

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

**More of the Irish in America—  
The Career of Dennis J. Sweeney, Chicago's Distinguished Fire Chief, who saw Fifty Years of Active Service and was never known to make a mistake'**

In a late contribution I claimed the superiority and adaptiveness of the Irish as policemen. That claim, I think, is now generally conceded. There is another branch of strenuous American life in which I choose to put in a claim for them as being unsurpassed, and that is as firemen. The greatest fire city of America is Chicago, and as in the case of the policemen, it is from there I am going to draw my samples too.

There is no class of citizens that people go crazy over more readily than their heroes; men who have distinguished themselves in war, or athletics, just as we have here now a small craze over Sherring, the young Irish-Canadian of Hamilton, who took the first or Marathon prize in walking at the Olympic games of Greece a few weeks ago, and just as Canadians have in the past gone crazy over the rowing achievements of Hamilton, O'Connor and others.

I do not know that Chicago has any particular claim to put forward in this particular line of heroes, but she certainly has in others that are more practical and enduring. In the war of the rebellion she gave to the Union cause General Mulligan, the hero of Lexington; to the police service she gave John D. Shea, an officer who knew no fear nor no failure; and to the fire-fighting service, Denis J. Sweeney, the greatest fireman America ever produced. And it is of him I am about to write to the readers of the Register to-day.

Dennis J. Sweeney, like Peter Donahoe, San Francisco's leading Captain of Industry, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, of Irish parents, and came to America and settled in Chicago, when about fourteen years of age. At the age of fifteen he joined a volunteer fire company and served the city for fifty long and eventful years, many of those years as Chief of the Fire Department, in which capacity he won the respect and esteem of the citizens of Chicago generally and renown throughout the United States of America; and when he died a few years ago there was general regret and no small amount of lamentation.

In the year 1848, the year in which Chief Sweeney's parents brought him from Glasgow to Chicago, he was apprenticed to a saddle and harness-maker. The following year saw him a member of a volunteer hose company. In 1856 he was elected first assistant engineer, and two years later was made chief of the volunteer department. Against bitter opposition in 1858 he organized the first fire company under full pay, and which was called the Atlantic engine company, No. 3. In 1861 he was made foreman of Liberty engine No. 7, and in 1867 was given command of the new engine, "Fred Gund," the buying of which was regarded as an epoch at that time by the citizens of Chicago. In 1873 the fire department of Chicago was re-organized, and Foreman Sweeney became Assistant Chief under Chief Matt Benner. In 1879 he became Chief. His first care in assuming the command of the Fire Department was to put it on a business basis. In an American city like Chicago, where everything in the nature of a public service takes on a political bias, this was a hard thing to do, but he suc-

ceeded in it, which was greatly to his credit. This was two years after the big fire of 1871. He began his work of reconstruction by calling to his assistance another renowned Irish fire-fighter named William H. Musham, whose work had been almost as essential to the building up of the Fire Department to its present standard as that of the Chief himself. It was to the added credit of Sweeney that he was able to judge of the ability and capacity of men and had always kept himself surrounded by those who were as able in their respective positions as he was in his own. He made another Irishman, one Chas. S. Petrie, his second assistant, and Professor Barrett superintendent of the fire alarm department. Barrett is another Irish American, who still holds his position and has proved his worth and value by his successful endeavor. He worked out the splendid fire alarm system that now protects the city of Chicago. Many of the ideas that he embodied in the system were, however, suggested by Chief Sweeney. The later also suggested the building of fire tugs or steamers, and it was on his recommendation that the four fire boats that guard the property along and near the river, were put into operation. Sweeney also introduced what were known as the pomper ladders, a system much used in European countries for the saving of life.

So many things in Chicago date from the great fire of 1871 that a sketch of any man who was a fireman at that time would be incomplete without a reference to what he did during that terrible ordeal. Chief Sweeney was at that memorable crisis captain of Engine Company No. 14, located at Larrabee street and Chicago avenue. At 9.00 o'clock of the fatal Sunday night when Mrs. O'Leary's celebrated and destructive cow carelessly placed her left hind foot on top of the kerosene lamp that overturned and set Chicago on fire, Captain Sweeney's company was ordered to the West Side to help fight back the flames. The Captain wanted to make a stand where he would have had an advantage. It must be remembered there was a very large and serious fire the night before the great fire, and big fires are anything but uncommon in that city, where the atmosphere seems to be surcharged with the elements that favor flame and destruction. Sweeney wanted to make his stand where he would have had the burned region of the night before on one side, as he felt certain no effort could stop the conflagration from reaching that place. He thought hard work could stop the flames from coming around on the side of the already burned area, and the fire would burn itself out there. But he was finally ordered to place his engine at Canal and Van Buren streets, and there he and his company fought a hopeless fight. The flames swept all around them, and finally scorched and blistered, they had to turn and run for their lives, leaving their engine behind to become a prey to the fire and the general ruin. Sweeney and his men took possession of another engine over in Michigan street and then fought the flames by retreating a block at a time in front of the roaring mass of fire. It was not until late on the Tuesday morning following the breaking out of the conflagration, which was on Sunday evening, that Captain Sweeney and his men sought the rest they so badly needed.

While Chief Sweeney's work of an executive nature had been far reaching in its results, he was better known for his personal work as chief in command at all the fires of any importance that had occurred for twenty-five years. Night or day the breaking out of a fire that made a second call for engines necessary, brought him to danger's spot. Spectators at fires have stood breathlessly watching the flame and smoke until suddenly the firemen fighting back the destructive conflagration seemed to take on a fresh enthusiasm and attack with redoubled vigor the destructive besom, and the word would go around in the crowd, "the old man has come." The "old man" is a term that could be used to conjure with at Chicago fires, and it stood for only one person, and that one person was Chief Sweeney. His men had supreme confidence in his judgment and manner of fighting fires. More than that, they knew he would never send a man where he would never willingly go himself. He had had a dozen or more of the narrowest kinds of escapes from death, and before his death he bore as fine a lot of scars as ever soldier won in battle. He had been carried out of basements overcome by smoke; he had been blown for feet by the force of ex-

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plosives, and had run races with falling walls, hardly keeping more than two feet in the lead, more times than he had fingers and toes.

In what was known as the Northwestern elevator fire he led an engine company into a desperate place, but the only one that offered a good stand from which to battle against the fire storm. He remained with the company because he would not leave men alone in a place where death menaced them every moment. When the explosion came the gallant men, nine of them, were blown into the air. Three of the poor fellows were killed outright, and Chief Sweeney and four others were badly wounded.

In a fire in what was known as the old Empire warehouse in Jackson street, near the river, the chief led a hose company into the building. A draft of air slammed the door, which was an oak one, shut, and cut the leads of hose and shut off the water. Assistant Chief Musham outside hacked like mad at the doors, but could not break them open. The room was filled with smoke and the imprisoned men began to fall on the floor, overcome by the fumes. The Chief made all his men lie down, and carrying along the unconscious ones, they worked their way to a small door which no one had noticed on entering the warehouse except the Chief himself. Just as he crawled into the open air he swept his eyes around and saw four firemen on the edge of the roof. He had made up his mind that an explosion was about to occur. He raised his megaphone voice and ordered the men to come down the ladders as fast as they could slide. The last man had hardly struck the ground before the explosion came and the roof was whirled high in the air.

In a fire near Green street the Chief was overcome inside of a burning building by the smoke. No one saw him fall and he would have died in the flames had not Assistant Chief Musham, who had missed him, gone in search, and stumbling over his prostrate form, carried him to the open air. In a fire on Randolph street once he tried to swing himself across a break in the walk by means of a hook. The hook broke and the Chief shot down into a basement and landed in a barrel of paint. He floundered out, but got into two or three other open paint barrels before he got onto the sidewalk again. "I'm a walking rainbow," he shouted as he gained the street, but my eyes are not painted. Play away No. 4."

Chief Sweeney was a very modest man and it was ever difficult to get him to talk of his achievements and adventures. "Yes," he would say, "that was a good fire. Bad place that. Full of kerosene barrels and things. Mean fire to do anything with." Like most brave men he was modestly personified. He was willing and eager to talk about "the boys" and glorify their deeds; he would gladly shower encomiums on "Bill" Musham, his first assistant, and afterwards his successor, for his bravery and ability.

At a big fire his position and manner were unique. He was never carried away by the excitement of the occasion. While men were shrieking madly all around him as lives or property were endangered, engines puffing and gongs clanging above the roar of the fire, Sweeney would stand where he could command all his forces and with a calm demeanor and a low voice, give his orders. These were transmitted to the captains and other fire-fighters, who at times were half-frenzied with excitement, things required to be done so quickly; but the master of the situation never was worried.

On one Thanksgiving day the Chief received a testimonial of which he was very proud. It came from the International Association of Fire Engineers, composed of chiefs and com-

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### A Gift From Mrs. Savage

(Brantford Expositor, May 31st.)

Last week Rev. Father Lennon received, for St. Basil's church, a gift of a valuable gold-plated sacred vessel for the sanctuary, from Mrs. Arthur Savage of Brantford. The article in question is an ostensorium, and is the vessel used at the benediction and exposition of the blessed sacrament. It stands 28 inches high and is of graceful proportions and most artistic and chaste in design, and is said to be one of the finest productions of Fealey & Co., of Providence, R.I., who are famous designers of sacred vessels. This one was made specially to order for St. Basil's church, and must have been very costly. The base or stand is in six panels, there being a cherub at the place where the panels meet, and the centre of each panel has an emblematic medallion. The upper part of the vessel is formed of a framework of bars of metal, in the centre of which is the tabernacle in which is placed the lunette containing the Sacred Host. The Trinity is emblemized in the design; near the top is the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove descending, the Sacred Host in the centre represents the Son of God, and a figure representing the Eternal Father occupies a niche between these two. On either side of the tabernacle are figures of St. Joseph and the blessed Virgin, the earthly protectors of the Redeemer, and beneath is the figure of an angel in the posture of adoration. At the top is a crucifix. Around the frame of the chamber for the lunette are set 32 large brilliants. Back of the upper structure is a circle of golden points, representing rays of glory, in harmony with the words of the sixth verse of Psalm xviii: "He has placed His tabernacle in the sun." On the base of the vessel is the inscription: "To St. Basil's Church, Brantford, From Mrs. Arthur Savage, 1906." Rev. Father Staunton mentioned the presentation on Sunday, when the vessel was used for the first time. He commended the piety and generosity of Mrs. Savage, and said the gift was an expression of devotion to the house of God, of appreciation of her pastor, and of remembrance of the ordination of her son to the priesthood. The ostensorium dates its origin from the year 1264, when Pope Urban IV. extended the feast of Corpus Christi to the universal church. This vessel will be an addition to the equipment of St. Basil's and a delight to the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who display so much delicate taste in the adornment of the sanctuary of the church.

missioners of fire departments of the United States and Canada, and congratulated Chief Sweeney on accomplishing his fifty years of honorable service as a fire-fighter and wished him many more years, in which all Chicago joined. But there is an end to all things. Although Chief Sweeney was a very healthy man and never experienced a day's illness, the end came suddenly. It was in 1899 that he finished his fifty years successively in the service of Chicago, and it was only a very few years later that he died, regretted more keenly than any officer that was ever in the service of the city. He was married and left a large grown-up family, to which he was greatly devoted. Although born in a Scotch city, he never forgot that his blood was Irish and his creed Catholic, and his fellow countrymen and coreligionists were ever proud of him. If ever there was a man who deserved to be remembered for his achievements and occupy a place among the foremost of the "Irish in America," it was Denis J. Sweeney, the great fireman, with fifty years of active service to his credit.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

### SENATOR H. J. CLORAN

United in Matrimony to Miss Mary Inez Goodwin, one of Ottawa's Most Accomplished Young Ladies.

In St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, the marriage was solemnized in the presence of a large number of guests, of Hon. Henry Joseph Cloran, of Montreal, to Miss Mary Inez Goodwin, eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. Goodwin of Ottawa. The church was decorated with white lilies, apple blossoms and greenery, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Murphy. Solos were delightfully rendered during the service by Miss Weir and Mrs. Mayne Davis, and Miss Juliet Gauthier played the violin. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory Duchesse satin, with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and her ornaments included a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. Her shower bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Irene Goodwin, Miss Florence Goodwin (sisters of the bride), Miss Franck Cloran and Miss Inez Whelan.

After the ceremony Mrs. George Goodwin held a reception at her residence, which was decorated throughout with quantities of cut flowers and palms. Senator and Mrs. Cloran left by noon train for New York, Washington and Atlantic City, and upon their return will reside in Montreal and Hawkesbury.

Amongst the large number of valuable presents received by the bride was a handsome oak cabinet filled with table silver from the members of the Senate. A large number of Montrealers were invited to the wedding, among them being Hon. Senator J. P. B. Mrs. and Miss Casgrain, Senator and Mrs. Beique, Speaker, Mrs. and Miss Dandurand, Senator and Mrs. and the Misses David, Sir George and Lady Drummond, Senator and Mrs. Forget, Sir William, Lady and Miss Hingston, Senator, Mrs. and Miss Mackay, Senator and Mrs. Owens, Senator and Mrs. Thibaudau, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Beckerdicke, Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Forget, Mr. and Mrs. D. Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gervais, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Monk, Hon. R. and Mrs. Lemieux, Hon. L. P. and Mrs. Brodeur and others.

### Commencements at Nazareth Academy

The Commencement Exercises at Nazareth Academy and Barbour Hall, Nazareth, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, took place on the 12th of June. Bishop Foley and a very large number of priests were in attendance. There was also a number of strangers. Misses Kathleen Kenny, Zola Brown and Majil Wright were graduates from the Commercial Course. Gold Medals were awarded to Misses Borgia Wheeler, Margaret Youngs, Majil Wright, Zola Brown, Edith Evans, Aileen Carney, Bertha Evans, Irene Baumann, M. McGurrin, O. Evans.

At Barbour Hall, a school for little boys, gold medals were awarded to: Masters Clarence Currie, Joseph Marantette, John Maher, Charles Burnham, Hilary McGrath, Giles Riggs, John Logan, Carlos Puett.

