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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1902

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VOL. X. No. 29

The Portiuncula

The Great Pardon of Saint Francis of Assisi as it Came Down Through Seven Centuries

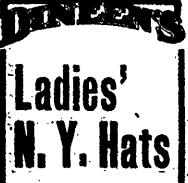
Several miles out from Rome to the portheast rise the Umbrica bills, beyond which again fower the Appenines. On the sunny side of one of these Umbrian hills, called Mount Sublaso, nestles the little town of Assist, the delight of artists for its picturesque situation and quaint, unconventions ettests, and the joy of devout souls for the thousandboly associations that make it a veritable gem in the Christian world since St. Francis exalted "Holy Poverty" there nearly seven hundred years ago.

It is a little town of hard six thousand people, but the visitors to its many shrines of St. Francis and St. Clare often greatly outnumber its regular inhabitants. Especially is this true on one day in every year, without fail. Since A. D. 1223, August 2 (or more properly speaking, from three p.m. of August 1 till sundown of August 2), the day of the Great Pardon of St. Francis. People from all the surrounding country, and from remote parts of Europe, all the church and the surrounding streets of Our Lady of the Angels to cobtain the plenary indulgence so singu-larly won for them by that is the man, the founder after Jesus Chilst of the most numerous body of religious in the church, whose very name stands for burning love for Jesus Christ-the ser-

aphie St. Francis. The Portiuncula-or little portionwas originally a small chapel belonging to the Benedictines, and dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels. In St. Francis' sime it had fallen into disuse and deesy. The Benedictizes had left it for larger quarters. Answering his first wall to God's service, Francis had it repaired. Besides working at it with his own heads, he begged help for it from passars-by, until it, was perfectly re-leved. Two other distend sanctuaries h Assisi were in the same manner repaired by St. Francis, big assistance thus given physically typifying the spiritual aid rendered by him and his Order to God's church in need.

Shortly after the restoration of St Mary's. Francis and his disciples were looking for some place where they might praise God together, and the Benedictines offered them this chapel and the house and ground adjoining. Francis joyfully accepted, naming it his "Portiuncuia," or little part, and to emphasize his repugnance to absolute ownership of anything, he there and then made it a rule that every year his brothren would present to the Beneaictines a certain quantity to. Ash as a sort of feif. Around the little chapel is now amilt a bassilica. It is the cradie of the great Franciscan Orders, and one of the resat shrines of Christendom.

Here, in 1221, on the anniversary of the ucdication of his little chapel. St. Francis was favored with a vision on the Altar of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother in a glory of soft light.



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"Francis, ask of Me what thou wilt for the salvation of souls, for I have given thee to the world to be the light of peoples and the support of My Church."

After a moment's pause, Francis an-

"Or thrice Holy God! If I have found favor in Thy eyes, grant that all who, contrite and absolved, visit this little church may receive a falk pardon of all their sins and of the

There was no answer immediately, as If the favor were too greaf, and Francis beseeched the Mother of God to aid

"Go, then," said our Lord, "to My Vienr and demond this indulgence in My name."

Francis lost no time in repairing to Rome with two companions, and presenting his petition to Pope Honorius

"Most Holy Father, a few years ago I repaired a little church in your domin ions dedicated to the Mother of God. 1 beg your Holiness to enrich it with a valuable indulgence without the obligation or almsgiving."

"For now long a time, my son, do you wish this influence ?"

"Holy Father, may it please you to grant me souls, not years. I ask all who repentant and absolved, shall visit' the Church of St. Mary of the Angels shall receive plenary, remission of their sins for this world and the next,"

unusual at the Court of Rome," an-

swered the Pope.
"I do not ask it in my own name, but in the name of Jesus Christ, who har sent me." Francis answered. And, Inspired by the Holy Chost, the Pontin replied promptly, and repeated it three times .

pleased that thou abouldst have this in-

marking it would interfere with the pil-

"We cannot revoke what We have fresly granted. .. It to Our will that this indulgence: be available in perpetuity. during the space of one natural day from the first vespers of one day to the last yespers of the next."

St. Francis had not named any day, por could he decide for nearly two years afterward, till our Divine Lord again appeared and chided him for the delay. St. Francis begged our Lord Himself to choose the day, and he graciously an-

he great new day of mercy so singularly chosen by our Lord Himself was inaugurated, and Pope Honorius sent neven Bishops to the little town of Assisi to solemnly announce it. It is related by the great Annalist Wasding that each of the seven Bishope in turn announced it "in perpetuity," though each one desired to suppress the phrase. Such was the commencement of the great pardon of St. Francis. For two hundre. Years it was confined to that little chapel of the Portiuncule, which was, each 2nd of August, the acens of a wondrous gathering of ponitents. After this the Pope was moved to extend it to all the Franciscan churches of the world. Succeeding Popes have ctill further extended it to churches where

members of the Third Order (the lay order) meet, and even to other churches when no Franciscan church is available. The obligation of receiving Holy Communion, either their day or the day before is required for all the churches outside Assiel, however. Confession and communion and a vivit to the church so. privileged are all that is necessary to gaining the inducance of the Portion. cula. One may not gain it but once for himself, but he may gain it as many as hundred times for the souls in purgatory if he can go in and pray, and come out again so often... There is no set form. or duration of prayer. Five Our Fathers

recommended, but any form may be fol-St. Francie bimself was in the habit

with the sovereign Pontiff's prayers are

of saying on entering a church i We adore. Thee, O Lord, Jesus Christ's here and in all the churches of the whole world, and profee Thee because through Thy cross Thou hast redoemed the world."

As he fell on his face, our Lord accosted him in these words, according to the historian, the great Irish Franciscan, Luke Wadding :---

punishment due to their sins."

his plea.

III. in these words :

"What thou askest is great and quite

"In the name of Our Lord. We are dulgance."

Some cardinals present demurred, regrimages to Rome and Jerusale

"It is My will that it be the day when I broke the chains off Peter, the prince of My apostles-from the first vespers of that day to the evening of the morrow. Go again to him who is My vicar that he may promulgate this indula

And so he did; St. Peter in Chains

was celebrated on the let of August, so

and Hail war is and Glories in unison

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CARDINAL LEDOCKOWSKI DEAD (💳

The Great Prefect of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide Passes Away.

Rome, July 22.-Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, died this morning after a long illness Cardinal Ledochowsk' was born at Gork, October 29, 1822, and was a descendant of an illustrious Polish family

The Pope, on learning of Cardinal Ledochowski's death, was greatly distressed and, exclaimed "A valiant fighter for the church and relig on has gone His memory be blessed " The Pontiff then knelt and prayed for the repose of the Cardinal's soul

With Cardinal Ledochowski's death Cardinals San Stefano and Parochi are the only surviving Cardinals created by Pope Pius IX.

To-night the candidates for the post made vacant by the death of Cardinal Ledochowski are equal in number to the hours which have elapsed since the Cardinal's decease. In addition to Cardinal Vannutelli, Cardinal Drancis Satolli, formerly Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Prefecture of the Congregation of the Propaganda. He is reputed to be a special protege of the Pontiff, whose power of appointing is absolute It is pointed out that Cardinal Satolli's thorough knowledge of American affairs peculiarly fits him for the Prefecture, the United States being the most important country with which the Propaganda

Note-Miccislas Ledochowski was born in 1822, was formerly Archbish- doon and Chancellor Barry, both of op of Gnesen and Posen, Was creat-

DEATH OF ARCHBISNOP CROKE

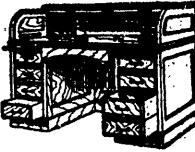
The Idustrious Archbishop of Cashel Is No More-Loss to Ireland and the Church.

London, July 22.-The death is announced of the Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke, Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Cashel, Ireland, and Ad ministrator of Emly. He was born in 1824 and consecrated in 1870.

The Late Archbishop Feehan

Chicago, July 18 .- With solemnly imposing ceremony and in the presence of the Cardinal of the church and a great gathering of ecolesiastical dignitaries, the funeral rites were performed for the late Archbishop Patrick A. Fechan yesterday at the Cathedral of the Holy Name Early in the day a series of Masses was begun by the numerous visiting priests, ending in the Solemn Requietn Mass.

During the funeral service crowds thronged the streets in the vicinity of the cthedral, which was filled to overflowing by members of the clergy and a favored few of the laity, Carsinal Gibbons, with his descons, of-



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ficiated at the Solemn Pontifical Requiem, which was conducted by Bishon John Lancaster Spaiding of Peoria. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, delivered the funeral sermon After the Mass Cardinal Gibbons pronounced the absolution. The body of the dead churchman was then borne to a vault in Calvary Cemetery, whence it will be removed to its last resting place in the new ceme-

tery of Mount Carmel. The funeral cortege was probably bro of the most imposing that ever passed through the streets of this city Catholic dignitaries from many sections of the country were present and did honor to their late co-laborer. Military, civic and church bodies accompanied the funeral car Among the principal churchmen present were: Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Jansen, of Belleville; Bishop Ryan, Alton. Bishop Dunne, Dallas; Bishop Mo-Gavick, Chicago; Bishop Burke, St. Joseph, Mo ; Bishop O'Donoghue, Indianapolis; Bistiop Scannell, Omaha; Bishop Foley, Detroit, Bishop Glennon, Kanzas Oliy; Bishop Aiderling, Fort Wayne; Bishop Schwebach, La Crosse; Bishop Byrne, Nashville; Bishop Trobec, St. Cloud, Minn.; Bishop Eis, Marquetter Bishop Mul-Chicago.

It is estimated that during the ti the body of the dead Archbishop lay in state in the cathedral over 75,000 persons passed it in review. So great was the demand for admission to the services to-day that after the 1,500 visiting priests had been accommodated only two lay persons from each parish in the Chicago Archdiocese could be admitted

OBITUARY.

The Register regrets exceedingly to record the death of Mrs. D. R. Macgillis of St. Andrew's, on July 11. We will publish an obituary notice in another issue.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

An occasional correspondent at Cobourg sends us the following facts us to the success of the pupils of the Convent School of that town who were sent up to write at the Entrance Examinations in June last by Mother Superior Juliana. There were twelve children sent up to write-six females and six males—and every one passed with creditable figures, as follows. Females-Dorothy Butler, 792, Bessie Downs, 590, Mamie Fox, 687, Mary Veronica McAllister, 628; Jessie Orr, 837; Katle Welsh, 890. Males-James Bulger, 630; Leo Craig, 724; Allan Craig, 678; William Duffy, 677, John Kearns, 594; Arnold Plunkett,

This speaks well for the efficiency and care of the teaching staff of St. Joseph's Convent School of Cobourg. and for which the good Sisters are de serving of high commendation.

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CARDINAL MORAN MAY COME

The Great Australian Cardinal Now in Ireland May Return by Way of Canada

A Montreal telegram says Word was received in the city to-day that Cardinal Moran, the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church in Australia. Who has been at Rome visiting the Pope on the occasion of his jublice, would return home by way of Cau- of the State staircase the party were

Distinguished Conadian Ecclesiastics A Montreal telegram says A message from Rome states that the great university examinations there are over and that the following were the results for the students of the Canadian College at Rome. University of St. Apollinaire-Licentiate of Canon law, Father Couvrette, of Montreal, and Father Kingsley, of Toronto Gregorian University (Jesuit)-Licentiate of theology, Father Kidd, of Toronto. University of the Propaganda - Doctor of philosophy, Father Henry O'Leary, Chatham. University of Minerva-Doctor of philosophy and theology, Abbe L. As Desjardines, of Montreal

Archbishop Ryam at Barrie His Grace Archbishop Ryan, o Philadelphia, who was recently appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners by President Roosevelt, is visiting friends in Bartle. He celebrated Mass here on Sunday and charmed his hearers with a most eloquent sermon on the gospel of the day. It was a treat for those who had the blessing to hear him, as he is are of the most noted orators of the Catholic Church in America Barrie, July 21st.

New Stations Blessod in St. Mary's

In St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, His Grace Archbishop O'Conpastor, Vicar-General McCann, solemnly blessed the new stations of the cross. The new way of the cross was imported from Belgium at a cost of \$2,100. With the new electric lights in place the effect on the interior decorations of the church is both impressive and devotional

The sermon was preached by the Archbishop Among the clergy present were Rev. Father Whelan, of Baltimore College, Baltimore, Ohio; Rev Fathers James Walsh, Lamarche, W. McCann, A. O'Leary and Williams

Confirmation Services

The Oakville New Era of July 10

Between forty and fifty becomingly dryssed girls and boys were confirmed in St. Andrew's Church Wednesday foreroon shortly after 13 o'clock, by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, assisted by the Revs. Father Cote and Father Henchy of Hamilton, and Father O'Rellly, of Oakville. His Lordship spoke to the children at some length after the pretty and impressive ceremony and at the close was presented by M' May Kelley, daughter of Alderrean Peter Kelley, with a beautiful souquet of roses His Lordship and assistants were driven to Burlington, where similar services were repeated

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Anyone who has attended the natury great musical collecting given by world-famed artists visiting. Toronto and cities it Canada will be impressed with the fact that on all these cocasions a plano of the old-exablished and well-known plano firm was used. - It has been endorsed and eulogised by leading musiciansports foreign and those at home.

THE POPE AND AMERICA

A Pleasant Interview Between Lep Alli and the Official Representatives of the United States

Rome, July 21.-The Pops received Givernor Taft and the members of his party in farewell audience at noon today. The Americans drove in two carriages from their hotel to the Vatican. They were received at the great door of the Vatican by the Swiss guards who rendered military honors. At the foot met by Monsignor Bisleti, master of the ceremonies, who was accompanied by several other dignitaries of the Papal court. At the door of the pontifical apartments the noble guards and gendarmes rendered the customary honors, after which Governor Tast and his companions were introduced into the presence of the Pope, who welcomed them

with marked cordiality. The Americans were ushered into the private_library, and so soon as the door was opened the Pope went half way to meet them, and greeted Governor Talt with the greatest cordiality. His holiness commenced the interview by saying he was most satisfied and happy at the results obtained, and was confident that the negotiations would be the startingpoint of a complete and satisfactory solution of the question under discussion. He added that the Apostolic Delegat . soon to be appointed, would be instructed most strictly and precisely regarding carrying out the ideas determined upon by the United States and the Vatcan, saying :-"I will see that orders be given him as to his work, over which

I will watch personally." Turning the conversation, the Pope expressed the highest esteem for American methods of tracting church matters. In fact, he had more than once pointed to the United States as setting an example well worth copying. Governor Taft thanked the Pope for the promptness and courtesy shown during his visit; and pronierd 'eo-operation, with the Apostolic Delegate in executing the business on

the lines agreed upon at Rome. expressed regret at the fact that the negotiations had been made the occasion for the circulation of false and even calumnious rumors in various papers and by some telegraphic agencies which had given rise to unfavorable comments up; against such false reports, but he philosophically declared that by this time he war accustomed to that kind of misreprenor presided, and, assisted by the sentation. The Pontist then rose with unusual activity, walked with the Americans to the opposite side of the room and showed them the mosaic which he is sending to President Roosevelt in return for the President's present of a box containing his (Mr. Roosevelt's) liberary works. The mosale is a copy of Corridi's well-known picture of Pope Leo sitting on the terrace of the Vaticin gardens surveying stome. It was made in the Vatican workshops. The Pope then gave Bishop O'Gorman an autograph letter to

President Itoosevelt. Blembers of President Tait's party asked the Pope to bless several boxes of rosaries and other religious momentoes, which his Poliness did most willingly, adding that his benediction was extended to all their relations and friends. After 40/minutes audience, during which the conversation was carried on freely in

French, Bishop O'Gorman and Major Porter translating, the Pope saw the Americans to the door of the library. Governor Taft and his companions then called on the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, with whom they exchanged somewhat similar souriesies. Later Governor Taft, accompanied by

Judge Smith and Captain Strother, left Rome for Naples. To mark his satisfaction at the success of the magotiations the Pope presented each member of Governor Tait's party with a personal gift, enclosed in a magnificent moroceo case, adorned with the Pepal arms.

Husband-Well, madam, you've got your wish-you've married a rich husband. Wile-No, dear, I've married a rich man, but a poor busband.

"How is your daughter getting on with the plane, Albha?" "First rate. She can pl-y with both hands now. Says she'll be able to play with her ear in six months."

Myer-What do you consider the best sign of spring weather? Gyer -The delicious feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work.

Patient-The trouble with me in that I can't sleep. Yet I am always on hungry as a wolf, and I work like a horse. Doctor-You had better conault a veterinary

OUTBREAKS IN FRANCE

Government Denounced for Enforcing the law of Associations

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Paris, July 22 .- After the distribution of prizes at a school belonging to an unauthorized congregation in the Avenue Parmentier here to-day, the crowds broke through the police cordon shouting, "Vive ta Laiberte,"? Francois Coppec, the author and poet, who was the chief speaker, Deputy Lerolls, Gaston Merry and the Abbe Partural were arrested. NOK. Coppee, Lerolla and Merry were later released. Comte Uthain De Maille, who was among those taken into custody, was held for examination. Further disturbances and some arrests have occurred in other places

CATHOLIC SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

The entrance examination of high classes of the Separate schools, hald in the De La Salle Institute, resulted in the following being successful:

St. Ann's-Edward Cabill, Lene Connolly, Julia McGlue, Nellie O'Brien. St. Basil's-Evelyn Brown, Mary Carney, Margaret Collins, Thomas Cunerty, Clara Grant, Gertrude Hale, Hannah Makesma, Thomas Moore, Annie Todd.

St. Helen's School-Thomas Boland, Frances Cowan, Julia Dault, Edna Foley, Florence Hartnett, Albert Henacreon. Lewis Higgins, John Kearns, Fred Murray, Mary Ryan.

St. John's School-Everyn Foley. Nellie Curry.

