

COWAN'S
Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Ginger
Chocolate Wafers, etc.
Delicious Confections.

The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. XI, No. 17

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1903

SMOKERS

BUY
10c per ounce.
Alive
Bollard
199 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Perfection
Smoking
Mixture
Positively
Cool and
Fragrant.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Golden Jubilee Of St. Michael's College

Grand Celebration on Tuesday and Wednesday—The Opening Sermon
Preached by Bishop O'Connor

Speech of the Apostolic Delegate at Alumni Dinner

1852-1902. The Golden Jubilee of hard and fruitful effort of the Basilian Fathers in St. Michael's College was gloriously celebrated on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, opening upon the day when Pope Leo, the most illustrious patron of Catholic education that ever ruled the Church, had passed the years of Peter's pontificate. The impressive ceremonies of both days were attended by the direct representative of the Pope in Canada, and by all the members of the hierarchy of Ontario, as well as by a distinguished gathering of the clergy and laity. The Alumni rallied to the call of St. Michael's from widely separated parts of the continent and representatives of sister institutions of learning came from far and near.

The Pontifical High Mass on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock with which the celebration opened was one of the most stately religious events in the history of Toronto. The celebrant was His Excellency Mgr. Donatus Sbarretti, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, who on entering the Church of St. Basil was attended by many robed bishops and priests in procession. The processional stons was borne in front.

All who took part in the procession entered the Sanctuary and disposed themselves in stately order around the Apostolic Delegate. There were present Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto; Most Rev. Charles H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston; Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton; Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London; Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough; Right Rev. Dr. Macdonnell, Bishop of Alexandria; Right Rev. Dr. Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke; Mgr. Heenan, Dundas.

BISHOP O'CONNOR'S SERMON.

The sermon of the day, and of the Jubilee, was preached by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough. He took for his text the following words:

"Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge."—Pa. 118-66.

Your Excellency, my Lords, Rev. Fathers and Dearly Beloved Brethren: The occasion that invites us here to-day is one of unusual occurrence and of so great importance as to mark a distinctive era for Catholic education in this Province. A joyful feast has assembled us in this church to praise and thank Almighty God that the College of St. Michael has passed the half century of its existence, and to testify our appreciation

of the great and noble work accomplished by it for Catholic higher education during that period, as well as to encourage the Rev. Professors in their self-sacrificing and devoted labors for the future.

Permit me to call your attention to the meaning and importance of Catholic higher education, both as to clergy and laity, that you may the better understand your duty on that subject and may estimate the great work done by the Basilian Fathers during the past fifty years.

At the present time the question of education is attracting the most attention of all classes of the community and large sums of money are expended every year for the purpose of affording a liberal education to the youth of the country. Education to be complete requires instruction in the higher as well as in the lower branches of science, because the guides and leaders in every country require a good course of pure and sound philosophy that they may be enabled to meet and discuss the questions of the day with minds well balanced and trained on Christian principles.

In a new country like ours, where a nation is to be built upon a deep and solid foundation and the aspirations and character of the people are to be moulded upon equitable and noble principles, there is great need of educational institutions of a high order to train and fashion men for guiding the affairs of our country in a proper manner. In this land, where a large field exists for the advancement of industrial and educational young men of our faith, it is very necessary that our youth who have ability and talent to fill leading positions in church and state should receive a superior education. As they are expected to be leaders in upbuilding the country and its institutions, it is of the utmost importance that they acquire true and Catholic principles to make them safe guides and leaders of public thought and action.

The Catholic Church demands the right and power to instruct and educate her children. She gives indeed all that the world can give of human knowledge to her children, but she is careful to mingle with it the element of divine knowledge by faith.

She requires her candidates for the priesthood to undergo a long and severe mental and religious training that they may be properly fitted for discharging the duties of their high and holy vocation. In like manner it is her desire and aim that her children of the laity, whose talents and habits give evidence of being capable of rising to prominence in secular occupations, should also have the opportunity of acquiring a sound Catholic education in the higher branches of knowledge. Our co-religionists of French extraction especially in the Province of Quebec, have liberally endowed colleges and universities for the youth of their nationality principally. The graduates of those institutions are amongst the most renowned scholars in church and state throughout the Dominion. Our people who speak the English language need to have a thorough system of higher education to enable their sons to compete in every profession with the children of those who at present possess superior educational advantages.