About one hundred students were on the roll at Nazareth during the past year. This college is in a very flourishing condition, demonstrating that private rooms for each student is to be the way of the future. It is under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The following programme was well executed by the pupils:

The Bishop's March ..... Band  
Chorus—O Lovely June .....Bohm  
Salutatory.  
Violin Solo, Hungarian Fantasy.....  
.....Tobani  
The Spirit of the Age.  
Piano Duet—"Gone".....Gimble-Pratt  
Cornet Solo, "The Message".....Brooks  
Taltopped .....Gaynor  
Brass Quartet—Fancies .....Strauss  
Chorus—"Tantum Ergo" .....Cagliero  
Aida .....Verdi  
Pianos, Violins and Trumpets,  
Conferring of Diplomas and Gold Medals.

Valedictory.  
Address .....The Right Rev. Bishop  
Band and Chorus—The Star Spangled  
Banner.  
Recessional March.

### SESSION OF CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES ADJOURNS

The Washington Post gives the following account of the third Catholic Missionary Conference:

The third Catholic Missionary Conference adjourned last Wednesday evening. It is declared that the conference was the most successful ever held, the papers read being of an exceptional character. The attendance was large, and the interchange of thought of great benefit. The closing hour of the convention was of special interest, the delegates summing up their impressions and the lessons of the gathering. Short speeches were the rule, and then the conference sent greetings to the Pope, thanked the secretary of the gathering, Father Curtin; thanked the Paulist Fathers for their activity in the missionary field in this country, and extended a vote of thanks to The Evening Star "for its full and accurate accounts of the conference." The singing of "Holy God" and the blessing of Father Elliott concluded the session.

Missionaries from all parts of the United States, representing various orders of the church, were in attendance at the conference. The delegates passed a resolution to have the papers published in book form. It is expected to print about 15,000 copies of the work and to send copies to every religious institution for men and women in the United States.

A prominent figure in the conference was Mgr. Thien of Wichita, Kan., who last evening read a paper on "The Blessed Sacrament as a Convert Maker." The paper was of particular interest to the delegates and to Catholics-at-large. "God with us," he said, "has been at all times in the history of the human race the expression of the joy and contentment of the present as of the hope of the future. God with us was the fact that constituted the great delight and charm of paradise. God with us was the pregnant note of idolatry among the pagans, for what else is idolatry but the agonizing lay of benighted minds for the presence of their God. God with us made the era of Christ a new starting point for humanity, from which it began to ascend to the heights which it occupies to-day."

An interesting paper was by Rev. Roderick A. McEachen of Barton, O., who took for his text, "The Apostolate of the Immigrant."

Father McEachen told many stories illustrative of a wholesale defection from the faith among later immigrants. After explaining the difficulties under which a foreign priest labors in this country through ignorance of local conditions, Father McEachen declared that "the American priest is fitted for the strife. He understands the dangers and struggles of American life; he has been brought up in a commercial air. The flower of the work is without doubt the mission school. The children become the little apostles that very often awaken their parents to their Christian duty by a sense of Christian training. It requires an energetic effort to gather up the children, and even a more persevering strife to keep them in attendance."

Mrs. Burke, in a paper on "The Sunday School Movement," advised the organization of training classes for catechists, and pointed out the success that has been achieved by non-Catholic churches through such activity. Father Smith of the Paulists, contributed a paper on "The Literary Propaganda," and Mr. Wm. F. Downey of this city explained the workings of the "Good Samaritan League." Father Daniel Cunio of New York, who conducts a mission on the Bowery, told of the work that is being accomplished in that field.

Much regret was expressed in the closing talks that the missionary conference is not a yearly event, and furthermore that there is no national organization.

The delegates attended Mass in a body at 7 o'clock in the morning in the chapel of the Apostolic Mission House, said by Rev. Walter Elliott, the dean of the institution. It was followed by benediction, and at its conclusion the delegates separated to take up their work anew in distant parts of the country.

Rev. Father McGee of St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, has been appointed Dean by his Lordship Bishop McEvay of London.

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JOHN BLAKE, FARMER

John Blake unfastened the great red gate and opened it wide for the tired horses with which he had been ploughing all day...

A May sunset was flushing earth and sky. The new spring grass looked fresh and green. A light feathery leafage was on the trees...

How beautiful the world was! There were some men who painted such scenes as these, others who wrote poetry about them...

Just then he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and looked in the direction it came. Jessie Grant was sweeping down the hill with a gay gallant beside her...

He glanced down at his hard, horny hands, his coarse toil-stained clothes. How well he would look at Jessie's side!

Two weeks later news came to him of Jessie's betrothal to her cousin, the young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight.

When autumn came and it was time for him, if at all, to make the change he had planned in spring, he was surprised to find that the inclination to make it was gone.

"Tired, Johnny?" his mother said cheerily as he came into the kitchen. Somehow the words vexed him.

"Well, come right to the table. I've got a cup of nice hot tea all ready for you. That'll rest you and brighten you up a little."

John threw down his hat impatiently. Tea! What notions of life women had! He looked at his mother as he had never looked at her before.

"Mother," said he with a bitterness he hated himself for afterwards, "I wonder if you ever had a trouble that a cup of good tea would not cure? Things don't go any deeper than that with some folks."

"Yes, I've had troubles that went deep enough, Johnny. Troubles that only mothers, with mothers' hearts know anything about, troubles that creature comforts would not help much; and yet I don't despise this world's good things."

"I suppose you are right, mother, but I'm not just myself to-night." He ate his supper in silence, and after it was over sat for a few moments thinking, still silently.

stillness. At last the old man answered: "I don't know, John; maybe he could. I never liked to have any strangers working on the old place in my time."

"I don't feel satisfied, father, to be a farmer in this small way. I want to do something more with my life. You could hire a man to do all I do for twenty dollars a month, and I want to see what I'm worth somewhere else."

Then there was another long silence. Mrs. Blake finished washing up her dishes and came and sat down between her son and her husband, her face very white and her hands shaking a little.

"We mustn't blame John, mother," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "What he feels isn't unnatural. Other young men say the same. Very few of them are content now-a-days to live their father's lives over again."

John got up and went upstairs. His mother's pale silence, his father's attempts at cheerfulness, seemed more to him that he could bear. He went away to his own room and sat down by the window.

Over across the fields a light burned steadily. He knew it was the lamp in Jessie's parlor. Was she worth all this suffering he was causing the old people? Would she ever love him as they did?

"Will you see James Brown to-day?" his father asked at breakfast, with an anxiety he strove to conceal. "Not to-day, father; not at present. My plan was sudden, as you said, too sudden to be wise. I have given it up for a time at least."

The old man's face cleared but he did not speak—only John's mother got up and silently kissed him. No young lips could have been more fond, could any be more dear?

Two weeks later news came to him of Jessie's betrothal to her cousin, the young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight.

This was an unexpected blow, something which, knowing the man was her cousin, he had never feared.

The news sank into his heart with a dull, dumb pain. She never would have cared for him, then—never had. It was well he had not gone away and left those two who did love him to mourn.

After all, perhaps this existence of ploughing and planting was all he was good for. Fate had placed him rightly, gauged his capacities better than he could have done himself.

So he settled back into the old grooves with a grim resignation which was not content. Still he felt himself at odds with the life which did not offer what he wanted.

"But if I like that best," she said softly, and her hand stayed in his. NANO BOURKE. June, 1906.

The Problem of the Catholic Young Woman (By Rev. J. T. Roche.) I have sometimes felt that the Catholic young woman is hardly ever given a chance to talk back.



Proclaims Its Merits.

It's with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally.

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office a bundle of papers. Sitting by the fire and glancing them over, his eye was caught by the heading in large letters, "Another Case of De-falcation."

He began to read the article with a mind of careless half interest people in the country feel in the excitements of the city which cannot touch them personally; but suddenly he started up, clutching the paper tight and straining his eyes over it as if he doubted his own vision.

"Not to-day, father; not at present. My plan was sudden, as you said, too sudden to be wise. I have given it up for a time at least."

"Yes," she said gently, "it will ruin him." "And you? I thought most of you; you were to have been married so soon."

"Not to him," she said hurriedly, "not to him. That was done with two months ago. I had never loved him. It was vanity that made me consent to marry him."

Something in her hurried, earnest tones, or the swift color that stained her cheeks, or her shy half-closed eyes, or all together gave John Blake courage, and he said, holding her hand still:

"It was because I had none of the good things of this life to promise you, Jessie, that I dared not tell you how dearly I loved you and always should. You seem too bright and fair to settle down here, as the wife of a farmer."

"But if I like that best," she said softly, and her hand stayed in his. NANO BOURKE. June, 1906.

The Problem of the Catholic Young Woman (By Rev. J. T. Roche.) I have sometimes felt that the Catholic young woman is hardly ever given a chance to talk back.

She has to be sought after rather than to seek. She cannot think of being married until she is asked. It is not permitted to her even to make the first advances along sentimental lines, for fear of shocking the sensibilities of the superior creature who is to be her liege lord and future master.

It is a Liver Pill—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking.

come to her through the grace and favor of the opposite sex. She is expected to marry a Catholic young man, of course, and she would much prefer to do so, "all things else being equal."

It is in this last clause of the contract, however, which is the source of much difficulty. The desirable Catholic young man is not so plentiful as he might be, and where he is plentiful he is not always persuasive.

Through no fault of his she is sometimes face to face with the proposition of a "mixed marriage" or no marriage at all. It may be that no marriage would be the best solution of her difficulty, but the tendrils of the human heart reach out mysteriously, and life and love and happiness are all wonderfully wrapped up in this old marriage problem.

Lawgivers may legislate, and preachers may preach, and theologians may point out the rough and narrow way that leads to perfection, but the poet who sings of love will be listened to long after preacher and teacher and lawgivers have been forgotten.

Our system of training is frequently at fault. It runs to extremes. Where our girls are not entirely neglected, they are sometimes over-educated. By this I mean that they are given advantages which are denied to their brothers.

The Archbishop in full canonicals began the Mass shortly after 2.30 o'clock, and it was just 5 o'clock when the services were brought to a close with the singing of the thanksgiving hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," in which the entire congregation joined.

It was hardly expected that the Archbishop would make an address, but just before he pronounced the apostolic benediction his Grace faced the congregation and spoke in a very feeling manner for fifteen minutes. He said that while he did not wish to detain the people any longer, he could not restrain the impulse to express his gratification at the wonderful scene he had witnessed.

The cheap piano has turned the heads of many of our girls. As soon as they find themselves able to perpetrate a few of the soulful ballads of the hour on its keys, they begin to look around for some one able to keep them in a style befitting their higher attainments.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the priest who stands at the altar railing on Sundays and gazes upon the faces of those who approach the table of the Lord understands well the place which the Catholic young woman occupies in the affections of the Church.

Her innocence, purity and maidenly modesty are acknowledged the world over. Humanity pays to her its tribute of respect. Her moral supremacy is unquestioned, and the Church is proud because it has made her so.

Tested by Time.—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years.

Archbishop at Night Mass Archbishop Farley celebrated Pontifical High Mass at 2.30 o'clock on the morning of the 6th in old St. Andrew's Church, in Duane street, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the founding of what is popularly known as the "Night Workers' Midnight Mass."

People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

Doan's Kidney Pills The Great Kidney Specific. They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease.

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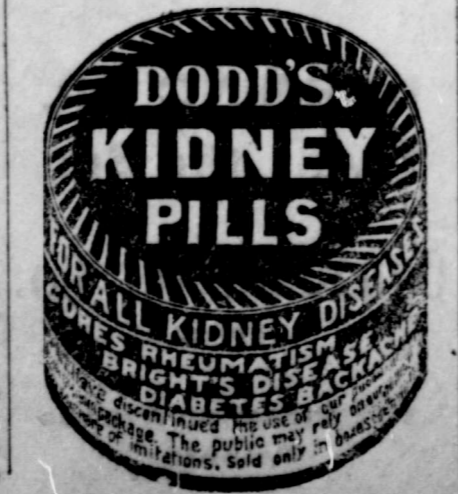
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The Children's Page

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man I know...

He always thinks that every day is right, no matter whether it rains or snows...

When outdoor fun is ruined by a heavy shower, provoking, He pats my head and says, "You see, The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm For any kind of pleasure, He says, "The corn has grown an inch—I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind Has set my things all whirling, He looks at me and says, "Tut! tut! The close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high, And fence posts scarcely peeping, "How warm beneath their blanket white The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face His sweet smile shines so clearly, It would be nice if every one Could see things just as queerly.

HE REPENTED.

(Dumb Animals.)

A story comes from New Haven about a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house...

THE BOY WHO WHISTLES.

I know a lad across the way ... Who whistles all the livelong day; I pause to listen, glad to hear His shrill crescendos, sweet and clear.

He's all a boy, a sturdy lad, He's always gay and always glad, For care and trouble dare not stay—He simply whistles them away.

He has his daily tasks to do, His morning chores, his lessons, too, And yet he whistles like a lark From early morn to falling dark.

Oh, wise yet boyish friend of mine, What true philosophy is thine! Thy joy is catching—I would be A messenger of cheer, like thee! —Lew Marston Ward, in Boy's World.

A MOSQUITO LULLABY.

(A Spring Song of the Jersey Coast.) Hush, little skeeterbug, hush-a-bye, Mother will rock him, don't you cry! I know you are hungry, my little sweet,

With nothing to drink and so little to eat, The natives are tough and their blood is thin, But the city folks soon will be rolling in— Hush, little buzzer, go bye.

Hush, little skeeterbug, hush-a-bye, Think of the summer time, just you try!

Chubby old ladies and thin old boys, Plump little children, an' joy of joys, Fat little babies, all fresh and sweet, And juicy and lovely for you to eat! Hush, little buzzer, go bye.

Hush, little skeeterbug, hush-a-bye, Soon you'll be ready to buzz and fly; Daddy will sharpen your dear little bill,

And mother will teach you to bite, she will! Maybe they think we are slow and dumb, But we're not afraid of petroleum! Hush, little buzzer, go bye.

YOUR AGE BY MATHEMATICS.