St. Mary's School-Edward Cabley, Alice Christie, Nora Commercord, Ursula Dee, Elicabeth Donaboe, Thea. Hancon, Camilla Muldoon, Frank O'Hearne, Arthur Rampsberger. Ontherine Real, Thos. Reilly; Stophen Smyth, Josephine Vahey, Margaret Vahey, Frank Wales, Florence Williams, Marie

Hennessey, Mary Fulton, Emily O'Leary. St. Michael's School-Paul Cleria Daniel Davis, Helena Dirpatrick, Maggie Gaal, James Kenney, Emma Lyone, Joseph McAuliffe, Albert McDonald: William McGowan, Nell McGrath, Annie. McMillan, Apple Maroney, Imogene

Meagher, Maggie Ryan St. Paul's School-Lous Burns Phila-Cannon, Thomas Cardine, Ellen Ross. Kavanagh, Ellen McCabe, Catharine Me-Hahon, Catherine McMullen, Ellen Newman, John Power, Michael Power, Ellen

Thornton. St. Peter's School-Mary Connor-Helen Leonard

Minister-Is your father at homes, William? William-Yes, but he't ... got: the rhoumatism so bad he sint male:

Mr. Younger-My wife wishes you to hold the baby again. She says yes can't appreciate how heavy it is. Bachelor Friend-Oh, yes, I can, As long as I held it I had an olephant on my hands.

Hero of Play-My urcle's will has been stolen! Curses on the villain who did it! Uncle Si (in the audience))
Yes, an' b'gosh he's got my watch. too. Lock them doors quick, an mehbe we'll get both of them.



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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE..

FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

THE POPE'S JUBILEE

Ronio, July 7.-At the Vatican at boon to-day a dinner was given to filteen hundred poor people in celebration of the Jubilee of the Pope The dignitaries of the Papal Court were present.

' In the evening the members of the Catholic Societies of Romo assembled in the great Belvedere court of the Vatican to render hamage to His Holiness The Committee of Fetes for the Pope's Jubilee had organized the reception which was attended by several thousand persons The Court was flowers, A large gallery, richly decorated, had been constructed for the Pope, who entered the Court, passing by the museum and the library. The entire Papal Court was present, and the windows and balconies were crowded.

His Holiness was greeted with en Musicatic acclamation. The band played the Pontifical March, and a cont was afterwards rendered by soveral hundred singers.

The pupils belonging to all the clerical schools and institutions in Rome idefiled before the Pope with their bands and flags. The various parish committees and clerical assoelations were also largely represent-

The members of the Diplomatic Corps and the high officials of the Vatican witnessed the proceedings from the windows overlooking the

The fete terminated with the Papal Benediction. A large number of pigcost were then released, which had been sent to the Vatican from all the chief towns in Italy. Each cargied a message with the date of the Papal Jubilee, and will thus announce to the different cities, of Italy that ahe ceremony has taken place.

The Pope, who took great interest in the fete, is in very good health His physicians find that he has improved in health and spirits during to be united in life. The human fam- before them by Paschal, who wrote the past year.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ANGELUS. Procedan's Journal writes under date of July 2:

.For the first time in the memory of most people here (Rome), the great gan in the castle of Sant' Angelo failed to announce the hour of noon. The mon in the streets who regularly. look at their watches every day at familiar announcement were agnary; the sacristans who stood in the different Campaniles with the roses in their hands ready to sing the angelus grow sorely puzzled-evexybody. Within a radius of half a mile of the famous mausoleum of Hadrian speculated on the cause of the omission. Whatever the cause may have been, the more fact that the Angelus falled to ring for a few minutes from a hundred Roman belfries reminded a good many of the who have become staled by custom what an interesting and devotional practice is that of calling the faithful to meditate three times a day on the mystery of the incaration. Louis Veuillot, most famous of Catholic "journalists," has a beautiful passage on the rustom his Porfum to Rome!" which may well be repeated. He was on his way to Rome, and Vailittle halt in a deseried spot permitted us to hear the modiday Angelus A woman and child who were watching the train pass made the Sign of the Cross and recited to Angelical Salutation.

Why do they make the sign the Oroge? sailed Coquelet, 'is it the train or lowerstres they take for the devily Neither the train, nor me, nor you, Couldet, full of malice though you are. This woman and child are not thinking of the devil, they are thinking of God,

They have heard the Angelus, and the are praying. Listen to those sweet and noble sounds—that is the telegraphic language of the Church, invented long ago, and now understood by all the people, What does it the Five Wounds, but the first notice way? asked Ooquelet, It says some we have of the midday Angelus comes a perpetual victim, offered up daily thing which is inunitely above you from Imola in 1506.

and your learned kind, but which is still within the comprehension of these little ones

"It says that the Angel of the Lord announced to Mary that she was to become the Mother of the Saviour of the world; that Mary answered the Angel. Be it done unto me according to the will of the Lord I am his handmaiden, that Mary conceived by the Holy thost that the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us

"To this divine account to this profession of faith, the bell adds the prayer of the Church 'O Mary, Mother of God pray for us sinners, uray decorated with tapestries, plants and for us now and at the hour of our death ' And this is what these poor people are saying in unison with the bell-the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst usi

"Long ago, over the territories of St Louis, King of France and Suterain of England, fifteen hundred bel fries used to point to the sky, with the Cross of Christ for a Crown upon chords, composed by Signor Mori- them. In those days a man could hardly raise his eyes without beholding the sign of our redemption-The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us and died for us!

> "This harmonious voice of prayer flooded the fields, climbed the mountain keights, descended into the hidden valleys, penetrated into the depths of the forest, dominated all human sounds. A voice of consolation, of hope, of love, of salvation! He loved us, He has pardoned us. He has died to win us. He reigns over

"It spoke without ceasing. It reminded men that they were kings, the sons of God, co-heirs of Heaven, and that Heaven is the reward of faith, English Cardinal M Grappe comhope and charity.

"The great voice did not disdain to špeák of men after having spoken' of God. It announced baptism, matriage, death, it asked the prayers of men for those who were just entering into life, and for those who were shout to appear before the judgment, it asked prayers for those who were ily in those days knew no parialis.

"Vox Urbiz," in The New York invented, but it is certain that the refers to the coincidence lately pointwidespread use of them is to be attributed to a Pope. It is Rome who has given us this harmonious voice with its divine language. It is she who baptized bells-conferring a sarmanet on them that prayer might fall from Heaven upon our souls like a sea of benedictions!

> O Rome, Mother of virtue, Mother of light and of hope, Mother too of ORome, inspired of God to fill with strengthening delights the poor heart

Veuillot cannot be blamed for not knowing the origin of the ringing of the church bell morning, noon and night, in honor, of the Incarnation, for the question has never been really decided Some interesting facts, however, were explained last week here in Rome by Mgr. Esser, secretary of the Congregation of the Index. The first clear documentary proof of the custom comes from Hungary (diocese of Gran) and dates from the year 1807. In 1817 the practice was common: in: Montpelier in France, and the following year Pope John XXII granted an indulgence for all who took part in the devotion in the Church of Saintes In a few years the practice was generally observed in Spain, England and Germany, and In the year 1327 the same Pope ordained that a bell should ring the Angelus in one church of every Rome or district in the Eternal City at nightfail, granting an indulgence of ten days to all good Romans who recited the Angelical salutation.

The ringing of the Angelus in the morning became common in his than a century after the practice of ringing it in the evening had taken root As far back as 1880 a bell used to be rung at noon at Prague to remind the people to pray in honor of

It is now more than thirty years since the people of Rome have been privileged to behold the Holy Father in the open air. Since 1870, as the world knows, the head of the Cathollo Church has been a prisoner in his one palace. The festivities of the Hois Year or of the three Pontifical Jubilee years which have occurred during the present Pontificate have brought no relief, even of a momentary kind, to this enforced retirement Next Sunday, then, will be a red-letter day in the Fternal City, for the Holy Father has determined to show himself to his beloved people in the open air. Not in the streets of Rome, of course, for such an event would be attended with as much unpleasantness to the Pope as to the present rulers of Italy. But in the heart of the Vatican there is an immense open court capable of holding over fitty thousand persons and here the Holy Father will publicly bless the Romans next Sunday afternoon Passing the Camere of Raphael in the Vatican to-day Vox Urbis witnessed the erection of a throne opening out of the Vatical library into the court of the Belvedere, on which Leo XIII. will take his place to listen to the dovout addresses of his people and to confer upon them the Apostolic Benediction At noon on the same day fifteen hundred poor people, a hundred from each of the fifteen divisions of Rome, will be entertained at dinner by Leo XIII, who is to be represented on the occasion by his Vicar Cardinal Respighi

FRANCE

Another volume has been written in France about Cardinal Newman. The book is called "J H Newman, Essai de Psychologie Religieuse." It has a preface by Paul Bourget, the novelist and Academician, whose last production, "L'Etape," contained a monumental tribute to the power and the sublimity of the Church, although the novelist's limitations with respect to religious matters have been pointed out by able ecclesiastical reviewers M Georges Grappe is the author of the volume on the great pares Newman's case to that of the famous Frenchman who died about a year since-Ollet-Laprune Both feit, according to the author, that the question of religious truth was not purely intellectual, not abstract, but living, appealing not to man's intellect alone, but to his heart and will. This was felt not only by Newman man and Ollet-Laprune, but also long on religion as based on "raisons de coeur que la raison ne comprend "I do not know where bells were pas" M- Paul Bourget in his preface Monthly Register between the case of Newman and that of Renan It was on the 6th of October, 1845, that Renan left St. Sulpice for ever, and on the 10th of the same month, in the same year. Newman was waiting for Father Dominic, the Passionist, at Littlenore. Renan's "College Letters" have been recently published here, with more of his souvenirs of all sweetness, all joy and all poetry! childhood, and also a book by M Mosilion on the Seminary of St Nicolas in Paris. It was here that Renan first studied under the founder, afterwards Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

The Poet of the Eucharist

The greatest proof that Jesus Christ "hath loved us' is that He washed us from sins in His own blood." Next to His ignominious death on the Cross, nothing can make us admire our Saviour's love for us more than the most Blessed Eucharist.

When the end was coming nigh, and our Redeemer was soon to undergothe many sufferings that were to end His earthly life, the thought of His children whom He was to leave in exile here below, wrung from His. Heart that wonderful invention of His infinite wisdom and love—the Most Blessed Sacrament. Yes, He would go to the Father, but He could not leave us orphans, He would still remain with us No obstacle could prevent him from accomplishing this prodigy. Hence it is that we, His children, although we believe Him to be sitting at the right hand of the Father, also worship Him present on the holy altar, where He shrouds both His divinity and His humanity under the Irail forms of bread. Such is our belief, such has been the belief of the Church from the beginning, and such shall it be to the end of time In the Eucharist we have the same God-man who loved us, and died for us on the cross. We have Him as in a mystical manner, a clean offer-

ing, the only one that is pleasing to To ransom us He died in shame; the Father. Is He only a victim? He is more; He becomes our very food in Holy Communion Could we wish for a greater treasure' Could even the love of our Saylour have left a richer legacy than this Sacrament, wherein He is Himself, His all, His body, blood, soul and divinity? A pilceless treasure indeed, does the Church possess, and sho has guarded it, and guards it still with a roverential soliiudo that we can easily understand, Nothing can be too preclous, too cost is, when it is to be devoted to the uso of the Blessed Sacrament Are our churches, our altars, our tabernacles, our sacred vessels, too costly to hold the Eucharist God? Should we not rather ask are they precious enough to contain a treasure of such talue? What Holy Church has done to honor the Holy Eucharist, and to induce men to honor and reverence that greatest of Sacraments, she did under the inspiration of the Spirit of Truth, How significative are the ceremonies at the Mass! How they inspire respect and devotion! Then again how venerable they are their antiquity, dating as they do from the Apostolic times! What shall we say of the prayers and hymns of the most Holy Sacrament? Only a saint and a genius divinely inspired could have so beautifully arranged them. The story of how this office was composed is a most interesting one, and deserves to be betterknown. It was in the year 1264 that the special last in honor of the Most Holy Sacrament was to be instituted by Pope Urban IX When the zealous

worthy of the greatest theme that is given to the human tongue to sing Such a genius was then flourishing in the Church of God-Thomas Aquinas, called the Angels of the Schools, both for the angelic purity of his life and the sublimity of his doctrine. Him did Urban IV. summon along with St Bonaventure, styled the Scraphic Doctor These two men were universally considered the most learned and plous of their time. St. Thomas was a Dominican; St. Bonaveture a Franciscan. The Pope told them that he wished them to compose an office for the feast by which he intended to commemorate the Sacrament of love and mercy. The humility of both religious prompted them to object to he task; but to no avail. The Pontiff named a date on which they were to present their work to himself. On the appointed day Thomas and Bona-renture, full of diffidence, appeared efore Urban "Brother Thomas, said the Holy Father, "begin." St. Thomas read first the antiphons of the various canonical hours, the lessons and the responses His thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures had enabled him to make a most befitting and judicious use of the figures and texts relating to the Holy Encharist The Pope listened in silence, while Bonaventure could not repress a spontaneous outburst of applause Thomas then came to the hymn for matins -Sacris Solemniis, which we quote entirely in Father Caswall's transla-

Pontiff most desired was to find a

man, in whom learning and piety

would be allied to the poetical genius

Let old things pass away, Let all be fresh and bright, And welcome we with hearts renewed This feast of new delight.

Latin original, yet is fairly true

tion, which, though not equal to the

Upon this hallow'd eve Christ and His brethren ate, Obedient to the olden law. The Pasch before Him set.

Which done-Himself entire, The true Incarnate God. Alike on each, alike on all, His sacred hands bestow'd.

He gave His Flesh, He gave His precious Blood; and said, Receive, and drink ye all of this, For your salvation shed."

Thus did the Lord appoint This sacrifice sublime, And made His priests its ministers Through all the bounds of time,

Farewell to types! Henceforth We feed on Angels' food. The slave-oil, wonder!-eats th Of His Incarnate God!

O Blessed Three in One! Visit our hearts we pray, And lead us on through Thine own

paths To Thy etcinal Day.

When he read the second last stanza larewell to types! Henceforth we feed on Angels food, etc -tears of tender delight ran down on Bonaventure's cheeks, while from under his cloak came the sound of paper being torn, and pieces falling on the floor under him Then followed the hymn for

The Word, descending from above, Though with the Father still on Went forth upon His work of love, And soon to life's last eve drew

Lauds, Verbum Supernum;

He shortly to a death accursed; By a disciple shall be given, But, to His twelve disciples first He gives Himsell, the Bread from

Himself in either kind He gave, He gave His Flesh, He gave His

Of flesh and blood all men are made, And He of man would be the Food At Lirth our brother He became, At meat Himself as food He gives;

As our reward, in bliss He lives.

(O Salutaris Hostia.) O saving Victimi opening wide The Gate of Heaven to man below! Sore press our foes from every side, Thine aid supply. Thy strength be-

To Thy great hame be endless praise, Immortal God-head, One in Three! Oh, grant us endless length of days, In our true native land, with Thee!

At the lines, O saving victimi op-ening wide The gate of Heav'n to man below! the enthusiasm of Bonacenture knew no bounds, and more little bits of paper fell to the floor

St Thomas, whose humility was anquished by his obedience, then read the sequence of the Mass. "Sion, lift thy voice and sing, Praise thy Saviour and thy King," etc., which is simply a masterpiece, wherein is found the highest and most sublime exposition of the mystery of the Eucharist Ho ended his reading by the majestic Pange Lingua, the two last stanzas of which are invariably sung before the Benediction

Of His flesh the mystery sing, Of the Blood, all price exceeding, Shed by our Immortal King Destined, far the world's redemp-

From a noble womb to spring.

Seated with His chosen band, He the Pashal victim eating. Then as food to His Apostles Gives Himself with His own hand

Word made Flesh, the bread of Na-By His word to Flesh He turns;

Wine into His blood me changes;, What though sense no change dis-

Faith her lesson quickly learns

Lo! o'er ancient forms departing, Newer rites of grace prevail. Faith, for all defects supplying, Where the feeble senses fail

To the Everlasting Father, . And the Son who reigns on high, With the Holy Ghost proceedings, Forth from each eternally. Be salvation, honor, blessing, Might and endless majesty

A deep silence followed the saint s reading, his listeners remained spellbound for a while Urban broke the stillness and said, "It is your turn religious fell at the feet of the Pontiff and exclaimed. "Holy Father, while I was listening to Brother Thomas, methought I heard the Holy Spirit Himself, for He alone can have prompted such beautiful thoughts, revealed to my brother Thomas by special grace from above I must frankly confess that I would have thought it a sacrilege to preserve my wretched writing alongside such a the remains of my scribbling." So saying he pointed to the bits of paper that were lying on the floor where he stood while Thomas was reading

Urban was highly edified by the humility of St. Bonaventure and com-mended the admirable work of St. Thomas. He approved the office which is a gem of thought and of language, and is one of the most methodically arranged offices of the whole Breviary and the richest for the exactness with which the figures of the Old Testament are harmonized with the re-

incredible number of articles on the-

alogy, which, according to one of the Popes, are as many miracles, and he is therefore justly styled a "pillar of the church;" but should he have writ-ten nothing else than those hynns quoted above and compiled the office of the Blessed Sacrament, he would have the greatest claim to our admiration. He is truly the "poet of the Eucharist," and to him does the church owe those verses that resound in every Catholic church of the globe at every Benediction O how this doctor, who here below was the "angel of the schools," must now sing with the angels in wondrous adoration before that God-man whom he honored and loved so passionately and whom, by his sublime verses he caused to be honored and loved so highly through-out all-aged When after Brother pffice; and while he was praying before the Crucifix, he heard our Lord blied "None other but Thee, my 'o'erflood his soul now in heaven. his soul sighed to behold unveiled throughout all eternity!—Fidelis, in The Month.