To attain this object every Catholic should do his utmost to advance the cause of superior Catholic education. Through our Catholic colleges are superior to others in religious and moral training, still they are far behind them in financial support and endowments. In this respect our Catholic institutions have not at their command ample bursaries like those of other religious bodies. We may state that up to the present no generous Catholic has poured his thousands into the endowment funds of St. Michael's College. Its educational work has been carried on by the resources of the self-sacrificing Basilian Fathers. They are contented to live upon a bare pittance for their personal needs and they ask you to enable them to continue their glorious work of imparting a superior education to the Catholic youth of our country.

No doubt but many of our Catholics, whose industry and talents have enabled them, to accumulate a fair share of this world's wealth, will henceforth bestow a portion of it as an endowment fund to St. Michael's College, thereby enabling it to rank amongst the foremost educational institutions of this Province.

Let us briefly review the educational work accomplished by St. Michael's College during the past 50 years of its existence. More than half a century ago the saintly Bishop De Charbonnel invited the Basilian Fathers to send a few of their members from France to found a college in Toronto. Five zealous and devoted pioneers, three of them natives of France and two of Ireland, left their country for that purpose. In September, 1852, was begun the embryo St. Michael's College in a rented house on Queen street opposite the present Metropolitan Church, with the kind and beloved Father Soulerin as Superior. On the opening day seven pupils were enrolled and amongst them your humble servant. After four months the north wing of St. Michael's Palace on Church street was completed and the college was removed to that building. In a few years the attendance became so large that new quarters were sought after. Thanks, everlasting thanks, to the noble and devout Hon. John Elmsley the spacious grounds around us were generously donated, and in 1856 the college was removed to this site after



The Papal Ablegate.

the church and western section of the present building were completed. Later on additions and improvements were made until to-day we behold with pleasure the magnificent pile of buildings that surround us. Like the mustard seed the beginning of St. Michael's College was small and apparently insignificant, but in the course of half a century it has grown in size and numbers until it has attained its present proportions and educated thousands of young men. The holy and earnest founders have passed away, crowned with successful labors, but the memory of Fathers Soulerin, Moloney, Malbos, Vincent and Flannery will remain enshrined in the hearts of their pupils and in the annals of the college.

Their work has been faithfully continued and successfully carried on by learned and zealous men, whose lives are devoted to the higher education of Catholic youth.

During the past fifty years thousands of young men have been trained and educated in the truths of religion and science, and they have gone forth from this institution with their characters formed to principles of justice and charity, so that numbers of them have made their mark in church and state as leaders of thought and action, and have gained honor and renown for themselves and their Alma Mater. St. Michael's College claims



REV. FATHER TEEHY.

amongst its graduates many who are holding prominent positions in Canada and the United States. Some are exercising their vocation in the learned professions, others are engaged in commerce, besides hundreds who are distinguished amongst the clergy and no less than five in the episcopacy. Truly may the Basilian Fathers feel a pardonable pride in the immense amount of good accomplished by their zeal and labors in the cause of Catholic higher education and during the past fifty years. If so much has been done in the past what may not be expected in the future, especially when there is hope that some of our wealthy Catholics will contribute generous endowments to this distinguished institution of learning. If we are anxious that our talented and capable

(Continued on page 5.)

Apostolic Delegate's Visit to Toronto

Received in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday—Archbishop O'Connor's Words of Welcome in Behalf of the Clergy and Laity

Visits to Educational and Religious Institutions

His Excellency the Papal Ablegate, who arrived in the city on Saturday evening at 7.30 from Ottawa, celebrated the 9 o'clock Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday, and in the afternoon at 3.30 a public reception was tendered him by the Catholic clergy and laity, the ceremony being also held in the Cathedral. Promptly as the half-hour was struck the procession of clergy left the palace on Church street and wended its way around Shuter and Bond streets to the main entrance to the Cathedral. Rev. Father Murray of the palace was cross-bearer, and accompanied by two acolytes, led the way; then the altar boys, followed by the Christian Brothers, with Rev. Brother Odo Baldwin, Superior, the priests of the city in surplice and soutane, the officers of the service in their vestments, and Mons. Sbarretti, and Archbishop O'Connor, in their robes.