"Ahem!" said the king, "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor. "Multiply it by 2," continued the king.

"Yes." "Add 5." "Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply by 50." "Yes." "Add your age." "Yes." "Subtract 365."

"Yes." "Add 115." "Yes." "And now," said the king, "I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering. "Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor. "Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth and the last two figures give your age."

DO NOT JUDGE BY CLOTHING.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. An incident occurred on one of the street-car lines of this city...

"I hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice. "You can pay or get off."

"Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a tall, thin and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents.

"Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts.

This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety judge a man by his clothing.

TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Dear little people I love so well, Wherever your place may be; There's a beautiful secret I long to tell, So come and listen to me.

When I was a child, in a little town, Oh, ever so far away, A beautiful spirit came floating down, And whispered to me one day:

"There's a secret," the beautiful spirit said, "That even a child may know, And they who know it are gladly led Wherever their feet may go."

"So sweet and simple the secret is, Yet people are slow to learn, And away from the pathway that leads to bliss Their lingering faces turn."

"So the little children must show them how The happier way to choose, For the hearts that are tender and loving now Will never the lesson lose."

"And this is the wonderful secret: Live For nothing but love each day—Not for love to keep, but for love to give—Forever to give away."

"There is no life upon earth so poor, But love it may give full well, And the joy of giving is deep and sure, And richer than tongue can tell."

"To sweeten life as we meet and part We need but remember this: To carry always a tender heart For the tiniest thing that is."

"The wider the circle of love we make, The happier life we live, And the more we give for another's sake, The more we shall have to give."

"So let us widen it day by day, By loving a little more, Till nothing living be shut away From a share in the heavenly store. —Allison Gardner Deering."

HOW PAPER CAME TO BE INVENTED.

Long years ago a little, thin Japanese gentleman walked through his pretty garden to his home; his hands were clasped behind his back and he was thinking, as he crossed the bridge to pluck a fresh wistaria blossom, that hung just over his head.

This little gentleman had a great many parcels to send out from his shop every week, and he had always wrapped them in silk; but this was an expensive material, and he wanted something cheaper for this purpose.

All at once a wasp came lighting toward him, but he thrust it away that it might not nip his nose, and, lo! there at his hand was a wasp's nest. My, but he came very near angering the whole family! Think, then, what he might have suffered from these stingers for days to come! What a shapely nest they had made, now he came to think of it. It was so strong, too. It was made of thin wood pulp, softened into a thin paste by the jaws of the insect, then formed and left to dry.

"Why can't I do that came thing?" thought the Japanese merchant to himself. "Get certain wood, form it into a pulp by means of water from the river near by and make something like this wasp's nest in consistency to wrap about my packages." So this was the way paper was first discovered. An innocent wasp fled across the path of a gentleman who walked one day in a vine-yard garden in old Japan.—Anna J. Bullard.

"Man is Filled With Misery."—"This is not true of all men. The well-sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodier in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this."

A SATIRE.

The following verses were written by a gentleman of Toronto on seeing in one of our papers a print representing the dead lawn and its slayers: We've heard of the deeds by field and flood,

We've read how Bruce and Wallace stood And stenn'd the stream of tyrants back When Saxon foes were on their track.

We've read how noble Greeks of old With Spartan spirit, firm and bold, Did at Thermopylae's famous straits Keep Persian hordes without their gates.

We've read of Carthaginian maids Who shear'd their tresses from their heads To furnish strings for archers' bows For to repel their Roman foes.

But deeds like those grown dim with age, No longer glow on History's page, For a quintette of huntsmen hold The front place now for valour hold.

They've slain the harmless, timorous fawn That spotted out on Nature's lawns, And her life blood they've caused to flow That all their gallantry might know.

So Scots and Greeks are in the shades, And noble Carthaginian maids No longer hold the place of fame—No longer stand for prowess' name.

FATHER KEELAN'S STORY.

"Father, can a priest never tell the secrets of the confessional?" queried little Rob Coughlin of Father Keelan, one evening late last August.

"No, my child," answered the priest, "not even to save his life. That reminds me of a story."

Before he could finish the sentence Rob gave a loud whoop of joy. "Hey, you people!" he shouted to our party, who were separated on the lawn into groups of two and three. "Father Keelan's going to tell us a story."

However interesting our conversations might have been, this announcement put an end to them all, for more quickly than words can tell we were all on the porch scrambling and pushing to get near to Father Keelan.

"First of all," said Father Keelan, when we were all settled, "I have never told this story before."

"Is it true?" asked little Bob. "Yes, my child," answered the priest. "It was told to me by its principal characters many years ago. There lived," he continued, "in a large city in the west, a wealthy merchant who had an only son Frank. The young man was sent to a fashionable college, where, unknown to his father, he fell in with bad companions. In a short time he became an habitual gambler."

"One day, while in desperate circumstances, he stole into his father's office, and, opening the safe, took several bills from the cash drawer."

"When the merchant, who had been out of town, returned to his office he missed the money. His confidential secretary was accused of the crime. The clerk protested his innocence, but to no avail. The safe had not been broken, and it was clearly the work of some one acquainted with the combination for opening it. This knowledge none but the merchant and his clerk possessed."

"On the strength of the evidence produced the clerk was found guilty in a court of justice and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. Some years later a band of Jesuit missionaries were giving a mission at a prominent church in Cleveland. In the band was a Father T—, a brother to the young man who had been convicted of larceny."

"One evening, whilst Father T— was hearing confessions, a man entered his box who had not been to confession for eight years. In the course of confession the priest learned that the sinner was the perpetrator of the crime for which his brother was suffering. He counseled the sinner to render justice to the innocent man, but he refused, asserting that he could never admit himself to be a thief."

"After the completion of his term in prison the priest's brother came forth a despised man. Whither he went the finger of scorn was pointed at him. Employment he sought everywhere, but was always refused. At last, weary and heartbroken, he died, the world believing him to have been a thief."

"Many years later I was one day called to the deathbed of an old man. It was whilst hearing his confession that I learned this story, and it is at his suggestion that I am now using it as an example of the secrecy of the confessional."

"So you can see from this," said Father Keelan, rising and turning to Bob, "that Father T— could not make known that which he heard in the confessional, even to save the honor and life of one he loved. It has been so since the days of the Apostles, and with God's help, it shall be so until the end of time."

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

(By L. W. Reilly.) There are three parts to this little story, but it took place inside of a week.

Just seven days ago a little girl named Loretta met another little girl whose name is Agnes, about an hour after school, a mile or so from home.

"Where are you going, Agnes?" asked Loretta.

"I've just been on a visit to Mrs. Brady's," was the answer. "And O, she had the loveliest flowers in her little conservatory,—beautiful roses, the rarest chrysanthemums, fine orchids, exquisite ferns, and O, so many other lovely plants! O, I'd just like to stay in there forever!"

"Well, you enthusiastic girl, you—with all your O's!" replied Loretta. "You'd look nice staying in a hot-house forever, wouldn't you? Do have sense. Did Mrs. Brady give you a flower? I see you've got a pot there, although the plant's all wrapped up."

"O let me show you!" answered Agnes. "It's the most magnificent chrysanthemum you ever saw!"

Gently the little girl laid down the flowerpot, carefully she untied the string, tenderly she opened the paper covering and there, indeed, stood revealed a very queen of chrysanthemums, perfect in size, splendid in shape, and with the most gorgeous color imaginable.

"Isn't it a beauty? Isn't it a love?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is pretty; and you're lucky to have won the favor of stingy Mrs. Brady."

"O don't say a word against her!" cried Agnes. "She's as sweet and kind as she can be. But it isn't for me."

"No?" queried Loretta in surprise. "No; it's for Clara, poor thing! it's just what she's been longing for; and O, won't she be delighted! For she wanted it to complete her set. It has just the hue that she lacks."

"Now, Clara is a delicate little thing, whom everybody that knows her loves. She has a passion for flowers,—an absolute passion. And her plants seem to feel her ardent affection, for they thrive under her care in a most wonderful way. She pets them, fondles them deftly, removes withered leaves from their branches, stirs up the earth around them, waters them just when they need it, talks to them fondly, calling them pet names; and looks at them proudly, as if she were a happy mother and they were a throng of dear, gentle, affectionate, dutiful children."

"But Clara's parents are poor, so that her flowers have been obtained mostly from seeds and cuttings, and have therefore been raised by herself. She has time to look after them, because she no longer goes to school. Her mother cannot afford to keep a servant, and she has to keep her home to help with the housework."

"I suppose she'll be pleased," said Loretta, who does not care very much for flowers herself. "Well, good bye!"

"Good bye!" responded Agnes, neatly covering the plant again, taking up her precious burden, and going on her way.

Two days after this, Loretta happened to pass by Clara's home and went in for a brief call. After a while Clara asked: "Won't you come and see my flowers?"

So the two girls walked into the dining-room, the bay window of which is filled with stands on which are pots and boxes containing plants. "They are charming," observed Loretta, after looking at the collection rather hurriedly. "But they must require a great deal of work."

"It isn't work to tend to them," replied Clara; "it's pleasure. They seem to me to be alive, to know what I'm doing for them, and to love me for doing it. To show me their thankfulness, they put out their blooms. I just love them dearly."

"I'd like to feel like that," observed Loretta. "It's quite poetical. By the way," she added, having looked in vain for Mrs. Brady's flower, "did not Agnes bring you a chrysanthemum the day before yesterday?"

"No. Why?"

Did you ever have a number of thoughts flash through your mind in a second? That's just what happened to Loretta then. She thought: "I wonder why Agnes kept that flower.—Sister Mary Frances warned us only yesterday to beware of rash judgments.—I guess I'll tell.—Agnes is a mean thing. I don't like her a bit.—I promised the Sacred Heart at my last confession not to say ill-natured things of anyone. But I want to tell on her so bad.—I'll bet she kept it herself, the thief.—There, there! I mustn't even think that way. Don't say a word about it. Holy Mother of God, pray for me! Dear Guardian Angel, help me!"

You can't imagine in what an incredibly brief instant all these ideas rushed through Loretta's brain. Even before Clara, who was taken up with an examination of some fresh geranium cuttings, had noticed her hesitation, she slowly said: "O nothing! She said something to me the other day about a plant for somebody. Well, I must be going. And there, the baby's awake and beginning to cry, so you're wanted. I'll hurry away. Good bye!"

And away she went.

This morning early, Loretta met Agnes again not far from the place where they encountered each other a week ago. But this time the latter was carrying two flower pots.

"Where are you coming from now, pretty maid?" inquired Loretta.

"And where are you going?" "I'm coming from Mrs. Brady's, and I'm going to Clara's."

"You said the same thing a week ago," remarked Loretta, coldly. "Did you go?"

"No, unfortunately, I didn't," replied Agnes. "O, Loretta, let me tell you what happened that other day! After I left you I walked as fast as I could towards Clara's. I was absorbed in the thought of the pleasure she'd take in the chrysanthemum. Just as I was lifting the pot from one tired arm to the other, I tripped on a broken piece of pavement, and fell down and hurt myself pretty badly. But O, worse still, I smashed the pot, broke the flower and scattered the soil all over the sidewalk! Well, if I didn't have a good cry! When I got home I could hardly speak. But I managed to tell my sad story. Mother sympathized with me. Then I said I'd do anything to get the money to buy another chrysanthemum for Clara. Uncle John laughed at me. He said I didn't mean it. I said I did. He jokingly offered to give me a dollar if I'd black his shoes

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for five days. I took him at his word and did it. He wanted to let me off after I had blacked them once, but I stood to my bargain. To-day he gave me two dollars,—one for the chrysanthemum and one for myself. He said he wished I loved him as much as I do Clara. And I do. O, I could hardly wait for Saturday to come! When I told Mrs. Brady all about it, she gave me this extra one for myself. And O, I'm so happy!"

MARIBEL'S BACK DOORSTEP.

Maribel lived in a massive building with beautiful tiled halls and white marble stairways. She had a lovely parlor and library, and a dear little dining-room and kitchen. The sleeping apartments also were very pretty, but there was one great drawback to it all—the rooms were all upon one floor, and they had no front or back outlet, except a porch, where you could sit and look about you at your neighbor's porches and windows.

Maribel did not like it. She had toys innumerable in her pretty flat, but if you had asked her if she was happy, she would have answered "No"—that the one thing in the world she wanted the most she did not have, and that was a back doorstep.

There was a very beautiful yard surrounding the great house where Maribel lived, but it was not for little girls to play in. She often stood out on the cement walk and looked from a distance at the trees and shrubs and flowers and grass, but it did not give her joy, because she could not play in it. She liked much better to cross the street and pirouette all around the little house over there, because it had a yard you were not afraid of, and joy of joys; it had a back doorstep.

Many times Maribel had heard how her mamma, when she was a girl, had had a back doorstep to play upon. It was just outside the kitchen door, and she used to play bakery there, making mud pies, and selling them to her brothers and sisters. Maribel had sighed in vain for such marvelous happiness.

Maribel's mamma wondered in those days why she remained quiet for so long a time, looking as though she were intently thinking. But when she asked her about it, Maribel only answered, looking at her mamma with great, serious eyes: "I am thinking, mamma. I'm just sending out thought-waves like you've taught me to do. They're going to bring back something beautiful!"

Her mamma let her have her way, and did not interfere when she evinced a desire to spend so much time on the back doorstep of the little house across the way. It was not such a little house at all, only it appeared so to Maribel in comparison with the massive structure of the one in which she lived. The family who occupied it were away in Europe, and it was all closed up, so Maribel could never get even a peep into the kitchen.

One day, when she was sitting there pretending she was the little girl who lived within such happiness as a back-door-step, she saw a gentleman walking over the adjacent grounds. This was quite a large territory of vacant grounds upon which nothing had ever been built.

Countless times Maribel had, in imagination, placed little houses on the space, each one built with an upstairs and a downstairs and a back doorstep just outside the kitchen door.

She was greatly interested in the gentleman who was viewing the grounds, and by the time he reached her she felt quite well acquainted with him. He glanced at her in an absent-minded way, and was about to pass on, when something in her clear eyes arrested his attention and he turned back. Maribel would have told you that it was a thought-wave she had sent out that caught him and made him stop.