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at the saint's feet.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,

Of a pure and spotless virgin Born for us on earth below, He, as Man with man conversing, Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow Then he closed in solemn order Wondrously His life of woe

On the night of that Last Supper, First fulfills the Law's command,

Only be the heart in earnest,

Down in adoration falling,

how, Brother Bonaventure " The good marvellous composition, and there are

alities of the New. The Angelic Doctor has written an

Thomas had finished this admirable say to him! "Thou hast well written of me, Thomas; what reward do you wish in return? The fervent saint re-Was ever poet more favored here below? But what untold delights where he sees face to face Him whom

bowel complaints in summer.

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THIRE issued forth a double flood, The streams of water and of blood From that deat side. - lieldyce.

BEVENTH MONTH OI DAYS

July

THE.
PRECIOUS BLOOD

	DAYOF	COLOR OF	≈1902≈	BUN			Srx	Moon	
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12346	43.454	¥.	Octave of S. John Baptist. Visitation of B.V. Mary. S. Paul I.	4 40	8888	2223	4	1 17 2:0 2 81 3 62	Moon
8	8	¥.	3. Irenaeus 3. Authony Mary Zaccaria. Seventh Lubday After Pentecost.	4 41	8	3	1	Sets	
6	Su,	w.	THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. Vesper Hymn. "Pestivis Resouent,"	4 42	8	221	1	8 (3 9 22	Hop
, 8	м. Т.	*)	B. Benedict XI. B. Hugene III. Warvis of B. V. Mary.	4 4 4 4 4 4 4	8 8	i	5 5 5 5 5	9 55 10 24 10 57	-1-1 _X
10 11 12	Γ S.	T.	Seven Brothers Martyrs. S. Pius I S. John Gusibert.	4 44	i 8	0	\$	11 27 11 57	NA SE
13	Su.	F. 1	Eighth Sunday After Pentecost, 3. Anaclete, Vesper Hymn: "Iste Confessor," (In Toronto, Dedication of the Cathedral,				! !		S.NOO
14 15 16	자. 다. W.	* *.	Vesper Hymn i "Coelestis Urbs.") S. Bonaventure, S. 'enty	4 47 4 47 4 42	1 7	1.5	6	A M. 9 30 1 3	Ŧ
16 17 18 19	W.	*	Or Lady of Hount Carmet.	4 5	7	56	66	1 42 2 23 3 13	PHASE
iŝ	6.	•	S. Camilius of Lellis S. Symmacus. Ninth Sunday Attor Pentecost.	4 5.	7	63	• 6	4 05	ASES Full Moon, Last Quarter
20	Su.	₩.	S. Jerome Aemiliani, Vesper Hymu: "Iste Confessor" (In City of Toronto, "Coelestis Urks.")	4 55	3 7	54	6	5 01	4
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27	Su.		3. Veronica Juliana. Vesper Hymn . "Sanctorum Meritis."	16 (2 2	48	9	11 17	**
28 29 30	M.	*	S. Victor I and Companions. S. Felix II.	5	2 7	45	6	11 57 A M	
30 31	lw.	w.	3. Vartha 3. Ignatius Loyola.	5	3 7	41	6	0 43	

"My God and my all P. An indutgence of 10 days granted to the faith? I as often as they recite this ejaculation.

HOME CIRCLE eeeeeeeeeeee

OVER THE WAY.

Across in that mansion yonder Half hidden by curtains of lace, see through its polished windows, A child's sweet little face. His form is clad in a texture Of soft and silken array, For fortune has showered its favors On my neighbor, over the way.

And here in my little cottage When my day s toil is done, I sit with my little darling And gaze on the setting sun. My babe is dressed in cotton, It's little feet are bare; ; Yet its lace is as sweet and hand-

'Al my neighbor's boy, over there.

My home is small and lowly. With its curtains of simple chintz, My baby's wardrobe only Some pretty colored prints. Her habe has many changes Of raiment for every day, And beautiful, costly garments Clothe my neighbor's boy, over the

My/neighbor's lotty mansjor With its statues of marble and

Its freecord walls and ceilings Are admired by all who pass. 'And I, in my humble cottage, Murmured and thought alway, That heaven sent all its brightness To the mansion, over the way.

Ask me; how we judge each other. I thought her heartless and cold, So proud of her wealth and splendor, Of her satin's shimmering fold, But I saw her to-day in the garden, Guiding his steps to and fro, Then I knew she was bearing the bur-

Of a mother's bitter woe.

'And now in my little cottage Though I toil hard all the day, I would not exchange with my neigh-

In the mansion over the way. And though no diamonds adorn me, To my fate I am resigned. My babe's eyes catch the sunshine, But my neighbor's boy—is blind.

'Alasi how often we murmur And fill with regret the day, Thinking others have all the sunshine While our clouds are always gray. We may not see their sorrow Mor their trials, day by day. Yet each heart bears some burden. Like my neighbor, over the way.

-Susan Coolidge. A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGER. -Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined, are of daily, experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr

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ailing, works wonders.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

"If you want to know what a man is, examine his castles in the air," said an old, sick pauper in an English workhouse to a writer for The Spectator.

The obstacle to following the advice, and thus increasing our knowledge of human nature, is that these same castles are off the line of our railways, and that, even if we reach the portcullis, we are all too likely

to be without the password What we should like to be it er secret than what we are. We know, that Raphael aspired to be a poet instead of a painter, and that "Dante

once prepared to paint an angel:15 The boy has visions of his triumphs at the bar or in the laboratory. The girl dreams of fame as a novelist or a singer, or of social power and

charm These are natural enough
But the really interesting question is, "What is the air castle of the man or woman who in the eyes of the world has scored a brilliant success?" In nine cases out of ten it would be found to be in the nature of a return to simplicity. The rich banker, dreams of the joys of the farmer, the woman of society pictures to herself the grateful solitude of life on a remote ranch. She may even sigh for the quiet of the convent, notwith-standing its stern rules. What seems monotony to the villager promises peace to the weary dweller in the great city. A glimpse of a hundred air castles would discover in scores of instances that the desire for luxury and display, had given way in the world of dreams to a new regime of "plain living and high thinking."

SCHOOLBOYS' READING.

Does the schoolboy of to-day know anything of Longiellow, Holmes, Whittier, James Russell Lowell and Fitz Greene Halleck, whose poems his father or even his elder brother can still recite? He is such a superior young person that we hesitate to question him as to what he really knows and what he has put behind him as belonging to a past age Ond often wonders whether he has abandoned the habit of reading everything except the current periodicals and popular novels. If the worthles just mentioned and others of their day have been laid on the shelf, so far as educational purposes are concerned, who are their successors? The modern school education is unquestionably a great advancement over that of even twenty years ago, yet is it not possible that in some ways its attitude is a trifle too iconoclase tic? Conservatism and clinging to

traditions are, in their way, excel-

lent habits for a commercial people,

and we should be sorry to see the

boy of to-day grow up entirely ignor-

SLAP-BANG

(From the French by J. Christie)

The firtle boy lay paie and listless in his small white cot, gazing with eyes, enlarged by fever, straight before him, with the strange fixity of illness which seems to see already more than is visible to living eyes His mother, sitting at the bottom of the bed, biting her fingers to keep back a cry, noted how the symptoms deepened on the ghostly little face, while his father, a strong workman brushed away his burning tears.

The day was breaking, a calm clear, lovely day of June. The light began to steal into the poor apartment where little Francis, the son of Jacques and Madeline Legrand, lay very near death's door. He was seven years old, three rosy weeks ago, as happy as a bird. But one night, when he came home from school, his head was giddy and his hands were burning. Ever since he had lain there in his cot To-night he did not wander in his mind, but for two days his strange listlessness had alarmed the doctor He lay there sad and quiet, as if at seven years old he was tired of life, rolling his head upon the bolster, his thin lips never smiling, his eyes staring at one knew not what He would take nothing-neither medi cine, syrup, nor beef-tea

"Is there anything that you would like?" they asked him

"No, ' he answered, "nothing '

"This must be remedied, the doc tor said "This torpor is alarming You are his parents, and you know him best Try to discover what will interest and amuse him " And the doctor went away

To amuse him! True, they knew him well, their little Francis They knew how it delighted him, when he was well, to go into the fields, and to come home loaded with white hawthorn blossoms, riding on his father's shoulders. Jacques had already bought him gilded soldiers, figures, "Chinese shadows," to be shown upon a screen. He placed them on the sick child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and, scarcely able to keep back his tears, strove to make him làugh.

"Look, there is the Broken Bridge Tra-la-la And there is a general You saw one once at Boulogne Wood, don't you remember. If you drink your medicine like a good boy, I will tunic and gold epaulettes. Would you like to have a general?"

"No," said the sick child, his voice. dry with fever. Would you like a p

lets, or a crossbow?" "No," replied the little voice, de-

And so it was with everything even with balloons and jumping-jacks Still, while the parents looked at each other in despair, the little voice responded, "Not Not Not"

"But what is there that you would like, then, darling?" said his mother "Come, whisper to me-to mamma," And she laid her cheek beside him on the pillow.

The sick boy raised himself in bed, and, throwing out his eager hands towards some unseen object, cried out as in command and in entreaty, "I want Slap-bangi"

II.

"Slap-Bang!"

The poor mother looked at her husband with a frightened glance What was the little fellow saying? Was the terrible delirium coming back again* 'Slap-bang!" She knew not what that signified. She was frightened at the strangeness of the words, which now the sick boy, with the perversity of lilmess-as if, having screwed his courage up to put his dream in words; he was resolved to speak of nothing else-repeated without ceasi

"Slap-bang! I want Slap-bang!" "What does he mean" she said; distractedly, grasping her husband's hand. "Oh, he is lost!"

But Jacques' rough face wore a smile of wonder and relief, like that of one condemned to death who sees a chance of liberty.

Slap-hang! He remembered, that well the morning of Whit Monday, when he had taken Francis to the .circus. He could hear still the child's delighted laughter when the clown the beautiful clown-all be-starred with golden spangles, and with a huge many-colored butterfly glitterant of all those things which make ing on the back of his black costume, fragrant the memories of our own skipped across the track, tripped up

the tiding-master by the heels, took a walk upon his hands, or threw up to the gas-light the soft felt hats. which he dexterously caught upon his skull, where, one by one, they formed a pyramid; while at every trick and every jest, his large droll face expanding with a smile he uttited the same catchword, sometimes to a roll of music from the band, "Slapbang!" And every time he uttered it the audience roated, and the little fellow shouled with delight

Slap-bang! It was this Slap-bang, the circus clown, he who kept half the city laughing, whom little Francis wished to see, and whom, atas! he could not see as he lay pale and leeble in his little bed.

That night Jacques brought the child a jointed clown, ablaze with spangles, which he had bought at a high price Four days' wages would not pay for it, but he would willing ly have given the price of a year's labor could be have brought a spile to the thin lips of the sick boy

The child looked for a moment as the toy which sparkled on the bedquilt. Then he said, sadly, "That is not Slap-bang, I. want to see Slapbang!"

If only Jacques could have wrapped him in the bed-clothes, borne him to the circus, shown him the clown dancing under the blazing gas-lights, and said, "Look there!"

But Jacques dld better still He went to the circus, obtained the clown's address, and then, with legs tottering with nervousness and agitation, climbed slowly up the stairs which led to the great man a apartment. It was a bold task to undertaket Yet actors, after all, go sometimes to recite or sing at each men's houses Who know but that the clown, at any price he liked, would consent to go to say good-day to little Francis. If so, what matter his reception?

But was this Slap-bang, this charming person called Monsieur Moreno, who received him in his study like a doctor, in the midst of books and pictures, and all the luxury of art' Jacques looked at him and could not recognize the clown. He turned and twisted his felt hat between his fingers. The other waited. At last the poor fellow began to stammer out exunheard of - that he had come to ask, but the fact was, it was about his little boy-such a pretty little boy, siri and so cleveri Always first in his class-except in arithmetic, buy you a real one. with a cloth which he did not understand A dreamy little child-too dreamy-as you may see"-Jacques stopped and age he continued with a rush - "as, you may see by the fact othat he nothing else, that you are before himhis mind on-"

Jacques stopped Great beads stood gans, have no equal on his forehead and his face was very pale. He dared not look at the clown, whose eyes were fixed upon him What if the latter took him for a madman, and showed him to the

door? "Where do you live" demanded Slap-bang

"Oh! close by The Rue des Abbesses!"

"Come!" said the other, "the little fellow wants to see Slap-bang well, he shall see him."

III.

When the door opened before the clown, Jacques cried out joyfully, 'Cheer up, Francis! Here is Slap-

The child's face beamed with expectation He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head towards the two men as they entered. Who was the gentleman in' an overcoat beside his father, who smiled good-naturedly, but whom he did not know? "Slap-bang," they told him. It was all in vain. His head fell slowly back upon the pillow, and his great and sad blue eyes meened to look out again beyond the narrow chamber walls, in search, unceasing search, of the spangles and the but-

terfly of the Slap-bang of his dreams; "No." he said, in a voice which Ripears. Oncertion and Lewiston. sounded inconsolable; "no; this is not Slap-bang!16

The clown, standing by the little bed, looked gravely down upon the child with a regard of infinite kindheartedness. He shook his head, and looking at the anxious father and mother in her agony, said smiling, "He is right. This is not Slap-bang '

And he left the room. "I shall not see him; I shall never

But all at once-half an hour had not elapsed since the clown had disappeared - the door was sharply opened, and behold! In his black, spangled tunic, the yellow tuft upon his head, the golden butterfly upon his breast and back, a large smile opening his mouth like a monty box, his face white with flour, Slap-bang, the true Slap-bang, the Slap-bang of the circus, burst into view. And in his little white cut, with the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the little fellow clapped his feeble hands, and, with the recovered gatety of seven years old, cried out.

"Bravo! Bravo! Slap-bang! It is he this time! This is Slap-bang! Long live Slap-bang! Bravo!"

IV.

When the doctor called that day, he found sitting beside the little patient's pillow, a white-faced clown, who kept him in constant ripple of laughter, and who was observing, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a glass of cooling drink,

"You know, Francis, if you do not drink your medicine, you will never see Slap-bang again!"

And the child drank up the draught. "ls it not good?"

"Very good, Thank you, Slapbang." "Doctor." said the clown to the

physician, "do not be jealous, but it scems that my tomfooleries have done more good than your prescriptions. '

The poor parents were both crying but this time it was with joy.

From that time till little Francis was on foot again, a carriage pulled up every day before the todging of the workman in the Rue de Abbesses; a man descended, wrapped in great coat with the collar turned up to his ears, and underneath are rayed as for the circus, with his gay visage white with flour.

"What do I ove you, sir?" said Jacques to the good clown, on the day when Francis left the house for the first time. "For I really owe you everything!"

The clown extended to the parents his two hands, huge as those of Hercules:

"A shake of the hand," he said. Then, kissing the little boy on both cuses. "It was unpardonable—a thing his rosy cheeks, he added, laughing: "And permission to inscribe on my visiting cards, 'Slap-bang, doctor-acrobat, physician in ordinary to little.Francisi'

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY -The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means botties of drugs never consumed. He has stammered, then screwing up his cournot the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which mell villainously and taste worse But if he wants to see you, that he thinks of have the will to deal himself with his allment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmalee's Vegetable; always, like a star which he has set Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive or-



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THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1902

RESIGNATION OF EARL CADO-GAN.

The resignation from Mr. Ballour's Cabinot of the Irish Lord Lieutenant has not occasioned a word of comment in the Canadian press, for the simple reason that not one of the Canadian secular papers takes the slightest interest in Irish affairs But surely it was a fact of more than ordinary significance that this resignation was announced while the echoes of the House of Commons debate on Dublin Castle rule were still ringing through the press of Great Bultain. That debate took place on the evening of July 10.

The Irish members so thoroughly exposed the machinery of tyranny which Dublin Castle stands for that something had to give way. The police were shown to be the manufacturers or actual perpetrators of crime on the one hand, and at the other end of the line was the Irish Attorney-General, the packer of juries for the conviction of innocent persons accused of those crimes. Nor could the Government deny the terrible impeachment. Even The Times had to admit that some one should be held responsible. Sergeant Sheridan had Been spirited out of the country with a big roll of the Attorney-General's money in his pocket, after he had ment innocent persons to prison by perjuty. And the Attorney-General mad to admit that Sergeant Sheridan was bimself the actual criminal, and that the juries which convicted innocout accused persons upon his perjury wees packed by the Attorney-General Inimself. The only excuse he had to coffer was that jury packing is a cusriom of all Irish Governments This was wald in reply to Sir Robert Reid, a Liberal, and formerly a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government We extract a few sentences from the debate:

Sir'R. Rold-They often heard it asked why the Irish people were not loyal and attached to the Constitution. Let the House try to realize the position of the unfortunate man who innovest of all offence, was indicted before a packed jury for a crime comunlitted by the sergeant of police, and in his despair of obtaining justice pleaded guilty. Let the House realize the significance of that case, and it might be possible to understand the difficulty in Ireland and the feeling of the people (Irish cheers) But, in his apinion, the most shocking feature in the entire business was the attempt of the Attorney-General for Ireland Dundas last week. to make it appear that the administration of justice in Ireland and England was the same Packed juries were a disgrace to the law in Ireland and one of the fruits of the vile system was to be seen in the terrible story that had just been revealed to the House (loud Irish cheers). He thought it was a most disreputable story, and reflected the greatest posaible discredit upon the administration of justice in Ireland (loud Irish cheers). It leads men to have the ut most distrust of that system-2 systeen which he believed to be utverly wrong and corrupt, and which would never be remedied until Home Rule was granted to Ireland (renewed Irish capable of receiving from them, the

-chects). Mr. Atkinson said the hon Journed member, (Sir Robert Reid) professed to be ashamed of this system of jury packing

(Mig Robert Reid-Are you not?

