, for he is industrious, industrious flaunting at all authority and breathing death and destruction, who permits a colony of Mormons to settle in the suburbs of her capital and there promulgate their horrible doctrines amongst the maidens of her land, she who permits every fanatic outside a lunatic asylum, to take possession of her public parks and open spaces, and disturb the peace of her citizens on their day of rest by big drums banging for two hours together outside their houses, she who has compelled her officers by their loyalty to the uniform they wear, to salute the car of Juggernaut in India, at the eleventh hour steps in, and with unwarrantable caprice, withdraws the permission given months before to allow a peaceful procession to pass through quiet streets lined by that procession's supporters. And all this at the bidding of an infinite minority of her population, who have nothing to recommend them for special treatment, are notorious for their bad taste and their objectionable and utterly un-Christian methods, and are, I say, ag. a. repudiated by the vast majority of those who form the communion of the official religion of the State.

I have much to say next week of the events of the Congress not yet touched upon, which culminated in Sunday's wonderful and triumphant progress, and in truth I dare not trust my pen to write of Asquith and the Protestant Alliance, whose names will go down the river of Time—so far as they do go—linked inextricably together. What honor for England's Prime Minister! But one word more I must add.

Throughout these trying days the attitude of our Archbishop has been beyond praise. Think what those tidings were to him, upon whose orders waited fifty thousand Catholics from all parts of the land, and even from beyond the seas. With his heart keenly conscious of those poor people, who had sacrificed money and comfort, and were prepared to endure the fatigues of two nights of travel with a homeless day in a great unknown city, for the most part taking its Sunday siesta, sandwiched in between,—Archbishop Bourne did not give in without a struggle. His letter to the Prime Minister, which will be found elsewhere, is a document monumental of a dignity and fortitude which few would have retained under such trying circumstances. Our sympathy must go out with all reverence to him, who had been looking forward and preparing with such forethought for this great event, the course of which must have been robbed of much of its consolation and joy for him, who during the whole of it, was harassed in secret by those machinations, which could alone have been engineered by the Prince of Darkness himself. But we triumphed despite them all, and of that triumph and of that glorious manifestation of Catholic unity given by the conduct of our people, I hope to tell you in my next mail. PILGRIM.

trious, he is sober, he is honest and he is moral.

The Italian comes here to work, and he takes whatever kind of work he can get and sticks at it. It is a rare thing to find an Italian beggar, and they have no representatives in that cosmopolitan society popularly known as bums. There are no Italian tramps. Reports on temperance and crime show that while 24 per cent. of the distress suffered by Americans is due to drink, less than 4 per cent. of the Italian's trouble is traced to that source, their acts of violence being generally due to their characteristic quick temper. And as to their morals, they compare very favorably with any other nationality; this is especially true of their women, who rarely appear in police courts and are noted for their thrift, fidelity to husband and family and virtue. But, dear people, while we may praise the Italian's virtue, and we could say many things in his praise without fear of exaggeration, we are not unwise to be aware of his faults, and chief amongst these is his apathy, his indifference to the practice of his religion. Many a time and oft I have tried to explain this fault to myself. The difference in manners, customs and language, 'tis true, offers some explanation of his indifference, for he cannot at first understand what is going on around him, and not understanding, he naturally loses interest. Moreover, at home the government supported the churches; he was not asked to contribute to his pastor, and so it takes time to train him to the necessity of paying for the support of religion as we have it in this country.

Then, too, we have the misguided efforts of our separated brethren, bent on perverting the Italian immigrant from the faith of his fathers. I use the word "misguided" advisedly, dear people, and in all charity, for 'tis hard to understand how a denomination which has ever considered as idolatry the reverence we show the emblems of religion would place upon its house of meeting for these people an illuminated cross—which centuries ago they banished from their churches. 'Tis harder still to explain how a denomination which for three centuries and more has refused the title of Blessed to the Virgin Mother of God and excluded the mention of her name, would have her picture in its churches to deceive and allure these poor people. But 'tis beyond comprehension how zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls is reconciled with the hiring as missionaries among their less educated countrymen of renegade Italian perverts whose whole stork in trade is abuse, calumny and blasphemy of all that is good and holy and sacred in our Catholic religion.

This, then, dear people, is the situation that Father Travi and his collaborators have to face—a situation full of difficulties and trials and yet full of hope for a glorious future. May God prosper his work so auspiciously begun. May He bless this congregation, so that, working together, they may have an ideal Italian parish, one that will be an example and a spur to like efforts in other localities.

And now one word to my Italian friends. I cannot refrain from saying things to you, things and thoughts that always fill my heart when I see an Italian congregation. Be loyal to your Church, be faithful to your pastor, be true to your faith. Ah! that faith that has made your nation great and its history glorious. You come from a land, dear people, favored above all others by Almighty God—the land which God wishes to make the very heart of the body of His Church; the land selected by God to fill the place made vacant by the perfidy of the Jews; the land to which God sent the Prince of the Apostles to found there the throne of His spiritual kingdom on earth, where are made firm the chains that bind together the Christian world; the land whose every hill and dale have been watered by the blood of martyrs and sanctified by the tread of saints; a land whose every glory and triumph has been a triumph of the faith; a land whose every city and village and hamlet is adorned by a church whose beauty and magnificence is a testimony of your faith; the land where a sweet Madonna smiles on you from her shrine at every street corner and elicits a prayer at every country cross-road; the land for now nineteen centuries, the home of the Holy Father of Christendom—pre-eminently the land of faith.

Oh! what a glorious history, what a history of our faith. How proud you should be of your country, how proud of your faith! But, dear people, how sad it is to see a people with such a history, such traditions behind them become indifferent to their faith. How sad to see people with such a glorious past sell themselves body and soul to the enemy of their faith for some paltry material advantage. How sad to see such a people let their children grow up without a knowledge of the God that created them, whilst they themselves live on as if there were no God, no Church, no sacraments.

Dear people, it makes one's mind instinctively revert to that terrifying passage in St. Matthew's Gospel that tells of the rejection of the Jews.

In the twenty-first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel it is related that our Lord, a few days before His Passion, was preaching in the temple and by the parable of the vineyard told the Jews of all His labor and suffering to teach them by word and example of the kingdom of God. He told them how they were the chosen people; how God lavished on them His most precious gifts; how, while other nations lingered on through weary centuries without the faith, in idolatry and corruption, they alone were blessed with the knowledge and faith in the true God. He told them how

(Continued on page 8.)

The HOME CIRCLE

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT. If I should die to-night, My friends would look upon my quiet face...

they have their tempers, and blame it all on you. And the children are too young to understand about your nerves and your backache...

THE GIVING OF MEDICINE.

- A few rules to be remembered in giving medicine are: 1. Always give exactly what the doctor orders, neither more nor less...

THE SCOLDING HABIT.

One of the worst mistakes a woman can make is to acquire the scolding habit. Nothing will make the home such a mockery of the name as a scolding mother...

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to extract and color a delicate green. Turn into the freezer and freeze several hours before serving. Coconut Jumbles.—Beat to a cream half a cup of butter, add gradually one and one-half cups of sugar...

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out the last Sacraments." A glorious happiness showed itself in her face, she whispered some words of thanksgiving, and a few moments afterwards drew her last breath...

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A Happy Death

Father Damen, once had an extraordinary experience in Chicago. One evening in the Church of the Holy Family, he had been longer in the confessional than usual...

Noted Socialist Becomes Convert

Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, a noted Socialist, and her daughter, have become Catholics. The daughter, after studying some years in a convent at Montreal, sought instructions from Rev. Martin Callaghan...

Was Weak and Run Down

Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, Port Emsley, Ont., tells of her experience with MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. She writes: "It is with gratitude I tell how your Heart and Nerve Pills benefited me..."

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The Childrer's Page

JIMMIE'S PLAN. When I grow up I'm going to see a home for little boys...

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED. "I once visited," said a gentleman, "a large school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the master..."

WHEN POLLY WAITED. "I think I'll wait outside, if you don't mind, Aunt Edith. Mrs. Nolan's room is so hot and stuffy, and she talks so much about her ailments that it makes me feel sort of queer..."

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Welcome For Cardinal Gibbons. The arrangements made for Cardinal Gibbons' reception on his return home presage a great demonstration.

The Blessed Sacrament and Cardinal Manning. Cardinal Henry Edward Manning of England, was ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1833, and after serving that Church in various high capacities for eighteen years, was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church on June 14, 1851.

Wishes the Mass Restored. The following from "The Lamp," the High Church organ of corporate reunion, is interesting as showing not only how tenaciously the ritualistic wing of the Protestant Episcopal Church holds to the hallucination that they possess valid orders, and can lawfully consecrate the Host and celebrate Mass, but also how they feel the absence of said belief from the vast majority of their denomination.

the sight of squirrels and chipmunks and now and then a shy deer, maybe coming down to drink from the lake still rosy with the sunset glow. Camping out, boating, fishing, rowing, swimming, jolly good times all the while—yes, indeed, Polly Primrose knew the meaning of vacation!

"I don't suppose he's been anywhere only in that stuffy little room and this horrid court," said the girl soberly. "And now even his one nice, green tree is chopped down!" Even as she spoke she heard Billy's voice again, rising plaintively. "How long does it take a tree to grow, mother? Do you s'pose another will come up in the place of the one they cut down? And will it get as high as our window by next summer, do you think?"

"I think you can't make a tree grow fast," said Polly, quaintly, "but it's really more than that Billy needs. He ought to have more than one tree. How happy he'd be to see rows and rows of them—apple orchards, pine groves and willows bending by the river when he went fishing! I expect a crippled boy can fish just as well as a boy with whole legs. Yes, and Billy ought to know about dewy meadows, where you part the grasses and find ripe, red strawberries. That's what vacation means—a nice, big, fruity, flowery, birdy, outdoor time! And I guess Billy's mother would enjoy it, too."

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Wishes the Mass Restored. The following from "The Lamp," the High Church organ of corporate reunion, is interesting as showing not only how tenaciously the ritualistic wing of the Protestant Episcopal Church holds to the hallucination that they possess valid orders, and can lawfully consecrate the Host and celebrate Mass, but also how they feel the absence of said belief from the vast majority of their denomination.

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THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY Head Office: 24 ADELAIDE ST. EAST TORONTO

Capital Reserve Assets \$1,125,000 50,000 2,250,000 President: Alexander Sutherland Vice-Pres. and Man. Director: W. S. Dinnick Director: Right Honourable Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, K.O.M.G.

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

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homesteader duties under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention. Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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graphical limits of a country so small that it could be tucked away in the corner of the State of Texas, it has followed the British flag to the ends of the earth, and has established itself more or less indigenously wherever Anglo-Saxon civilization has gained a permanent foothold.

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
119 WELLINGTON ST. WEST,
TORONTO

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
In City, including delivery..... \$1.50
To all outside Canadian points..... 1.00
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Bishops and Clergy.

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Transient advertisements 15 cents a line.
A liberal discount on contracts.
Remittances should be made by Post Office Order,
Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered
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When changing address the name of former Post
Office should be given.
Address all communications to the Company.

*"In vain will you build
churches, give missions, found
schools—all your works, all your
efforts will be destroyed if you
are not able to wield the defen-
sive and offensive weapon of a
loyal and sincere Catholic press.*

—Pope Pius X.

TORONTO, OCT. 1ST, 1908.

Take Notice

Out of town subscribers owing five
dollars or under will receive accounts
this week. They will greatly oblige
by forwarding amount to this office
at very earliest opportunity.

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY.

October, the month dedicated by
the Church in a particular manner to
our Blessed Lady through the devo-
tion of the Holy Rosary, is an ad-
mirable time for taking a glance at
the origin of the beautiful exercise,
and at the circumstances that called
it forth.

It was in the early part of the
thirteenth century, in the year 1208,
that St. Dominic, praying in the lit-
tle chapel of Notre Dame de la Prou-
ille, in France, received from the
Blessed Virgin herself the Rosary, ac-
companied by the command to go
forth and preach.

At this time the Albigensian her-
esy, involving as it did many of the
Manichean errors, had spread itself
over a considerable portion of the
south of France and bade fair to in-
volve the entire country in the meshes
of its heretical influences, when
rescue came through the efforts of
St. Dominic, who was specially pre-
pared and accoutred for the mission
by the personal intervention of Our
Blessed Lady herself.