"Hello, little girl!" he said; "you are not lost, are you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling. "I'm only enjoying the back doorstep."

"So I see," he answered. He did not look as if he smiled very often, but he smiled that time, anyway. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, I'm just throwing out thought-beams most of the time," she said, quaintly.

"Thought-beams!" he cried, surprised. "Whatever in the world—thought-beams!"

He had heard in an indirect way of such jugglery, but he hadn't taken any stock in it. In fact, he did not take much stock in anything except making money to add to his already well-filled coffers.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

"Yes," she went on, "I just scattered 'em all over that vacant ground, and each one turns into a little house with a downstairs kitchen and a back door step."

The gentleman glanced over his shoulder suspiciously, as though he might see them materialize that minute, which was something he should not have liked at all, as the land belonged to him, and he was just then mapping out plans for erecting two large buildings similar to the one across the street. Buildings like that paid much better in dollars and cents than small houses scattered about.

"Where do you live?" he asked presently.

"Upstairs, across the street," Maribel answered mournfully, "and all our house is on one floor, and we haven't any back-door-step."

"But you have porches," the gentleman volunteered.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed!" conceded Maribel, quickly, "hanging right out in the air! And when you want to go out doors, you can sit there all the time, but it gets mighty lonesome all the same. I'd rather have a back doorstep where I can put my feet in the grass." She settled down into quite a disconsolate-looking heap on the doorstep. But in another minute she straightened up quickly.

"I must forget my houses," she said. "Do you see that one on the corner—the one painted green like the trees?"

The gentleman followed the motion of her hand with a startled gaze, but only a tree with wide spreading branches met his view.

"That's ours. I like it best 'cause it gets the most sun, and that tree shades the doorstep just beautifully! Do you know," she added, confidentially, "that every one of those houses"—with a sweeping gesture that included the whole landscape—"has only one little lonesome girl or one little lonesome boy in it! And they all get together on the back doorsteps and pretend they're big families of brothers and sisters making mud pies like my mamma did when she was little. Besides," she continued, nodding contentedly, "those houses don't cost so much, so the papas and mamas are not always talking 'xpenses!"

The gentleman stood looking at her quite a while in a meditative mood.

"Good-bye," he said, presently, and walked down to the street, where he took a car.

"He was so funny," thought Maribel to herself as she left her beloved doorstep and crossed the street to her home.

It was not very long after that that workmen began digging in the vacant grounds. There was great surprise manifested when it was ascertained that a number of pretty, comfortable dwelling houses were to be erected instead of the great apartment buildings every one had been expecting.

Only Maribel was not surprised. "I put 'em there," she said, quietly. "I thought 'em there till they had to be built."

And the strangest part of all was that each one had a back doorstep, and the corner house belonged to Maribel and her papa and mamma from the very start. And another queer thing was that in every house there was either one little boy or one little girl, and when they played together, they were just as happy as any large families of brothers and sisters could be.—Fannie Best Jones in S. S. Times.

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

Subscription rates: In City including delivery \$1.50; To all outside points \$2.00; Foreign \$3.00

Office - 117 Wellington St. W. Toronto Telephone, Main 489.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates

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 Letter.

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TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1906.

PRESBYTERIAN PROSELYTISM.

The proceedings of the Presbyterian Assembly presented a varied phase of religious character, the principal features of which were Church Union and French Evangelization. Looking at the debate upon the first of these subjects we have a number of vacillating opinions like men reaching out a palm branch, and when they see their neighbor clutch at it, draw it back. One minister attacked the Methodist faith as not founded on the works of God, as found in the Bible. Another favored union because the Methodists had made such concessions in their doctrine as to be practically Presbyterianism. If that is not a farce we have no sense of humor. Let us not interrupt the proceedings. Another criticizing a brother minister is thus reported to say: "The Rev. Brother objected to union because he was full of 'isms.' He would not call him a pharisee exactly." Thereupon the Brother protested against the personal attack which elicited from the other speaker the statement that he regarded him as a Christian gentleman. Whether the two terms, Christian gentleman and pharisee, are synonymous in the mind of this divine, or whether the correction was applied sarcastically, it is not our business. The scene is more like one in a French Legislature than a religious assembly. It is surely more political than religious. Then the Principal of Knox College straddles the fence in the most athletic leap from nay to yea yet witnessed in the whole performance. He had voted against union when the question first came up. He was still against it; nevertheless he had labored sincerely and honestly to bring about a union. He did not think visible organic union was intended by the prayer of our Blessed Lord. It was a spiritual unity the Master desired, the loving fellowship of all the members of His mystical Body. Men were drifting into the Roman Catholic conception of a church. There is the rub. Talk about union with all the honeyed phrases the busy bees may gather—but be sure there is nothing Catholic in the union. Sentiment and glib talk and spiritual sham may help to delude now Methodists, now Presbyterians—they can never graft the dead branches upon the living vine. You cannot have Catholic union. To attempt it is to belie history. The only logical attempt in that direction is to knock for admission at the door of the Vatican. This union Dr. McLaren thinks, quite impracticable. To prove his ability in straddling the fence with grace and safety, the subtle Dr. told his brethren that he was going to vote for the motion encouraging continued efforts at Church union, although he sympathized with the amendment which had proposed to drop the matter.

After this question was closed in an unsatisfactory way as must be the result of every illogical stand there came up the subject of Franco-Canadian evangelization. This is always a favorite with the Assembly. There is no question of union now—no such consideration as is measured out to Methodist brethren in the former debate—still less any trace of old animosity. No longer do these disciples of Knox wear the velvet glove, or go out to meet the hierarchy of the Province of Quebec. It is not peace or union. It is not the comedy. It is war, tragedy, proselytism. "Why does Quebec still exist in darkness and ignorance?" was the opening question by Dr. Mowat, chairman of the French Evangelization Board. Quebec exists because she does exist—and she will exist by reason of her obedience to God's law long after race suicide has reached its limit in Protestant Ontario. It will continue to exist for other generations of Presbyterian Assemblies to challenge with their impudent questions and their arrogant interference. The darkness

and ignorance to which allusion is made is of course always the same dark line to the Presbyterian eye—Catholicity. No matter what old tune may be started at the annual concert of ministers one piece is always on the programme, the ignorance of French Catholics. French Catholics may prefer knowing their religion to knowing other subjects. Like Mr. Healy, the Home Ruler, they may prefer their children to learn their religion to learning English Grammar. What business is that of Dr. Mowat's? He may be paid as chairman, and he may have a hard job earning his salary. But that is no reason why he should impertinently talk about the darkness and ignorance of the Province and of Catholic countries in general. It is a calumny which is repeated so often that it ought to pall upon the audience who never fail to relish with nauseating self-satisfaction its yearly utterance. Listen to this church union seker: "Do the other provinces realize that the illiteracy of Quebec is appalling? Many officials in that province hold good positions in that province who don't read or write." We can assure the gentleman that even after he has put his insinuating question and made his unqualified statement, we do not yet realize the one or admit the other. Dr. Mowat must be a very nervous man when illiteracy can have such an effect upon him. It is not the same with us. We see people, officials, nay, ministers, so ignorant that the alleged illiteracy of Quebec is university learning compared to it. We see them absolutely ignorant of all questions Catholic—Catholic doctrine, Catholic history, Catholic civilization. We find them parade their ignorance on every occasion. They are ignorant of those laws of Christian charity which would, if they would listen to them, prompt them to mind their own business and not to bear false witness against their neighbor. Without a blush, with an utter disregard for truth or charity, Dr. Mowat sees a change come over the Catholic Church in Quebec within the last ten years—which then used terror, but now gentleness and pleading. This change he regards as due to himself and his evangelical board. Some men are easily satisfied. Some delude themselves very readily. Some jump at conclusions quicker than the laws of truth, logic and charity allow. Dr. Mowat may well claim membership in all these classes. Like his brethren, he is prepared to unite himself with anything in the shape of a church except one—the Catholic Church. For our part, we prefer illiteracy to sham learning, and religious simplicity to worldly education.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD.

From the reports of the late synod of the Anglican Church held in this city it seems that the machinery is rather imperfect. The Bishop wishes to have an auxiliary who, whilst he will have episcopal rank, will have no right to succession. Not being master in his own house, he had to consult his synod. Here a graver difficulty met his Lordship. There is no provision in the canons for such a case. A bishop in the Anglican Church therefore whose declining health incapacitates him for various works, and who wishes to be relieved of some of his duties, must either resign altogether or submit to a co-adjutor with the right of succession. It is one of the imperfections of their Church government—and they are many. Few could set forth more clearly the want of real authority and efficient action than this very thing. Let us see how it would work out in our own Church. Let us take a large diocese like New York, where the Archbishop might frequently have three heavy functions to perform in one day—not to mention his own daily devotions. Religion would go to pieces if he could not have an auxiliary. To choose one who would have the right of succession would complicate matters and do more harm than good. In choosing an auxiliary, the Bishop is freer, and may readily select one who will work in harmony with him. These auxiliaries have titles in partibus infidelium or titled of extinct dioceses. This is where the Anglican Church fails. Not being able to create a diocese within a diocese, and not having any dioceses beyond their national boundaries, they are unable to have two bishops together. The co-adjutor is a sort of legal fiction by which he is regarded as the successor, in right at least, of the bishop.

Another point which made the synod appear weak was the reference to the High School Geography. Notwithstanding the fact that several Anglican bishops had complained about the materialistic tone of the book, nevertheless the committee, even admitting in it certain tendencies towards evolution, expressed themselves as satisfied that it contained nothing contrary to Holy Scripture. Then followed a peculiar piece of advice by Canon Cody, urging his brethren to be very careful about criticizing edu-

cational works; for otherwise the Synod would find itself in the position of the mediaeval church which condemned Galileo. That is absolutely untrue. The mediaeval Church never condemned Galileo. For a member of a University Commission, a newly fledged Doctor of Laws, to make such an unhistorical statement, to bring forward such a hackneyed comparison, is not only weakness of argument, it is ignorance of history. We did wonder how some members of the University Commission were made doctors; we thought it was a great stretch of signification generally attached to the term, a tremendous elasticity of a university degree. But when we have before our eyes another of them who is bold enough to parade his prejudice and ignorance, we are inclined to favor the other members. They would not make such mistakes; or if they did no one would pay any attention to them. The error would be attributed to their want of education. This explanation will not hold in the case of Canon Cody. He ought to know better, for no one pretending to a primary scholarship can charge the Catholic Church with condemning Galileo.

HON. L. P. BRODEUR.

The Liberal leaders of Canada both in the Provincial and Dominion fields as well as the press of both parties, justly attach great importance to the honor paid in Montreal on Monday evening last by his Rouville constituents and his city admirers, to Hon. L. P. Brodeur, who lately succeeded to the portfolio of Marine and Fisheries after an exceptionally able administration of the Department of Inland Revenue.

Mr. Brodeur is entirely deserving of the tribute paid to his merits. He is an honest, level-headed and talented public man. When Speaker of the Commons he first attracted attention as a national figure, although his worth had long been well known in Quebec, where he ranks as one of the leaders who has inherited his Liberal principles and has lived up to them at all times. Mr. Brodeur delivered some speeches which made a splendid impression in Ontario by reason of their well-gauged but very earnest appeal for mutual good feeling between races and creeds. In the years of his ministerial service Mr. Brodeur has vastly enhanced Ontario appreciation of his trustworthy patriotism, and the presence of the Premier of Quebec, Alberta and Saskatchewan at the Montreal banquet, along with representatives of the other provinces of confederation, may be accepted as testimony that the political opinion of all Canadian Liberals is eager to acclaim a statesman of Mr. Brodeur's solid worth. The Dominion Cabinet was represented by Mr. Fielding, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Lemieux.

It is a gratifying thing to observe this more than cordial unanimity among the Liberal leaders of the hour in hailing Mr. Brodeur as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's strong man in Quebec, because that fact really contains the significance of the demonstration. Both as an orator and as an administrator Mr. Brodeur is well fitted for the responsibilities of his conspicuous place in the political field, and the public feeling that is not partisan fully shares in the general satisfaction evoked by his advancement.

REV. WM. P. CURTIN ELECTED.

We are glad to see that a young Canadian priest was prominent in the magnificent Missionary Conference just concluded in Washington. The Rev. Wm. P. Curtin, who was elected General Secretary of the Conference, is a native of Toronto. He is now affiliated with the Pittsburgh Diocesan Board of Missionaries to non-Catholics.

Governors of the University

On the new Board of Governors for the University are Rev. Dr. Teeff and Mr. H. T. Kelly of Toronto.

Hugh Gilbert Collins

The sad death occurred on Wednesday, May 30th, of one of Ennisnore's most respected young men, in the person of Mr. Hugh Gilbert Collins, in the thirty-third year of his age. Deceased had enjoyed good health until within a few days of his death and no alarming symptoms were visible till a few hours before the sad end came. His almost sudden demise came as a sad shock to his family and also a large number of friends and relatives in the country. Personally the late Mr. Collins possessed a charming and agreeable manner, which won for him a wide circle of friends throughout the district. He did not seek prominence nor had he ambition to gratify by mounting to heights of distinction and wearing away his life in the effort to out-distance his neighbors on the royal road to fame. His character was of a different mould. He was always good, kind, honest and unassuming. He died as he lived. His life was blameless—his death was holy. May his soul rest in peace.

St. Mary's L.A.A. of Toronto are presenting Sherring with a handsome silver tea-service.

Jubilee of Loretto Community, Guelph

The programme of the festivities in connection with the jubilee of Loretto to Community in the city of Guelph, last week, was fittingly inaugurated with pontifical High Mass in the Church of Our Lady. The great edifice was well filled; the pupils of Loretto and the Sisters occupied the front pews, while three hundred children from the Separate schools had seats in the body of the church. The altar was ablaze with lights and wore its brightest festal garb, making a most impressive background for the richly robed bishop, priests and acolytes who took part or assisted at the celebration of the Mass.