Mr. Atkinson I say now what have said before, that in the three meers the hear and learned gentleman set on the Government bench during with Albert Administration and received his salary (cries of "(mi') there was more jury packing then in the six years I have been reapour ble for the Irish administra-

tranz Several Irish members-Then you admit there is jury packing?

Mr. Atkinson-I challenged his colleague (Mr. Morler) upon a former occasion, that in one particular case of resignation may find a dwelling in which I have he sat uslaw is out of a s his heatt?

panel of 71 lurors. The hon, member felt no indignation against that, bir Robert Reid-I don t believe it

happened. There it is The Tories ask brazenly, why should they not be jury packers when the Liberals did it? It is no wonder that ford Cadogan threw up his post in disguse. It is no wonder the Government majority dropped to 90 It is no wonder the bigoted sheets in London cried "shame over the disclosures made Hut what is a wonder, what is the perennial wonder of Ireland's posi tion in the United Kingdom, is that jury packing will go on just the same in Ireland, because the Gov-

SHIP FEVER VICTIMS OF 1847

ernment in power in England needs

the excuse of Irish agrarian crime

in refusing the demands of the Irlsh

people for Home Rule

The sympathy of the Irish Catholic people of Toronto for those victims of the ship fever, who perished after they had reached this city in 1847, may be well-nigh forgotten, but it is impossible to imagine it dead and burled in the pit where the bones of those poor immigrants rest

In this issue of The Register, Mr Alexander Macdonell makes a true and earnest call for a re-awakening It is our fervent hope that the summons will not fall upon deaf ears; for then, Indeed, forgetfulness would have overshadowed our race in this portion of Canada and left us deserving of little else than eproach. But the tenor of Mr Macdonell's communication, the approval which the noble task indicated by him-has won from the Archbishop and clergy, is not merely an encouragement but an assurance that the great majority of our faith would regard some coatribution to the proposed monument as a double duty paid to religion and kindred

Mr Macdonell speaks from personal experience of the harrowing scenes of 1847 Many others there are in the neighborhood whose recollection will also carry them back to personal evidences of human suffering that they would gladly forget, but that these very memories are blessed by the knowledge of heroic, aye saintly, work performed in the stresk of the epidemic by Bishop Power and those who assisted him, laymen and women, as well as clergy

Toronto is not slegular in regard to the solemn duty that is now promised its fulfilment here The Irish Catholic people of the cities of Montreal and Quebec have already done their part. It was, no doubt, fitting that the gentle influence of time should be allowed to impless itself, even before monument was placed on Grosse Isle But the lapse of time has now left Toronto the only unmarked locality in Canada where the ravages of the ship fever were witnessed upon a large scale.

THE CYCLONE AND ITS VICTIMS. Seldom, if ever, in Canada, has there been such a shocking calamity chronicled as the cyclone which swept a fatal track through the County-of

Death at all times impresses the living with salutary fear. Terror is the natural sensation awakened when the elemnts in their fury wreak destruction upon human life and the habitations of its ordinary security. The storm at sea, the volcano.in eruption, the wind sweeping through the prosperous set tement, all remind man that, wherever he may be, the mercy, of God is his only haven, Refuse there can be nowhere else Not wealth, nor power, nor human invention can avail in the least degree. And as these visitations when they come stop not to spare the good, the only lesson that the heart of man is only solace of the soul is the thought of grace, that we may be prepared for death whenever it overtakes us.

The writer is the more impressed by the Chesterville calamity through association, in a manner, with some of the victims. The Kearns families of that district, are exemplary Catholics and citizens. The Register had for years been going into the home of the man who in, a moment Jost wife and children, the power of movement and the rewards of a life's industry. Who is there, dwelling within the sanctuary of a happy family circle, and blessed by an ample share in the bounty of Providence, whose heart will not go out in tenderness and sorrow to John Kearns in his dire affiction? Who but will pray that the great virtue CARDINAL LÉDOCKOWSKI,

The death of Cardinal Ledockowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, occurs at the precise gioment when the triumph of the Church in Prussia stands established before the world, when indeed her victory is acclaimed not less | | | frankly by the German Emperor himsell than by Catholic opinion gulside of Germany, which backed the Pfussian hierarchy against the war waged by Bismarck some thirty years ago How ironically quiet are the revenges of time The young man, who when he dismissed Bismarck. was pointed to as the instrument of a fate that would smash the German empire into its original fragments, has not only restored the most friendly relations between the Fatherland and the Vatican, but has brought the ship of State safely through all the breakers of internal and external danger. Truly the triumphs of the Church are

won by ways of peace It is difficult to realize now all the bitterness and peril of the war against the Church which the great Cardinal, whose death is announced to-day, combatted with a herolam worthy of the primitive faith of Christianity

It was early in the year 1873 the Falk laws were introduced The first bishop to fall under the displeasure of the dominant party was the uncompromising Archbishop of Posen Before the close of the year he had been subjected to a fine for his fidelity to the principles of Calbolic education Early in the following year he was imprisoned and was detained in durance for a year Upon his release he proceeded to Rome, where he has since played a part in the policy of the Church far greater than he could ever have aspired to had not the pe secution of Bismarck summoned him from the seclusion of his See in Posen

In Rome he was not an exile, for in the centre of the Catholic world he but found his destined place, and no other member of the Sacred College has labored more wisely and faithfully than this valiant soldier in God's Church

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP CROKE The death of Archbishop Croke, announced this morning, has not been unexpected. Irish Catholics throughout the world will read the news with sincere regret Dr Croke, the illustrious Archbishop of Cashel and Metropolitan of Munster, was one of the greatest Irishmen of the century, as he was one of the most devoted and renowned bishops of the Catholic Church.

The early days of his priesthood quently he became Bishop of Auckland, and with his career in the Antipodes began his life of zeal and labor for religion and race, a life that has been singularly fruitful of benefits both to church and country. The influence of his nigh station and vigorous personality upon the religious and patriotic life of Ireland need not be referred to in this hurried notice. The distinguished Archbishop of Cashel was known and loved wherever Irishmen reside, and his memory will be long held in veneration by his grateful countrymen

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN Of the late Archbishop Feehan The

New World, Chicago, says The late Lord Russell, of Killowen, was his classmate at Castleknock College and his life-long friend Amone his intimate associates in great ecclesiastical Seminary Maynooth, especially after his promotion to the famous Dunboyne establishment, were the Rev. Dr. Murray, author of the classic work on "The Church," Rev George Crolly, the celebrated jurist; Rev. Dr Callan, the distinguished scientist, and the Rev. Dr. MacHale, afterwards the great Archbishop of Tuam, "the Ilon of the fold of Judah." From the day of his affiliation to the diocese of St. Louis he enjoyed the friendship of its illustrious Ordinary, the scholarly Archbishop Kenrick, and the intimate companionship of the late Archbishop Hennobey, of Dubusus, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, "the American Chrysostum," who came from the Atlantic coast to the funeral to offer the unique tribute of his eloquence to the illustrious dead

FRANCE AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

It is evident from recent debates in the French Chamber that the new Premier, M Combes, has already carried the campaign against the Religios Orders far beyond M. Waldeck-Rousscan's record. Two thousand re- and lungs from viscid phicam.

ligious establishments are to be closed Step by step the purpose of the anti-Catholic element is being effected and the Catholic opinion of the country gives no sign of an awakening What is to be the end of

EDITORIAL NOTES

It is good to hear that the United States is not following the example of the French Republic towards Religious Orders.

A great meeting of Irishmen has been held in Melbourne, at which Home Rule resolutions were passed. coescion denounced and compulsory purchase endorsed The leading Commonwealth and State representatives were present.

John W Mackay, "the Bonanza King," died in London last week. Mackay was a poor Dublin boy, who, when he landed on the wharf at New York, w' the sole remaining shilling he and in his pocket and flung it into the sea. He then sald he was through with English institutions and all they stood for But when Mr. Mackay began to make money faster than he could count it, he forgot his carly resolve. His family married into continental nobility and he spent half his own time in the land whose coin he had flung into the sea. One thing, however, neither good nor ill fortune made Mackay lorget He always remembered he was a Catholic.

William Johnston, M P, the famous Orangeman, is dead A strange figure he was in Westminster. In the centre of British political progress, he lived entirely amid the ideas of a dead century. Once he got a vigorous waking up from a Nationalist was in the House. It was on April first that his name appeared upon the Order Paper appended to a request for some startling information of a treasonable nature affecting a brother Orangeman in the South But Mr. Johnston was quickly forgiven by his own friends, and as readily forgave the Nationalists. The old gentleman, with all his failings, had a good-natured disposition. His death leaves a vacancy in the House of Commons which will be impossible to fill He was one of its features.

Another interesting Catholic pilgrimage was held last week in England, this time to the shrine of Our Lady of Consolation, at West Grinstead. Sussex The day was the ninth anniversary of the consecration by the Pope of the beautiful statue of were passed in Midleton and Doner- the Blessed Virgin erected at the aile, in the County of Cork Subse- place, and a large number of Catholics took part in the pilgrimage In the afternoon there was a procession. West Grinstead holds a unique record in the annals of the Catholic Church in England. The records show that it never lost the faith. In the times of darkest persecution a priest was maintained at West Grinstead He said Mass in secret, and his hiding place is still shown in an old house at the place To show how mat ters have advanced in that country, the railway companies grant special facilities to pilgrims journeying from distant parts of the diocese

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI TO VIS-

IT HOLY FATHER Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal has just issued a circular to the clergy of the diocese, announcing that he will leave on Sunday next, July 27, for Rome, to bring the congratulations of the diocese of Montreal to His Holiness the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee In the circular His Grace relers to the last audience he held with the Pope, and how on that occasion he thought it would be the last time he would see him God had; however, been pleased to spare him and once again he would ask His Holiness to bless the neminaries, colleges, religious institutions and faithful of the diocese. During his absence Mgr Raclcot, the Vicar-General, would have charge of the diocese and preside at the retreats for the priests of the diocese to be held at the Grand Seminary during the month of August, His Grace will sail from New York on July 29, and will be accompanied by Canon Dauth.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends, there is no oc casion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat FEVER VICTIMS OF '47.

The Pica for a Monement to Mark the Spet Where They Rest Pat Forward With Carnestaces.

To the Editor of The Register.

immigrants lie buried in the grounds of the old St. Paul's Church grave yard to the east of the House of Providence But it is so And sad to say, the particulars of the circumstance of their burial there are full of many very harrowing incidents that are known to very few historically, besides the fewer still alive, who had personal knowledge of the events at the time of their occurrence To those not acquainted with the circumstance, referred to it may be instructive to give them in a brief way. Some few years prior to and Laring the year 1847 a very destructive disease affected the potato tuber, called "the potato rot," throughout Ireland, causing almost the entire failure of the growth thereof And it being very much the staple crop, as well as the food supply of the tenants of the smaller farm holdings in some parts of Ireland, the loss fell heavily on their means of living and rent paying, resulting in complete famine, so that many became very impoverished in their means of living and paying rent, as well as impaired in health. And then came cruel evictions and measures taken by the Government and landlords to expatriate the poor people by furnishing them with passages in sailing vessels to this side of the Atlantic, in order to be relieved from supporting them in their own country.

In crowded sleeping borths in the holds of these vessels, dark and unventilated, the poor unfortunate creatures were huddled together for the prolonged period of six or seven weeks, and sometimes longer in crossin the ocean. And who can wonder that under such circumstances, disease should attack even the strong, let alone the aged and feeble, who had suffered from want before their embarkation? Many became victims of typhus fever Hundreds died on the vessels and their bodies were committed to the ocean's depths. Theusands died at Grosse Isle, where they had been quarantined, and on their way up. And it is said that nearly a thousand died in Toronto, after having survived so much before they got On their arrival here many of them

were temporarily lodged in rough

boarded shanties or sheds built along the top of the bank of the bay on the south side of Front street east of Simcoe street, to the bottom of which the waters then came up, but which is now filled in and forms part of the Esplanade In these sheds the fever soon showed itself. and those who were attacked were moved to another set of sheds built along the Adelaide and Peter street sides of the old Hospital block, between King and Adelaide streets and John and Peter streets. In these sheds their beds were close alongside of one another in long rows, and death came quick and rapid in claiming its victims, the sick seeing and hearing the meanings of their fellowsufferers passing away one after another. The bodies were hurriedly taken out in the early mornings and late in the evenings, soon after their deaths, sometimes three of four bodies at a time in the hearse or vehicle that carried them to the graveyards And in St Paul's burial ground they were placed side by side in a kind of pit or trench, to the number. it is said, of nearly 1,000, Most of those who passed away had very brief time to receive the ministrations of the priests of the Church in their last moments. And some of the priests who administered to them became themselves victims to the discase, and were consequently unable to continue their ministrations, And the noble-hearted and saintly Bishon Power, as most every Catholic of Torquto who knows anything of the early history of our religion in Toronto must have heard, shrank not from supplying their place, and went forth in night and day to the pest house and sheds of the fever-stricken people to minister to them in their

a martyr to the performance of his sacred duties. His remains lie beneath the chancel of St. Michael's Cathedral. A tablet to his memory with a brief re-ejence to the cause of his Dear Sir-I do not think that very death, is placed within the chancel. But the remains of the poor Irish many of our fellow-Catholic citiimmigrants lie beneath the sod of zens are aware of the fact that the old St. Paul's burial ground, and no life. remains of a great many of poor Irish monument or epitaph is there or clsowhere to record the tale of their sad fate. The dumb earth tells nothing of what is beneath it. But it is surely right and proper that some monument, be it ever so simple and plain, should be erected here only about ten hours Perhans there to record the fact and tell the passerby of the sad fate that had befallen so many follow-creatures whose

world. And in so doing he became'

himself a victim of the disease, and

remains are reposited there. It is understood that His Grace, our good Archbishop, will sanction the doing so, if a sufficient number of our fellow-Catholics will contribute a sufficient amount to defray the necessary cost of such a work. And surely the heart of every Irish Catholic who knows of the history of he country's wrongs and of the evils inflicted on his fellow-creatures which led up to the sad fate of the poor souls above referred to, will respond to a call for such a purpose

It was said that the martyred Bishop Power, when leaving the pest-inlected sheds on the occasion of one of his visits, gave expression to the effect that England was responsible for much of the misery then being suffered by the poor victims there The expression was not, of course, meant to convey that England was in an immediate way the cause of the famine and fever scourge then prevailing, but that she was so in an indirect way, in consequence of her oppressive and arbitrary legislation through the penal laws of previous years, by, which restrictions were placed upon Irish Catholics having the most ordinary rights of ownership of property, or the exercise of any professional calling or of holding any civil or military or state or municipal office or of educational or religious posttions or to have schools; and being subject to all kinds of arbitrary forfeitures of their property or the payment of penalties in case of the exercise of any such rights or privileges. So that the people became generation after generation down to the very time of the terrible famine, getting poorer and poorer, and more like seris than ireo men Some were ablo to get small holdings of agricultural lands, from which they could only raise small crops, and the rents for which would mostly go to the absent landlords. This going out of money from the country and no factories of any extent existing for the peasantry of earning money otherwise, naturally impoverished the country as well as the people.

And when the potato blight came, followed by famine and fever, the tenants were unable to pay their rent and forfeited their holdings. And the landlords, in order to relieve themselves of contributing to their supuort, provided for the part payment of their passageway from their country, and what followed has been above related.

I have been favored with interviews with His Grace the Archbishop, and with the different parish priests of the city, and have spoken to some and written to others of prominent Catholic gentlemen, who were conversant with the events referred to at the time of their occurrence on the subject of the propriety of having such a monument as above suggested crected and all have approved of its being done, but how or in what way has not been decided upon

And it has been suggested to have the matter brought to the attention of others, besides those referred to, who, though not having personal knowledge of the facts, will have such sympathy in the matter as to assist in the work. And it was thought that you would kindly allow your columns to be used for the purpose; and I take the liberty of asking you to do so, and that you will give the matter your encouragement and assistance. and invite others to offer some sugrestions in furtherance of it, in such a way as may be thought most desitable. Yours truly,

ALEX. MACDONNELL.

THE POPE AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

The Pope has sent an affectionate letter to the Duke of Norfolk condoling with His Grace on the loss of his son, the Earl of Arundel. His It'll. dying moments, and fortily their ness also said Requiem Mass for the souls for their departure from this Dead.

A SOLDIER'S REPLY.

A soldier of Marshal Saxo's army. being discovered in a theft, was condenined to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth five shillings. The marshal, meeting him as he was being led to execution, said to him, What a miserable fool you were, to risk your life for tive shillings!"
"General," replied the soldier, "E have risked it every day for my pay, five peace." This repartee saved his

NO OTHER KINDS LEFT.

"How do you like our climate?" he asked the man from abroad. "Well," the visitor answered, "I like some of it very much, while considerable of it is not so pleasant. But I have been you still other kinds that I have not had a chanle to Judge?" "Oh, no. not at all, I assure you."

BAD EXAMPLES.

Brown-I don't like to read tales which show how geniuses were once unruly children. Jones-Why not? Brown-They encourage laly parents to believe that their unruly children will turn out geniuses.

Mistress alter a heated discussion with argumentative cook)-Are you the mistress of this house. I should like to know? Cook-No. ma'am I ain't - but- Mistress (triumphantly)-Then don't talk like an idiot.

Ethel-Urcio Henry was in last evening, and his tongue went like a mill wheel. I sort of suspect he had been drinking Aunt Harriet-Rather an inappropriate simile, don't you think? A mili wheel goes by water.

"And aren't you going to give your penny for the poor heathen? the Sunday school teacher reprovingly. "Oh, I s'pose," replied little Bob-ble, as he held it out reluctantly, "If you think they need it wurse'n I do."

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A RECENT CURE AT LOURDES.

A Young Lady With a Fatal Malady. and Too Far Gone to Undergo Surgical Operation, Restored Health.