Previous to this and in an attempt
to overcome the heresy, Dominic,
who though a Spaniard, had come at
the age of twenty-five to France, had
established his three-fold religious
Order for the purpose of combatting
the spiritual plague. The first of
these was the establishment of a con-
gregation of women, whose work was
to rescue young girls from heresy and
crime. Next came the great Order
of Friar Preachers, and lastly the
Tertiaries, an order of men and, women
living in the world, who would use
their influence to uproot the great
evil.

Despite the efforts of St. Dominic
and his three powerful auxiliaries, the
pernicious doctrines continued to
spread until the vision of the Blessed
Virgin, the instructions she gave and
the tangible proof of her presence in
the shape of the circlet of beads left
in her hands, infused new life into
St. Dominic, and as Constantine of
old, to whom was given the com-
mand by "this sign shalt thou con-
quer," so did this Knight of the
Blessed Virgin go forth preaching so
eloquently and infusing such courage
into others that eventually the heresy
was altogether conquered and entirely
blotted out.

The recitation of the Rosary thus
introduced spread more and more un-
til now the practice of its recital
is common throughout the entire Ca-
tholic world and enriched and bless-
ed by many indulgencies it forms, to-
day, as of old, one of the greatest
bulwarks against heresy and a power-
ful and beautiful method of prayer in
which simple and learned may partic-
ipate and by which all may profit.

MEETING OF UNITED IRISH
LEAGUE.

At the fourth biennial convention of
the United Irish League of America,
which met in Boston last week, the
delegates from Ireland, Messrs. John
E. Redmond, chairman of the Irish
Parliamentary Party, Joseph Devlin,
member for West Belfast, and John
Fitzgibbon, chairman of the Ros-
common County Council, were enthu-
siastically welcomed.

The meetings were opened by the
Archbishop of Boston, who in the
course of a sublime prayer to heaven
for Ireland, said: "We know how
inseparable are Thy ways, O Lord,
and we bow humbly before the mys-
tery of Thy mandates, but we beg
Thee in the name of the saints whose
ashes sanctify the soil of Erin, to

hasten the fruition of her glorious
destiny among the nations of the
earth." The pith of the address of
Mr. Redmond is found in his state-
ment of conditions at the time of his
last visit to America and now. When
last I spoke here, said the Irish lead-
er, a Tory Government was in power
pledged to defeat Home Rule. We
succeeded in driving them from office,
but unfortunately the Liberals came
in with a majority so strong that
they were independent of the Irish
party. Now the Liberals are pledged
and in spite of the lukewarmness of
Prime Minister Asquith, he also is
pledged publicly and privately to
make full Home Rule one of the liv-
ing issues to be put before the elec-
tors at the next general election,
which I believe will come in about
twelve months, and I also believe
that a majority of the people of Great
Britain will record their vote in fa-
vor of Home Rule. We can easily
believe our contemporary, the Boston
Pilot, when it tells us that the an-
nouncement that \$80,000 had been
subscribed for the Irish cause was
enthusiastically received.

The entire report is most encour-
aging and the sanguine Irish tem-
perament receives fresh and generous
ground for hope, in the picture and
promise of Ireland's Mecca, as fore-
told in the near fruition of Home
Rule. Despite some doubters, the
Irish toilers at Westminster are doing
good work.

When the name and work of Glad-
stone are revived at the bringing
forth of the near measure for Ire-
land's autonomy, which will be based
upon the same lines as that of Ire-
land's friend, the Grand Old Man of
other days, his spirit will breathe
through its lines and invigorating the
representatives of the present day,
will, it is ardently hoped, lead them
on to a certain and speedy victory.
The sympathy of Canada is now, as
always, with those who, working for
self-government for Ireland, ask for
her nothing save that which is the
claim and right of all civilized self-
respecting peoples.

INTOLERANCE NOT POPULAR.

Despite the success of those dis-
turbers of the great Eucharistic
Congress, who by their importuni-
ties succeeded in having the process-
ion of the Blessed Sacrament
through London's streets, elimi-
nated from the proceedings of the
week, the action of the in-
tolerant section of Britain's popu-
lace has remained far from receiving
the applause or approval of even the
majority of non-Catholics. As a
sample of the condemnation given
the proceedings we quote from the
sermon of Rev. Alan Hudson, pastor
of the First Congregational Church
of Brockton, Mass., who said:

"Our age has not yet outgrown re-
ligious intolerance. At the present
hour the English kingdom is torn
with strife because a great Christian
Church has decided to march many of
its clergy and laity through the
streets of London with emblems that
symbolize to them the life, sacrifice
and reign of Jesus Christ. An asso-
ciation of ultra-Protestants has dis-
gracefully harangued the government
to stop it, because of old blue laws,
still existent, framed when England
and European nations knew little or
nothing of religious liberty. To en-
force such laws now is a shame to
twentieth-century civilization. I sup-
pose if 1,000 race track sharps wish-
ed to march through the same London
thoroughfares with their horses and
racing gigs not a voice would have
been raised, and the populace would
have been wild with delight. But
when a great Christian Church desires
to march through the streets of Lon-
don bearing aloft the symbols to
them of the Saviour's sacrifice for
sinful men, and as an illustration of
the world's need of the gospel of
Christ, they are hounded and hooted
by the very men who cry the loudest
for religious liberty."

When such is the view taken by one
totally uninterested, except from the
point of fairness to all and a general
wish for the progress of Christianity,
how keen must have been the feeling
of those directly concerned, and whom
the action of the malcontents pre-
vented from carrying out the most
cherished idea of the Congress.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS IN
ENGLAND.

The London Catholic Times pub-
lishes the account of signal successes won
by Catholic students at Oxford. Out
of 197 first class honors in the sen-
ior examinations 27 were won by Ca-
tholics, and it will be acknowledged
that this was a large proportion
when it is remembered that the Ca-
tholic population of England is only
one-twenty-fifth of the whole.

At the head of the successful can-
didates is E. Heisham, Mt. St.
Mary's College, Derbyshire, who has
brought to his school for the second
time, the honor of holding the first
place in all England.

Of the 253 obtaining first class hon-
ors in the junior examination, the
successful Catholic candidates are 38.
In the preliminary competition the
total number of candidates was 3,526
and the first class honors won were
41. Of these 15 or a proportion of
one-third were gained by Catholic stu-
dents, and to this is added the fur-
ther fact, that the first four places
are held by Catholics. This speaks
well for our schools and whilst re-
futing once more the slander that
the Church is antagonistic to educa-
tion, should serve as encouragement
to our students everywhere to urge
forward and upward.

JOINT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

Two or more persons may open a joint account with this Corporation, and either may deposit or withdraw money. This is a most convenient arrangement for husband and wife (especially when the former has sometimes to be away from home), mother and daughter, two or more Executors or Trustees, or any persons who may be associated in an investment or business of any kind. In the event of the death of either person, the amount on deposit becomes the property of the survivor.

Interest at Three and One Half Per Cent.

Per annum will be added to the account and compounded FOUR TIMES A YEAR. The business of our customers and clients is treated as Strictly Confidential.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
TORONTO STREET - - TORONTO

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

"To govern France in peace and dig-
nity." Such has been the object
which the present rulers of France
have dangled before the people of that
misgoverned country as their excuse
for having subverted all the Chris-
tian traditions of the nation which
have endured for forty generations,
those traditions which, have made the
history of France glorious and the
nation itself an object of admiration
to the whole world.

And now we have had over thirty-
nearly forty years of infidel govern-
ment of that unfortunate country,
during which year after year its
Atheism has been more and more
strongly marked, and has it prospered
correspondingly?

It has indeed its army of nearly a
million of men, and its naval arma-
ment which ranks as second among
the powers of Europe, and yet it has
to submit tamely to the frequent
snubs and threats open or veiled
which are from time to time thrown
out against it by one of its powerful
neighbors whom within half a cen-
tury it affected to despise and even
to bully, and now it is only because
it relies upon the support it expects
to receive from its former hereditary
foe, great Britain, that it is able to
hold up its head somewhat timidly
and meekly enough plead to be treat-
ed with common justice, where but a
few years ago it would have sternly
and resolutely demanded that re-
spect and courtesy which is usually
shown by one independent sovereign
country to another in their diploma-
tic intercourse, and even by the
stronger powers in their intercourse
with those which are known to be
weaker in their powers of resistance
to unreasonable demands.

We have before now called attention
to the bullying tone adopted by the
German Emperor in reference to the
recent deeds of the French army in
Morocco. France and Spain deemed
it necessary not only for the peace of
their own territory on the border of
the Moroccan Empire, to punish the
raiding tribes which persisted un-
dauntedly in making incursions into
Algeria and the Spanish possessions
along the coast, but also for the sake
of Europeans in general who live in
the Sultanate for the purpose of trad-
ing with the natives. There were
even unmistakable signs that a "holy
war" would be declared for the ex-
termination of Christians there,
whom Abdul Aziz, the late Sultan,
was accused of favoring unduly, and
the circumstances led Mulai Hafid,
who is now the Sultan recognized by
the whole Moorish people, was al-
most necessitated to take the side of
the marauding tribesmen, so that
France was compelled to extend her
operations on a larger scale than was
originally intended. It was at this
juncture that Germany interfered for
a second time, intimating that France
was going too far, and was seeking
self aggrandizement at the expense of
other European powers, and was es-
pecially acting injuriously to the
interests of Germany. The Kaiser
then proposed that the powers in gen-
eral should recognize Mulai Hafid as
the sovereign of Morocco.

The German proposition took all
Europe by surprise, and it is well
understood that if a solid front had
not been shown by the other powers,
viz., England, Spain, Italy and Rus-
sia, in favor of France, there would
have been great danger lest a war
might have been precipitated between
Germany and France. At this criti-
cal moment also, chance intervened
and lessened the impending danger, if
it be correct to attribute to mere
chance any weight where the interests
at stake are so important.

At this crisis the authority of Ab-
dul Aziz suddenly collapsed, and he
abandoned the throne to his half-bro-
ther, Mulai Hafid, who has been ac-
cepted as Sultan amid the acclama-
tions of the whole Moorish people.

France declares that she is perfectly
willing to recognize the new Sultan
provided he will accept the stipula-
tions of the Algeiras Convention which
were framed in the interests of
all the European powers, and that
the expenses incurred by France with
a view to restrain the ferocious Mor-
occan tribes from interfering again
with the French territory of Algeria,
be paid by the Moroccan government.

Germany has replied to the Franco-
Spanish note expressing these condi-
tions, and the reply is more concilia-
tory than was expected, whereas it
agrees with the French demands, on
the condition, however, that no fur-
ther payment be insisted upon by
France than is authorized by the Al-
geiras Convention.

The London Standard's correspon-
dent at Fez has had an interview

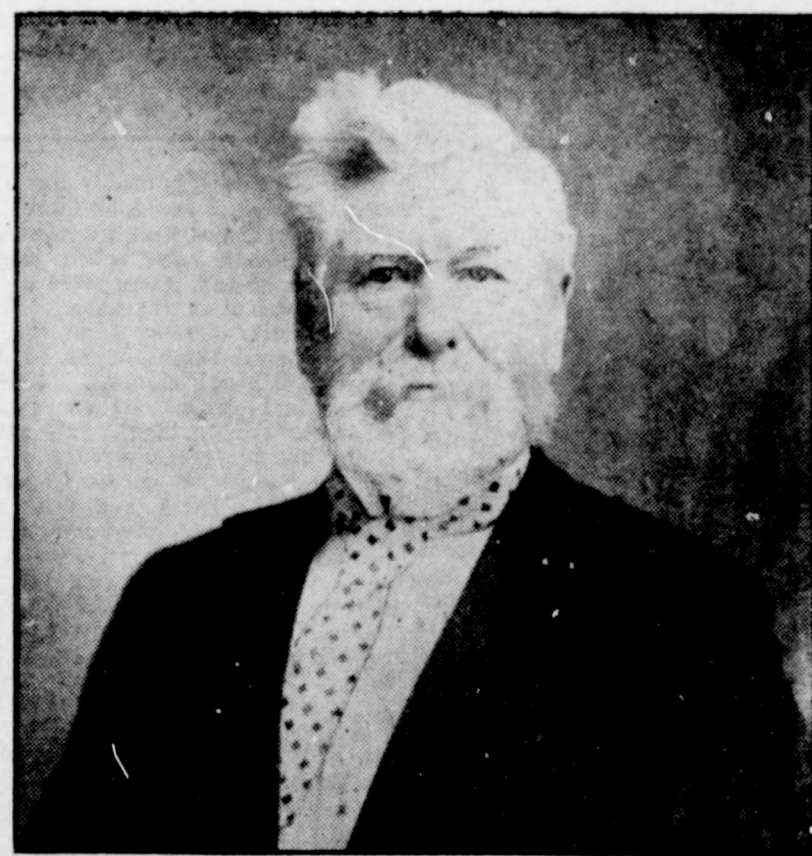
with Mulai Hafid in which the latter
assured him that, speaking on behalf
of the government and people of Mor-
occo, he is willing to abide by the
Algeiras Convention's resolutions, or
even to hold another convention with
the European powers, if desired by
them, for the safeguarding of Euro-
pean interests in Morocco under his
rule. He declares that the develop-
ment of Morocco will be a benefit
to the people of that country as well
as to foreigners, and that he is quite
willing that the foreigners who as-
sist in the development of the coun-
try shall share in the benefits arising
therefrom; but he will not allow for-
eigners to rule Morocco.