The celebrant was His Lordship Bishop Dowling. He was assisted by Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, of Mount Forest, as deacon, Rev. Father Coffey, of Hamilton, as sub-deacon, Very Rev. Dean McGee, of Stratford, as deacon of honor, Rev. Father Brennan, of St. Marys, as sub-deacon of honor, Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., Guelph, as arch-deacon, and Rev. Father Donovan, S.J., Guelph, as master of ceremonies. The other priests in attendance were Rev. Fathers Forrester and Monta, Little Germany, Archdeacon Casey, of Peterborough, Father Doyle of Freeton, Father Mahoney, of Hamilton, Father Bellinger of Berlin.

Father John C. Coffey, S.J., was the preacher. His discourse was an eloquent and touching tribute to the zeal, self sacrifice and devotion of the ladies of Loretto. Briefly recalling the incidents attendant upon the establishment of the community in this parish, he referred feelingly to the labors of Bishop Farrell the first Bishop of the diocese, and the pioneer Jesuit, Father Holtzer, who was then parish priest of Guelph. The trials and hardships and discouragements of the early days of the community were forgotten now, or if remembered, remembered only for the kindness and generosity with which the sisters were treated by all classes of the people. Father Coffey mentioned the names of the five ladies who established the convent here, two of whom, Rev. Mother Ignatia, Superioress of the Order in America, and Mother Stanislaus, of Niagara, had been spared to attend this jubilee celebration and note the rich harvest that had been garnered from the seeds which they had sown.

The preacher dwelt at length upon the necessity of Christian education. The Church insisted upon the faculties of the soul being developed in unison with the faculties of the mind; that spiritual growth should go hand in hand with intellectual growth; that the imperishable things of eternity should be constantly presented to those who are equipping themselves for the battle of life. In this great work of religious training of the ladies of Loretto had nobly borne their part.

Passing on, Rev. Father Coffey, S.J., eulogized those who had answered the call of the religious life. It required courage to forsake the pleasures of the world and consecrate one's life to the Master's service—bearing with cheerfulness, every cross facing resolutely every difficulty and seeking reward in the good conferred on others. In an eloquent peroration he spoke of the mighty influence which the five decades of Loretto's mission in this city had seen exerted, of the lives that had been brightened and uplifted; the sweet virtues that had been inculcated; the splendid spiritual and intellectual equipment with which Loretto's pupils had been endowed. With hearts full of gratitude, the people of this parish hailed this festival, and their prayer was that on Loretto's labors in the future the blessings of Providence would continue to abundantly shine.

The music was harmonized Scillian by Stehle, and was rendered by a full choir under the direction of Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Gay presiding at the organ.

At the close of Mass the Te Deum was sung by the choir and three hundred school children, the effect being most impressive.

On Tuesday evening a charming entertainment was given in the Music Hall which proved a fitting pivot event to the series of festivals which this week commemorated the foundation of Loretto Community in Guelph fifty years ago. It was the pupils' demonstration of devotion to their Alma Mater and a most delightful exemplification of the character of the training which Loretto imparts.

The programme was as follows: Opening Chorus—"Tota Pulchra Est"—Rev. T. Tonello Choral Class: Piano, Miss Marie Schmuck; Harp, Miss Arnolda Franklin; Orchestra.

Welcome to His Lordship Bishop Dowling—Miss Gerda Clark; Welcome to the Clergy—Miss Marie Schmuck; Welcome to the Friends—Miss Vera Huether Instrumental Quartette—March from "Tanhauser"—Wagner 1st Piano, Misses Birdle Doran and Alma Beechie; 2nd piano, Misses Gerda Clarke and Gertie Griffin; Orchestra.

Juvenile Cantata—"Festival of the Flowers"—Root Piano, Miss Marie Schmuck. Irish Melody—"The Meeting of the Waters"—Moore Choral Class: Piano, Miss Marie Schmuck; Harp, Miss Arnolda Franklin; Orchestra.

"Farewell to Spring"—Hemans "Welcome to Summer"—Selected Intermediate Class.

Incidental Singing—"The Summer has Come"—Piano, Miss Marie Schmuck.

Irish Airs—"Whispers from Erin"—Rockstro Harp, Miss Arnolda Franklin; 1st Violin, Miss Lillian Franklin; 2nd Violin, Miss Elanthe Doran; Piano, Miss Marie Schmuck.

Chorus—"Jubilantes in Aterum"—Choral Class; Soloists, Misses Alice Dickson, Jennie Waechter and Arnolda Franklin; Piano, Miss Marie Schmuck; Orchestra.

Instrumental Quartette—"March Militaire"—Schuber 1st Piano, Misses Marie Schmuck and Lillian Franklin; 2nd Piano, Misses Gerda Clark and Laura Hamilton; Orchestra.

"The Triumph of Nazareth"—Living Age—Miss Mary Harris Spirit of Mercy—Miss Eleanor Ryan Greece—Miss Annie Bicker Rome—Miss Beatrice Symon Italy—Miss Helen Heffernan Spain—Miss Alma Beechie Germany—Miss Vera Huether England—Miss Hazel Kiernan Ireland—Miss Jewell Ryan United States—Miss Birdie Doran Canada—Miss Marie Schmuck Nazareth—Miss Gerda Clarke Angel of Hamilton—Miss R. McElderry Angel of Loretto—Miss Blanche Doran Angels on Battlements, Misses Fluff Holliday, Laura Hamilton, Katie Goodfellow, Jeanevie McAteer and May Foster.

Incidental Singing—"Fear Ye Not," and "Psalms"—Soloist, Miss Alice Dickson; Piano, Miss Lillian Franklin; Orchestra. God Save the King.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling, at the close of the entertainment, thanked the pupils of Loretto for their kind reception and congratulated them on their excellent entertainment. His Lordship was in happy vein and sent the large audience away in right good humor.

The celebration of the golden jubilee of Loretto was continued Wednesday. Requiem High Mass for the deceased members, founders, benefactors and pupils of the community was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady at 8 o'clock. Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., was the celebrant, and His Lordship Bishop Dowling chanted the Libera. Rev. Father Coffey of Hamilton, also took part. In the afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock a reception was held for former pupils and friends and many were present from outside points.

The academy was gaily decorated for the occasion and presented a most attractive and inviting appearance. One of the principal points of interest was the art studio, where the work of the pupils was exhibited. The whole display was greatly admired, being fully in keeping with the high record that has always been maintained in the art and fancy work at Loretto.

On the whole the event of the Golden Jubilee of Loretto was one of the most delightful in the history of the city of Guelph.

GUELPH NOTES.

Rev. Father Cushing, Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto, is seeking rest and recuperation in this city by a short stay in St. Joseph's Hospital.

Rev. Father Dougherty, S.J., who has been giving Missions in Caledonia and vicinity for the past three weeks, is now taking the place of Rev. Father Zeuter of Chepstow, who is in poor health.

On Thursday, the 21st inst., the "Forty Hours" begins in the Church of Our Lady.

The First Communion and Confirmation of 150 pupils of Loretto was a very fitting closing for the Jubilee celebration. Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, assisted by Fathers Connolly and Donovan. Communion was given to one hundred and fifty children. In the afternoon the children assembled to renew their Baptismal Vows, receive the Scapular and be admitted into the League of the Sacred Heart. In the evening Confirmation was administered by His Lordship. Before the ceremony the Bishop gave a most impressive and instructive address. A very large congregation was present and the church was most beautifully decorated for the event.

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

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Despite the early hour, 9.30 a.m., the hall of St. Michael's College was crowded on Tuesday morning with the parents and friends of the students, many having come from a distance to witness the closing scene in the college life of 1906.

by James Guiry, '07, Downeyville, Ont.; next in merit, John Quigley, '08. Subject, "Frontenac." The Columbian Gold Medal, gift of a distinguished Alumnus, awarded to the winner of the Oratorical Contest—Won by Stephen O'Rourke, '08, Rochester, N.Y.; next in merit, Patrick Flanagan and Denis McBride.

On June the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and five, our Very Rev. Father Provincial obtained the favor of a special audience from the Holy Father, who was graciously pleased to grant to St. Michael's College the privilege of giving henceforth the Annual Prize of Good Conduct, in the name and with the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff.

English Literature and Composition—George Somers. Honors—John Sheridan. History and Geography—Austin Malone. Honors—John Bennett.

Latin—Charles Muckle. Honors—Denis McBride. Greek—Charles Muckle. Honors—T. Francis Kelly.

Excellence—1, Leo Brady; 2, William Lynch; 3, John O'Connor. Honors—Joseph McCool.

Excellence—1, John Sheridan; 2, George Somers; 3, Daniel Weadick. Honors—John Bennett.

Excellence—1, John Sheridan; 2, George Somers; 3, Daniel Weadick. Honors—John Bennett.



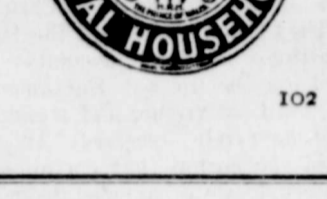
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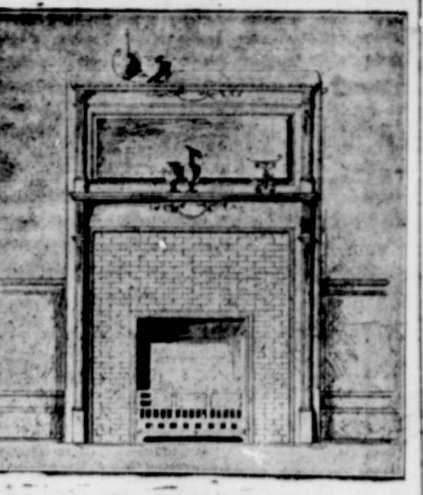
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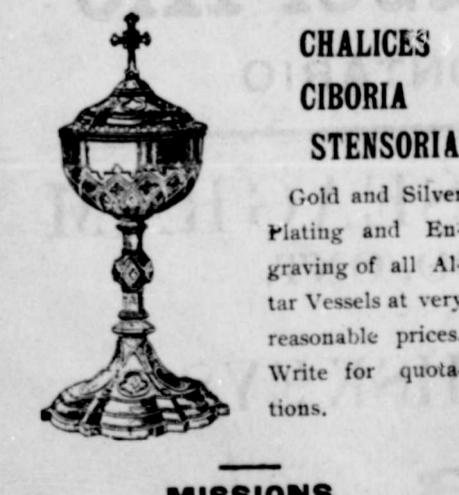
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First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

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Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing 30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 5074.

There is No Remedy Known to Man that is better for sweaty feet than "Foot Elm."

It rests tired feet, cools sweaty feet, and soothes inflamed feet.

Ryan---Clairmont

The marriage of Miss Clara M. Clairmont, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clairmont, to Mr. Hugh A. Ryan (son of the late Mr. John Ryan, Contractor), 621 Jarvis street, Toronto, was solemnized by the Rev. T. F. Collins in St. Paul's church, Gravenhurst, at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, June 5th.

MUSIC

Pianoforte. First Class—Charles Coughlin. Honors—Alfred Rousseau. Second Class—John Dunphy. Honors—Francis Kirkwood. Cyril Brady.

Outings on Lake Ontario

Review day at camp, Niagara-on-the-Lake, will be held this Friday and the Niagara River Line is running an excursion for the occasion for \$1.00 return. Another very pleasant and cheap excursion is given by this popular line of steamers on Saturday next to Buffalo, returning on Tuesday 26th, for \$2.00.



Your are Naturally Interested

In your financial welfare, present and prospective, and anything that will help toward its improvement. Then why not secure a policy of endowment insurance with the North American Life Assurance Company?

You would thereby materially enhance your prospective welfare and at the same time provide the necessary protection for dependents. The security is unexcelled and the result is certain to prove satisfactory. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO JOHN L. BLAQUIE, President L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary

DRESS WELL

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The HOME CIRCLE

A DUTY OF PARENTS.

When a Catholic child is so situated that he must be sent to a non-Catholic school, then the parents must the more carefully supply at home the necessary religious education, says the Catholic Universe.

PARENTAL DUTY.

Doing one's duty by one's son too often implies merely food, lodging, clothes and education supplied by the parents. Why, a public institution would give that? What the boy needed most was deep drafts of love.

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

God knoweth best what is needful for us, and all that He does is for our good. If we knew how much He loves us we should always be ready to receive equally and with indifference from His hand the sweet and the bitter.

THE CHILD NEEDS LOVE.

"The most fatal fault on the part of parents is injustice and cruelty," said the Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., in the course of one of his brilliant sermons on "The Home," delivered during Lent in the Jesuit church, Dublin.

DON'T FORGET IN SUMMER.

To give pure cold water to the baby two or three times a day. To prevent sore mouth by rinsing with a little cold water and borax. To shade the baby's eyes from strong light, especially from full sunlight.

USES FOR SALT.

Salt used in sweeping carpets will keep out moths. Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored linens. Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow ware and matting.

LAUNDRY LINTS.

Sprinkle clothes with hot water and whisk broom. Bran water is thought by some housewives to be the best thing in which to wash fine silk stockings, as soap is apt to make the silk tender.

WORTHY OF STUDY.

The Lamp, organ of the extreme high wing of the Episcopal church, quotes the following from Truth: "A most striking fact in testimony of the truth of Catholic faith is that a Catholic never leaves the Catholic Church on his deathbed or when the certainty of immediate death stares him in the face.

many Protestants and others, when about to face the judgment seat of God, when the shackles of this world have fallen practically from them, embrace the Catholic faith and become members of the Catholic Church.

RICE THROWING AT WEDDINGS.

Rice throwing and other similar practices after wedding ceremonies were roundly condemned as superstitious customs by Rev. Father Tennian, pastor of St. Mary's church, Pawtucket, and by his two assistants, Rev. Fathers McCabe and Gillan, at all the services on a recent Sunday.

Rev. Father Tennian in expressing his disapproval of the practice spoke in part as follows: "Rice throwing at newly married couples before they have scarcely left the church has grown into such a gross abuse that we desire to have it discontinued. It is disrespectful to the sanctity of the sacrament of matrimony which the Church has ever guarded with most scrupulous care.