Four little pages held the train of the Ablegate as he moved along between the guard of honor. At the door of the Cathedral Vicar-General McCann received the Ablegate. The church was crowded to the doors and beyond. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with the Papal colors—yellow and white—and the high altar was a blaze of light. Many rich flowers were also used in the decoration.

When the Sanctuary was reached Mons. Sbarretti bestowed the Papal benediction on the congregation. The rubrical prayers for such an occasion to St. Michael and for the Pope were then said, after which the Archbishop on behalf of the clergy and laity of the city and diocese welcomed the Ablegate in a very warm and hearty manner. He mentioned the great love and veneration held by the Catholics of Toronto for the Holy Father, and instanced the great devotion shown by the people during the recent jubilee year of the Pope.

Mons. Sbarretti in his reply thanked the Catholics of Toronto for their hearty welcome, and told of the great happiness it was to the Pope that, while in the old world there was much to make his heart sad, from the continent of North America, during his jubilee, a great shout of joy was sent up for loyalty to the Holy Father and devotion to the Church. He told of the many nations and people that were represented at the Papal court during the jubilee, but to America, where the Church enjoyed full liberty, the Pope looked with eyes of hope.

Mons. Sbarretti gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the musical numbers of which were "O Salutaris," sung by Miss Foley, and Wigan's "Tantum Ergo," chorus. Rev. Fathers Brennan and Hand acted as deacon and sub-deacon, with Rev. Dr. Tracey as master of ceremonies. Vicar-General McCann assisted the Archbishop at the throne. The following priests were present in the Sanctuary: O'Donnell, Williams, O'Leary, Teehy, Gallagher, Walsh, McIntee, Canning, Wm. McCann, Minahan, L. Minahan, Rohleder, Lamarche, Barrett and Dering.

PIGEON-HOLE CABINETS

With a Curtain Front which Locks

Inexpensive Convenient



Made in oak, nicely finished. The curtain front protects your papers. The cabinet is made with 20, 42 or 48 pigeon-holes, and 2 box drawers. Papers are kept in good shape and can be easily referred to.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Limited
77 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA
Factories - Newmarket

LORETTO ABBEY.
His Excellency Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, attended by Very Rev. Vicar-General J. J. McCann, Very Rev. Chancellor F. F. Rohleder and Rev. W. J. McCann, Convent Chaplain, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Monday April 27, at eight o'clock, at Loretto Abbey, which was assisted at by the Community and pupils. The hymns sung at the recent Jubilee Celebration of the Holy Father were again very appropriately repeated. At the Offertory, the upper choir announced in solo voice "O remus pro Pontifice Nostro Leone," which was taken up by the full choir in response. After the Elevation a beautiful hymn to the Blessed Sacrament was sung with much devotional effect. At the conclusion both choirs sang in jubilant exultation the refrain.

Papam protege
Hostes reprime
Stet Petri cathedra
Salutis regula!

Immediately after Mass the religious of the community were individually presented to His Excellency, who addressed them in words full of encouragement to continue the good work of their vocation—a work so dear to the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff—reminding them at the same time not to be unmindful of their own sanctification.

At four o'clock in the afternoon His Excellency again returned to the Abbey to a formal reception given by the pupils. The reception was held in the large concert hall, which was decorated with the Papal colors. As His Excellency, accompanied by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Very Rev. F. Rohleder, Very Rev. J. Barrett, C.S.S.R., Rev. F. Canning, Rev. H. Sullivan, Rev. W. McCann, Rev. J. Williams, Rev. J. Gallagher, Rev. J. Walsh, Rev. J. Gallagher, Rev. J. O'Donnell and Rev. P. Lamarche, proceeded to the dais erected in the centre of the hall, the Largo of Handel was rendered by organ, piano and violins. The senior pupils then came forward—a radiant vision of youthful loveliness—each wearing a sash of Papal colors. Fully 200 were on the platform. The choral welcome, "Loretto greets you with gladness pleasure singing the praise of Great Leo's Name!" was followed by an address delivered by Miss T. McKenna.