Taking altogether the circumstances
which have arisen out of the Moroccan
situation, it seems probable that the
danger of a war arising therefrom
between France and Germany has de-
finitely passed away, though the pre-
sent rulers of France have not suc-
ceeded in impressing the general pub-
lic of Europe with the idea that they
occupy the lofty position as dictators
of the European continent which was
claimed by their predecessors who
governed the country before the es-
tablishment of the third Republic.

Death of William Halley

In many parts of the Dominion and
by others elsewhere it will be learned
with regret, that an old and long-time
contributor to these columns, is now
no more, Mr. William Halley, better
known to our readers as Old Timer,
having died in Toronto on Sunday at
the age of seventy-six years. Though
retired and unable through ill health
to continue his interesting and often
times valuable reminiscences, Old
Timer was not forgotten, and many
enquiries, particularly from the older
ones amongst our subscribers, had
come to the office of the Catholic
Register during the past year.

William Halley was born in the
county of Wexford, Ireland, in Octo-
ber, 1831. He came to Canada with
his parents in 1842. The family set-
tled in Hamilton, where he learned
the printing trade. He moved to To-
ronto in 1850, and worked in the of-
fices of the North American, the
Globe and the Examiner, after which
he got the agency of the Montreal
Type Foundry in Toronto, and sub-
sequently that of Millar, Richard &
Co., of Edinburgh, Scotland.



THE LATE WILLIAM HALLEY.

Later he established a printers'
furnishing warehouse of his own,
which he continued for some years.
While in business in Toronto, Mr.
Halley occupied the premises on the
south-east corner of King and Bay
streets, now Nasmith's Restaurant,
the ground floor being the warehouse,
the upper, or first floor, a long,
roomy apartment, being known as
Halley's Hall.

In 1854 Mr. Halley held the office of
secretary of the Typographical Union.
He married, in 1853, Miss Joana
Bondidier, of Toronto, and of their
family of five children only two sur-
vive. In 1870 he left Toronto for
California, establishing a paper, "The
Home Journal," in the town of Oak-
land. Mr. Halley was the author of
a history of Alameda county, Cal.
Disposing of his interests in the Gold-
en State, he moved east to Chicago,
and established in the town of Lake
—then a suburb of Chicago—the Week-
ly Vindicator, afterwards publishing
the same in Oak Park, another sub-
urb of the Windy City, which he con-
tinued for some years. Failing
health and advancing years caused
him to relinquish active business pur-
suits, and, his wife dying, he return-
ed to Toronto, where a daughter and
other relatives reside.

The return of Mr. Halley to our
city was scarcely the unmixed joy
he had pictured it. Many old friends
were gone, those remaining had in
many instances forgotten, and the
chief consolation of our now deceased
friend was in gathering together his
recollections and living side by side
with them in the past.
That Mr. Halley possessed excep-
tional journalistic ability and much

knowledge of a varied kind, was pa-
tent to any who read his extensive
writings during his connection with
the Catholic Register. A remark-
able memory rarely at fault was also
amongst his gifts, and these talents,
together with a ready pen and a hap-
py way of presenting things, made his
writings always readable and to
many highly interesting.

Mr. Halley did not confine himself
to retrospective work alone. The
progress of government and the wel-
fare of his fellowmen, were for him
ever of first importance. For Ire-
land, the land of his birth, his
heart was ever warm, and of all the
latest movements, Home Rule, the
Celtic Revival and all that these
mean, he was an ardent and anxious
advocate. Cheery and kindly, not
even sickness and the absence of old
familiar companionship could rob his
sanguine disposition of its geniality
and friendly charm, and many will
long remember Old Timer as one of
the "old school" whose members are
rapidly passing from amongst us, but
whose work and example shall make
their influence felt for yet many years
to come. May he rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM

Intelligence has reached here of the
death of the Reverend Sister Anicet,
who has departed this life on the 7th
of June, 1908, in Seattle, Wash.,
in the Providence Sisters' Hos-
pital, and to whose Congregation she
belonged. Devoting her labor to the
care of the sick, she worked here
for over twenty-five years. Being of
a kindly and charitable disposition,
she is mourned by her Community of
Sisters, the near relatives and many
others.

The late Sister Anicet, whose
Christian name was Elizabeth Quinn,
was born in the Parish of St. Anicet,
P.Q., on November 7th, 1851, and was
the third daughter of Peter Quinn of
that place. She entered on her reli-
gious life September, 1879, in the
Providence Sisters' Community, Mon-
treal, and was professed on the Feast
of the Assumption of the Blessed Vir-
gin Mary August 15th, 1881.

Deceased passed away fortified by
the rites of Holy Mother the Church,
surrounded by the kind Sisters of the
Community, one of her brothers also
being present. She was in the 57th
year of her age and the 29th of her
religious life.

Her remains were interred in the
Sisters' burying ground in Vancouver,
B.C. One sister and four brothers
remain to mourn her death. May
she rest in peace.

Bethlehem Institute

We learn that the Rev. Dr. Bondolfi,
who for several years has been the
Papal Delegate at the Bethlehem In-
stitute Immensee, Switzerland, has
been elected Superior of the said In-
stitute in place of the Rev. P. M.
Barral, who has retired on account of
ill health.

Mr. Louis Renault, who has been
connected with the Institute since its
infancy (1895) and who is the seller
of tons of cancelled postage stamps
given to help the work, has returned
to Philadelphia in order to straighten
up the American affairs and satisfy
all claims. His address is still at
the Bethlehem office, 22280 4th St.,
the only office in the United States.

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EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc.,
Musical Director
ONE OF THE FEW LEADING
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graded and fairly conducted examina-
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Orchestral and Ensemble Practice and
other free advantages. Pupils registered
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Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and
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We issue guarantee and fidelity bonds
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Up-to-date means clean, spruce,
natty, quick, sharp. The old way
of putting on a new suit and wear-
ing it until it was not fit to be seen,
is gone.

Up-to-date people have their
clothing cleaned, brightened,
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Cleaner and Repairer of
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30-34 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 5900.

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profits - - - 3,827,832.48
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That you can swear by. If you wish
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Is the place to get the purest
quality of drugs at the lowest
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dispensed at a great saving
from regular prices. A call is
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ESTABLISHED 1860

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All the cancelled
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We have the largest and most varied stock in the Dominion of Canada of Mission Supplies. Rosaries, Statues, Prayer Books. We have Prayer Books in French, German, Italian, Polish, etc.

Our stock of Controversial and Devotional Literature, for this purpose, is admittedly the very largest and best. Our terms are most liberal. Write us first.

W. E. BLAKE & SON

Importer and Manufacturer Altar Supplies, Vestments, Church Furnishings, etc., 123 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.



cellent medium for parish announcements. They make the point, too, that if it were not for such calendars a large percentage of their parishioners would never come in touch with Catholic literature of any kind.

This is a matter which is well worth looking into. If the same energy which is put into the parish calendar were put into the distribution of Catholic papers, there might be a different story to tell as far as their general circulation is concerned.

Much of the above article is applicable to any city or town in which a Catholic newspaper is published, and in Toronto more could be added to make its matter of local point and application.

was seated on three sides of a grassy valley, while on a small mound were Rev. Canon Campeau, and Rev. Father S. J. Carbell and Father J. A. Carriere, who delivered the sermons in French and English respectively.

OTTAWA NOTES

Among the recent visitors to the Archbishop's Palace were Rev. Father Dupont of Inverness, Que.; Rev. Father Mailloux of Valleyfield, and Rev. Father Gendron of Sherbrooke.

Archbishop Duhamel presided at the annual Mass of the Holy Ghost in Ottawa University, with which each term of studies is begun in that institution.

A retreat for the many pupils of La Salle Academy, which is under the direction of the Christian Brothers, was recently conducted by Rev. Father Campeau.

Archbishop Duhamel will leave shortly for Winnipeg, where he will be in attendance at the blessing of the new St. Boniface Cathedral. He will be accompanied by Rev. Father Carriere of Holy Redeemer parish, Hull.

The formal establishment of The Lake parish was celebrated with a special High Mass, at which Rev. Father Barrette officiated and thus assumed charge of the new church.

Rev. Father Pion, who for some time has been curate of Aylmer parish, has been appointed parish priest of Conception, Que., which position has been rendered vacant through the appointment of Rev. Father Seguin, as pastor of Wendover parish. Rev. Father Desrosiers, curate of Buckingham, will take charge of Notre Dame De Garde, a newly established parish in that district.

At a recent ceremony of ordination twelve candidates from the Dominican and Redemptorist Orders entered into the deaconship, sub-deaconship and minor orders. Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by Rev. Canon Campeau and Rev. Father Lalonde officiated. The candidates for ordination were: Dominican deaconship, Thos. Houle; sub-deaconship, Matthew Gourdain, Reginald Quimette, Hyacinthe Forest; Redemptorist, sub-deaconship, Alphonse Caron, Ovide Delisle, John McDougall, Joseph Morin, and Rod. Menard. Minor orders, Joseph Knepeck, Joseph Caron and Alphonse Roberge.

The election of Archbishop Dometville of New Westminster, as Superior-General of the Oblate Order at the recent Congress in Rome, was a source of interest to many Ottawans, particularly those connected with Ottawa University, for in this institution the new Superior-General was a professor for over ten years. Coming from Buffalo, he pursued his studies here, and was ordained in 1885, a few years later being appointed to the teaching staff, where he remained until called to British Columbia in 1895. He was appointed re-bishop of New Westminster in 1899.

The Golden Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Pius X., was observed in all the churches of this city by the singing of the Te Deum after High Mass. This was in accordance with a circular issued by His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, to the clergy. Although the anniversary occurred on Saturday, there was no general observance of it, until Sunday, though prayers of thanksgiving were offered up by the clergy. In all the churches, it was pointed out how grave a responsibility had been the selection of a successor to the late Pope Leo XIII., but in the present Holy Father had been found a brilliant mind, a saintly presence and an admirable head of the Catholic Church militant.

Over three thousand Catholics recently assembled in Notre Dame cemetery, the occasion being the annual solemn ceremony for the dead and at which the graves were decorated and prayers offered for the souls of the faithful departed. This is usually one of the most solemnly impressive of Catholic ceremonies and that of this year was no exception. Throughout the whole cemetery previous to the ceremony, men, women and children, and in some cases whole families, knelt over the graves of relatives who had passed into eternity, and in unison, recited the rosary. The scene during the service was in itself impressive as the large crowd

Doubtful Advertising

(By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL.D.)

There are a number of smooth gentlemen going up and down the country engaged in the task of getting out Parish Souvenirs. Some of them are Jews, but the Jew is an enterprising mortal and must not be blamed. They make a business of getting out such souvenirs, and rumor has it that it is a very profitable line of business. The proceeding is simplicity itself. They enter a city, secure the permission of some good-natured pastor and go about amongst the business men soliciting "ads."

PRACTICALLY VALUELESS.