(Translated for The Freeman's Journal from "Le Nouvelliste de Lyon," by Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch,

D. D., LL.D., of Utica, N. Y.) Our readers are aware that one of our townspeople has just been marvelously cured at Lourdes of a maiady which nover spares its victims.

It was interesting to hear from the very lips of Miss Mary Louiso Bailly the authentic account of her cure, one of the most striking that has ever taken place.

It is for this reason that we have waited several days to assure ourselves of the completeness of the

Yesterday we visited the hospital of St. Foy, near Lyons, where Miss Ballly is spending her convalescence. ST. FOY'S HOSPITAL.

This hospital, a real sanatarium, which, as we all remember, has celebrated brilliant festivals ever since its opening, is situated at twenty minutes' walk from the church, a little further from the cemetery

This privileged asylum of suffering sheltered for four years the martyr of her ceil, whom the good Sisters called "Poor Mary."

ago with pleurisy. Despite all the care which her mother lavished upon her the unfortunate young woman of 18 years did not improve

In fact, symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis began to show themselves Two years later the sick girl had the misfortune to lose her mother, Mrs. Bailly This trouble terribly aggravated the condition of the girl. Her father having died when she was very young, she was now a full orphan, without father or mother.

Mr. Gorce Bailly her brother-in-law, who then took charge of the sick giri, placed her with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul of St Foy, near Lyons.

In spite of the devoted care of these Sisters and the good country air the disease continued its ravages After a year the young woman could not walk a step and was obliged to keep her bed, waiting for the moment of death, said the doc-

tors-but for a miracle, thought the pious girl. It seems that God was pleased to afflict Miss Mary Louise Bailty with maladies most clearly mortal in order to render the more striking a cure which was more impossible by

neutral helps alone. Tubercular peritonitis suddenly developed ten months ago. An operary by Dr. Roy, the physician of St. Foy.

Miss Mary Louise Bailly was sent in great haste to St. Joseph's Hos-

Following a very serious consultation the council of physicians were of one mind-that it would be cruel to make the unfortunate young woman suffer more, as she had only a few more days to live So she returned to St. Foy. Her sufferings were then frightful. The unfortunate girl could not take the least nourishment, and the slightest movement caused her to:

cry with pain. When she was at her worst the last pilgrimage to Lourdes was being organized. She announced that she would go on it at any cost. Neither the advice of her family, of her physician, nor of the Sisters could prevail on the way. against the fixed determination of the

"I feel that I shall h cured," she said.

Nobody lelt like any longer opposing what seemed to be the last wish of a dying girl.

THE ACCOUNT OF MISS BAILLY. Yesterday, at my request, one of the Sisters brought Miss Mary Louise Bailly to the parlor of the sanitarium. I could not bring myself to think that she was "Poor Mary"; whom disease held so tightly in its grasp for four years at the hospital.

The young girl that was presented to me had the natural color of a person who had not been sick in many long years. She did not appear to be of a very strong constitution, it is true, but she advanced toward me with a firm step, and there was no sensation of lever in the hand she extended. Her breathing was free, and her clear voice came from a chest which it would seem never had been imreit t. A little timid at first, she became more at ease when she was told the object

she, "to be able to bear witness to fering took me out of my swoon. One during the fourney."

of my visit.

the all-powerfulness of Our_Lady of Lourdes. This is my duty, and I thank you for giving me an occasion to discharge it?

"I want to first describe to you the dreadful condition in which I was at the time of the departure of the pilgrimage that you may see how utterly impossible it was for me to be cured by the remedies of the doctors. And, smilingly, she depicted the various phases of her different mala-

"But, while I suffered in this way, I never gave way to despair. I invoked Our Lady of the Seven Dolores asI felt confident that she would bring back my health to me soon in some wonderful manner. The more I was given up by the doctors the more faith I had The Blessed Virgin had granted me this grace, because she knew well that my cure would help toward the conversion of a person whose infidelity makes me suf-

fer more than my maladies. "You see how determined I was to go on the pilgrimage to Lourdes. I was informed that the doctors would not allow me to undertake the journey. But Our Lady assisted me. I overcame the opposition of the good Sisters and the physicians. I was allowed to go

"A difficulty arose at the station If the physician of the train had had the time he would have forbidden me Poor Mary was attacked six years the journey. I prayed very hard that some good person would be sent me by God

"Miss Gabrielle Goirand appeared I must beg pardon for shocking her modesty by mentioning her name, but gratitude forces me It is to her, after the Blessed Virgin, that I owe my life.

"Miss Goirand had me surreptitiously placed in one of the railway carriages.

"It was only after the start that Dr. Carrell of Lyons, who accompanied the party, became aware of my presence. He examined me and then he did not attempt to conceal his displeasure.

"'It is imprudent," said he, 'to allow a sick person in this condition to travel. This person is in real danger of death.'

"The doctor never left me after that, curious to know what would be the result in my case, the sickest of all the pilgrims making the journey in such a state. Besides, I assure you, I needed his assistance.

"During the entire trip I seemed as if in a trance. Several times the doctor thought I was dead. He was obliged to give me injections of morphine to try to keep me alive until we arrived at Lourdes. The only sign of life in me was a feeble movement of my lips, which never ceased to repeat the name of the Mother of God

"For four days I had not taken any nourishment, and I had arrived at that point that I no longer felt my sufferings.

"Finally I arrived at Lourdes as in a dream.

"I do not remember having been carried to the hospital, because I had by that time completely swooned away I have no recollection of anything that happened until the evening, aithough the train arrived at Lourdes at 1 o'clock in the after-

"Allanight I never ceased to pray. In the morning I begged to be carried to the bath house at the grotto. The doctor of the hospital objected, declaring that I might die on the

"Miss Goirand then offered to write to my family. But I was so fully convinced that I would be cured that I hymns. refused the offer.

"I have promised not to write until I am cured,' I replied.

"At half-past one o'clock in the afternoon I begged the doctor to allow me to be carried to the bath house. He objected again.

"I pleaded, He was inflexible, But Miss Golrand replied that I had not been brought this far just to let me die in a bed in a hospital.

" I shift the whole responsibility upon you, miss,' said the doctor at; ried to the grotto. I was able, withlast to Miss Goirand.

"Happy, like one who had a presentiment that a miracle was going to take place, she hastened to find the litter-bearers.

"At the cost of a thousand sufferings I allowed myself to be stretched on that litter. My case was so desperate that a doctor insisted on

following me. "He was obliged several times to administer cordials. He believed that I got into the train without feeling | ed. I was in my agony.

"Oh, sir, how happy I am," said into the bath. But an chalterable sul- you are better, but I fear for you ways be such, even among those who

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of the infirmarians applied a lotion to I from the water of the bath. "I understood then that he was unwilling that I should be immersed. Moved by my cries, which the pain wrung from me, the infirmarian stopped the lotions. I rested a little, but soon I pegged the infirmarian to continue the lotions again."

THE CURE AT LOURDES. felt that a miracle was being wrought in me. As much as the first lotion burned me, so was the second

"My chest before had heaved with great difficulty - now prolonged breathings came forth. According to the testimony of a bystander, I looked like one that was drowned and who had recovered his breath.

"All the people present came near me. Nobody could believe his eyes. Dr. Carrel assisted, amazed at the flight of the disease.

"He took notes on his cuffs. At the third lotion, the excessive swelling of my abdomen had gone down considerably.

"I raised myself on the litter, and asked to be carried to the Church. of the Rosary.

"Outside, the pilgrims informed of my cure, surrounded me, singing

"Everybody was filled with joy. I was taken to the bureau for the investigation of cures when several physicians who were present subjected me to a very minute examination, at the end of which they declared that I was in a good way of being cuted.

"I was taken to the hospital." where I was able to sit up in my bed. The day after, I was dressed. But no longer on a litter was I carout any pain, to take a seat in a carriage. At the grotto I heard Mass, and I went to the bath-house to take a regular bath

"Coming out from the bath I did not experience the least pain. "The physicians of the bureau for

the investigation of cures were satisfled that I was entirely cured, and proceeded to prepare their report. "When the pilgrimage was leaving

"I did not realize that I was put the time: 'It is extraordinary that

"However, it turned out just the contrary, as I notably improved on the train My strength returned hour by hour, so that in getting off at Lyons I walked even without the help of an arm, all through the Hall of the Lost Steps of the station.

"I took the tramway which caused no fatigue, and ran crying to throw myself into the arms of my parents, who scarcely recognized me.

"The next day I went back to the good Sisters who had cared for me with such devotion. This time again "She consented. It was then that I I made part of the journey on foot. doctors whom I have seen declare that I have not the least trace of tubercles.

"In fact I no longer take any treatment. I do not find the ordinary regulations of the hospital fatiguing, as I rise without suffering at halfpast five. Ah, sir, speak loudly of all the gratitude that I feel for the Holy Virgin as for all the persons who took care of me on that perilous iourney."

With these words I left Miss Mary Louise Bailly, profoundly moved by this simple story told in an accent at once touching and sincere. The cure of this young girl is complete, and took place under such conditions that it is impossible to find a natural explanation for it.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. CARREL. As there are some people that will be sure to cast a doubt on the authenticity of this cure, we have thought best to have it confirmed from the very lips of Dr. Carrel, who accompanied the pilgrimage party of the 26th of May and visited Miss Mary Louise Bailly during the Jour-

Dr. Carrel received us most cordially and related the facts, which do not differ at all from the account of the convalescent girl.

or examined Miss Bailly on the train," said he; "I diagnosed the case the same as the doctors who had already seen her as one affected with peritonitis. She was extremely sick. I feared that she could not stand the, journey. To-day she is cured-radically cured.

"I can give you no assurance, as? you well know, that a relapse is not possible, but one fact remains-Miss, Bailly went sick, she returned cur-

any pain. Dr. Carrel said to me at |. That is all that we need to know As for the incredulous-there wi'l albelieve to the very letter. I would i

present them to the facts of a cure in the following case:

Take a sick woman afflicted with peritonitis, and given up by all the physicians. Place herein conditions most deplorable from hygienic point of view-for example, put her on a train, let her take by choice a thirdclass carriage, on a day when the passengers are very numerous, and in this way let her make a journey of 800 kilometres (500 miles).

Arrived at a certain place, let her be carried on a litter several times and then taken into a grotta; then let her be plunged into the cold wa-

Her cure is effected by the means, which would be likely to give peritonitis to any one who had not the slightest symptom of this disease.

Unless they admit a strange bad faith, the incredulous will be obliged to acknowledge that this phenomenon of a cure is a miracle. I might be permitted to add to

this long account that an American priest was in Lourdes on the day on which this miracle took place. I refer to Rev. George F. Brown of the diocese of Newark, N J, and

formerly vice-president of Seton Hall In a letter to a friend, he speaks of three miracles that occurred on that day, including the one above

described. One he saw with his own eyes. A woman was afflicted with heart disease and a complication of other troubles. The doctors had forbidden her to go to the alternoon procession; but she went in spite of them, and so they decided to go with her She was in such a critical state that they were obliged to give her several injections of morphine. As soon as she was blessed with the Sacred Host, she jumped up with a loud cry, took her rosary and began to say the beads, perfectly cured.

She had been a hopeless invalid for five years.

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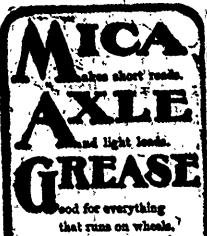
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CITY OF TORONTO



Friday, August Sth Wednesday, October 8th Monday, December 8th

The municipal taxes of the City of Toronto for the year 1502 are due and payable as above, under City By-Laws Nos. 4167, 4168 and 4170, and certain local improvement By-Laws.

Taxès are payable at the City Treasurer's Offica, City Hall Buildings, Queen Street But any ratepayer, by taking his or her tax bill, may (if more

convenient) pay the same at the following branch offices on the days named: 726 Queen Street E., near Broadview Avenue. St. Paul's Hall, Yonge Street north: College Street Fire Hall, corner Bellevue Avenue; St. Andrew's Hall, Farley Avenue; Dundas Street, near Queen Street, St. Alban's Hall, Queen west

Farley Avenue; Dundas Street, near Queen Street; St. Alban's Hall, Queen west cor. Cowan Avenue.

The following are the Collectors of the several Wards.—
Samuel Vanco, Collector Ward No. 1 T. R. Whiteside, Collector Ward No. 2; J. H. Pritchard, Collector Ward No. 3, Samuel Baird, Assistant Collector Ward No. 3, E. F. Rush, Collector Ward No. 4; S. H. McComb, Collector Ward No. 5; J. D. Woods, Collector Ward No. 6.

The City Hall and Branch Offices will be open from 9 o'clock a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m., for the first four of the special days of collection (Civic Holiday excepted), and from 9 o'clock a.m. to 7 o'clock p m. on the last-mentioned special days; viz., Sth August, Sth October, and Sth December.

First instalment payable from Saturday, 2nd of August to Friday, 5th of August, both days inclusive, (Oivic Holiday

excepted). Notice is hereby given, pursuant to By-lew No. 4107, passed on the 2nd day of June, 1902, that provision is thereia made for the payment of taxes for the current year in the manner following:—

Divisible Payments.

The amount of general taxes may be divided into two instalments, and on the The amount of general taxes may be divided into two instalments, and on the payment of the first of such instalments and local improvement rates, on or before the 8th day of August, and not otherwise, an extension of time shall be given for the payment of the second instalment to the 8th day of October and, on the part ment of the second instalment on the day named, an extension of time shall be given for the payment of school rates to the 8th day of December.

Allowance for Payment in Advance.

1. Ratepayers who prefer paying their taxes in full on or before the 8th day August shall be entitled to a reduction of one and one-half per cent, on the payment of the second instalment and the school rates, which might be deferred to the 3th of October and the 8th of December, respectively, but if only the second instalment is paid with the first instalment, a reduction of one per cent, only will be allowed on the second instalment.

the second instalment.

2. Ratepayers who have duly paid the first instalment, and, on se before the sthe day of October, prefer paying the school rates, chall be entitled to a reduction of one per cent, on the same,

Percentage.

An addition of five per cent, shall be made to every tax rate or assessment, or An addition of five per cent, shall be made to every tax rate or assessment, on any part or instalment thereof, remaining unpaid after any of the dates hereismentioned for the payment thereof, and being the actual instalment or instalment then in default, and it shall be the duty of the Collector of taxes to collect by the tress or otherwise all such taxes or instalments of taxes remain unpaid together with the said percentage charged of five per cent. Provided, however, that, uson any taxes payable before the Sth day of December next, and not paid on or before there are payable before the Sth day of December next, and not paid on or before the state of days herein fixed for payment, the following percentages as a shall have day or days herein fixed for payment, the following percentages only shall becharged and payable:-

On taxes payable on the 5th of August, if paid before the 5th of September, case-half of one per cent. After 5th September, five per cent will be added. On taxes payable on the 5th of October, if paid before the 5th November, case-half of one per cent. After 5th November five per cent. will be added.

half of one per cent. After 8th November five per cent. will be added.

Failure to pay such instalment, or tax sa it becomes due not only forfeits, the right of settlement by instalments, but brings the parties under the penalty. Of the Assessment Law, which enacts that, in case any party shall REFUSE OF NEGLECT to pay the taxes imposed upon him for the space of fourteen days abused demand, the Collector shall levy the same, with costs, by distress and sale of the goods and chrities of the party who ought to pay the same.

Do not put off payment to the LAST DAY, and much time will be saved by bringing the exact change to cover your payment. Cheques tendered for payment of taxes must be "marked," and made payable to the order of the City, Trehamers. Addresseed and stamped envelopes should be enclosed to ensure the prompt, return of receipts.

R. T. COADY, City Treasurer. City Treasurer's Office, Toronto, July 8th, 1902.

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the large interest and predict of the large interests and predicts of the large interests and predicts, and the large interests of the large interests, and the large interests of the

TWO SOULS

(From The Irish Rosary)

"Heart of Jaysus, have mercy on me poor boy," sobbed Mrs. Hinchin. A plous reader may shrink at such | placently.

a rendering of the greatest and sweetest of all names, but the truth must be told if the sky fail, and that is how Mrs. Hinchin said it as she sat in the guard room of Her Majesty's barracks at Cork, of which town the worthy woman was (save in her call ing) an unobtrusive citizen.

"Oh, wisha, Joe, Joe, what-

"Yerra, cheer up, mother, you it be bethur before your twice married, replied Joseph, with a forced cheer-

"If you daly kem home last night in fact to which Joe inwardly assented, and he could hardly stifle a groan when he saw how the rosy pictures of ease and enjoyment which the recruiting sergeant had drawn, for his tipsy brain had up till then only materialized into a loss of his liberty and a splitting headache.

"An' sure if I could make up the price of ye itself, but me little hand-'ful o' valla wouldn't make it in tin year:"

The "value" was Mrs. H.'s professional term for the basket of segotables, her stock in trade, which lay outside near the barrack gate

"Anyhow, Joe darlin', won't you promise me to mind yourself? Say 'Sweet Heart of Jaysus' every night before you goes to bed, won't you, Joe, alanna?"

"I'will, mother," assented Joe. who was struggling between his in-clination to cry and his shame of the grim smile on the face of the bronzed sergeant who was watching the scene A little distance away.

"There, there now, mother-" "And won't you mind the dhrink, Joe; boy?" said the mother beginning again with renewed courage like Ab-.raham.

"Joe hung his weary head. "And look! take that badge of the Secred Heart and carry it always, wen't you now? Promise met An' if

Och, my God, mother, lave alone!" and with a violence that was half tenderness Joe jumped up and dairly shoved his poor mother out of The room and pulled the door to.