After presenting the illuminated address, a real work of decorative and arabesque art, the little ones sang most sweetly to the accompaniment of a quartette of violinists of their own school, a charming bit of melody, after which each pupil of the different classes had the honor of being presented to His Excellency. At the close of this function His Excellency arose and in words of affection congratulated them on their loyalty to the Holy See and the privilege they had of being educated by the religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the duty they consequently owed to the church, society and themselves—dwelling on the power for good in the cause of religion and morality, they as the future hope of the Church and state should exert. Not until the last echo of the vibrant strains of "God Bless our Pope, the Great, the Good" died away did the distinguished audience retire.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

A Brilliant Reception and a Distinguished Company to Greet the Delegate.

A brilliant reception was tendered His Excellency, Mgr. Donatus Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, at St. Joseph's Academy on Wednesday at 4 p.m. At 6.30 His Excellency celebrated Mass in the Convent Chapel. At the afternoon a musical entertainment given in his honor. He was accompanied by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, His Lordship the Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke, and all the clergy who had attended the Pontifical Requiem Mass in the morning.

A large and fashionable audience, composed of the friends of the young lady pupils of the Academy, filled the Assembly Hall, which was artistically decorated with the Papal colors.

The young ladies were attired in the black convent uniform, relieved by Papal colors. The address of welcome was couched in exceedingly graceful and beautiful language and displayed intense loyalty to the Holy See. Apposite and delicate allusion was made to His Excellency's work for the Church's cause in Washington

and Havana, and ardent hopes were expressed that no people might be more loyal to the Sovereign Pontiff. The address is indeed a work of art, is bound in red morocco, and is written in beautiful gothic characters, richly illuminated and embossed in gold. The designs on the different pages are elegant and tasteful, the triple crown, keys, the Rosary, the maples leaves and St. Joseph's, all by way of references made in the text.

The music, vocal and instrumental, was well rendered. The singing of the Lost Chord and the closing chorus, "Blow Soft Winds," was magnificent. The soulfulness of the former piece and the volume and finish of the second were especially commended. The phrasing of the Swan Song from Lohengrin was markedly good and the melody of the harp, piano, organ, mandolin and violin in "Delce de Coeur" was well sustained. An exquisite poem, "Tu es Petrus," was exquisitely recited by Miss Carrie Murphy. Its especial appropriateness for the occasion could not be questioned, pointing out as it did Apostolic succession from the days of St. Peter to Leo XIII., and concluding with an enthusiastic and touching outburst of loyalty to the dear "White Shepherd of Christendom."

The little ones as usual charmed the appreciative audience in their operetta "Floral Tribute to His Excellency," their evident delight in giving pleasure making it a pleasure to their auditors to listen.

His Excellency's reply was animated and appreciative. He warmly praised the Academy for its educational standing and commended the accomplishments displayed by the pupils. He impressed upon teachers and pupils the advantage of Catholic education, and in the name of the Holy Father thanked all for the expressions of love and loyalty which he had heard within the walls of St. Joseph's Convent.

The following pupils participated in the entertainment: The Misses McEwan, O'Keefe, Clark, McDonald, Mulrennan, Ross, Kennedy, T. McDonald, McKenley, O'Shea, Devine, Morris, Conlon, C. Murphy, Dewey, McNulty, McKinnon, Payette, Dooley, Eileen Priddy, Corti and McGoey.

WANT COLONEL LYNCH RELEASED.

London, April 21.—Mr. C. R. Devlin, M. P., took a conspicuous part at the National Convention in Dublin. He moved a resolution, asserting that the release of Arthur Lynch, convicted of treason, would commend itself to all classes of the community, and tend to secure better feeling among Irishmen, irrespective of creed or party. The resolution was carried unanimously.

The Government is certain to release Lynch shortly.

DINEEN'S FURRIERS
HORSE SHOW HATS

This is the week of our big Horse Show—and we've anticipated your needing a new hat by importing every style that's new and good. London and New York Silks—English Flat Crown Derbys—American and English Derbys. Silk is the proper thing, of course. Remember, we are Dunlap's and Heath's sole Canadian agents—

SILK HATS \$5.00 TO \$8.00

The **W. & D. DINEEN CO.** Limited
109 YONGE & TEMPERANCE STS. TORONTO

A DEPOSITORY where the most cautious may leave their money with implicit confidence that it is not subject to risk of any kind is provided by the Savings Department of

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation

Paid Up Capital \$6,000,000	Offices Toronto St., Toronto	Reserve Fund \$1,000,000
	Invested Funds \$23,600,000	

Liberal rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly. It is recognized as Canada's PREMIER Company

The Heintzman & Co. piano is a "thing of beauty" in tone and construction. It has been called

CANADA'S ARTISTIC PIANO

It is a favorite with the leading foreign musicians who use it on their Canadian tours

Heintzman & Co
115-117 King St. W., Toronto.