Last week I attended a meeting of the Catholic editors, at Buffalo, New York, for the purpose of forming the American Catholic Press Association. The question of advertising naturally came up, and it seemed to be an almost unanimous opinion amongst these present, that much harm was being done to legitimate business in Catholic papers by a great variety of doubtful advertising schemes. It is scarcely necessary to go into particulars here. The average reader is sufficiently familiar with the subject to understand just what I mean.

TWO SIDES.

There are many editors who regard the parish calendar as one of the great banes of Catholic journalism. There are two sides, however, to this question, and in the interests of fair play, I believe it is well to state the "pros" and "cons." These editors argue that the parish calendar is generally a monthly, indifferently edited, short of matter, other than local happenings and destitute of all those things which go to make up a real Catholic paper.

Holdship—O'Leary.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Joseph's church, Douro, when Miss Maggie O'Leary was united in marriage to Mr. John W. Holdship, of Montreal. The ceremony was begun at nine o'clock, and was somewhat out of the ordinary from the fact that two of the bride's brothers assisted in the celebration of the nuptial Mass. Rev. P. J. O'Leary said the Mass, and was assisted by Rev. Michael O'Leary. Rev. W. J. Kiely, parish priest of Douro, was present in the sanctuary. The bride was attired in a handsome suit of gray brocaded silk and lace. She was attended by Miss Mary McCaffery, of Armadale, Toronto, handsomely gowned in mauve. Mr. Maurice O'Leary, brother of the bride, was best man.

An Appreciation of Pope Pius X.

In the Sunday Section of the Sunday World, edited by J. M. Wilkinson, a sympathetic sketch of the life of His Holiness, Pope Pius X., is given, with some comments by the editor. These comments we are pleased to reproduce, as they are one more tribute to the thousands that have greeted our Holy Father from all parts of the world on the occasion of his Jubilee, and further, as they testify to the fair and educative value which attaches to the page of which Mr. Wilkinson is the broad-minded and able editor.

No religious paper professing to deal with religious subjects and communities and leaders, catering to the public and depending upon all classes for its support, can afford to ignore the passing of so important an event as the 50th anniversary of the priesthood of Pope Pius X., which was observed with appropriate services in all the Roman Catholic Churches in Christendom Friday of last week and the following Sunday.

SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Combined Gas and Electric Light Fixtures, Armoury, Hamilton, Ont." will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m. on Thursday, October 8, 1908, for combined gas and electric light fixtures at the Armoury, Hamilton, Ont.

Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, and on application to Messrs. Whitton & Stewart, Architects, Hamilton, Ont.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, NAP. TESSIER, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, September 21, 1908. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Stop the Leaks!



PRICE \$50 NEW

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER

We guarantee the public to sell a better Cash Register for less money than any other concern in the world

We stand uncontradicted. Investigate for yourself. We have a new line of total Adders, unequaled in the world, \$60.00 up. We supply Registers from \$15.00 to \$900.00 up, suitable to any business.

The National Cash Register Co. Corner Yonge and Wilton Ave., Toronto. F. E. MUTTON, Canadian Manager.

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF Padua

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain Without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room. Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have No Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope) We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say,—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg.

Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—Father Gray, Catholic Mission Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray—You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorise you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgement it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ. F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

Advertisement for Alexander Engraving Co. featuring a logo with a crown and the text 'Zinc & Half-tone Engraving PHONE 7-2155 ALEXANDER ENGRAVING CO. DESIGNERS & ENGRAVERS 16 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO.'

and Joseph, assist me in my last agony, she passed peacefully into the great beyond. Deceased leaves to mourn her two sons, Philip P. and John J., and two daughters, Mrs. M. J. Blaney and Mrs. John Summer, all of Brantford.

The beautiful floral tributes and numerous mass cards, bespoke the widespread sympathy shown by her mourners. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Wednesday morning to St. Basil's church, where Rev. Father Becker chanted Requiem Mass, thence to the Holy Roman Catholic Cemetery, where Rev. Father Lennon officiated. Let us pray that the soul of the dear old lady is now reaping a reward of eternal rest.

Death of Mrs. Mary Cheevers. On Sunday evening, the 13th ult., the soul of Mrs. Mary Cheevers, wife of the late Philip Cheevers, passed to its eternal reward. The deceased, who was a native of County Westmeath, Ireland, came to Canada and settled in Brantford about sixty years ago. She was one of the earliest pioneers of St. Basil's church, from whose congregation her kindly face and form have already been missed, she being confined to her home for the past few years. Deceased had been ill but two weeks during which time she was a most patient sufferer. Fortified by the last Sacraments and surrounded by the living members of her family, softly whispering the names of her dear departed ones, and the holy inspiration, Jesus, Mary,

Declaring that he had discovered the errors of his ways, the Rev. Francis Kowalski, pastor of the Polish Independent Church of the Sacred Heart, Bayonne, N.J., who was originally ordained a Catholic priest, but who renounced the Church to join the ranks of the Independents, under Bishop Hudder of Scranton, Pa., has returned to the Catholic fold. On a recent Sunday he informed his congregation of the change, explaining to them the nature of the wrong he had committed and his desire to do penance before it was too late.

It Will Go on

Our Great Sale of Jewellery will be continued at 396 Yonge St. Great bargains will still be given in all Departments.

WANLESS & CO. FINE JEWELLERS ESTABLISHED 1840 396 Yonge Street, - Toronto

Ironing By Electricity

The Electric Iron—Just a neat little nickel-plated flat iron with a long cord. Attach this to an electric light socket, turn on the current, and you can iron as much or as little as you please, working in a cool room. No trips to the stove, no fire, no dirt. Get yours to-day.

Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited 12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

A Pointed Question

Where do you have your laundry work done? Are you satisfied with the way it is handled? Is there a color and finish on it that will do you credit at your club, at the theatre or at social gatherings? If not, try our up-to-date methods of laundering fine linen, and it will be a revelation to you. Our laundry work is the acme of perfection.



New Method Laundry Limited 187 and 189 Parliament St. Phone M. 3289 4546

JNO. O'NEIL, J. J. SHEEDY, President. Secy.-Treas.

THE ONE PIANO

That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the Heintzman & Co. PIANO

MADE BY Ye Olde Firms of Heintzman & Co. For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

PianoSalon: 115-117 King St. W., Toronto

Sunnyside Parlors

Perfect in its appointments, is open the year round. Perfect Floor, Card Tables. Menus prepared to suit the tastes and pockets of all. For information telephone PARK 965.

Humber Beach Hotel

A splendid Place for Automobile and Driving parties. First-class meals. A select stock of foreign and Domestic drinks supplied. Open daily till 10 p.m. Tel Park 328. P. V. MEYER, Proprietor.

"Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles."—Hall.



MISSION SUPPLIES

A specialty made of Mission Articles.

Send in for prices and samples. You will be greatly benefited by ordering your Mission supplies from me.

J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West Toronto

EVELYN'S LAST CUSTOMER

Evelyn was a shop girl. But she could count the days since stern necessity had forced her shoulder to the wheel to help support a brave young brother and herself, both orphans, whom an ill-tempered, capricious uncle had educated, giving them also a luxurious home, and them, on a slight provocation, had driven them forth to seek their living.

George had procured a situation as book-keeper through the influence of a friend in Kansas. Evelyn accompanied him, and had overcome her pride sufficiently to stand behind a counter in a jeweller's store, and thereby contribute her quota to the rent of modest apartments, where brother and sister enjoyed the pleasure, and consolation, of each other's company after working hours.

Evelyn was convent-bred. She had been educated under the strict, yet maternal, influence of the nuns. She realized now that the lessons of self-restraint, courtesy, uprightiness, and high principle and, above all, the influence of daily prayer, were to be brought to bear on her life.

But Evelyn had recovered herself, and with a graceful bow she gave him the change and parcel and moved away. Ralph had no excuse to linger, so he went slowly from the store, his own brain in somewhat of a whirl. He scarcely heeded the little frame, which he transferred to his inside pocket as he walked slowly down the street.

But Evelyn? Her heart was in a tumult, and her face was burning as she fastened her hat at the mirror before she left for home. One by one she went home she stopped at the Cathedral and made a fervent visit to the Blessed Sacrament; and after that she went over to the little altar of St. Anthony, to whom she had a special devotion, and prayed with all her soul that their lonely life might come to an end soon.

As she lived over the meeting, with her "last customer," the warm blood rushed to her brow. "Whew!" whistled George, "I smell orange blossoms."

"Now, George, for shame! No one thinks of such a thing. If we ever meet again, and he should fail to recognize me, promise me you will not tell the story."

"It is too good to keep," chuckled George. "But promise me, brother," persisted Evelyn.

"Sure," said George. "Mum's the word."

"And we may never meet," with a sigh.

"Don't you believe it. If Ralph is touched, he will go around the world till he meets you. He is a good fellow, clever, has money and brains, is a good Catholic and, in fact, is just the man I would pick out for my sister's husband."

"For mercy's sake, stop, George! You are awfully premature. Remember the circumstances."

George whistled softly, and suddenly remembered he had an engagement.

Within a year Ralph Edgwood and Evelyn had met. Not unwillingly was Evelyn wooed and won, and on her bridal day Ralph threw a rope of exquisite pearls about her neck, saying: "My pearl of pearls; you have broken the spell, for it has even been said that 'pearls signify tears.' I have never believed it since a fair young girl, your very counterpart, sold me a year ago the little picture frame which now adorns your writing desk. I often think of her, Evelyn, when I look at you, for except your own face and her's, no other ever attracted me. I saw her only once, behind that counter, but her face lived in my mind; and I determined that I should have just such a girl for my wife. And I have, only she is even more beautiful."

Happy beyond her dreams, Evelyn hid her face on her husband's breast, tears gushing from her eyes. "Take care, beloved," he said.

George caught the infection of his spirit, and midnight found brother and sister on the train, steaming eastward from Kansas. In due time they arrived in New York. Their uncle had been buried the day before. The house was closed, the old butler and cook having made themselves comfortable in the lower regions of the mansion. The rest of the servants had departed. The arrival of the heirs created not a little stir, but they were received with joy and their old apartments prepared for them. Their uncle's lawyer soon came and explained how the old man had repented of his harshness, and made amends by leaving his brother's children all he had. He had hoped to see them before he died, but the ends came suddenly. Gradually friends dropped in, all believing that the two young people had been abroad and George and Evelyn did not enlighten them.

A few days after their arrival the butler came to Evelyn with a little parcel. "This came by mail, Miss Evelyn. It got mislaid in the confusion."

Evelyn opened it and found the little heart-shaped frame edged with pearls she had sold to the stranger in faraway Kansas. On a card were the words she knew so well, "From George's chum." She burst into tears, and the words of Ralph Edgwood came to her mind: "Pearls signify tears."

George came into the room while she was weeping and was himself deeply affected by his college friend's loyalty and kindness.

"How strange that Ralph should keep up the old custom," he exclaimed. "I must hunt him up, Pearl, for you have never seen him. He is a splendid fellow. I infer he knows nothing of the turned-down page of our lives. Ah! that year in Kansas,

twenty-fifth of the month. I think pearls will please her."

The young man was so absorbed that he did not notice that Evelyn's face first flushed and then paled, and that her eyes were filled with unshed tears. With an effort she smiled and said: "I think that it would be hard to please the person who would not be charmed with that frame—"

"Well, then, please wrap it up, and although I have not asked the price, I think I can pay for it."

Evelyn named the price and received a crisp new greenback.

As she busied herself wrapping the parcel, first in cotton, then in a dainty box, then in white paper, then in brown tissue, he watched her graceful movements, noting her pure white brow, shaded by soft brown hair, her clear complexion heightened by his words, her small, well-shaped hands. And Ralph Edgwood thought what a lucky man he should be to win a wife like that! Suddenly she raised to his face, and her embarrassment became very evident. Ralph felt sorry, and yet glad.

"I wonder what I said," he thought to himself. "I hope I was not rude. Girls are so sensitive."

But Evelyn had recovered herself, and with a graceful bow she gave him the change and parcel and moved away.

George was more rebellious. He stormed at the crankiness and cruelty of his uncle. He fumed against fate, and although his youthful ambition was fired by the fact of having his sister to look after, her sensible example and wholesome brightness did more than anything else to keep bitterness from his soul and hold him to his religion.