The handful of "valla" was just tion of one of the red-coated loungers inbout the barrack gate, who was excities great amusement by inserting and stones into the wares of presentfully, on the possible owner. the said owner arrived drying Mer. syes. in her apron the wag proat to console her most tenderly, med the poor woman's grief prevented Train noticing the convuision count of the other soldiers, till The solemn assurance that they would fimake him say his prayers every orning" aroused the dark suspicion in the worthy matten's mind that the Hellow was only "humbugging" her gallant assistance soli her manufer the proceeded to helst the Booky basket on her back, but the adous heave of the rascal behind landed the load nearly upon her mulders and tumbled much of the wile over the owner's head With a doubtful compliment on his dexterity, Mrs. Hinchin/was turning round when the shout of laughter raised by the recent auddenly collapsed, and to a mort, wharp, cry of "t'shun" every man spraing up and stood like a statue A sparsely built elderly man with white hair and in the uniform of a general was standing behind. Mrs H, noticing the plumes in his tri-molored hat, bobbed as well as her land would allow her, and with a Leist hope for Joe rising in her mother's heart she said: "Twas the way me poor son 'liste-"

"What corps does that man belong to, sergeant?" said the general (who summanded the district), not heeding the howed beed of Mrs. H , but fixing a leak on her assistant which made that found man grow very serious, and the derivant, here on escort man, made the derivant, was

the prompt answer, and to her wonsior the great men stooped and, taking up the tailen vegetables, put them the ald woman's basket, while Priand room to reflect with much proweethal accompaniment on the unmercality of human life

The porroging mother moved off, strike stardily under her heavy, and thing from time to time, the housewife could re-

cauliflowers!

A character was in the character was in the character was in the character was in the character with the character was in the character was in the character was in the character with the character was in the character wa my niere aching beart christened me Joe, so if "you don't mind—"

The two men were a contrast as the winder ber way to the strong light from the window. The smile had left the Irishman's blue eyes for once, and the deep line down between the erebrows made the usual-left than lamentable arguing from the good-humored tanned fare look.

▗┊╬╬┋╬╃╃╃╃╃╃╫╬┼╀╬╬┼┼┼╬┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼ yard Kipling. She felt better, howover, when she had subsided heavily in her scat-"St. Atthractive's Section," she was won't to tell one com-

> "The loving heart of Jesus seck In trouble and distress * * **

sang the congregation when the Rosary was finished, and one poor heart at least welled its sorrow over into soothing fears And ahl poor Mother Hinchin, though your addition to the devout chorus was not of the sweetest, nor (without being too blunt) tollowing quite on the lines of the composer, though your hymnbook was held upside down and your pronunciation of the sacred name had the broad sound of the Munster Irish, yet your effort was not by any means the least pleasing to the Great Listener, Who knew the voice and read the heart of every one of the hundreds there Perhaps, indeed, more of those tears that the Infinite Love in our tabernacles is thirsting for are wiped away by check aprons than by cambric handkerchiefs. Her Joe, aer only boy, was gone

for a "sojer," and only God knew what would become of him.

Joseph's reflections on the situation were interrupted by the sudden entrance of linesman Inch, who, connecting the dejected Corkonian with his own unexpected confinement, proceeded to give him and all his relatives a distinguished place in the mud-geyser of adjectives with which he was overwhelming all representatives of law and order. Another time this would have led to the destruction of the guard-room furniture, but the scion of the house of Hinchin, after his first astonishment confined himself to a few terse objurgations to bis assailant

Little did either of the two men think to what results the inauspicious meeting was to lead

So blindly do we move through our part in the world, we never know how the piece will end or when Will it be comedy or tragedy? The clown we laugh at in the first act, while we strut as the hero, may show he bears a noble heart beneath the motley, and we may find our armor only paper tinsel ere the curtain has rung down Only One knoweth the end

II.

Six months' drill and a regimental tailor made a considerable improvement in the appearance of the new chum of the X.'s, and he was by no means below the average when he joined E Company of that distinguished body of warriors at Templemore But ah mel there are things to be learned in the army besides the intricacies of the latest form of drill, nd that, too, by a young fellow who had passed no inconsiderable portion of his twenty-four years at the street corners of his beloved city. In truth, the statement in his mother's petition for his release which represented him as the "sole support of his mother" was a slight straining of 'the facts of the case, though its prompt (and, of course, regretful) rejection (in a long blue envelope) caused tearful indignation in the Hinchin household. Joe had unwittingly enlisted in an English regiment, which contained but a small number of Cathoiics, and these - English-born all of them - he found, from the extent of their religious knowledge, might be classed just as truly as Mohammedans His hopes had isen when he heard of an O'Connor and a Leahy, but he fairly stood aghast when he found some time afterwards that both of them, who were "bred, born and reared" in the Seven Dials, didn't know in the least what Mass was about and had never even heard of the Blessed Virgin However, as he surllanswered the faint remonstrances of his conscience, "when you're with pigs, you must grunt"-a new version of an old adage about Rome He learned that, though the moral atmosphere of his native haunts was not always pellucid, it was a restraint to live amidst a Catholic population, he learned what a check on-

the broad down-grade had seen the example and prayers of his poor, pious mother, and that as no one, apparently expected any good from a soldier, he might as well let his character go as easily as his few shill lings weekly pay

"Ello, Corkey," was the first salutation, he. got: in the barrack quarters, and the speaker sat up; on the bed where he had been stretched

'Know 'im," he added to inquities, "me and 'im's old chums, ain't we. Corkey?"

Joseph was christened on the spot "Hinchin was me father's name," said Joe, slowly, as he stared at the speaker, who had risen and came over, offering his hand, "and they christened me Joe, so if "you don'

the diviling is in a day or two the soldier boys "What is all this?"

yeartfoller to general which was a secure of the secure of

vocation, you had botter handle him gingerly. The other soldier looked older, and fine dark eyes lit a face of sallow paleness—a keen dare-devil face, the strong bull-dog mouth that showed a broad line of white teeth in a hard smile amply atoning for any softness in the eyes.

"Don't you remember me, then?" And it was only when a mimicry of Joe's mother at the gate of Cork barracks had been given, so droll that the son had to smile, that he recognized his assailant of the first morning of his military life "Oh, is that you?"

"Yass, Private Albert Finch, of

Her Majesty's X.'s.' Mr. Finch seemed to be in a very difficient mood that day He was very affable, so cleverly affable that the new chum did not suspect anything as they subsequently, with two others proceeded on Joe's invitation to that Mecca of the thirsty Atkins — the canteen To be "dacent" is bred in the bone of every Hibernian - a mean one is sure to be a hybrid Joe soon came to see the position Bertie Finch had in the battalion With intelligence to make him a "non-com," in a year, he remained a full private because he was too often full in an entirely different sense He was known as the Warbler because he really was so in more than his name He was one of the singers of the regiment But lew ventured on that familiarity unless the addresses were in a very sunny mood There were times when a kind of savage moodiness came on the man, and woe betide whoever put the spark in his volcanic temper His tongue was a biting scourge Had his victims any peculiarity, bodily or mental a savage caricature was painted of him, and if the subject were too stupid to be affected by withcring ridicule, the fecund mind of the man like a quickfiring gun poured a hail of epithets that the fiend could hardly improve on Finch could afford this, for though not the most powerful man in the battalion, his skill when he put his hands, and the devil behind his hitting, had forced a toleration of his eccentric ways on the hottest tempers in the regiment Give him a minstrel corps to coach for a singsong, and he had officers and men feeble at his whimsical absurdities Next day probably he would walk alone, with the glaom of the damned shadowed in his dark eyes Such fits had invariably one ending - drink. And then until the guard-room held him there was nothing he was not

about his country, and the result was

the mood he used to know before his

faith had been dimmed and his heart

hardened by the godless surroundings

of his military life. Some months lat-

er when the Assistance landed her liv-

ing cargo at Jubcutta, amongst the

draft going up o Jubblepore to join

the second battalion of the X,'s was

Far away an old mother's head was

bowed, and toil-wrinkled hands clasp-

ed "Heart of Jaysus have mercy on

Who answered her never a word.

III

One of that new draft wants to

see you, sir," said a nospital attend-

ant at Jubblepore, and the Jesuit

Father K- came to a cot where two

wildly staring eyes looked up at him

and he heard from the parched lips

of a soldier muttering over and over

again deliriously, "Heart of Jaysus, have mercy on me!"

1V.

feel better and more a manly man?"

the fever pallor bronzed away, step-

ed away lest the steady eyes bent up-

on him should see the moisture that

"God bless you, Joe lad, and now

let mt ee a stripe on that arm soon,

let me see a stripe ou that arm soon," and with a hearty slap an the

shoulder the priest walked away. And

it came to pass The ateadiness of

No. 17,634 was the more marked by contrast with his previous conduct,

and one day as he stepped along by

the quarters of his company the ap-

pearance of a number of grinning

faces in response to an excited cry of

"God's sake, lads, look at Corkey,"

made him blush scarlet. Later in the

day Bert Finch made his voice heard

in an address or congratulation to a

circle of shouting Atkinses, but "Is

Roy'l 'Ighness, Fronk of Blackpool,

Commander-in-Chief of the 'ole bloom-

in' British army,'' said nothing, and

ping across the barrack square.

had rushed to his own.

"I do that, father, there's a

"Now, Joe, do you not honestly

me poor Joc!"

Joe Hinchin Finch was also there

ant Verecker. liable to do Joe was generally exempt from attack, but one evening there was an exception, and the result was the appearance of both men him next morning before the colonel, Finch with a plastered gash where the heel of a heavy regimental boot had struck him, The cause of war had been the Cork man's sensitiveness

his removal to the district military prison for a period of ninety days It was an event in his life which it was not in human nature to appreciate, but it was in truth a check on the downward road and gave him in the loneliness of his cheerless cell were ordered north time to look ahead and see the clear "You don't seem very clated, Joe," ending of the way A few words from the prison chaplain and he recovered

tion, noticing the contrast between the subdued demeanor of the young over the great wild spaces where the Irish corporal and the rollicking high spirits of the men about him. What s the matter with you, lad?" Well, you know, father," said the

young soldier, and troubled eyes looked far away westward, "I had eight of the nine done, and I had my heart set on finishing 'ein I see the good they done me, father, and God knows I done me best to keep 'em up in spite of the div i-the temptations

face of the young man "Well, Joe,

curious circumstances A wild rumor ran from corps to corps that an Irish regiment at the front were being ordered back in disgrace for mutinous cowardice, and the wrath and bitter scorn that found vent in broad Scotch and jerky Cockney made martyrdom for every Hibernian who had to hear if. But a corporal in the X's had something as a countervail to cheer him Father: K -- had come to the camp that morning, and now, after said the same good Jesuit two his confession, God seemed to have lifted the cloud, and the Nine Frimonths later as he met Joe, with days would be completed Joe Hinchin had a lightened heart. He felt sure that the infamous report about the Irish regiment was not true and that load off me heart, and with the help the talk, however hard to bear, would of God I won't miss one till I have pass in a few days 'em finished," said Joe, and he look-

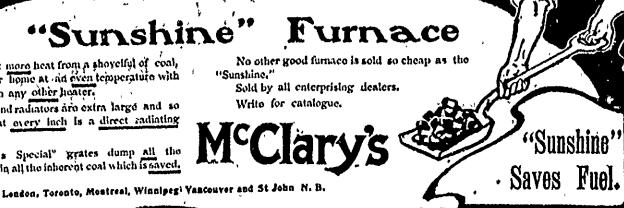
that same evening as he passed 's group of men off duty, "I'd shoot the ole damned sons of cabbage-women The earth and sky swaid around the Irishman He was conscious only of a wild, mad leap that hurled the nearest men out of his way, of a savage fury that screamed through clenched teeth; a roaring like thunder was in the ears and fire in his brain Blows fell on his face, but he felt them only as a rock feels the pattering of rain To grip the throat of the man heaving beneath him and dash his head against the ground, to choke and strangle with a bulldog hold till the foul tongue would blacken in the lying mouth was the one desire Shouting and panting, they tore the two wild animals asunder and clung to

"What is all this?" shouled Lieutenant Vereker, hurrying down from

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he often had to make to keep from it came less from the animal desire for drink than it did for the craving for something to 'rise the cockles of the heart's when the daily fight with his temper made him despondent The mock gravity his chief tormentor assumed whenever the new stripe showed litself amongst the leisure trivialities of the men always brought the thunder flush upon poor Joe's face, and the strained jaw muscle and quivcring hands showed what was passing within. Still it would pass, and the pallor that followed wrought such an effect on the men that all save a lew of the older and more hardened spirits treated Corkey with no small deference when the second stripe came soon, and the lieutenant mentally marked Corporal Hinchin as the best soldier in his company. He was still gap between the two former spreemates became wider "What sort of a fellow is that new

corporal, Vereker^{y '} said Captain B. i to Joe's lieutenant, crossing to their, quarters together from mess one even-

'Why?" queried the other, though he could have given a straight an-

Why, I came on him yesterday back there by the cast gate, striding up and down and swearing to himself like ---'

like-" and the captain laughed heartily at the picture "Swearing, was he? ' said Licuten-

"Yes, in a mad, excited kind of way, sounded-like swearing anyway, and groaning to himself I don't think the fellow is all right and should advise you to see what is wrong with

"I think Father K- knows," was the answer. "Good-night, Bronson"

Jubblepore barrack was in a bustle Stormy cheering was in the air. The laziest loafer in the battalion took a new interest in life, for news had paced the sentinel, now leaning on come suddenly that there was big his rife and peering about him in the trouble on the frontier and the X.'s

and now I dunn, what to do "

"Oh, I see-I remember," said the priest, and a softened look came into the eyes fastened on the reddening my lad, God is good, and even yet there may be a chance "

"I hope so, father." They parted, to meet again under

"Yaas," he heard a voice saying them while the prevost sergeant and his men came running up

"Private Finch and Corporal Hinch in, str. have had a fight

I am very sorry for this, Hinch in, ' said the officer later, as Joe sat handcuffed in a tent "Very sorry" What made you lorget yourself What? Answer me. No answer canie but a long, rending sob and bitter crying He went away

'Oh, my good God, have mercy on me," said the sobs within the tent 'Oh, Christ, my Christ! after all me strivin', and God so good to me, and poor ould mother-

Next day, haggard and white, with livid bruises and swollen lips, Corporal Hinchin heard his degradation from the colonel in silence. His hardwon stripes were gone. He was a pri vate again and a black mark to his name Day followed day in leaden routine of duty when once again he was at work. The rude sympathy extenda good fellow with the privates, and [ed to him he avoided, because he as the Warbier matted the decreasing | dreaded any more unmanly exhibition popularity that his gibing enjoyed, of weakness, and his full heart was his bitterness only increased and the only mastered to a rigid silence Comfort came in a visit from the same good Jesuit who had cheered him before-strong, carnest words of cheer that made the gloomy eyes brighten a little but "You're late, Father, for the wan thing I'm on 'sintry go' to-night at twelve, 'an we'll advance at daybreak However, I m alsy in me mind now

'Stay' +tho priest was thinking. evidently, and Joe wondered a little what was coming Then the Jesuit whispered something to him that made the soldier stare full-eyed in astonishment

"Is it in airnest you are; father? "Yes, Joe The love of God takes lim to strange places, and you don't know what may happen "

The soldier's breath came quickly and he could only whisper-hoarsely 'All right, sir," but the clasp of his rough hand told what he felt

"I shall be able to come up from the Field Hospital in an hour; after I'm done there, and, remember, don't shoot me, Joe," he added, lightly over his shoulder as he strode off.

To and fro in the faint starlight paced the sentinel, now leaning on black, shadowy masses of the hills, now letting his eyes go up from their gloomy sky line to the jeweled said Father K- at the railway sta- deeps of the heavens, all carpeted with stars. Back his mind traveled waves were marching in their rough, heaving lines Familiar faces rose up before him, he saw the excited crowd following the bowling, match and heard the old, familiar sound of the solemn Shandon bells And then he remembered what he was expecting, and he began to pray With a longdrawn sigh he turned again upon his beat, when a slight noise, apparently a short distance away, made him spring around with his rifle at the

"Who goes there?" he said, in strong undertone, and he listened with heating heart. The answer would surely have puzzled any other sentinel in the whole British army

"Sacred Heart," he heard out of the darkness, and he stood at ease while a dark figure advanced towards

"Now, Joe, kneet down quickly, whispered the visitor, "and tell the good God, our Lord and Master, that for His sake you forgive all men as you hope to be forgiven " Silent and trembling the sentry knelt, still holding the rifle erect, with its steel blade showing in the faint light A few hurried, solemn words and the great gift was given The soldier was erect again, but tears were raining down his face

'God bless and guard you now boy! Challenge me aloud, Joe, for I must get on to rest " Challenge and answer broke the silence loudly, and Father K- passed, leaving the lone sentry pacing to and fro with bowed head and with beating heart that strove to keep its tumuit of feelings quiet. Joe's Nine Fridays were finished The ear of Infinite Love was listening again to a soldier's words. 'Lord, I am not worthy," and the simple litary of his untutored heart, 'Heart of Jesus have mercy or

VII.

Quickly the first glimmer of light had spread across the sky. Quickly the stars had faded out, and out on the front Lieutenant Vereker with some twenty men of Company E were marching c. ously. Behind them the mountain pass through which they had come showed a deep dip of blue sky between the frowning hills and a long, widening valley opened in front; On a rough hillock strewn with great' boulders from the height, above and turned palms and the rifle fallen use. A small bluish hole in the latter's

scrub they halted to survey the ground beyond.