The Highest Type of Excellence in Musical Instruments is Exemplified in

BELL ART PIANOS and ORGANS

Every facility for investigating the merits of these High-Grade Instruments is offered by the

BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO. LIMITED
GUELPH, ONTARIO

Toronto Warehouse 146 Yonge Street
Catalogue No. 104 for the asking

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

Rome, April 9.—At the present moment the City of Rome offers an unusual spectacle to the stranger...

Yesterday and to-day the sky of Rome, as if in sympathy with the prevailing gloom, has been clouded...

The cause of the trouble arises from the discontent of typesetters with their wages, they wanted changes in the relations between their employers and themselves...

The case of the cab-drivers is particularly painful, for some time past they have been agitating for an increase in the fares they might legally demand...

On last Thursday afternoon the Very Rev. Father David Fleming, O.S.F., General of the Franciscan Order, delivered a discourse on "Eastern and Western Monachism" in the great hall of the Canoneria before a very distinguished audience...

Father Fleming, treating of the importance of the subject, described monastic life as the embodiment of the principles of the Gospel, and though not intended for universal adoption, was undoubtedly the higher life...

The learned lecturer then reviewed the monastic life as lived in the East, where the monastic mode of life of St. Antony dominates primarily the whole East, and traced down through St. Basil, whose name absorbs that of his predecessors, and whose followers spread from Asia Minor all over, into Italy, and even into Spain...

Then came St. Benedict, who established the great Order of the West. The Irish system, which had spread from Ireland to Scotland and England, was afterwards absorbed into the grand Benedictine Order. It is Thorold Rogers who, in setting forth the merits of the monks, notes that without monasticism we should have lost all, or nearly all, the ancient classical literature of Greece and Rome...

And so the eloquent speaker went on in clear, incisive language that expressed the clearness of his thoughts, to tell of the work and aims of the monastic Orders. Then coming down to the evil days of the "Reformation," he pointed out that monasteries after the 16th century gave place to barracks, standing armies took the place of peaceful brotherhoods. In England, the monasteries were replaced by workhouses.

In conclusion, speaking of Grottaferrata, he described it as a light destined to shine brighter as the years go on. The two rites celebrated together in Grottaferrata show that there is no antagonism between the Latin and Greek rites loyal to the Holy See.

The whole discourse was noted for the interesting and striking pictures of the grandeur of monastic life as an influence towards civilization presented by Father Fleming.

FRANCE

THE CARTHUSIANS.

Mgr. Henry, Bishop of Grenoble, writes a touching letter to the Very Rev. Prior-General of the Carthusians lamenting the departure from the diocese of the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, as well as of the Jesuits, the Fathers of La Salette, the Capuchins of Meylaur, the Dominicans of Coublevie, and the "favorite apostles of our parishes, the missionary Oblates." The Bishop also expresses his fear that he is about to lose the Trappists, the Augustinians, and the Fathers of the Saint Esprit. More attention than ever has been directed towards the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, who have left for England, only a few of them remaining behind in view of eventualities. The Gaulois states that only the Father-General is now in the Monastery, but he has, no doubt, some lay brothers with him. The same paper says that among the Carthusians who have left the great monastery near Grenoble, is a grand nephew of Daniel O'Connell. This descendant of the Liberator was known as Frere Patrice, and he was originally destined for the diplomatic career, but suddenly developing a vocation for religion he joined the Carthusians as a novice. He acted as "Frere Hotelier" at the Grande Chartreuse, receiving and entertaining the visitors. After three years as a novice he was about to prepare for ordination as a priest, but he asked to be allowed to remain an ordinary monk without orders. Brother Patrick has now left, not for England, like some of the Carthusian priests and the novices of the "Grande Chartreuse," but for a house of the great Order in Austria.