A year had passed since they were exiled from their uncle's stately house in New York. They were growing used to their lot, for they quickly made friends and kept their secret. But their thoughts often wandered to their native city and the friends they had left there. The irascible old uncle, quickly regretting his temper and its sequel, gave out that they were travelling.

One evening, alone in the store, Evelyn was arranging new goods in a case. Her employers had learned to trust her implicitly and depend on her taste in details. Her eyes lingered on a little frame, heart-shaped and edged with pearls. She was thinking how glad she would be if it were hers, for she had a weakness for jewels, for pearls in particular.

As she held the frame a young man entered. He looked at her with a surprised gaze, which brought the blood to her cheek, and then politely apologized.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, "but you look so strikingly like an old college chum of mine that the likeness startled me. I want a frame," he added, "a small affair, like the one you are putting away."

Evelyn recovered herself and handed him the frame.

"Pearls," he remarked. "They signify tears, don't they?"

"They never did to me," said Evelyn, with a smile. "I think pearls are the loveliest gems. I am not superstitious."

"Somehow I think you are voicing the opinion of the young lady for whom I want this gift. I fancy she would like pearls."

"Why not ask her?" said Evelyn.

"I don't know where she is now, and, to tell the truth, I have never seen her. She is simply a dream to me," said the buyer.

Evelyn looked her surprise. He was quite in earnest, and naturally she was curious, but, with well-bred self-possession, she gave no further sign of her feelings. But the explanation was volunteered.

"You see, miss, the college chum whom you resemble so much roomed with me at old Fordham for three years. He had a pearl of a sister, who wrote him letters that any fellow on earth would swear came from a sweetheart. I used to envy him, for I have no sister and whenever his sister's birthday came round he and I went about town getting into all the jewelry stores to find her a present. He always got her something nice, too, and I added a ring or locket or pencil, labeled 'From George's chum.' I did that for two years at college, and even after I left, and now here comes her birthday again, and I am going to mail that little frame to-night to New York, so that it will arrive on the

BUILD UP YOUR STRENGTH INVALID STOUT ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER Dominion Brewery Co. LIMITED

But it made a man of me and a woman of you. We appreciate our heritage now. It is not very often that a man of twenty-two and a girl of twenty (yes, you were twenty) last Monday, don't deny it!) have our experience. Why, look here, Pearl, this is post-marked 'Kansas!' By George! if the name on the box is not your old firm's, Altenuis & Co. Here is a mystery, and—you know all about it!"

Tell-tale smiles had begun to chase the tears on Evelyn's face. "Out with it, dearie!"

"Yes, George, I sold that frame to your friend Ralph in Kansas City."

"Jove! And did he know you?"

"Not at all. And you may be sure I did not reveal myself."

"And of course he wouldn't dream that rich old 'Scrubbin's' niece was a shop girl in Kansas City. But how did you know it was Ralph?"

"Well, he asked my advice about a gift for a friend's sister, and one link fell after another, and I, knowing all about it, had no trouble putting them together. He suspected nothing, though he did look hard at me and say I resembled a college chum of his."

As Evelyn lived over the meeting, with her "last customer," the warm blood rushed to her brow.

"Whew!" whistled George, "I smell orange blossoms."

"Now, George, for shame! No one thinks of such a thing. If we ever meet again, and he should fail to recognize me, promise me you will not tell the story."

"It is too good to keep," chuckled George. "But promise me, brother," persisted Evelyn.

"Sure," said George. "Mum's the word."

"And we may never meet," with a sigh.

"Don't you believe it. If Ralph is touched, he will go around the world till he meets you. He is a good fellow, clever, has money and brains, is a good Catholic and, in fact, is just the man I would pick out for my sister's husband."

"For mercy's sake, stop, George! You are awfully premature. Remember the circumstances."

George whistled softly, and suddenly remembered he had an engagement.

Within a year Ralph Edgwood and Evelyn had met. Not unwillingly was Evelyn wooed and won, and on her bridal day Ralph threw a rope of exquisite pearls about her neck, saying: "My pearl of pearls; you have broken the spell, for it has even been said that 'pearls signify tears.' I have never believed it since a fair young girl, your very counterpart, sold me a year ago the little picture frame which now adorns your writing desk. I often think of her, Evelyn, when I look at you, for except your own face and her's, no other ever attracted me. I saw her only once, behind that counter, but her face lived in my mind; and I determined that I should have just such a girl for my wife. And I have, only she is even more beautiful."

Happy beyond her dreams, Evelyn hid her face on her husband's breast, tears gushing from her eyes. "Take care, beloved," he said.

Some Facts Worth Considering. You are getting older every day and a Policy of Life Insurance will cost you less now than at any future time. The policy which you intend taking later on is not protecting your family now, and death often comes when most unexpected. The human body does not improve with age; you may be insurable now, but may not be so next week. The financial position of the North American Life is unexcelled, affording the best security for policy-holders. It will be to your advantage to procure a policy at once from The North American Life Assurance Co. Home Office TORONTO

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softly, caressing her brown hair, "pearls and tears, you know." She lifted her face, radiant with joy. "Tears," she whispered, "yes, but such happy tears." And then, with his strong protecting arm around her, she told him all about that hidden chapter in her life, when she was a shop girl in Kansas, and how she met him on the last day of her novena.

TRIBUTE TO A DEAD NUN

Few pleasures but have the bitter mixed with the sweet. And in nothing is this exemplified more than in the "gaps" we find when visiting school-day scenes. Always some dear presence is missing and mars the pleasure of our coming home. St. Anthony's feast was the red-letter day when the writer was a boarder at St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto. It was the name-day of Rev. Mother Antoinette Macdonell and when years afterwards I reached the shrine of the Wonder Worker, my thoughts went back in loving memory to St. Joseph's, and a picture post-card bore my greetings from Padua. But when it arrived at the convent Mother Antoinette Macdonell had passed away. Last week I again sat in St. Joseph's spacious gardens, and beneath a big spreading apple tree read a tender tribute written by a former pupil to the memory of Mother Antoinette. And because it tells something of this splendid Scotch-Canadian gentlewoman which cannot fail to be of interest to Catholic educators, I give the tender tribute to my readers that they, too, may enjoy it.

"Come up hither; choistered virgin, You who made your soul a shrine, Where I dwelt and where no image Ever blent itself with Mine; As a tender lily floating On a mountain lake alone Folding back its snowy petals Shows itself but to the sun."

She lay with the lily in her hand, the dear, dead mother, around whose revered memory cluster the sweetest recollections of our girlhood days and of our maturer years. A group of St. Joseph's former pupils, we surrounded her hallowed remains and gazed with tear-dimmed eyes on the loved face that had so often smiled benignly upon us in happy school-hours. For Mother Antoinette was our ideal of the highest type of womanhood; surely Wordsworth must have had some such sweet character in mind when he pictured:

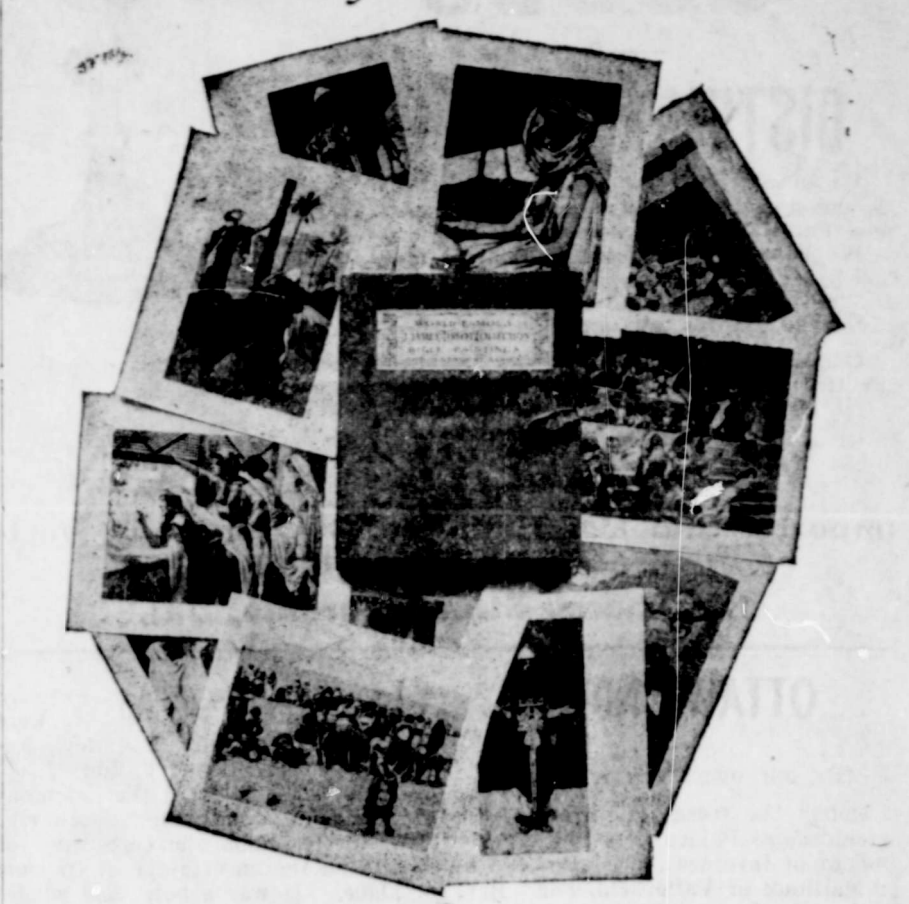
A perfect woman, nobly planned To warn, to comfort and command.

Henrietta Macdonell, the daughter of an historic race, the clan Macdonell, at one time the most powerful in the Highlands—a race that has aided much to make history in Great Britain and Canada, and that has given the young nation many of her most distinguished statesmen, soldiers and divines. She inherited largely the qualities that had characterized her illustrious forbears and had gained them distinction whether in the Church, state or army. She was born eighty-three years ago at Macleod, near Prescott, and was the daughter of the late Col. James Macdonell and the grand-daughter of the late Capt. Allan Macdonell (Leak) of the King's Royal Yorkers; thus she was descended from the renowned "Glengarry," whose three sons, better known among their Highland clansmen by the names of their estates in Scotland—Leak, Aberhillader and Cullachie—parted with their properties and emigrated from Glengarry in Scotland to America and settled in the then British province of New York. A few years after their settlement in the Mohawk valley the American revolution was at its height. The Scotch settlers, however, preserved their allegiance to the British crown, left the settlement and succeeded in making their way to Canada, where they were embodied into different British regiments and were engaged against the revolutionists.

On the maternal side, Mother Antoinette was descended from the Chisholms of Aberdeen, Scotland; her mother, Madeline Chisholm of Montreal, had the happiness of being received into the Catholic Church on her death-bed. It may interest students of the war of 1812 to learn that Mother Antoinette's father, when a youth, ran away from college to fight at Chrysler's Farm; that her uncle, Capt. John Macdonell, lost an arm at Lundy's Lane and was wounded at the battle of Ogdensburg; that her kinsman, Lieut.-Col. John Macdonell (Greenfield), York, aide-de-camp of Gen. Brock, fell with his commanding officer at Queenston Heights and is buried there with him, and that her uncle, Simon Fraser, who took possession of British Columbia and saved it for the crown, was the discoverer of the Fraser river, which bears his name. By family alliances she was connected with Col. John Macdonell of Scotch descent, better known by his cognomen of "Spanish John," whose martial achievements are renowned in story, also with Capt. Miles Macdonell, governor of Hudson Bay, and with the late Hon. D. A. Macdonell, lieutenant-governor of Ontario.