"The custom of decorating the carriages of bridal couples with cards bearing coarse and vulgar legends is equally reprehensible. Other customs incidental with wedding ceremonies and feasts, which are growing more and more vulgar every day and which tend to render the wedding day a day of torture rather than a joy for married couples, should likewise be discontinued."

THE LATIN TONGUE.

Why does the Church use the Latin language? For these reasons: First—Because a universal community requires a universal language. The Church of Christ is universal.

To Cleanse and Purify the Blood AND INVIGORATE THE ACTION OF LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS YOU MUST USE

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

In calling your attention to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills it is only necessary to point to their success in the past, for they are known in nearly every home.

By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and enliven the action of the bowels and insure good digestion in the intestines.

This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure of biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and constipation.

It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there have been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, appendicitis and diabetes.

Mr. L. W. Dennis, Welland, Ont., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify on behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so badly I could not rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they all failed to understand my case.

"About the time I was most discouraged I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they were so strongly recommended that I decided to try them. Before I had used all of five boxes my old trouble had entirely left me, and I was again as healthy as in boyhood. I freely give this testimony for the benefit of those who suffer as I have."

clearness or its beauty. It is the language of science and civilization and deserves to be the language of an unchangeable religion.

Fourth—Because it lifts the liturgy of the Church above the every-day usage of words, which alters their sense and debases it by licentiousness. This misfortune has actually befallen the English liturgy of the Anglo-American Episcopalians.

METCHNIKOFF ON WHITE HAIR.

This interesting question was discussed by M. Metchnikoff at a meeting of the Academie des Sciences held on May 7. One of the explanations which have been suggested for the hair turning white is that the individual hairs become dry with age, and that the air penetrating into their interior destroys their pigment.

In order to make a scientific study of the whitening of hair M. Metchnikoff used animals whose hair is white in winter and dark in summer, and in this way he found that in some species of Russian and Alpine hares the change from dark to white follows the same course as in the human subject.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE

The nineteenth century has the instinct for organization strongly developed. Societies, unions, associations sprang up everywhere. Other ages had probably the same inclinations, but the means of communication and the speed of it were not present to help them on.

The direct good done by these societies is great indeed, but there is an indirect bearing on frequent Communion. These societies had their patrons, their feast days, their stated times for approaching the Sacraments.

Who shall say what part in all this the League of the Sacred Heart has taken? Communion in other organization was practised as a means and the practice was fervent and fruitful, but in the League Communion was at an end. It was one of the three degrees into which its members were distributed.

The First Friday devotions have been effective in making Communions more effective and more fervent. The phrase of some on who was more clever than deep has gone the rounds.

"I believe," said he, "in the fifty-two Sundays rather than the nine Fridays." So should we all, is the obvious answer, if a choice was necessary, but the better answer is, "I believe in both." Thus the matter has worked out in practice. The fervent souls who in a spirit of living reparation went to Communion on Friday in memory of the Passion, the supreme expression of the love of Christ's heart, and in atonement for the ingratitude of mankind towards the Eucharist, they were truer for that Communion to the Mass and other duties of a Catholic Sunday, and were found often at the altar during the month.

should be, "I believe in the 365 days of the year for devotion." It is not in any spirit of contented vanity that this review of the past has been made. The success won is not to be a lullaby of flattery to induce sleep, but the cry of success to bring laggards into the fight and make the victorious reap the further and fuller fruits of their triumph.

Such is the desire of the Church expressed in the Council of Trent, which asks Catholics to go to Communion as often as they go to Mass. Such is the desire of Christ, whose Body was to be bread and manna, and therefore daily food to all His followers.

Daily Communion was the practice of the early Christians, and the history of the Church in recent times proves its desire to return to the fervor of the first days of Christianity. The Church condemned the heretical notions of the Jansenists that looked on the Blessed Sacrament as the reward of virtue, and asserted it should be rarely received. It condemned the notion that certain classes of people were excluded from frequent Communion.

Urged by constant teaching and practice of the Church, and desiring to remove all traces of Jansenism and to settle all disputes about the disposition necessary in communicants, Pope Pius X. approved this new legislation on the matter of frequent Communion. Frequent and even daily Communion is especially to be encouraged among religious, among seminarians, and among Christian youth of all classes.

Such is the substance of this remarkable and far-reaching decree. It furnishes the teaching, the practice, the law of the Church with regard to frequent Communion. The united intercession of the League is to be offered for an intention which is dear to its heart and one of the principal reasons for its existence.

The League is happy for what it has contributed in the past towards this intention; it is happy in the opportunity of giving immediate and powerful enforcement of the Pope's wishes; it is happy in praying for its own more complete success in the future. Frequent Communion is therefore an intention to enlist the zeal of every Associate, and one which can be advanced by practice even more powerfully than by prayer.

"It is clear," declares the decree on Daily Communion, "that by frequent or daily reception of the Sacrament, union with Christ is augmented, the spiritual life increased, the soul better fortified with virtues, and a stronger pledge of eternal life bestowed." Such are the fruits of frequent Communion. They are the fruits which the hallowed month of the Sacred Heart will, by united prayer and by united practice, see reaped in all lands where His Heart's home opens for Him to be the food and friend of the hearts of men.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Table for the month of June 1906, titled 'SIXTH MONTH 30 DAYS' and 'THE SACRED HEART'. It lists days of the month, days of the week, and colors of vestments, along with specific feast days and observances such as Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and the Second and Third Sundays After Pentecost.

STATUARY advertisement. Text: 'OUR STATUES HAVE BEEN SOLD FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC W. E. BLAKE, Church Supplies, 123 Church St., Toronto LONG DISTANCE PHONE M. 2453'

HOUSEKEEPERS advertisement. Text: 'See that you are well supplied with EDDY'S WARES. And you will escape a great deal of annoyance, you would otherwise experience with a "2 in 1" or a "3 in 1" WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRETUB and PAIL. Your washday labor can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced.'

GOLD MEDAL FOR ALE AND PORTER advertisement. Text: 'AWARDED JOHN LABATT AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904'

THE TORONTO BAKERY advertisement. Text: 'SOMETHING EXTRA "THE TOMLIN LOAF" MANUFACTURED AT THE TORONTO BAKERY 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, to 438 Bathurst St. FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE ARE YOU ONE? H. C. TOMLIN, Proprietor'

THE DOMINION BREWERY Co., Limited advertisement. Text: 'MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT. DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT'

Dr. FOWLER'S EXT-O-F WILD STRAWBERRY advertisement. Text: 'CURES Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels. Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.'

Legal

JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

LEE, O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN

Architects

ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT

Roofing

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established fifty years.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W.

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 240 King St. East, Toronto

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 27 COLBORNE STREET

Dr. E. J. Woods, DENTIST 45 1/2 Church St. Phone North 3258

MEMORIALS GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS Most Artistic Design in the City

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY Church Bell and Chime Bells

ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED 86 Wellington St. West Toronto, Canada

References: St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank Smith Memorial Windows.

Educational

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

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

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

School of Practical Science ESTABLISHED 1878 TORONTO The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

LABORATORIES 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metrical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Church Bells Memorial Bells & Specialty. McKee Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 23, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 100 acres, more or less.

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Memorial Stained Glass Windows

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GRAND UNCLE TIMOTHY

Alma was plainly dissatisfied. "I hate a collar band that's too wide!" she muttered, critically inspecting the neatly made waist, the result of her mother's three days of patient labor.

"No," replied Mrs. Boyce. "He's coming to spend six weeks with us." "Is it our turn?" asked Alma.

"You shan't have to," said Ruth, gathering her mother into her strong young arms and presenting a rounded shoulder to be wept upon.

"You've a sort of dried-apple countenance, haven't you?" said the said, when she was fairly amiable, but there were other moments when the girl's outbursts of acute dissatisfaction drove harassed Mrs. Boyce to the verge of nervous prostration.

"I'd rather have every tooth in my head extracted," the poor lady had confided to Ruth that morning, "than make that tan etamine for Alma, but she was so dissatisfied the last time I employed a seamstress that I'm simply afraid to try it again."

"What does she want?" "Well, so far," said discouraged Mrs. Boyce, "she has spent three hundred and sixty-four days a year mentioning things she doesn't want, so she hasn't any time left to say what she does like. She's precisely like your father's Uncle Timothy. I suppose I spoiled her when she was little. If I had it all to do over again I'd bring her up very differently."

At that moment a peevish voice had floated down the stairway. "Mother! it wailed, fretfully, 'did I hear you say you were going to make tomato soup for dinner? I'm just sick of tomato soup!'"

"What kind do you want?" asked far too tolerant Mrs. Boyce. "Oh, I don't know!" Alma had returned, impatiently. "Anything but tomato or bean or pea soup or mutton or—"

"How would you like potato soup?" "I hate potato soup. Isn't there some kind we've never had?"

Afterwards, for almost two hours, Mrs. Boyce, with fashion plates and patterns all around her, and gazed despairingly at the tan etamine. For the same length of time Alma had disapproved of every suggestion her mother had offered. Then came Uncle Timothy's unexpected letter.

Uncle Timothy was, if such a thing were possible, even harder to please than was Alma. Possibly there was some slight excuse for irascibility in his case, for from infancy he had been troubled with nervous dyspepsia. Naturally, he was not a desirable visitor, which was peculiarly unfortunate, for visiting was poor Uncle Timothy's only occupation.

Invariably it was Uncle Timothy's inconvenient habit to announce his coming by one train and to arrive on the next, giving the prospective host or hostess no opportunity to escape the threatened visit. His letters never failed to fill the recipient with consternation; yet Uncle Timothy led a respectable, upright life, had no vices except the one of universal dissatisfaction with everybody and everything, and was scrupulously neat in appearance. He was old, he had no children of his own, and each one of his flock of grown-up nieces and nephews felt he was entitled to consideration and tolerance; but entertaining Uncle Timothy was certainly more a duty than a pleasure.

Mrs. Boyce lived farthest from Uncle Timothy. He had spent some never-to-be-forgotten weeks with the nervous little woman when Ruth was eight years old, but for eleven years she had, owing to distance, escaped a second visit.

Now she was to have six weeks of Uncle Timothy—too much for any woman to contemplate with equanimity. At first she sat limp and dejected. Presently she began absent-mindedly to snip Uncle Timothy's letter into fragments. It looked to the two girls, who were busy with their em-

were deeply engaged in making plans for the comfort of the coming guest, but they were mistaken. "Girls," said Mrs. Boyce, rising suddenly, and in her agitation scattering a small snowdrift of paper on the rug. "I know it's cowardly—I know I ought to be ashamed of myself—but I'm all worn out. I haven't a scrap of courage, and—girls, I'm going to run away!"

"Run away!" echoed Alma. "Yes—to your Aunt Emily's. Really, girls, I haven't the courage to plan meals for your Uncle Timothy. I—just can't do it. You've kept house before, and Hannah is perfectly competent to do all the cooking. I ought to—oh, dear! I've been sewing too steadily, or something. It isn't right of me, but I'm—I'm not able to stand Uncle Timothy."

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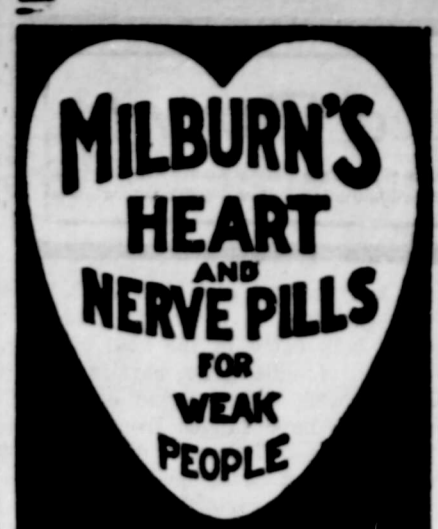
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These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

for Uncle Timothy, and he grumbled, grumbled, grumbled. Very well, she would show him what she could do. She would do better than her best. He should have perfectly sumptuous meals.

"Where's Uncle Timothy?" asked the returned traveller, who appeared much benefited by her trip.

"On a feather bed on the sewing-room floor," returned Alma, in a tone of deprecation. "He said his bed was too soft, the couch too hard, the other spare room bed was too springy, and that the wall paper every place else made him dizzy. But what brought you home?"

"An accusing conscience. I should not have run away, and I wasn't thoroughly happy until I had decided to run back again."

"Mother," demanded troubled Alma, "do you think I'm like Uncle Timothy? Of all grumbling, hypercritical mortals—"

"Well," admitted Mrs. Boyce, trying not to smile, "there have been moments when you've reminded me of your Granduncle Timothy. You certainly have characteristics—"

"Then I'll get over them!" declared Alma, grimly. "I don't like what I'm coming to—an Uncle Timothy in petticoats! Ugh!"

"Oddly enough, a few days later Uncle Timothy, recovered from his illness, expressed a fear that he was growing like Alma, who for the moment had forgotten her intention of reforming—a seventeen-year-old habit does not vanish in a moment—and was grumbling bitterly because the etamine skirt sagged in the back.

"I abominate a skirt that hangs in scallops!" said Alma, twisting to cast a displeased glance over her shoulder at the long, graceful folds behind her. "All the skirts you make, mother, go up and down in waves."

"Ruth," demanded Uncle Timothy, in a loud whisper, "am I anything like as disagreeable as your sister?" "I'm afraid you are, sometimes," confessed truthful Ruth, with the smile that came near to pleasing even captious Uncle Timothy.

"Well, if that's the case," he returned, "I'd thank anybody that'd just say 'Alma' whenever I seem to be getting as hard to please as she is. I'd—I'd join a don't grumble club."

It really seemed afterwards as if Granduncle Timothy's visit had proved generally beneficial, for it was noticed by all the large family connection that with time Alma certainly grew sweeter, far more considerate towards her mother and decidedly less petulant; and that Uncle Timothy occasionally stopped short in the middle of some sharp tirade, exclaimed "Alma!" and then became, in his suddenly altered mien, almost lamblike.

Stage People as Catholics

(By Rev. John Talbot Smith, in Donohoe's for June.) In spite of the ban put upon them by the ancient Puritan prejudice, united with French superstition, the dramatic fraternity, which embraces actors, playwrights, managers and stage-directors, have a deep and abiding respect for the Catholic Church and for religion in general.