Other notable Carthusians of the monastery near Grenoble are, or were, for some have gone to their reward, the Prince de Broglie Revel, the Count de Quinsonas, the three brothers of the noble family of the De Chaffaults, who had been brilliant cavalry officers; Father Gresier, who had been a high staff officer of the French army; and Father Faure, who had been a distinguished lawyer. To the Chartreuse also retired General Baron Nicolai, of the Russian army, who helped in conquering the famous Circassian chief and prophet, Schamyl, in 1869. Father Nicolai was seen about ten years back by a party of Paris journalists, including F. Magnard, formerly editor of The Figaro. They asked him a little about his martial exploits, and the monk spoke of these very calmly and simply. Magnard was under the impression that at least one of the father's eyes glistened as the exploits were being referred to. The then head of The Figaro was subsequently surprised to learn that it was Father Nicolai's glass eye he had seen scintillating. The imaginative editor thought that he had before him a monk like the one in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," who "sighed heavily" as he looked at bold Deloraine. "For he had himself been a warrior bold, and fought in Spain and Italy."

ENGLAND

CARDINAL VAUGHAN AT 72.

On April 15, Cardinal Vaughan was the recipient of numerous birthday congratulations on having completed his seventy-first year. His Eminence having been born at Gloucester, on the 15th of April, 1832. After being educated at Stonyhurst and in Belgium, it was his intention, as is well known, to enter the army, but he changed his views, and a little later on proceeded to Rome, where he entered the Academic dei Nobili Ecclesiastici, studying there for some time with the future Cardinal Manning. Ordained priest at Lucca on the 28th of October, 1854, he afterwards returned to England and joined the Order of the Oblates of St. Charles, and was then sent to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, of which he was Vice-President till 1862. In the following year he went to North and South America to raise funds for the founding of a missionary college in England, and he afterwards bought a house and land at Mill Hill, near London, where he started the college, and this was succeeded by the present establishment in the same place, which has a large number of students. In 1872 he was appointed Bishop of Salford, and on the 8th of April, 1892, was elected to the See at Westminster. It is now just ten years since His Eminence received the Cardinal's hat.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parnele's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

SEUMAS MacMANUS ON AN IRISH IRELAND

(From The Dublin Evening Mail.)

This is Ireland. It is well to keep the remarkable fact in mind, for it explains many seeming mysteries. It explains, among other things, why it is that there are some hundreds of thousands of our people not yet awake to the fact that a revolution—one of the greatest in a century—has been surging around them without their seeing it, and thundering in their ears without their hearing it, for some years—a revolution that has already toppled from their pedestal many of the plaster-of-paris traditions to which unthinking people were used to bend the knee, and broken them in very small pieces, setting up in their stead ideals that are at once newer and older, and truer and bolder, than those displaced; ideals which are the true expression of the national mind, and, we hope, likely to be the lasting expression of it.

There are some thousands of complainant people, who read their Evening Mail religiously, and thank God that they are not as those Gaelic League fanatics, of whom they have heard distant rumors, who will be as shocked as they will be incredulous, when I hazard the prophecy (which I do with easy confidence) that, ere two summers have faded beyond the Broadstone, a significant proportion of them will have found themselves stealing into the Gaelic League bookshop, 'twixt daylight and dark, and sking in a whisper for a "Prinleabhar" (infant primer), and will have found themselves afterward, in the secrecy of their own chambers, striving with the seventeen stout and sturdy "buachailim" that form the halax known as the Irish alphabet. Hendrels, who probably smile at this, will, I assure them, ere long be doing as I say.

The postal officials, a few years ago smiled this smile—smiled it with that easy contempt which only one's very well-paid servant can affect. The shopkeepers next affected the smile, the schools tried the same, the press, the banks, and the railways, but the smile soon changed to a frown, the frown to a growl, and the growl gave way to obsequious acquiescence. In fact, every public institution in the country—every institution that is usually supposed to be for the country's good, ran out in turn with its old reliable pitchfork, bent upon setting back the Gaelic tide. The tide, unreasonably enough, not only refused to recede, but bowed over, one by one, and carried with its little opponents. Irish is now established in the great majority of our leading schools, and is recognized by the post-office. Bank checks are drawn and signed in Irish; the railways will hardly any more refuse to acknowledge it; the shopkeepers court it; and the greater portion of the press throughout the country is hurrying to cater for the Irish Revival, and, though The Evening Mail has not just yet struck its flag (though it soon shall), the ominous whisper is going around that recently, in dead of night, The Irish Times smuggled a font of Gaelic type into its cellars.