Like her father's kinsmen, the late Hon. and Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Upper Canada, and his cousin, the late Hon. Alexander Macdonell of Toronto, whose unflinching efforts accomplished so much for Catholicity in Ontario, Mother Antoinette in her measure wrought

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much for the spiritual uplifting of youth, and her educational and charitable work are found written in large characters in the history of Toronto. She so permeated her beautiful, selfless life with the spirit of faith that it is small wonder her character was the admiration of and bright example to those with whom she came in contact. She completely won hearts, and years, as they passed, but increased the love, esteem and veneration felt for her. It may be said of her that she established her abiding-place in the heart of the convent schoolgirl as in that of the hapless orphan and her sisters in religion. No one could have relations with this refined lady and gentle nun without being influenced by the strength and sweetness of her personality. As we write, the memory of her when revered Mother Superior at St. Joseph's comes vividly before us, and in school-day reminiscences we live again the dear old times in the study hall when her sweet presence graced our gatherings and she gave us those heart-to-heart talks that linger indelibly in memory. Ah, the beauty, the sweet simplicity of those touching little heart-talks which reverend mother gave her girls when the school was assembled each month to listen to the report of studies and when successful students received from her dear hands the class-medals and awards of honor which every St. Joseph's pupil labored for and coveted so eagerly! There was very much in the appearance of Mother Antoinette of the grande dame as she entered the hall with head slightly thrown back, or when in her stately manner she gracefully bowed her acknowledgments to the young ladies' salutations. How lofty she looked to our young eyes when at a distance we surveyed her, and yet how maternally, how tenderly she received us when we came within the charmed circle of her closer presence. Yes, those happy days—days that the heart grows accustomed to life's harder lessons look back upon with yearning and fond regret. We do not know just what quality it was which made Mother Antoinette so loved by the genius of the school and the dull pupil alike, unless it was her respect, we can term it nothing less, her respect for each individual pupil without reference to talent or position. She seemed by her deference—almost amounting to reverence—to bring out what was best in the nature of each child, and despite the fact that she lacked a keen insight into character and that she labored under the additional disadvantage of being inclined to accept people at their own valuation, she yet obtained by her kindly condescension and her heart qualities results that a sharper intellect often fails

to gain. To those of the old pupils, and her educational and charitable work are found written in large characters in the history of Toronto. She so permeated her beautiful, selfless life with the spirit of faith that it is small wonder her character was the admiration of and bright example to those with whom she came in contact. She completely won hearts, and years, as they passed, but increased the love, esteem and veneration felt for her. It may be said of her that she established her abiding-place in the heart of the convent schoolgirl as in that of the hapless orphan and her sisters in religion. No one could have relations with this refined lady and gentle nun without being influenced by the strength and sweetness of her personality. As we write, the memory of her when revered Mother Superior at St. Joseph's comes vividly before us, and in school-day reminiscences we live again the dear old times in the study hall when her sweet presence graced our gatherings and she gave us those heart-to-heart talks that linger indelibly in memory. Ah, the beauty, the sweet simplicity of those touching little heart-talks which reverend mother gave her girls when the school was assembled each month to listen to the report of studies and when successful students received from her dear hands the class-medals and awards of honor which every St. Joseph's pupil labored for and coveted so eagerly! There was very much in the appearance of Mother Antoinette of the grande dame as she entered the hall with head slightly thrown back, or when in her stately manner she gracefully bowed her acknowledgments to the young ladies' salutations. How lofty she looked to our young eyes when at a distance we surveyed her, and yet how maternally, how tenderly she received us when we came within the charmed circle of her closer presence. Yes, those happy days—days that the heart grows accustomed to life's harder lessons look back upon with yearning and fond regret. We do not know just what quality it was which made Mother Antoinette so loved by the genius of the school and the dull pupil alike, unless it was her respect, we can term it nothing less, her respect for each individual pupil without reference to talent or position. She seemed by her deference—almost amounting to reverence—to bring out what was best in the nature of each child, and despite the fact that she lacked a keen insight into character and that she labored under the additional disadvantage of being inclined to accept people at their own valuation, she yet obtained by her kindly condescension and her heart qualities results that a sharper intellect often fails

Mrs. Ryan Plans New Gift

Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, who already is famous for her generosity to the Catholic Church in the United States, is contemplating another magnificent gift to Georgetown University. This college is the alma mater of Mrs. Ryan's sons, and she is devoted to its interests. She has built a fine hall, called Ryan Hall, which serves as the college refectory, and she has given magnificent china and silver with which to furnish it. Recently she expressed the wish to have the college entrance more in keeping with the dignity and standing of the institution. At present two streets filled with squalid brick tenements crowd to the very door of the campus. She will purchase these two centre squares, transform them into a park and place a handsome iron railing with a massive gate, a copy of some famous gates in Florence, to guard the entrance.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure. Medical Student.—What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon.—Two hundred dollars. Medical Student.—I mean, what did he have? Eminent Surgeon.—Two hundred dollars.

With painful reiteration the weather man day after day predicts, "Lower Lakes and Georgian Bay—fine and warm."

Had Weak Back Would Lie In Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able To Turn. Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Cured.

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail, and have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure all kinds of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease, and the price is only 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

An Unscrupulous Druggist Will Try and Sell You a Substitute for DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY Why? Because "Dr. Fowler's" is the oldest and best known cure, having been on the market for 63 years, for DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLERA MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA SICKNESS, AND ALL FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. When they offer to sell you a preparation "just as good" they have no regard for your health at heart but that of their pocket. All honest druggists will give you what you ask for. Ask for "Dr. Fowler's" and get the best. Mrs. Thomas Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes:—"I suffered terribly with diarrhoea and asked the druggist for something to cure it. He gave me a small bottle of medicine of his own manufacture, but I got no relief from it. A friend advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry and I was cured after taking a few doses. The genuine is 35 cents, and manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

The QUIET HOUR

THE MASTER'S QUESTION.

Have ye looked for my sheep in the desert. For those who have missed their way? Have you been in the wild, waste places, Where the lost and wandering stray? Have ye trodden the lonely highway, The foul and the darkness street? It may be ye'd see in the gloaming The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom The trembling, neglected lamb, And taught to the little lost one The sound of the Shepherd's Name? Have ye searched for the poor and needy With no clothing, no home, no bread? The Son of Man was among them— He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have you carried the living water To the parched and thirsty soul? Have ye said to the sick and wounded, "Christ Jesus make thee whole?" Have ye told My fainting children Of the strength of the Father's hand?

Have ye guided the tottering footsteps To the shore of the golden land?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary To soothe the pillow of death, To comfort the sorrow-stricken, And strengthen the feeble faith? And have ye felt when the glory Has streamed through the open door And flitted across the shadows, That there I had been before.

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted In their agony of woe? Ye might hear Me whispering beside you " 'Tis the pathway I often go!" My brethren, My friends, My disciples Can ye dare to follow Me? Then, wherever the Master dwelleth, There shall the servant be! —Anon.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN MONEY.

You do not want your life to be a cipher. You want to help some one, and you do not know how. You have very little money to give, perhaps none at all; very little influence; very little of anything.

But you have more than you think. You have the possibility of the most valuable equipment that any man ever heard. Here was Ezekiel. He was a youth just starting in the noblest of all callings, that of a preacher. Yet God held him back until he had cultivated what you may cultivate. He had made all intellectual preparation. He had absorbed the message that he was to deliver to those poor captives down there by the waters of Babylon. In his Oriental manner of expressing it, he had "eaten" the roll on which that message was written. Still God held him back. There was one more thing which was absolutely necessary. He had to put himself in their place. Then, but not till then, he was prepared for his work.

What is the greatest underlying need in the commercial world to-day? It is not simply more wages. Men are having larger wages than they have ever had in the history of mankind. It is more sympathy. It is a greater willingness on the part of those in position and power to enter into real appreciation of the trials and anxieties of those whom they control. It is a greater willingness on the part of the employee to realize that his employer has his cares as well as he; that he has his sleepless nights too, and thus, just as often as he can, to give him credit for at least trying, amid many perplexities of his own, to do his best.

Why is it that one preacher will reach a multitude and another will not? That is a question which it is seldom easy to answer, because there is no "secret" of success, unless we use the nebulous term "personality," and that does not answer. For who can tell us what personality is? The "secrets" are multiplex, and many of them escape analysis. But among them all, in the successful preacher we shall always find this: When he looks out over his congregation on Sunday morning "he has compassion on the multitude," as Jesus had; he puts himself in their place. No man with a heart in him can be formal or cold or unimpressive when he can say to himself at such a time, and feel it, "Here is a company of struggling

men and women each one the centre of a history; each one in some undefinable way longing to be better than he is; each one stifling his own sob and fighting his own battle. And each one of these trouble-tossed men and women is silently pleading for some word of courage and hope. That is the "secret," if there is any secret. He sits where they sit. And this same secret of influence runs all through life. Whether our pulpit is in the church or the work shop, the school house of the home, we can never really help others until, by the power of just such sympathy as the Master Himself, we have put ourselves in their place. Thus, one teacher in the school is more successful than the other. They may have the same equipment and often have. But the first has learned to become in spirit a little child, to sit where the scholars sit.

You want to help somebody. Then learn to sit where he sits. The last things that the good Samaritan gave was his money.—Rev. George Thomas Dowling, in the New York Herald.

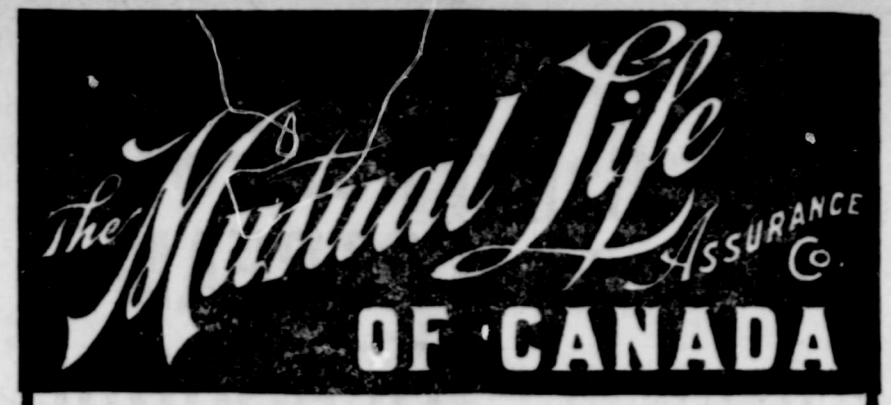
WHAT IS CONTRITION?

We take the following "comment," published in response to the letter of a correspondent, from the "Examiner" of Bombay, the editor of which is an eminent Jesuit writer, Father Hull: Contrition is essentially an attitude of the spiritual mind and will, and not a matter of feeling or emotion. Feeling or emotion is a natural accompaniment and expression of the attitude of the mind and will, but it must not be mistaken for the thing itself. The error is a common one, and productive of much mischief in two different ways.

(1) There are times when the feelings are unaccountably apathetic. The soul seems dry, depressed, disturbed, or even wickedly disposed. People in this condition begin to imagine that they are "in a bad way" or, to use the familiar expression, "going to the dogs." Regarding these low states of feeling as a sign of spiritual degeneration, they are inclined to give up all efforts for good. From feeling apathetic they actually pass to being apathetic, and from feeling wicked they actually become wicked. This being so, it is of the most importance for them to understand this truth—the state of the soul is measured, not by feelings, but by the attitude of the mind and will, viz., adhesion to sound principles and obedience of duty. If the will is calmly determined to do the right thing, whatever it may be, the soul is not only in a good state, but in the best possible state. Absence of feeling only accentuates this excellent state of the soul; for it manifests a firm moral grip of principles, and a power to stick to duty without the aid of emotional impulses.

(2) Other people, experiencing the same want of feeling, do not give up, but they become anxious and worried because they imagine in spite of their good will that there is something wrong, and that they are in danger of losing their souls. They begin to regard their want of feeling as sinful tepidity, and their feeling of wickedness as if it were real wickedness. By thus mistaking temptations for sins they may fall into scruples and morbid fears, and go about like damned souls. All this comes from not understanding that religion essentially consists in an attitude of the mind and will. As a matter of fact there is no better test of spiritual health than these times when feelings disappear and leave the soul with nothing to rest on except moral principles and the sense of duty.

This general idea has its application in the matter of sorrow for sin. Sorrow for sin is a spiritual attitude of the mind and will. It may be accompanied with emotion, and naturally will as a rule. But it can also be as cool as a cucumber. If I run over a man in the street, I don't burst out into a flood of tears and wailings, nor is there the least need to screw myself up into a melodramatic state of hysteria. I calmly and deliberately regret the occurrence, and I am ready to do what I can to repair the injury; and I hope and intend to avoid a similar accident in future. That is sorrow, genuine and true—quite apart from feeling, and sorrow for sin is essentially of the same kind. There is a difference of motive of course. Into sorrow for sin the religious element enters as a motive—the realization that by such acts I have offended God and deserved punishment, etc.