They are simple folk, like all craftsmen who live apart from the world. They see only the picturesque and the beautiful in the Church and in religion, are not given to close study of modern books, have little concern for other interests, and are therefore easier to please than most people. It is an immense pleasure to contrast the simple and vigorous faith of a man like Frank Keenan, leading man in 'The Girl of the Golden West,' with the sneering spirit of the late Lord Acton for example; the latter had all the opportunities for the development of a sublime faith, and the former belongs to the despised and supposedly immoral stage; yet Frank Keenan diffuses among all his acquaintance love and respect for the Church, is a real missionary of Christ, while the humble Catholics who read Lord Acton suffer tremendous temptations against the faith. This contrast was made more emphatic for me the other day after listening one hour to Keenan and the next to an insufferable creature, who reminded me that the Catholic body was made up of the poor chiefly, that the Catholic colleges graduated a crude set of impossible men that history had a good case against the Church, and that the clergy lacked the culture required of good leaders. It was needless to remind him that the world's majority is of the poor, and that from their soil spring the powers that keep society going; useless to tell him that he knew nothing whatever about the Catholic colleges; or, that the American clergy are the superiors of any American class in the knowledge of logic, philosophy and theology, and the most influential leaders of the time. He had been brought up in the shadow of the Church, close to the Sacraments, and this was the result of the fondest care that could be bestowed on a human being. Frank Keenan had endured thirty years of stage-life, which is supposed by the virtuous to be highly demoralizing, yet confessed the faith more firmly than at the beginning of his career. The other burned with the carping spirit of Lord Acton.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

Priest and People (From the Morning Star.) The people of a parish should remember the following facts, and by so doing they will recognize more fully the bonds which unite them to their parochial institutions and clergy: For them the priest labors to build church and school. When completed these institutions belong to them, all improvements are theirs; the simple or artistic decorations are theirs. Schools are built and maintained to give their children a Catholic education, the greatest benefit that can possibly be bestowed on them. The priest himself is theirs. He is ordained for them, he is at their disposal at all times; when they call him in the silent hours of the night, while the world sleeps, he rises from his couch and out into the blinding storm he hastens to them. The horrors of contagion have no terrors for him, nor does certain death frighten him when duty calls him to their bedside. Like his Master he is to give his life to them if necessary. The priest is your steward and your friend. He rejoices with you in your prosperity, sympathizes with you in your adversity, grieves with you in your sorrow. When you are down he encourages you to rise and hope, and reminds you that often the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Every morning he stands for you at the altar. He puts all your sorrow and troubles into the chalice and offers them to the Eternal Father as an atonement for your shortcomings. From his hands come to you the bread of life. You pour into his ear secrets withheld from your nearest and dearest friends, from the partner of your life—tales of sorrow, remorse and sin that weigh down your very lives, and when the tale is told he fills the vacuum left with grace and balm and consolation and words of forgiveness, and bids you go in peace and sin no more. Who but he could have taken such a load from you and sent you on your way rejoicing? There is in every parish a large number of Catholics who are continually finding fault with the priest and the priest's actions. How easy to criticise the priest's actions and to find fault with the management of the parish, but how hard it is to get the growlers to bear their share of the burdens of the congregation! The people who pay their pew rent promptly are not among the grumblers. The people who contribute according to their means are not among the fault-finders. The people who belong to the church societies, who take part in the fairs and entertainments on every possible occasion, and assist their children are not among the mutters. The people who willingly send their children to a Catholic school are not among the discontented. The people who take into their homes a sound Catholic paper are not apt to make ill-natured complaints. As a rule the surly critics in a parish are "high-brow" Catholics, and the farther they are from grace the more fault they have to find. The best way for them to start a reformation in a congregation is to reform themselves.

Can Cancer be Cured? It Can, Sir.

Send 6 cents (stamps) for booklet, "Cancer, its cause and cure." Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Praise for Intercolonial Railway

The Montreal Herald of May 30th has the following expression of a well known professional man: "Talking to a reporter recently a well known professional man who travels considerably, remarked: 'I always enjoy the trip by the Maritime Express between Montreal and Halifax. There is more than a mere sense of comfortable travel, there is something that always makes me feel that irritability and impatience are so apt to feel when taking a railway journey of long duration. The splendid cars and accommodation, the inviting meals and prompt service on the dining car contribute greatly to this feeling, I know, and the passing view of so many scenes of various beauty is soothing to the senses. But there is something more, something I can hardly describe, but am inclined to attribute to the social atmosphere. You meet all classes and conditions of men while travelling, but it seems to me that on the Maritime Express one always finds himself a fellow-passenger among people of a pleasant and interesting type. Some of my happiest hours have been spent on this journey.'

EMPRESS HOTEL

Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR

In and Around Toronto

CONFIRMATION AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

Confirmation of the children and adults of the Holy Family parish took place on Sunday afternoon. In the Sanctuary with the Archbishop were Rev. Fathers Barrett, Walsh, W. McCann and Doherty. A large congregation was present and entered heartily into the feature of congregational singing initiated on the occasion. Benediction given by the Archbishop closed the ceremonies.

EXPOSITION AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Every morning during the Octave of Corpus Christi there is exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Patrick's church.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father John Talbot Smith, author and critic, and an old pupil of St. Michael's College, is spending a few days at his Alma Mater. The Holy Name Society and the students of the College have been favored with addresses from the learned and experienced literator.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

The Feast of Corpus Christi was solemnized and impressively celebrated throughout the city on Sunday last. Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament beginning at the High Mass was continued in most of the churches throughout the day, only closing with the Benediction in the evening.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

At the monthly distribution of Testimonials the Reverend Father Walsh presided. The following boys were deemed worthy of being inscribed on the Roll of Honor.

Form IV.—C. Bishop, W. Kerr, A. Gallagher, A. Fayle, C. O'Connor, J. O'Connell, V. Kirby, F. Reddin, T. Kelly, J. Travers, H. Tracey, G. Riordan, J. Power, C. O'Leary, H. Goodwin, J. Gibson, G. Dwyer, V. Pegg.

Form III.—Seniors—L. Woods, F. Ellard, P. Hynes, H. O'Connor, F. Newton, J. Wallace, M. McCarthy, H. McEvoy, T. Plumbtree, J. Griffin, J. Gibson, F. Newton, E. Boisseau.

Form II.—V. Colgan, E. Brennan, A. Donohue, H. Ellard, E. Keating, E. McGeough, F. Newton.

At the same time was proclaimed the standing of each member of the boys' choir for the scholastic year 1905-06. Out of a maximum of 100 notes the following stands as the record:

T. Dault, 99; F. Reddin, 99; W. Markie, 98; H. Torpey, 97; R. O'Connor, 96; W. Artkin, 96; F. Newton, 96; M. Ryan, 95; W. Henderson, 95; F. Newton, 92; H. Tracey, 89; L. O'Byrne, 82; J. Wallace, 82; A. Donohue, 82; N. Wilson, 80; V. Colgan, 79; H. Goodwin, 76; M. McDonald, 76; E. Boisseau, 74; C. O'Connor, 74; J. Gibson, 71; B. Kearns, 64; V. Pegg, 48; A. Moloney, 38; W. Kerr, 34; J. Travers, 28.

DE LA SALLE FIELD DAY.

The pupils of the De La Salle Institute will hold their annual school games on Thursday, June 21st (today), at Exhibition Park.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN EXCURSION.

On Monday, the 25th inst., the Toronto Knights of St. John will hold an excursion to Buffalo for the purpose of taking part in the grand demonstration of the Knights which takes place on that day. The demonstration will be one of the finest on record, 25,000 uniformed Knights appearing in the procession, and other attractions in keeping with the great parade being also on hand. The Toronto contingent and their friends will go by the Niagara Navigation Co. boats and New York Central Railroad, at the boats leaving the Yonge street wharf at 7.30, 9 and 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., passengers on the first two boats being in time for the parade. Adult tickets \$1.75, children 90c. Tickets may be had at wharf or from the following committee: J. Moriarty, D. Driscoll, J. Harrington, J. Shaughnessey, J. Hefferon, Wm. Decrumsey, Wm. Malloy, P. McGinn, J. Allen, J. Kite, Joe McGinn, E. Milward, chairman; M. K. McGinn, secretary; T. Callahan, treasurer.

DEATH OF INSPECTOR MURRAY.

The death of Inspector Murray took place after a few days' illness on Tuesday evening of last week. The announcement was received with genuine regret in many circles, official and otherwise, in which he was known, liked and admired.

Detective Murray is survived by a married daughter, Mrs. William Boyd of Cape Breton, C.B., and Miss Mary Murray of Toronto.

The life story of Inspector Murray, says the Toronto World, as recently published as a narrative, under the caption, "Memoirs of a Great Detective," exemplifies the truth of the old saying, that truth is stranger than fiction. Without a pretence at rivaling the heroes of detective romance, but by the exercise of keen reasoning powers, coupled with a deep knowledge of human—and criminal nature, a steady nerve and an unwavering devotion to duty, John Murray earned for himself a place on police annals the world over. It has been written of him that he has followed men over land and sea, from country to country, from the new world to the old world, and back again. He traveled over 30,000 miles in the chase of a single man.

He has shot at and been shot. He was worsted in desperate struggles, when help came in the nick of time, and he fought grim battles single-handed when defeat meant death. His prisoners have ranged from men of high estate to creatures of the lowest depths. The cases he solved range through every variety of crime known to the police records of the world. He ran down counterfeiters of millions and more, and he unraveled the mystery of murder where life was valued at 80 cents.

John Wilson Murray was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 25, 1840. He removed, with his family, to New York at the age of five years. In 1874 he came to Toronto and since that time his work was known throughout the Dominion.

The funeral took place on Friday morning from 82 Brunswick avenue, to St. Peter's Church, where requiem Mass was chanted. Rev. Father Coyle was assisted by Rev. Fathers Minehan and Dumouchel. The attorney-general was represented by Matthew Curry, his private secretary, and among those present at the house and the church were several government officials and personal friends of the deceased.

The coffin was borne by S. T. Bastedo, deputy commissioner of fisheries; Matthew Curry, C. A. Fitch of the criminal investigation department; Detective William Greer, P. B. Cusack and John Wilson. The chief mourners were Patrick B. Cusack of Buffalo, and John H. Wilson, two life-long friends. Mrs. Wm. Boyd, Sydney, C.B., and Miss Mary Murray, daughters, were at the church.

At the church, Rev. Father Minehan spoke as follows:

"It is not a custom of the Catholic Church to speak of the dead on such occasions, but in justice to the deceased and myself, I just want to say a few words. I have known him for the past three years, during which time he attended this church. Only at such times was he absent as when his duties called him out of the city, and I knew it. In attending the church he had nothing to gain. His presence simply indicated that he wanted to be a loyal member of the Catholic Church. I attended him during his last hours, and administered to him all the last rites and privileges of the Catholic Church given on such occasions. Personally, I admired him for his honest straightforwardness and manly qualities. Interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P."

A NEW SONG BY A TORONTO POET.

A song by M. C. O'Donnell, with music by H. W. Arthurs, is receiving very flattering criticisms at the hands of the American and Canadian press, and it would indeed be very chary did not the Catholic Register give its meed of praise to that which of itself is altogether worthy, and to the composer, Mr. M. C. O'Donnell, of Toronto, an old and valued friend. The song introduces itself with the pretty and attractive name "Irish Lake," and the metre is familiar to all as that of the always charming Bells of Shandon. A Stanza may be quoted to show the nature of the song:

And oft while roaming  
In twilight's gloaming,  
Where the light waves foaming,  
The green shore lave,  
Would I watch the dancing  
And the weird like prancing  
Of the moonbeams glancing  
On each bright wave,  
Or in calmer weather,  
With a friend, together  
Roam o'er the heather, through glen  
and brake;  
Or on sward reclining,  
At Sol's declining,  
See the slant rays shining on Irish  
Lake.

The music by H. W. Arthurs is a really beautiful adaptation, being musical and smooth, the harmony in no place being broken by a jarring or unsuitable note. Irish Lake, which inspired the poetic sentiments, is situated about twenty miles from Owen Sound and is said to have for the poetic eye as many attractions as the lakes of beautiful Killarney. But the song had another source of inspiration. It was written to solace, and as it were, lay out in detail the beauties of a spot to one who on first sight found the place drear and lonely. This was a young priest, Father Maloney, remembered as one of St. Michael's most brilliant pupils, who about fifteen years ago was given charge of a parish near the limpid Irish lake. Father Maloney shortly afterwards met with a very sad death, dying while on a sick call which came in the middle of a raging winter storm. The publication of the poem recalls his pathetic end. Address Canadian correspondence to Mr. C. O'Donnell, Parliament Buildings.

AT ST. FRANCIS.