"We shall take to the hillside, men, where it slopes more easily there, half a mile ahead." said the officer. with his glasses fixed on the hills. 'and move carefully. I don't like the quictness of that pass behind " ward they moved again in wide open

hand-shaded eyes. "It's like the kingdom of 'eaven,' chuckled one of the men to his nearest mate. "There ain't a damned soul in the pl-"

order, watching they sky line with

The gibe was unfinished A sheet of flame burst from a small water course running slant-wise down the slope above them, and a batel of wild yells rent the air as a horde of Afghans seemed to rise out of rough hillside Hissing through the long grass came the leaden shower

"Back ment back as you cant and rally on the rise behind." shouted the licutenant, but the men were already flying Stumbling falling and crouching as they ran They saw the quiet hiliside alive with the wild leaping tribesmen and the air rent with yells and the sharp crack of rifles Panting, they flung themselves under the shelter of the great stones upon too little ridge and began a steady fire which quickly checked the ardor of the tribesmen Their outery ceased as suddenly as it had arisen, and when the white trailing clouds of smoke had blown away there was intle in the valley to indicate that man was thirsting for the blood of his brother there One by one the men lying under the shelter of the rocks answered to their names, bu no answer came to the name of Finch.

"Did any one see Finch fall? whispered the lieutenant, whose own brown khaki uniform showed ugly dark stains.

There were several men rather badly wounded, and one of them declared that he had been near the unlucky Warbler at the time of the surprise and had seen him go down, but had thought that he was only seeking cover, "e kind of sunk on 'is knees, sir."

"Too bad," muttered the officer "The poor fellow is lying out there somewhere, crippled most likely" He swept the hill with his glasses again 'Would any of you men volunteer to have a look for him?" he asked, hesitatingly, and flushing red "I'd go willingly, but you know, men, my post is here "

strained voice from the outermost

"Who is that" sharply asked Mr

Vereker "Me, sir-Private Hinchin," and he crawled down to where the officer knelt Joe's face was as white as the snow that rose on the distant blue. horizon, and his jaws were firmly set

"You!" The officer looked a frowning inquiry into the glittering eyes of the Irish boy "Yout" he said. with a meaning emphasis on the word while the scattered group forgot to scan the hiliside and stared their wonder at the ex-corporal

"Yes, sir, me—in God's name The look on the face of the officer changed, and silently he reached out his slender hand to the warted fingers' of the private.

"Take this, Hinchin, and leave your rifle, 'twill be tandier," giving Joe his revolver. But the men held their breath and looked their doubts into each other's eyes as Joe crawled down the slope and disappeared into the scrub brush. Closing in together the little band, by cautiously rolling some of the smaller stones in bebetween three or four of the larger boulders, formed a rough but effect ive breastwork, and, lying flat under the shelter, with rifle barrels between the crannies, they waited with strained ears for some sound of the coming main column

From bush to bush crawled Joe. creeping in the long sun-dried grass. Here and there fresh red drops caught his eye, and as he stopped again to peer at the rough mountain side to his left he cauld feel the heavy workings of his heart against the ground Every rerve was tense, every sense strained to quivering as he marked the ravine from which the ambushed fusilade had come close ahead, and he knew he must be somewhere close to the object of his search.

"Finch," he whispered, as loudly as he dared But no answer came Flat on his face he crawled a little more and ventured to whistle softly one of the regimental calls. An interval of desponding silence, and then he started as a little ahead he heard a low moan as of some one in pain A few yards of hurried wriggling brought him in sight of the prostrate Warbler-not dead, but evidently badly wounded Half supported by a large stone beneath' his shoulders, the upcovered with a growth of scattered I leasly by his side, told of the man's

belplessness

"Finch, old mant" as he lifted the iallen head on his arm, ''listen—'

The lids dragged slowly up and the dark eyes looked feeble inquiry for a breath Then intelligence flashed them open distended, and while the face quivered with pain, the hard mouth clenched and the hand the hand at the

off side groped for the fallen rifle "No, no, Bert, pull yourself togeth or and let mo get you back to the lads " The flerce defiant face relaxed and the weary head sunk on Joe arm.

"Did you o-c-come b-b-back to save me?" gasped the wounded man "Yes, yes, now where are you hull Can you stand?" The Warbler shook his head

"Legs-dead-Joe, bleedin'-some where

Joe could see no bullet mark, but the oozing blood showed that he was wounded in the back, and the leglay limp and nerveless "No use-a'm gone Listen! I want

to die a Catholic, Joe-should'a beil Catholic always.' "Cheer up, Bert, cheer up, you're not half kilt. Wait till we gets

back ' "Now. Joe listen I-want-

Perplevity ridged the forchead of the Irishman, what was he to do in such a case? How could be belo the poor fellow to "turn" out there in he wilds? A brilliant idea struck

"Do ye rayally want to -turn," Bert?" he asked, vaguely. The heavy head moved assent "Say, 'Heart of Jaysus, have mercy on me 'Say it!' said Joe, breathing fast with excitement. The other repeated the aspiration in his English accent What else was he to do? Joe racked his brain in desperation, and turning his grimy, face up skyward he repeated the ejac-

ulation himself fervently.
"Listen, Bert," and he laid the wounded man's head against the rock and, kneeling beside him, took the hand that had battered his face a little while back. "Listen, listent Say, I believe in God and the Blessed Virgin, an and 1 "-Joe grouned with trouble and anxiety. Scarcely above his breath the other followed but his quicker intelligence supplied what Joe wanted

"I believe all you believe, Joe" "Yes, yes, that's it," eagerly broke

in Joe "I believe all that Catholics believe," and the eyelids dropped down and from the white lips for a white the hard breathing of pain was the only sound. Then the poor fellow trice to say after Joe "My God, I am sorry for all my sins Jesus, have

mercy on me " The dropping fire on the ridge be nind had ceased With a blood-stained hand Finch reached out for some-

thing "Joe," he whispered again, "gimme what you wear round your neck.' "Is it me scaffers?" He pulled open his tunic, hastily, It was a great idea -why didn't he think of that himself? Around the neck of the strange convert went the scapulars, and taking out the Sacred Heart badge from where it was pinned to his shirt he kissed it reverently and put it inside the breast of his comrade's coat

The hand jerked hastily away, and for a moment all was quiet. "Joe, Joe," moaned the prostrate man, 'get off-my--l-legs, you're man,

VIII.

Lying behind the rocks the men started as the report of a rifle came up the valley, but almost simultaneoussy on the still air broke the piercing note of the longed-for bugle call back towards the pass, thrilling every man's racked peryes.

"Now, men," shouted the lieuten ant, "one volley, and yell for all you're worth." Rattle went the rifles, and the hills pealed with the united shoutings of the excited goldiers.

"Here they come," as a crashing discharge and peal after peal of bugle calls told that the column was advancing at the double. The single rifle shot down the valley had jelt a little trailing puff of smoke upon the hill, and a fierce, wild face looked down with wolf eyes at the ground below, but the crash of the volleys up valley, and the shrilling bugles were too near, and it vanished again.

Swiftly the situation was reported by the licutement, and after a rapid survey of the ground the column advanced All the leading files were questing like setters for the missing men till a shout told that they were found, and the column halted, while a group formed around Finch and Joe -Hinchin No man spoke and the white helmets came off Livid and still lay Albert Finch and lying across him the body of Joseph Hinchin, private

(Continued on page 7.)

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G for Graziose, in soft singing style: H for two Hands which we use all the while.

I is the Instrument, skillfully made J for our Joy when we hear it well played.

K is for Keys, black and white as you know. L is for Largo, most solemn and

slow, M for the Minim, just two in a bar. N for the Notes; what a number there

O stands for Opera, a musical play! P for the Pedal, use cautiously, pray! Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight.

R is a Rest, count one while you wait.

S is a Semibreve, to it count four. T is a Trio, three voices, no more U Una Corda, or played all in one V for Vivance, a time full of fun

W for Weber, whose music is fine X for Xcel, which just means to outshine Y is a Youth who can play some nice

things. Z is a Zithe), with many sweet

-Agnes O. Harris, in Chatterbox.

THE LATIN PROFESSOR.

strings.

"Virginia Booth, if you aren't a

The class in Cicero was on its way back to the general assembly room: There was always a minute or two in the corridor.

Virginia hung her book aloft and regarded the audacious little margin sketch critically.

"Pretty good, don't you think?" she said. "Didn't any of you notice what a splendid chance I had today? If you think I could resist it-" "Oh, we don't!" laughed Georgie Loveloy, under her breath. "Girls, will you look at him! Isn't that Prolessor Gregg all over?"

Professor Gregg was the instructor in Latin at the Girls' High School in Elwell He was a wiry, nervous young man whose smooth, spectacled countenance was capable of a great variety of astonishing expressions.

He was also Virginia Booth's best "subject." From cover to cover of her Cicero were irresistible little sketches of his favorite attitudes and grimaces.

This very morning had not Salome warned her? Poor Salome! Did she not always do it at the last minute? "Not to-day, dear. Promise you won't to-day. I'd like to lie here and feel easy just for one day.

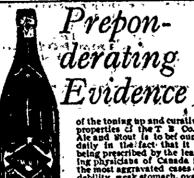
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"You poor dear! But I never could keep my promise if Professor Gregg looked over his spectaclez in that perfectly beautiful way. I'd have to sketch him. No use, Salome; I'm hopeless "

"So am I. I give you up. But, remember, some day you'll wish you hadn't. It's coming."

"Pity me when it does! Good-bye, dear! Don't begin to worry till quarter of 11 Cicero' doesn't come till then, Here, take this-and this-and thisi Put 'em under your pillow That's every pencil I've goti"

There was always, this little scene -varying only in wording-when Virginia said good-byo. After she went away Salome lay among her pillows, white and wistful, Virginia was sixteen, Salome thirty. They had only

each other. Salome was an incurable invalid. but all day long, while Virginia was away, her thin white fingers flew. That was her secret. The things she fashioned out of her gay wools meant pretty clothes for the child and a chance for an education. Salome never told her sister how; pitifully small their income was. That was another

One day there was a discussion in the Cicero class, and Professor Gregg

held out his hand. "May I take yours book, Miss Booth?" he said. "Possibly your text differs here. Misprints konietimes occur. Er-your book, Miss Booth?" For in the horror of the moment Vir-

ginaia had held back., Now, because there was nothing else to do, she extended the book A soft gasp was audible at her elbow and traveled over the whole class. Georgia Lovejoy's face grew pale and

Virginia's crimson. Professor Gregg studied the open pages attentively. Now he was turning the leaves!

Georgia hid her face. Virginia's bright head went up high and de-

"Yes, I see the er-text differs here," Professor Gregg's voice was unmoved. "Yes, yes, yes, I see! There is a decided-er-variation here. This-er-text is like the original I see, I see, This class, is dismissed. We will look further into this and report to-morrow. The usual lesson in advance, young ladies. You may go " He made no motion as if to give back the book, and Virginia marched out at the head of the file in silence. Die ment on down the half and then

was surrounded "Nover mind, Virgle; we'll, all stand

"We'll bodyguard you! We'll tell lome made them! How could I have cast off the friendly fingers and sat him it's a species of insanity-runs in known? She's been making them right up straight. the family. All the Booths have along. That's why she's always so ""Go out, all of you!" she whispermade faces back to nobody knows when!"

"Yes, you dear; he sha'n't have you expelled, he sha'n't!"

Expelled! Oh, was that what it meant? O poor Salome! Not expelled! "Please stop; please let go!" Virginia cried. "I'don't want to be bodyguarded. I hope you don't think I'm airaidi"

"Well, I am;" chattered Georgia. "I'm frightened to pieces. He'll look at all those dreadful sketches and keep growing madder and madder." Virginia smiled grimly. "I sha'n't

blame him at all, shall you?" After school Virginia and a "committee of four" went back to the Latin recitation-room for the book, but Professor Gregg had already gone. The book was gone, too Virginia forgot that it was her music-lesson day

and went straight home. Salome had not forgotten Musiclesson days gave her an extra hour with her wools She was so intent on them to-day that she did not hear the outside door snap or the slow feet come plodding up the stairs They usually came up to her in quick, light bounds She would not have thought it was Virginia even 'if' she had heard

The steps came slowly along the hall to the door, and Virginia looked fin. It was then she found out Salonie's hoarded little secret, and the discovery sent her to her own room in a tempest of woe.

She had seen the thin figure bolstered up against the pillows and the thin fingers flying in and out among the bright worsteds. She had seen the red spots on Salome's white cheeks, they meant excitement or pain. How well-acquainted Virginia was with those tiny dots of red! She had tried to kiss them away many land many an afternoon when she had come home from school. Now she know why they had been there.

"She's making Alings for Miss Goldthwalto's store; I've seen them there!" sobbed Virginia. "But I nev- hanco in a whisper. er thought-oh, I never thought Sa-

To The....

Readers

Register

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tired when I get home. It kills Sa lome to sit up like that!"

Address ..

Little by little things grew clearer for Virginia. At the end of her sobbing vigil two things stood out in black relief, there wasn't enough money and so Salome had to work, and Professor Gregg would probably have her expelled. The first thought broke Virginia's heart, and the sec-

ond would break Salome's. It was a wakeful night for the merry careless girl. At 10 o'clock she had shaken her head scornfully, Apologize to Professor Gregg? Never! She had meant no harm to him. She had to look at him, did she not? And when she looked, could she help draw-

ing him? Could anybody? That was at 10. At 11-Virginia wan uncertain and miserable. At 12 she sprang out of bed. "I shall apologize," she said, aloud. "Salome and I are in the scales. I'm up so high it makes me light-headed, and Salome-Salome's down so low she

bumps! I shall apologize." But it was hard-only Virginia know how hard.

Afterwards she remembered but one happening in that recitation. That one could stand out clearly in her memory till she was an old woman. She could always hear the calm tread of Professor Gregg's boots across the froom to her: "You book, Miss Booth, Pardon

me for retaining it. I wanted to compare certain portions of it with the original I find they agree exactlyexactly ': She could never stop wondering it

there had been a wicked twinkle behind the professor's spectacles She had not dared to look, but there had been one in his tone. On the next day the recitation

dragged out its length, The girls were ail dull and absent-minded from sympathy. Georgia clutched one of Virginia's hands in her own and breath-

But at the end of the hour Virginia i "O Prolemor Gregg. I'm so wis."

'Never make faces!' Take me as a warning, Now, go along, every soul of you!"

"Miss Booth will remain for a moment," a quiet voice was saying, as the class was dismissed

"For all the world as if he said

'Miss Booth's hour has come!' groaned Georgia, beneath her breath. 'Good-bye, poor dear!" Virginia turned and faced the quiet

young man. He did not give her an instant to speak "Miss Booth, I have discovered

something," he began. His eyes were twinkling down at her in the kindest way. His tone was quite commonplace and friendly. "I have discovered that one of my

young laides has a most remarkable talent-no, please don't speak yet! Let me finish. She is a genius, perhaps, I am not sure, But, in her place, do you know what I should do I would turn that talent to account. It should not be buried in a Latin text-book; any-longer, Now; I haverar sees at in this Miss Rooth, outside, wailing through the tower My friend the managing editor of The Express wants me to write up the evening sessions of the labor convention just about to open. The best speakers, he tella me, are to be saved for the evenings. Some noted men will talk.

Now," he continued, "if this woung artist in my class were to attend those meetings and make sketches of the speakers in their la sections of the speakers in their is wind sped to a lonely circle of the marito attitudes, and if I were to mountains, and down in a valley for submit said sketches with my roof stirred and rustled the withered grass ports well, I think it might box a above a lonely, nameless grave way to get that talent out of light Richard Berchmans 'napkin It is worth trying, don't you think?"

Not a word of complaint; not mention of the subject of all those dreadful sketches. Virginia gasped market for with astonishment. It was a full mine prosperit uta before she could speak. Then the ed alternate encouragement and do words flowed out in an impetuous, girlish torrent:

no, I mean I'm so suri, I'm su sshamed! I know you must think I'ma-a-saucebox. But I didn't mean

anything bad, truly!" She stopped for breath, and he

waited, smilling. You don't mean I could do anything? Make sletches and get-and get money for them? Why, I've always made faces ever since I can remember, but I never thought of that! You don't think-it doesn't seem possible - that I could earn something doing that?"

"If you did it as well as some of your work I have seen," Prolessor Gregg said, gravely, "I know how good that is, for I compared it with the original It is singularly correct Miss Booth, I tell you our talents are given us to use in the best way Use yours!"

"Oh, I will I want to!" cried the girl. "I will do anything you say. Georgia's father will let me go to the meetings with him, and I will draw as I never did before. And if anything ever comes of it-if-it's a start

-1 shall always bless-" He held up his hand to stop her. His thin, homely face was radiant

with friendliness and interest. "I shall bless myself," he smiled H-Virginia could have looked shead, could have seen the success: of thatfirst little attempt, followed by other successes leading slowly, steadily upward to the honorable height of her eager hopes! If she could have seen the pride in Salome's sweet face

when the success had come! But now, unseeing, she only stood there in the quiet of the big, empty room and hung her head. She only looked up in meek, earnest contrition

at her friends.
"Well, did be scold you dreadfully,
poor dear? Are you more dead thanalive? Is he a perfect wretch?" the girls clamored soitly; when she went out to them at last. Virginia waved them off and faced

them, at arm's length. She tried to laugh to keep from crying. 'He's is an angel!"-Youth's Comparion.

"A GRAVEYARD COUGH" le the cry at tortured lungs for mercy. Given them mercy in the form of 'Allen's Lung Balsam, which is used with good effect even in consumption's earlystages. Never neglect a cough.

TWO SOULS:

(Continued from page 6.) temple told where the dark pool of blood had come from. Hartily Lieutenant Vereker took the revolver from the dead man's waist-belt and looked at the chamters. They were all loaded a Thaderstood the meaning of that single shot A surgeon was bending over Finch, and in a second axnounced that he was only faint, and not dead The coionel, anxious to get on was about to ask the young liesished to see his hand over his eyes: The surgeon had opened the dress of the wounded man and cooly and sapidly was searching for the wound. tossing aside the little badge as be did so. On moved the column. What if a life were lost. There would be

was was over lieutenant Vermen, however, obtained permission to stage and see to the rude burial of his and private. It was a loner little mound thet

down there in the circle of the Mile, and the weeds soon hide it. A short time lat r Father K- was sitting by another tedside listening to the faint, gasping whispers of dying man Soon they ceased, and before the hospital attendants prepared the body for burial the priest took an old faded pair of scapulars free off his neck and a little red badge off the breast of the dead man. Best Finch had gone to answer the great roll-call, and no man wondered that be had died & Catholic.