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But taken psychologically the act is the same. Moreover the attitude of the mind and will, once formed, is something which abides in the soul. After the accident in the street I call a sepooy, or a stretcher, conduct the man to the hospital, offer to pay his expenses, call and report the matter to his family, inquire after the patient and finally make him a pecuniary compensation. I do not all this time occupy my mind with the sentiment of sorrow, but my actions are in themselves a living manifestation of its existence. The sorrow is the latent force which moves me to do what I am doing.

Now apply all this to confession. After due examination of conscience, repentance and purpose of amendment the penitent goes to the confessional. Here his attention is engaged in the recital of his sins, listening to the words of the priest, trying to remember his penance, and perhaps watching to see when the sign for leaving is given. He is so occupied in these things that he either forgets to repeat the verbal act of contrition, or fails to get through it or to think of what he is saying. Does this show that sorrow is absent? Not in the least. The very fact of his preparing for confession and then going into the confessional is proof of his sorrow, and not only is he sorry beforehand, but he is sorry all the time. The attitude of mind and will remains, and is the force which moves him to perform the act. It merely lies latent on account of distractions. If the priest suddenly stopped and asked: "Are you sorry?" the instant answer would be: "Of course I am, else what am I here for?" This proves that the attitude of sorrow is there, even though it does not work perceptibly when the mind is otherwise engaged. The consequence is, no one who is in ordinary good disposition of soul before confession need be in the least degree anxious during confession itself. The mere fact of seriously coming to confession after a reasonable amount of preparation, is proof positive that the necessary contrition is there. This need not dispense us from the endeavor to make our sorrow as explicit as possible at the moment of confession; but it will at least dispense all fears and vain scruples.

Un-instructed, yet susceptible people bring misery on themselves by not understanding these simple principles of moral theology. They are tortured with scruples, thinking that their past confessions are all bad for want of sorrow, and always wishing to make them all over again. The fact is, they have been measuring their contrition by the amount of emotion there was in it, and have mistaken dryness for impotence—and all through ignorance of the fact that contrition is simply an attitude of the mind and will, and not a feeling at all.

Of course cases can occur in which people's confessions fail for want of proper dispositions. But where this happens it is generally not from want of sorrow for the past, but rather from want of determination to avoid sin for the future—want of resolution to avoid a proximate occasion, or to break off some evil connection leading to sin. Here, again, there is room for morbid and mistaken fears. A man feels certain that as a matter of fact he will fall again. It always has happened so far, and it is sure (he says) to happen again.

And so he confines himself to being sorry for what is past, and neglects to make a resolution for the future—which he knows, or thinks he knows, is useless. This is his mistake. No efforts after moral improvement are useless, however often they fail. The effort itself is an act of virtue; in fact one might say that the very essence of the Christian life consists, not precisely in what we achieve, but in trying to achieve it. Hence, no matter how sure a man feels that he will fall again, he must still say to himself: "I will at least throw my good-will into it, and try again, no matter whether I succeed or not." It is this earnest purpose of trying to do what one can, and not the actual success in carrying it out afterwards, which essentially constitutes the purpose of amendment.

Our correspondent at the end of his letter seems to betray an incorrect idea of what imperfect and perfect contrition means. He seems to think that perfect contrition means an intense and emotional contrition, and imperfect contrition means a state of wanting in intensity of emotion. This is not correct. Perfect contrition is just as independent of feeling as imperfect contrition is. The real difference lies in the motive which gives rise to the act. If sorry only because of the punishment of hell which it involves, this is imperfect contrition, no matter how intense and emotional it be. If sorry because sin is an offense against the good God this is perfect contrition, no matter how devoid of emotion it may be. Both motives can, of course, exist together in the mind, and the presence of the lower one does not spoil the higher one, so long as the higher one is really there. The ordinary formula, "O, my God, I am heartily sorry for my sins because Thou art infinitely good, and sin is displeasing to Thee," whenever it is said and seriously meant, is a perfect act of contrition.

REFLECTIONS

Thanksgiving was one of the needs for which God created us. Neither is there any matter in which He is so defrauded of His glory as in this, and none consequently in which He looks more for reparation from His faithful servants. No one ever thanks Him with devout intention who does not at once and thereby give Him glory. It is astonishing in how many indirect ways God lovingly allows us to co-operate in the salvation of souls. Would that we were more ingenious in finding them out, and more unwearingly in the practice of them.

One-Sided Journalism

That Philadelphia is not the only place where the daily papers refuse the correction of their misstatements regarding the Church is evident from the following from the Pittsburgh "Observer":

"Journal ethics are unknown in the proprietorial and editorial offices of the morning papers of Pittsburgh. In this respect this city is almost unique. Some time ago a writer on the staff of one of the dailies repeated the oft-refuted lie, the outcome of either ignorance or malice, that in the Catholic Church 'indulgences' are purchased permissions to commit sin. Several priests of this city immediately wrote to the editor and proprietor of the paper letters correcting that inexcusable blunder and falsehood. But not one of the letters was published. Another of them printed the false statement that there was no Catholic institution in this city which housed, fed and clothed homeless boys. A letter was sent to the editor and proprietor, giving the name and address of such a Catholic institution—St. Joseph's Protectory for Boys—but, strange to say, although the editor and proprietor of that paper is a Catholic, he had not the courage, nor the sense of duty, nor the spirit of honor and truthfulness which would have secured a prompt insertion of the correction. In the Saturday edition of the third of our morning dailies there appears an ill-written, pointless and inconsequential 'sermon' on Scriptural topics, penned by one Groat. One of them had for its subject recently the name of the Redeemer of mankind. Groat proved himself to be entirely ignorant of what the Scriptures teach about the significance of the words 'Jesus Christ,' attributing false meanings to each of them. A prominent Catholic priest wrote a letter in which he showed, from texts of Holy Writ, that Groat did not understand the subject on which he glibly wrote. The letter was not published, and a request subsequently made for the return of the letter was unheeded. Could anything more ungentlemanly, more unfair, more boorish, be imagined in connection with the daily journalism of this country? Those who conduct the three papers to which reference is here made reflect discredit upon American journalism."

Don't Walk the Floor With Baby



But put your treasure in our Little Beauty Hammock Cot where babies never cry.

During the day your time is valuable, taken up with other duties and at night you need your rest.

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Previous Congresses

At a time when the entire Catholic world is enthusing over the Eucharistic Congress in London, a word or two on the Catholic Congresses which have preceded it may not be amiss.

One would think that to obtain information on this point would be a comparatively easy matter, because of these meetings and the great number of Catholics interested in each one, but as a matter of fact up to this year there was not one single source from which to draw authentic and reliable knowledge, save the ephemeral files of the daily papers. We remark this in passing because it is a convincing commentary on the necessity and value of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" that among the myriad matters of which it treats, it has found space for a comprehensive nine-page article on Catholic Congresses, from which the facts we cite below are taken.

The first large Congress was held by the Catholics of Germany in 1848, under the auspices of the newly-founded "Piusvereine," and developed into an annual affair which, with varying interests and motives, has continued up to the present day. Of late years the labor question has occupied more and more of the assembly's attention.

The first Belgian Congress was held at Mechlin, in 1863, and so successful was it that it may be called the forerunner of the international Congresses of the present. France followed suit in 1871 and in a circular of August 25, 1872, a committee proposed that all forms of Catholic associations of the country and all French Catholic organizations should create a general representative body for the purpose of defending their common interests. This circular led to the convening of the first "Congres des comites Catholiques" at Paris, 1872, and the sessions of this body were held annually until 1892.

Since 1900 a Catholic Congress has been held annually in Hungary, in Spain since 1889 Catholic assemblies have met from time to time; in Switzerland, after suspension for a generation, the first general Congress was held in 1903, on the basis of an excellent organization, and about the close of the nineteenth century a Congress was held in Italy representing all the Catholic organizations of that country.

Among the best known of international assemblies have been the "Eucharistic Congresses," the aim of which is to increase and deepen the love of Christ. Nineteen of these meetings have been held since the first in Lille in 1881. Most have been preponderantly French, though the one at Jerusalem in 1893, that at Rome in 1905, and the last at Metz in 1907, have been of world-wide importance.

There have been two Congresses of Catholic laymen in the United States. The first met in Baltimore, Maryland, November 11, 1889, on the centenary of the establishment of the hierarchy of the United States. The sessions of the second Congress were held in Chicago on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September, 1893, as incidental to the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbus Exposition and World's Fair of that year.

Altogether the present Congress has a long line of predecessors behind it, and it is gratifying to Catholic progress that it bids fair to outshine them all in enthusiasm, in brilliancy and in importance.

"The Conquered Banner"

Father Abram Ryan, who wrote that undying poem, "The Conquered Banner," was an intense southern sympathizer during the Civil War. Passion and patriotism are blended in the following:

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary; Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary; Furl it, fold it, it is best; For there's not a man to wave it, And there's not a sword to save it, And there's not one left to lave it In the blood which heroes gave it; And 'tis wees now scorn and brave it; Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered; Broken is its staff and shattered; And the valiant hosts are scattered Over whom it floated high. Oh! 'tis hard for us to hold it; Hard that these who once unrolled it Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly! Once ten thousand hailed it gladly, And ten thousands wildly, madly, Swore it should forever wave; Swore that foeman's sword should never Hearts like theirs untwine, dis sever, Till that flag should float forever O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it, And the hearts that fondly clasped it Cold and dead are lying low; And that Banner—it is trailing! While around it sounds the wailing Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it! Love the cold, dead hands that bore it! Weep for those who fell before it! Pardon those who trailed and tore it! But, oh! wildly they deplore it, Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! Furl 'tis weary;

The following is the story told by Father Ryan himself to a friend of how the "Conquered Banner" was written; a simple story proclaiming though unintentionally, the intense sincerity of the author:

"When written I did not think the 'Conquered Banner' a great poem, but a poor woman who had not much education, but whose heart was filled with love for the South, thought so, and if it had not been for her this poem would have been swept out of the house and burned up, and I should never have had this true story to tell.

"I was in Knoxville when the news came that Gen. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court House. It was night, and I was sitting in my room in a house where many of the regiment were quartered, when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All is lost; Gen. Lee has surrendered.' I looked at him. I knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. I simply said: 'Leave me,' and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them. That banner was conquered; its folds must be furl'd, but its story had to be told.

"We were very poor in the days of the war. I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping paper that lay on the table about an old pair of shoes that a friend sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote the 'Conquered Banner.' Then I went to bed, leaving the lines there upon the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away and I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in a Louisville paper. The poor woman who kept the house in Knoxville had gone, as she afterwards told me, into the room to throw the piece of paper into the fire when she saw that there was something written upon it. She said that she sat down and cried and, copying the lines, she sent them to a newspaper in Louisville. And that was how 'Conquered Banner' got into print."—Exchange.

The parish of Holy Redeemer, Hull, was on fete on the occasion of the pastoral visit of Archbishop Duhamel. His Grace was met by a large number of parishioners, and, accompanied by a band, was escorted to the presented with an address. Over four hundred school children were in attendance. High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Carriere, and the Archbishop, who presided, delivered a sermon on Grace. Prayers for the dead were offered at a ceremony in the afternoon, at which Rev. Father Ronleau preached. Confirmation was administered by His Grace to over one hundred children. Rev. Father Gavary of Ottawa University, preaching at this service.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

Remember that what pulls and hauls you from one passion to another is but your fancy within you. There lies the rhetoric that persuades you. That is the live thing and to speak plainly, that is the man after all.—Jeanne Gillespie Pennington

A Sinking, Hollow, "All-Jone" Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach.

"THAT IS DYSPEPSIA"

A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures even in the most obstinate cases, is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness, and increasing the appetite, and restoring health and vigor to the system.

Mrs. Alice Steeves, Springfield, N.S., writes:—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in Stomach Troubles and Dyspepsia. I was troubled for years with Dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles and became cured, and now I can eat a rye-bread without it hurting me. I will recommend it to all having Stomach Trouble."