A taste of heaven, a little bit of the poetic and exquisite, such as we all hope to realize fully in the beautiful Land of the Hereafter, was experienced by the people of St. Francis during the solemnization of the Feast of Corpus Christi on Sunday last. There may somewhere have been more magnificent, other temples may have been able to display a more elaborate ritual and accompanying setting, but nowhere was there seen a more exquisite or satisfying picture than that of the pretty church and its ceremonies. It may have been that the Patron Saint, the dear Saint Francis, whose love for all God's creatures was so great that

the very birds of the air followed him, had given to his special people a keener appreciation than ordinary of this beautiful Fete Dieu, or other causes may have helped to the general effect, but whatever the origin or source, the result was a devotional and touching celebration in which so far as finite creatures could honor an infinite Creator, our divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was honored to the fullest. The church always bright and attractive, was at its best. The altar rose fair as a dream of paradise in a beautiful adornment of bloom and opalescent lights, while in the sanctuary the celebrant in gold and white vestments, attended by acolytes in scarlet cassocks and white lace surplice, was all in keeping with the beautiful day. A touching sermon on the Blessed Sacrament closed with the reminder that soon our divine Lord would be borne in the hands of the priest among the people, and that during His passing was the time to ask in a spirit of faith for all things needed, and the petition so asked would receive an answer for our Lord had Himself said, "Ask and ye shall receive." After Mass a beautiful procession was formed and following the Cross came the acolytes and boys of the First Communion Class, then the Holy Angels Sodality, their banner making a vivid touch amidst the surrounding whiteness; then the Children of Mary, with handsome standard bearing on its surface a picture of the Immaculate Conception, surrounded by a profusion of wild roses. On, row after row, came the white veiled figures, and then came a special group, with white wreaths on their sunny hair, and carrying in their hands clusters of flowers, flowers that were regal, nothing less in every instance than the royal rose. And the children held their flowers high and sang as they walked slowly through the aisles, and the musical notes of "Jesus My Lord, My God, My All," came clear and sweet from voices that sang with all the abandon and earnestness which rises ever from pure childish hearts. As the Blessed Sacrament was borne to the altar the children of the First Communion Class opened ranks and stood on each side, forming a floral pathway, while other little ones strewed fragrant petals from dainty baskets, making a flowery carpet over which the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the tabernacle Throne on the Altar. Then came Benediction, the children surrounding the congregation and kneeling at the altar rail and in the Sanctuary, and they sang O Salutaris Hostia and Tantum Ergo, while incense rose around and prayer and praise ascended heavenward. It was all beautiful and pure and simple, and through the solemn atmosphere seemed to come the words, "blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

Refinement and grace to a marked degree surrounded the 48th Annual Commencement at St. Joseph's Academy, which took place on Tuesday at 3.30 p.m., and though of a semi-private nature, was witnessed by a large number of the priests of the Archdiocese and from other centres, and by a few others interested in matters educational.

The stage of the reception hall presented a pleasing picture when the hundred and fifty or so pupils of the Institute covered its floor, the seniors wearing black uniforms relieved by pink and white roses, and the little ones altogether in white. The graduate of the year, Miss Jessie D. McGregor, gowned in white, was crowned at the beginning of the exercises, and afterwards wore her golden coronet until the close. A programme of vocal and instrumental music, exhibiting much careful preparation and fine training, was given, eight pianos, the violin and one hundred and fifty voices taking part. The opening number, a vocal solo, "June Greetings," by Miss Jessie D. McGregor, was an appropriate beginning pleasingly executed. The instrumental duet, "Coppelia," by Leo Delibes, was given with the precision that leaves no room for adverse criticism, the Misses Morrow, M. Morrow, Fay, Murphy, Curran, Healey, MacLaren, Wheeler, Johnston, O'Leary, Corrigan, Moore, Burns, Coughlan, Gendron and Abbott taking part. A gesture song, a "Lullaby," by the little ones, was prettily given, followed by a recitation, "His Crucifix and Book," interpreted with much intelligence and grace by Miss Kennedy, "Angels Guard Thee," a somewhat intricate arrangement of Godard, was sung with violin and piano accompaniment by Miss M. L. Davis. This young lady has established for herself at the Academy a reputation as a singer, a reputation which her rich and cultivated voice fully sustains. The last instrumental number was "Aubade Printaniere," played by the Misses Davis, Lyon, Sage, Kennedy, Scully, J. Scully, Bourke, A. Bourke, Clarke, Keogh, Tobin, Fraser, Haquoil, Kearney, Quigley and Conlon. This selection was by the senior pupils and was a very fine piece of workmanship. The last number—with the exception of the hymn to St. Joseph—was "Kilarny," arranged as a part song. This was undoubtedly one of the most pleasing features of the programme. The medals, honors and prizes were distributed between selections and at the close Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann addressed the pupils. He regretted the unavoidable absence of the Archbishop, who had been called out of town, and complimented the Institute on its standing and progress as evidenced by the afternoon's work. Everything looked very simple, said the Very Rev. speaker, but it was the simplicity of perfection. Others might try what had here been accomplished, but they would fail. Father McCann also congratulated in an especial manner the graduate of the year, Miss McGregor, hoping that she would carry the honors of life as gracefully as she had those of the

day of her graduating day. A few words of advice brought the entertainment to a close.

Afterwards the needle work and painting—a large display worthy in itself of a whole column—was viewed and much admired. The china painting of Miss Alice Power, the medalist, came in for many complimentary remarks.

Amongst those present during the afternoon were Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., and Rev. Fathers P. Lamarche, F. Frachon, C.S.B., Tobin (London), Cote (Hamilton), M. Kelly, C.S.B., J. M. Cruise, H. Doyle, C.S.S.R., L. Minehan, R. Burke, Whelan, Player, Hayes, Madigan (Hamilton), Brady (Hamilton), P. Ryan, C.S.B., and Sullivan.

HONORS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

Graduate of 1906—Miss Jessie D. McGregor, London, Ont.

LIST OF HONORS.

Bronze Medal, presented in the name of His Holiness Pope Pius X., for Christian Doctrine and Church History, completed in senior department—Miss Hazel Dean.

Gold Medal and Diploma of Graduation—Miss Jessie D. McGregor.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency Lord Grey, for Superiority in English Literature—Miss Mary Ryan.

Gold Medal, presented by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., for Superiority in English Literature in Junior Sixth Grade—Miss Penelope Gillen.

Gold Medal, presented by the Rev. L. Minehan, for Excellence in Mathematics in Senior Sixth Grade—Miss Mary Ryan.

Gold Medal, presented by the Rev. M. J. Jeffcott, for Superiority in Science in Senior Sixth Grade—Miss S. Brasseur.

Gold Medal for Mathematics in Junior Sixth Grade—Miss Mary Keogh.

Gold Medal, presented by A. Elliot, Esq., for Superiority in Fifth Grade—Miss Marjorie Cleghorn.

Gold Medal, presented by the Heintzman Co., for Vocal Music, Honor Course, Toronto University—Miss Muriel Davis.

Gold Medal, presented by Mr. C. Reed, for Superiority in Painting Water Color and Ceramic—Miss Alice Power.

Gold Monogram, presented by A. Elliot, Esq., for Excellence in Point Lace—Miss Kathleen Clarke.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. F. Frachon, C.S.B., for Christian Doctrine in Second Course—Miss Mary Miller.

Silver Medal for Vocal Music, Junior Grade—Miss Christina I. Scully.

Gold Pen for Excellence in Penmanship—Miss May Coleman.

Crown for Charity in Conversation in First Course—Miss May McDonnell.

Crown for Amiability in First Course—Miss K. Phelan.

Crown for Charity in Conversation in Second Course—Miss P. Gillen.

Crown for Amiability in Second Course—Miss M. Clarke.

Crown for Ladylike Deportment and Observance of Rule—Misses F. O'Driscoll, S. Brasseur, A. Moloney, G. Gillen, M. Keogh, L. McCrohan, G. Sullivan, L. Kearney.

Diplomas awarded by the Dominion Business College for Stenography and Typewriting—Misses Moloney, Gillie, O'Connor, Quigley, Barret, Alexander, Bourke, Newman and Thomason.

Commercial Diplomas, awarded to Misses Cleghorn, Bishop, McNamara, Collins, Gendron, Moreau and Rensman.

Certificates awarded August, 1905, by the Ontario Department of Education, Junior Leaving—Misses A. Ingoldsby, C. Moreau, L. Sauve, M. Chambers, A. McCarthy.

Senior Leaving—The Misses F. Roman and J. D. McGregor.

The following candidates were successful in passing the June, 1905, examinations in Music conducted by the University of Toronto, Senior Vocal, Honors—Misses Davis and Charlebois, Pass—Miss Glavin.

Junior Vocal—Honors—Miss McGregor, Pass—Misses M. Burke, C. Scully, A. Power.

Senior Piano—Pass—Misses I. Kearney and L. Mullan.

Junior Piano—Honors—Miss J. Morin, Pass—Misses Brasseur, F. Tobin, C. Clarke, O'Shea, Haquoil.

Primary Piano—Honors—Misses E. Clarke, E. Corrigan, M. Boulton, M. Johnson, L. Bourke, A. Quigley, H. Lunn, D. Mulqueen, L. Dusseau, Pass—Miss K. Lyon.

Junior Theory—Honors—Misses A. Power, F. Tobin, J. Morin, A. McCauley, G. Parkinson, K. O'Rourke, A. Quigley, Pass—Miss I. Kearney.

Results of University Examinations in Music for 1906 not yet published.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Special Prizes in Water Color Painting—Miss M. Burns.

Improvement in Water Color—Misses M. Frawley, W. Bell, N. McGrath, F. O'Connor.

Improvement in China Painting—Misses K. Lyon, J. Sage, R. Healy and M. Bourke.

Special prize for Art Needle Work—Miss C. Scully.

Second prize for Art Needle Work—Miss M. Stevens.

Improvement in Art Needle Work—Misses M. Frauley, M. O'Brien, A. Maloney, L. Kearney, A. Goldie, J. Goldie.

Special prizes for Fidelity in St. Cecilia's Choir—Miss M. Clarke and K. Bandel.

Special Prize for Elocution—Miss Kennedy.

Senior Sixth Class.

First Prize—Miss C. Sullivan.

Second Prize—Miss F. O'Driscoll.

Third Prize—Miss V. Eagan.

Junior Sixth Class.

First Prize—Miss M. Miller.

Second Prize—Miss K. McCrohan.

Third Prize—Miss A. McLaren.

Promoted to Senior Sixth Class—The Misses P. Gillen, M. Miller, M. Keogh, K. McCrohan, L. McCrohan, A. Bourke and J. Morin and A. MacLaren.

JUST OUT O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER A new brew and the pride of the brewery. It's the best Lager that Canada's model brewery ever sent out. The equal of the finest imported Lager in every respect. All the leading hotels, cafes and bars now have O'KEEFE'S PILSENER. Order up "A LIGHT BEER IN A LIGHT BOTTLE"

ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED Manhattan—Nevada's marvelous new mining camp—has produced \$1,000,000 in the four months of its existence, according to a recent despatch. The showing made of depth, permanency, and richness has never been approached, and all values are soaring. The very cream of this marvelous young camp is owned by The Manhattan Nevada Gold Mines Company whose properties, located in the very heart of the best mines and leases, are traversed by great gold-bearing veins showing assay values running high into the thousands of dollars. DEVELOPMENT WORK IS BEING PUSHED AND HIGH-GRADE SHIPPING ORE FILED UP FOR TREATMENT. The wonderfully fine showing made warrants the belief that these properties will soon develop into one of the GREAT DIVIDEND-PAYING MINES OF THIS SUPERB CAMP. In order to carry on the development work on an extensive scale, a limited allotment of stock is offered at the Special Price of 20 Cents Per Share. This price will be advanced shortly to 25 cents. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO RETURN ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN EXCESS OF THE 20 PER CENT. ALLOTMENT. Every share of stock is fully protected by our special Trust Fund, containing securities worth about \$1,000,000. Considering the magnificent showing made—the extent of the company's holdings, and the character of the rich ore showing—this stock appears certain to increase in value at a very rapid rate, and those who invest now should reap rich returns. Orders should be forwarded at once to A. L. WISNER & CO., Bankers 61-62 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ontario. OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY, Manager. Phone M 8290.

Death of Mr. Wm. Casey, Hamilton An old and much esteemed friend and subscriber of the Catholic Register is gone to his reward in the person of Mr. Wm. Casey of Hamilton. That the deceased gentleman was respected and admired in an unusual degree was shown in many ways at the time of his illness and death, and the press of Hamilton in every instance made editorial mention of this Irishman who was "of the best type—generous, warm-hearted, high-minded and in all his dealings fair and open as the day." Mr. Casey was ill only about a week, fatal failure being the cause. Deceased was born in Limerick County, Ireland, in November, 1833, and was therefore 73 years of age. He received an English education in the National School and when eighteen years of age came to Canada resolved to strive for a fortune in the new country. In 1851 he arrived in Dundas and became an apprentice in a planing mill. Full of ambition a few years later he entered into business in a contractor and builder partnership with the late Mr. Mercer, who died a year ago. The firm was known as Mercer and Casey, and continued until 1876, when fate frowned and they lost a fortune of several thousand dollars. Still undaunted Mr. Casey went to work in the Bowman mills as foreman and later became a member of the firm until the partnership was dissolved in 1884. Shortly after he removed to Hamilton and entered into business with his sons, the firm being known as Casey & Sons. Among the buildings he erected were the Dundas Cotton Mills and the Wesleyan Institute, which afterwards became the House of Providence. He also completed the work on St. Paul's Church, Hamilton. About twelve years ago he was appointed Government Inspector when the bay was being dredged, and he was also inspector of the present Drill Hall. At the time of his death he was employed as foreman of construction at the Waterworks. On November 17, 1887, deceased was married to Mary Kelly. Mrs. Casey died two years ago, this coming August. Mr. Casey was a staunch Conservative since the days of Hon. Robert Spence. For seven years he was a member of the Town Council of Dundas, also chairman of the Separate School Board. Mr. Casey was a man of sterling qualities and kindly disposition. Those who knew him best respected him most. Eight sons and two daughters survive. They are John R., St. Catharines; William E., a conductor on the Lake Shore road, Buffalo; M. E. of the Williams Co., Montreal; Joseph M., foreman of the Herald Printing Co., Erie, Pa.; Thomas, Buffalo; Mrs. John O'Brien, Lynn, Mass.; Peter, Charles, Lennon and Miss Minnie Casey, Hamilton. The funeral of William Casey took place on Tuesday morning of last week from his late residence, 121 North Park street, Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral by Rev. Father Weidner. Interment was in Dundas cemetery. Rev. Father Heenan, of St. Augustine's church, officiated at the grave. The pall-bearers were his eight sons, John P., William E., Michael E., Joseph M., Thomas F., Peter F., Charles F. and Lennon A. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, floral pieces being received from the following: Williams and Wilson, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. McVey, Montreal; the Conservative Club, James and Mrs. Murray, Miss Lynch, T. M. and Mrs. Power, St. Patrick's Club, John and Patrick Galvin, A. Aussem, employees of Right House, Ralph C. Ripley, Mrs. Binkley, James and Mrs. Stewart, James and Mrs. Miller, Leslie Crooks and George Williamson, Linkert brothers and others. R.I.P.