IX. '

Over the sea, in an old cathedral, the organ had rolled out its last Amen, and the lew remaining worshipers could hear the wind blustering windows "Evermore! overmore!" toomed the organ "Evermore!" said the wind to the stormy sky. "Fivermore! ' and it swept over the city out to the fields. "Evermore." and it leaped off the dark cliffs to the frothing gloom of the sea It sped across the ocean, it dashed the fresh forms, over the dipping bows of a steament homeward bound, deep in whose hald lay a black-edged envelope, containing a few words, a faded brown scapular and a Sacred Heart badge. On the

A WIDE SPHERE OF USEYUE. NESS -The co imption of T (Thomas' Eclect has great preparat market for ติศกเลยต์

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Death in the Cyclone

It is with profound sorrow The Register records the destruction of life and property wrought by the cyclone which visited Eastern Ontario on the

One of the worst outbreaks of the storm's lury occurred at the farm of John H. Kearns, which is situated about four miles from the Village of Chesterville, and as a result Mr. Kearns' wife and seven-year-old son are lying dead, a twelve-year-old daughter has since died, and the father and a four-year-old daughter are "tossing with fractured limbs on a bed of pain. The house was carried off bodily and spread the splinters hundreds of yards away, and the remains of a barn, which stood north of it, lie in a twisted mass. The roof and sides of it are scattered over the adjoining fields in the form of matchwood. At the time of the storm's adent John H. Kearns, the head of the family, was in the open, and Mrs. Mearns, with three children, were in the bouse. Mrs. Kearns, with the three little ones, were carried away with the house. The mother was shrows into a potato patch on the adjoining farm and her battered remains with a cruel wound on the temple were found when the storm was over. Some distance away Edmard Kearns, her seven-year-old son, with a broken neck. In another direction Norah, aged twelve; and Marguerite, aged four, were flung and their limbs fractured. The father, who had rushed to the rescue of his should ones, was caught up by the selects and tossed hither and thither was oork. Finally, he, too, was thing to the earth, and lay with a who worth to keep himself from furcommend willing hands carried the members of the family were borne Muse also on improvised stretchers,

was taken into the Village. 35 rods from the site of John Effector house is the one-story frame thing of his uncle, James Kearns. 2028 ween bedly wree'ed by the storm, the smot being blown off and a hole in the west end, and the was also demolished. Mrs. Jas. Missions and her three daughters were manere or less injured, and two cattle and a horse were killed outright. Minetily before the storm James his wife, and two of his deserters, Alice and Julia, were out milling in the cow stable, which is to the bain. The mother and two girls went towards the house med Mr. Kearns went on milking, but In looking out of the window saw the dunci shaped cloud coming down from west, and just as the women thed the front door the storm dennet upon them and they were thouse down and carried away, Mrs. Marin being hadly cut about the Store and logs. Julia, who was blown Sheet the front door into the orchwild, vales received injuries "The telle wat like a feather," said Mr. more. Mearns, in speaking of what od wand I was thrown among the opers. The wind carried the anithe and myself for a distance of 12 After I collected my senses the best of my bern had gone, and I per Secking up at the sky." The inplet of Mr. Jax. Kearns' house was shed sopey-turvy, and some of the bed Jurniture deposited on the hand bundreds yards dis-

では、10mmのでは、1

afterwards the two dead bodies

Two calles in a southeasterly direc Sien from the Kearns farm stood the desching and barn, of Mr Michael My Mr. Gredy - 1 in Chesterville bas , awobas en and the n milking. ng and 24

The a

rights and made a sort of shelter, and into this Mrs. Grady, the children and the hired man crawled for safety. Sally Grady, the four-year-old child, was struck about her head, but her condition is not serious. Ten out of fourteen cows in the barn were

A Globe telegram on the 20th from Chesterville, says.

The number of deaths from the cyclone which devastated sections of the County of Dundas on Thursday is four, and not five as at first reported. It is probable that at least two persons more may succumb to their injuries. The dead are: Mrs. John H. Kearns of Connaught settlement, near here; two of her children, Edward, aged 7, and Norah, aged 12, and Miss Grace, MacGregor, aged 40. of Ormond, Mrs. Kearns and son and Miss MacGregor were killed outright. Norah, who received a compound fracture of the left leg, and concussion of the brain, lingered until yesterday morning, when she died. John H Kearns, the father, is in a serious condition with a fractured hip and internal injuries. Marguerite, the fouryear-old daughter, is suffering from a fracture of the left arm. Out of the Kearns family of six, only one child, Genevieve, escaped, owing to being on

a visit to Chesterville. Mrs. John H. Kearns and the little boy, Edward, were buried yesterday morning in the Catholic cemetery; about a mile from Chesterville. Farmers and their wives came from miles around to attend the obsequies, and many of the residents of Chesterville were present. Previous, to interment High Mass was celebrated in the Catholic Church of Chesterville by Rev. J S. Quinn. The sacred edifice was crowded with worshippers. and cutside many spectators, who scould not find toom within, stood in groups It was a solemn and impressive ceremony and tears came to many eyes. The two coffins rested on trestles in the aisle. Nearest the sanctuary was the white coffin of the child, fand upon the lid lay a handful of flowers, the offering of some playmate. Upon the mother's coffin were sprinkled some snowy white blossoms, symbolizing purity. Relatives of the dead occupled the front seats, the women folk repressing with obvious difficulty the grief they felt.

In solemn tones the officiating priest addressed the congregation to-American thigh; his hands dug into wards the close of the Mass, having his remarks upon the admonition: day nor the hour." There is one thing Program of the mother and little boy certain on this earth, he said, and the house of Richard Kelly, a that is death. It is appointed unto ag farmer, and the surviv- all men to die, and human prudence and wisdom cannot alter the decree of God The throne is not bedged around so securely that death does not enter and leave it vacant, nor are the poor so lowly as not to claim its notice If men were certain of the hour they were to die, no doubt they would endeavor to be prepared for it. But it is kept a secret from us. and we know not the day nor the hourwhen God's decree will be executed in our regard. Therefore we must see the reasonableness of preparing

for death at all times. The reverend father niluded to the Christian life led by the dead woman and the solicitude which she displayed for the religious instruction of her children, and said they had reason to believe she was prepared for death. They sympathized deeply with the afflicted husband and child and the other relatives, and hoped that God would give them patience to bear their sorrow. After the service the funeral cortege slowly wended its way to the burial ground. To-day the 10mains of the second young victim of the storm were laid to rest.

There are no more important organs of the body than the bowels

If they are irregular, health numet

Constinction is the ment of the age. Nothing is worse for the bewels than the frequent use of cathartics. They do not cure Constitution— they approvate it. A lazative,

TABLETS

are a Goode Launtlye and a Tonic combined The Ideal Remody for Constipution

20 Tablete 23 Conts

"Balting The Jesuits"

Roy. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. brother of the Cardinal, has been making some public references to his famous libel suit in which he muleted a Protestant paper in heavy damages. Father Vaughan says:

St. Ignatius being a soldier was fired with a zeal to emulate the saints, and he formed a new Order on lines never heard of before It was to be an Order of men, not to be distinguished by any set garb men who were not to meet and sing the Office in the choir as others had done, not to be confined to the limits of a monastery, but they were to be like other religious, with their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and ready to go to any part of the world to preach the Gospel to any nation These men were to be conpicuous as teachers of youth, as missionaries, as theologians, they were to be ready for any work which the Church needed of them. They were THE POPE'S LIGHT INFANTRY,

ready to skirmish for the interests of Jesus Christ and His Church There was one rule which Ignatius decided upon, and that was no dignity should fall upon his sons. He prayed that the Cross might rest heavily upon the society, so that he might all the more conspicuously show forth his soldier's spirit of obedience, an obedience, if necessary, unto death in the death of the Christ This was his idea, this was what he prayed lor His prayer was heard, and he (the rev preacher). imagined that the majority of those who had been attracted to the society had joined it especially because it had been signalled out for persecution. The Society of Jesus had known persecution, and, please God, he hoped it would know persecution to the end. "To hell with the Jesuits" was a familiar cry. He had received numerous anonymous letters on the question, and only that night he had been sent one with a request that he "should go to that place, but he thad not yet started on the journey. If the Jesuits even thought of one-half of the crimes with which they were charged he would be inclined to think that the very best place for them would be the place which he had mentioned. It would only be their right; It had often struck him how strange it was that the Jesuits could be supposed to be the only people who were prepared to make to the sacrifices to qualify for this place. Their scalling was perhaps the severest in the Church, and yet those who knew them not thought they were prepared to for hell, whereas he was told there were easier and better ways of getting there. If such charges were true, why were

THE JESUITS SUCH CONSUM-

NATE BLUNDERERS as to choose this hard way of going to hell when they could go by a way which was strewed with roses? He (the rev. preacher) would have thought that men condemning this society would have paused for a moment and asked themselves why English gentlemen should, with traditions of loyalty and chivalry, turn their backs uuon every possible honorable career to take up one in which they would find their chief occupation to be doing their best to poison the fountains of truth, to sully the wells of morality, to undermine the social fabric, and-to destroy altogether social life. Why should these men, who had honorable positions in life open to them, whose forelathers and fathers had done so much to win the good name of their fellows--why (he asked) should they turn their backs upon all that was honorable to live a hard life, trying to undo what our 'Lord came to do? And yet there were people who were prepared to charge the Jesuit Fathers with all sorts of crimes. They were prepared for any one to say what he or she thought about them; but their business was to go forward to do and to die. With some people, no matter what the Jesuits did, they were always wrong. There was a very pertinent instance quite recently. He had been charged with being steeped in sedition, and only a little while after he had been charged with being steeped in too much loyalty.

LET THEM ALL COME:

the Jesuits were ready for any charge brought against them. Lately he had, as an Englishman and a Jesuit, been compelled to defend his position in this country. He did not blame those who brought the charge against him and his society; he supposed they thought they were doing right, Since

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put to him, and he thought perhaps it might be well for him to answer some of them, because the difficulties against the society which had been put by those outside might occur "to others, or Catholics might have similar questions put to them One questioner asked, "What are the Jesuit tenets?" The tenets of the Jesuits were those of the Catholic Church, and none other. Their doctrine was contained in the penny catechism There was no peculiar doctrine belonging to the society, and whatever was found in Jesuit books would also he found in Oatholic books. What the Jesuits, as a body, were bound to teach other religious communities in the Church also taught. If they taught accelines that were wrong they would immediately be CONDEMNED BY THE HOLY SEE.

It did not follow that a doctrine was unsound because it was misremake all these sacrifices to qualify presented by some irresponsible peruits?" another correspondent asked They were vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and the professed took a special vow of obedience to the Holy See. The Jesuits obeyed implicitly the orders of their Superior. Some were sent to all parts of the world. Several of the Fathers were at present serving as chaplains in South Africa, and there were others, at various stations scattered over the globe. He might receive at any moment an instruction from his Father Superior to go to a foreign country. and it was not very difficult to put his clothes under his arm and obey The Jesuits were as soldiers ready to go at the call of duty. He had also seen asked. "If you take the vow of poverty how is it you have such fine churches and colleges?" To this the answer was very simple by the very fact that they took the vow of poverty. The head of a Jesuit college received exactly the same salary as the lay brother who answered the front door, and that was nothing, and therefore they were better able, to build noble churches to the glory of God and erect fine colleges for the instruction of youth. "If," asked another questioner, "your General were to call upon you to do some wrong what would you do?" He (the rev. preacher), might, say in reply, "If your father told you to murder your mother what would you do?" It was a gross insult to ask such a question, and he refused to answer such an impossibility.

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

No mak is at all times wise; he is

often otherwise. "I pay as I go," the stranger remarked to the other man, "but I go very little."

"Do you believe in prohibition, co.onel?"" "Certainly, sah; I prohibit no person treating mw."

Doctor (fo patient)-Just take your wile and start on a holiday Patient that trial many questions had been -But, doctor, you spoke of rest.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is Firmer-The Lise Atock Trade-Latest Quointious. Tuosday Evening, July 22.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The grain receipts on the street market this morning were only 600 bushels Outs-Were steady, 500 bushels reliting at 47c to 52c per bushel.

Wheat-Was steady, one load seiling at 18c per bushel.

11ay-Was firmer, selling at \$14 to \$15.75
per fon for old. New hay sold at \$9 to \$10.50.

Dressed Hogs-Were up 25c per cwt, selling at \$1.50 to \$10 per cwt from the farmers' waggons.

Cheese Markeis,
Ingersoll, July 22.—Offerlags to-day, 105
boxes colored cheese; no sales on board;
9% highest bid; salesmen asking 6% to
bid. Cheese solidium close in this section.
Offering Fifet to 8 1-de on the curb.
Picton, July 22.—Fourteen factories boarded 1,140 boxes; highest bid, 6%c; 535 boxes
sold. Buyers:—Haggath, lickinnon and
Bersmith.
Campbellford, July 22.—At the Campbellford Cheese Board to day 1,5e1 were boarded. Sales:—Hodgson, 350. at 9-16c; Magrath, 500 at 9-915c; Alexander, 380 at
9-11-16c; Brenton, 300 at 9-916c. Board
adjourned for one week.
Toroute Live Stock. Cheese Markets.

Torouto Live Stock.

Toronto Live Stock.

There was a decided implorement in the market for live stock at the Toronto Cattie Market this morning. The receipts were only medium in quantity and the quality of the offerings was much improved over last week. The grass fed cattle are much better than they were then and are selling well. The result is that the low prices of last Friday have given place to higher ones and the demand for the offerings is greatly improved. The most noticeable improvement was in the exports, but the benefit was felt greity generally and the market was a good demand also for the aheep and lamba, and the former were steady and irm, while the latter advanced 50c per cwt. There was a good demand for sheep and lamba and the offerings were not anything like sufficient for the demand. There was a good demand also for hors and the prices were steady. The market receipts were 60 loads, which included 971 cattle. 375 sheep and lamba, 505 hors and 47 cnives.

Export Cattle—Were stronger and advanced about 20c per cwt. Choice ones sold nt \$5 to \$6.50 per cwt.

Butchers' Cattle—Were stronger and advanced about 20c per cwt. Medium exporters brought \$4 23 to \$5 per cwt.

Butchers' Cattle—Were stronger and in good demand, selling at \$5 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for picked lots and \$6.00 per cwt.

picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt for choice ones.

Feeders and Stockers—Were firmer, the offerings being very light and there beling a good demand. Short keep feeders sold at \$3.50 to \$4.75 per cwt and heavy stockers brought \$3.50 to \$4 per cwt.

Sheep—Were firmer, selling at \$3.40 to \$3.60 per cwt for export exes.

Lambs—Were higher, selling at \$5.05 per cwt, an advance of 50 per cwt. The demand was much greater than the supply for both sheep and lambs.

Hogs—Were steady and in good demand at \$7.25 per cwt for choice ones and \$7 per cwt for lights and fats.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, July 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 150 head; ateady; steers, \$4:25 to \$7.10; heifers, \$3 to \$6.25; cows, \$3.25 to \$5.50; tanners, \$2.25 to \$2.73; bulls, \$5 50 to \$5.50; tanners, \$2.25 to \$2.73; bulls, \$5 50 to \$5.50; tenners, \$2.25 to \$2.75; bulls, \$5 50 to \$5. Veals—Nothing doing. Hogs—Receipts, J10 head, fairly active, no heavy here, mediams, \$5; verkers, \$5; light do and pigs, \$7.50; roughs, \$7 to \$7.15; stags, \$5.75 to \$6.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 114 head; stendy; lambs, \$4.50 to \$6.50; yearlings, \$4.75 to \$5:25; wethers, \$4.60 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.25 to \$4.40; ewes, \$4 to, \$4.25.

Chicago Livé Stock.

Chicago, July 22.—Cattle-Receists. 4.

Othicago, July 22.—Cattle-Receists. 4.

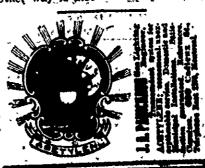
In the steers, 37.75 to \$8.65; poor to medium, \$4.50 to \$7.00; etockers and feedens. 22.00 to \$5; teves. \$1.40 to \$2.50; buils, \$2.25 to \$6.50; cammers, \$1.40 to \$2.50; buils, \$2.25 to \$6.25; calves, \$2.50 to \$7; Texas fed sieers, \$4 to \$5.65; western steers, \$6 to \$6.50. Hogs—licecipts to day, 20,000; steedy to 50; lower; mixed and butchers, \$7.15 to \$7.55; good to choice heavy, \$7.75; \$7.15 to \$7.55; good to choice heavy, \$7.75; \$7.15 to \$7.55; pood to choice heavy, \$7.75; \$7.15 to \$7.55; buils of sales at \$7.50 to \$7.00. Sheep—Receipts, \$0.00; sheep strong; lambs steady for hulk; good to choice wethers, \$4 to \$4.65; fair to choice inlacd, \$2.50 to \$4

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day. Closing to day. Cash. Sept. Cash. Sept. 73%

British Markets. London, July 22.—Close—Wheat, on passage, quiet and steady; maise, on passage, quiet and steady; maise, on passage, quiet and steady. Wheat, English country markets of yesterday steady; French country markets quiet, but steady; Faria, July 22.—Close—Wheat, tone steady; July, 23f 95c; September and December, 20f 85c; Flour steady; July, 29f 23c; 189-180c; 180c; 180c; 180c; 20c.—No. 2 red winter, 17%f.

Tommy-Father, what is a diplomat? Tommy's Father-A diplomat my son, is a man who; when he can't have his own way, pretends that the other way is his.





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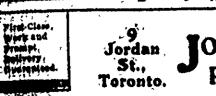
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