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In and Around Toronto

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Our collector, Mr. Joseph Coolahan, is now making his rounds. Kindly have your subscription to hand if not already paid. Promptness on your part will oblige.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

An anniversary Requiem Mass, for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. M. O'Mara, was sung in St. Mary's church on the 26th inst., by the Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar-General. R.I.P.

ANNIVERSARY MASS.

The second anniversary Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Mrs. J. Higgins, was sung at 9.30 this morning (Thursday) in St. Patrick's church. R.I.P.

FUNERAL OF MRS. JOHN CRUISE.

On Friday last at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes a solemn funeral Mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Cruise, widow of the late John Cruise, was sung, Rev. Father Kidd being celebrant, assisted by Rev. J. M. Cruise as deacon and Rev. T. Cruise sub-deacon. Rev. Father Hand of St. Paul's and Rev. Father Finnigan of Dixie, were in the sanctuary. Interment was at St. Michael's. R.I.P.

FUNERAL OF MR. WM. HALLEY.

The funeral of Mr. Wm. Halley took place on Tuesday morning from St. Basil's church, the Mass of requiem being said by Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B. Rev. Fathers Cushing and Kelly were also present. The chief mourners were a daughter, Mrs. Daily, and son, and Mr. Maurice Halley, brother of deceased. Amongst others were Mr. John Ross Robertson of the Toronto Telegram, Mr. J. Flannery and Mr. R. Sibley. Interment took place at St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

ARCHBISHOP McEVAY WILL PREACH.

From the official notice of the First American Catholic Missionary Congress, which will meet in Chicago from the 15th to the 18th of the present month, we learn that Archbishop McEvay will preach the opening sermon at Pontifical Vespers on Sunday, Nov. 15th. Rev. Father Kidd will be sub-deacon of the evening. The Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Diomedeo Falconio, will preside at the Congress, and a large number of the hierarchy and clergy of the United States and Canada will be in attendance.

A FORMER TORONTIONIAN DIES IN MILWAUKEE, WIS.

There died in Milwaukee on September 19th ult., Mr. Martin Jones, oldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Jones of this city, and a remarkable life of military activities, having served through the whole of the American War and was with Gen. Sherman in his march to the sea. He was accorded a military funeral, which was also largely attended by civilians. He was buried in the military plot at the Catholic cemetery. Mr. John Jones, his brother, of Augusta Ave., and his sister, Mrs. John Curran of Major street, were at his bedside when he died. R.I.P.

ST. ELIZABETH VISITING NURSES ASSOCIATION.

The authorized committee of the new society founded by His Grace, the Archbishop, for the purpose of providing nurses for the sick poor of the city, met last week and elected their officers as follows: Patron, His Grace, Archbishop McEvay; Hon. Pres., Lady Falconbridge; Pres., Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh; First Vice-Pres., Mrs. French; Second Vice-Pres., Mrs. H. Kelly; Secretary, Mrs. O'Sullivan; Treasurer, Mrs. Dwyer. Rev. Father Morrow is chaplain by appointment of the Archbishop. The committee also drew up a constitution. Further notice as to progress will be supplied the members and public generally at the earliest possible date.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF STATUARY.

The finest array of statuary ever exhibited in Ontario is now on view at the show-rooms of W. E. Blake & Son, Toronto.

Those at all interested would find it well worth while to call and note the newest features which the genius of the most progressive manufacturer has incorporated in this statuary.

Among these features will be noted the use of crystal eyes which give the statues a very life-like and devotional expression, the effect being enhanced by the aid of the most artistic art in drapery, the painting being so clearly executed as to make the representation of the natural fabric complete.

In addition to the stock of general statuary have also arrived handsome sets of Stations of the Cross, presenting a varied selection in relief, half relief and full relief.

Marble altars of various sizes and designs are also handled by this enterprising firm whose representatives will deem it a pleasure to wait upon any prospective customer from any part of Canada.

The firm has also added recently to their list of select agencies, that of Messrs. Paecard, the great European Bell Founders, a magnificent sample of whose work may also be viewed in the ware-rooms of Messrs. Blake & Son.

Monuments Prices Reasonable Work the Very Best Thomson Monument Co., Limited 1194 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Table with columns for Grain, Hay and Straw, and Fruits and Vegetables, listing various items and their prices.

Table with columns for Dairy Produce and Fresh Meats, listing items like Butter, Eggs, Beef, etc., and their prices.

Table with columns for Poultry and Dairy Produce, listing items like Turkeys, Spring chickens, etc., and their prices.

Table with columns for Dairy Produce and Fresh Meats, listing items like Beef, Pork, etc., and their prices.

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EARLSCOURT'S CATHOLIC COLONY.

A little colony of Catholics during the past year has sprung up at Earls Court, situated north of St. Clair avenue, and between the well-known boundaries of Dufferin street and Prospect cemetery.

Belonging to no particular parish, and attached to no particular church, the more thoughtful began to realize that some move should be undertaken for the purpose of making their presence known with a view to improving the situation, both from a spiritual and educational standpoint.

Now a Sunday school has been formed, Mrs. McClure of Toronto Heights giving her home for the purpose. Here a large apartment has been decorated and beautified by the workmen of the place.

A society called the Earls Court Catholic Association with Mr. McClure as President, has been formed, and a Ladies' Guild headed by Mrs. McClure, works as Auxiliary. The ladies of the place intend giving entertainments from time to time, and a social will be held on Saturday, Oct. 10th, for the purpose of securing funds to beautify the temporary chapel, where in addition to the Catechism Class at 3.30 on Sunday, the Rosary and other exercises are followed.

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Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER OF THE Estate of Elizabeth Caulfield, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, spinster, deceased, Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, Chapter 129 and Amending Acts that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Elizabeth Caulfield, deceased, who died on or about the 9th day of August, 1908, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to Rev. James Hayes, Vrooman, P.O., Ont., the executor of the estate of the said Elizabeth Caulfield, on or before the 15th day of October, 1908, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after the said 15th day of October, the executor of the said estate will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice, and the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

Dated the 14th day of September, 1908. M. H. ROACH, Solicitor for Executor.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

We guarantee the durability and artistic workmanship of all our windows, of those of moderate prices as well as the most expensive, and are made of English Antique Glass

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German navy, made the following proclamation: "During this winter, lectures will be given upon all the ships of the navy concerning abstinence from alcoholic drink. Properly qualified members of the Good Templar Order of this and other countries have already been engaged for the purpose."

Prince Henry's interest in the movement against alcohol was also manifested at a meeting of the Marine Anti-Alcohol Society which has developed a lively activity under the direction of Naval Paymaster Haberer. Prince Henry expressed his full agreement with the work of the union by allowing himself to be represented by his chief of staff and by the remarkable words, "Hats off to the abstainers."

At a great banquet held in Kiel (Jan. 23) to celebrate the birthday of the Kaiser, Prince Henry acted as honorary president. But he drank no beer, using only non-alcoholic drinks.

In Memoriam

On Wednesday morning the High Mass of Requiem, at eight o'clock in St. Patrick's church, was sung by Rev. Father Klennet, C.S.S.R., as anniversary of Mary Tobin. Many of her friends received Holy Communion for the repose of her soul and in the afternoon visited her grave in Mount Hope cemetery.

It was sad to part, my darling, When the leaves begin to fall, But Thou, O King of Heaven, Thou knowest best of all; And I am lonely waiting Till the summons comes to me, And trying to be ready Like the leaves upon the tree. -M. T.

A Knock at the Door

"While 'A Knock at the Door' is intended primarily for persons desiring information concerning the Congregation of the Xaverian Brothers, it will be found of interest and of genuine utility to all young people who feel any attraction for the religious life, irrespective of particular communities—to all indeed who, from spiritual reasons, are dissatisfied with life in the world. The booklet (of 84 pages) is an excellent one for a pastor to have at hand for cer-

A NEW EDITION OF 'FOREST, STREAM AND SEASHORE' IS NOW READY

WRITE GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Moncton, N.B., Enclosing ten cents for Postage.

"FOREST, STREAM AND SEASHORE" is a book of over 200 pages, illustrated in colors and in half-tones, giving well-written descriptions of the country contiguous to the line of railway, replete with historic incident, legend and folk lore worthy of a place in any library.

Homes Wanted

Good Catholic Homes are wanted for the following children: Five boys aged from seven to nine years, two girls and one boy aged four years, and three girls aged two, nine and ten years.

Apply to Wm. O'CONNOR, Inspector Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings Toronto.

Miss Christina Charlebois

Teacher of Vocal Music. Concert engagements accepted. Apply at 5 Mulock Ave.

Wanted for Baxter Separate School a Catholic Teacher having at least a third class certificate, must be able to teach French. Salary \$350.00. School re-opens on October 1st. send references and apply to Arthur Brouillard, Secy. Port Severn P. O. Ont.

A young lady having had four years experience as teacher in a Separate School would take charge of children at the home where she could attend night school. References, Box 5 Catholic Register.

Gifts have been received from all parts of the world by the Roman committee which presented to Pope Pius X. on the occasion of his Jubilee a great gold chalice in the name of the Catholic youth of the entire world. The presentation was made on September 17th, and the Pope used the chalice on that day in celebrating a special Jubilee Mass.

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

(Continued from page 1.)

God had preserved them in extraordinary ways from their enemies, and how when He was come into the world to complete their redemption, they refused to believe in Him, and, blinded by pride, fell into infidelity. Then He concluded with these terrifying words, announcing their sentence for not having guarded the gift of faith: "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."

And the pages of history that relate the sad story of this once favored people are burdened with their terrible chastisement—their abandonment by God. The people of Israel, exiled from the land of their fathers and scattered over the face of the earth, mistrusted and hated and persecuted, without a temple, without an altar, without a priesthood, bear for now two thousand years the seal of a reprobate people, and are a warning, a living, permanent, universal warning to all people of how God chastises them who guard not their faith.

Fearful warning this, dear people, and may it serve to spur you on to be diligent in guarding your faith in yourselves and your children. The faith has had a glorious history in your own native land, that land that has ever been synonymous with Catholicity, and it is my most sincere wish and prayer that you may live here, in the country of your adoption, lives worthy of your traditions in your own native land, so that future generations may be able to speak of your ancestors in Italy—with sincere Catholic pride.

Father McRae's Death

A despatch to the Globe dated Sept. 27th, gives the following account of the death of Father McRae of St. Andrew's:

After an illness of ten days Rev. Father D. C. McRae, St. Andrew's, Ont., succumbed to an attack of appendicitis in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Cornwall, to-day at 6 a.m. Deceased was a son of the late Christopher McRae, North Branch, Glengarry, where he was born about 50 years ago. He was educated at St. Therese and Montreal Colleges and Montreal Grand Seminary, and was ordained at Kingston by the late Archbishop Cleary. His first work was in Kingsport and Gananoque. He came to Cornwall in 1889 and was in charge of St. Columban's parish for ten months, when he was given the parish of Glen Nevis, where he remained sixteen years, going to St. Andrew's in 1906 and remaining there till his last illness. He was a fine character and was held in high esteem by all denominations. The remains will be conveyed to St. Andrew's on Tuesday, and the funeral will take place there on Wednesday at 10 a.m.

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When you install a "SAFFORD" in your residence, you enhance the saleable value of your property very much in excess of the amount originally extended.

It means dollars to you because the "SAFFORD" will absolutely maintain the temperature in your home in the coldest weather for eight hours on one firing. In other words it saves fuel and energy. We have the proofs and will be glad to show you.

WRITE TO-DAY The Dominion Radiator Co. Limited TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTRAL ST. JOHN, N.B.

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You'll Fancy Yourself in Berlin

or Hamburg or Dresden when you drink O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager. It's our new brew—just like the famous light beers of Germany. Brewed of choicest hops and malt—and stored until fully aged. "Pilsener" is the newest of the O'Keefe's brews and it bids fair to be the most popular. Try it.

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER "THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"

Men's Fall Overcoats

We suggest an examination of our large and well assorted stock of Men's Overcoats now that the Fall season has started. Our styles are the very best, being made by high-class designers of men's fashion. For to-morrow we offer two special lines, comprising silk lined overcoats in Oxford and black, sold in the regular way at \$25.00 and \$30.00. To-morrow\$20.00

And the others comprise broken lines of some fancy Fall Overcoats that we regularly sell at \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00. To-morrow, to clear\$12.00

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited Toronto