Ireland is surely and quickly on the way to becoming a bilingual nation. Twelve years hence it will not be an easy matter for any aspirant to secure a leading position in commercial or professional life, or to enter any public office without a knowledge of his country's language; and reporters may even prepare themselves for the entertaining spectacle of future Lords Lieutenant coming down the gang plank at Kingstown, absorbed in their Irish primer, and wrestling with the profound mysteries of "cu og agus bo."

For the convincing of incredulous ones, I should like to set down a few dry facts here. The Gaelic League was established more than nine years ago for the revival of the Irish language as a spoken language. Its progress, while sure and steady, was in no way phenomenal for the first half-dozen years of its existence, but it has, during the past three years, advanced by leaps and bounds, and he advance continues by progression. Two years ago there were, in Ireland, hardly 200 affiliated branches of the League; in this present year there are rather more than 500. Two years ago the Irish language was taught in 113 national schools; at present it is taught in about 3,000; and twelve months hence, there is every reason to believe that this latter number will have been doubled. A few years since the Irish language was not taught in any of the teachers' training colleges; now it is taught in five. In how many intermediate schools it is taught it is impossible for me to say, but I can state with certainty that the number is very great. Two years since the receipts of the Gaelic League, last reckoned by hundreds of pounds; last year it was reckoned by thousands (roughly speaking, I believe, £5,300). And it is calculated that the end of the current financial year will show receipts amounting to £10,000. A couple of years since there was one organizer endeavoring to awake a lethargic country in the interests of the League; now there are eight, and in the course of a few months the number will be half a score. During

the year ending March 31st last, there were issued by the Gaelic League alone 213,000 books in Irish, and 40,000 propagandist pamphlets. Of this great total of a quarter of a million, 138,000 were O'Gowney text-books. The remainder consisted of books of Irish poems, Irish folklore, biography, an Irish novel, Irish school readers, students' handbooks, Irish recitations and Irish songs and music. It must be borne in mind, too, that, over and above this grand total issued by the Gaelic League, there were many thousands of books, either in Irish or dealing directly with the Irish movement, put out by other publishing firms.

Besides the Irish columns regularly printed by many daily, tri-weekly, bi-weekly, and weekly and monthly papers and publications throughout the country, there are published the weekly organ of the Gaelic League, "An Claidheamh Soluis" (two-thirds or three-fourths of which is in Irish), and its monthly magazine, "Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge" (entirely in Irish), and also a few other monthlies, entirely, or almost entirely, in Irish. During the last few years a number of Irish plays have been written (by Douglas Hyde, the president of the Gaelic League, and others), and successfully performed before large and enthusiastic audiences. Very many concerts have been given in Irish, and of the concerts held throughout the country during this last season the proportion at which a number of Gaelic songs were not sung was small. This winter, also, there are but few towns or villages in Ireland in which Gaelic classes do not flourish.

The Commissioners of National Education have been forced to concede new privileges in favor of the teaching of Irish in the schools. If taught as an extra subject, the substantial fee of 10s. per pupil for all pupils to whom it is taught actively is awarded. They have conceded that it may be taught as an ordinary subject in all schools; and the natural result of these concessions is that a great number of managers have already established the teaching of it in the schools under their patronage; and a still greater number will, within very short time (as soon as their teachers are prepared to undertake it) have established it.

There are in Ireland, according to the last census, nearly 700,000 people who are Irish speaking, and of these about 40,000 speak Irish only. Among this Gaelic-speaking population, by far the greater portion of which is found along the Western and Southern seaboard, the organizers are at work preaching the gospel of the Gaelic League, and pressing home its principles; so that, while the English-speaking portion of our country is at work recovering a literal knowledge of their language, the language in its idiomatic, vigorous, spoken form, as it still exists, may not be allowed to disappear from among the mountains, where it has so persistently clung.

Because this is the twentieth century (I had almost said although this is the twentieth century), I know there are many people who would ask what is the use of reviving the Irish language. To some of these people it would be impossible to give an answer, because they do not realize the meaning of the word "use," and so soulless are they that they consider nothing is useful unless they can eat it, wear it, look at it, strike it with a brassy, or make it ring upon a counter. So although I might—I shall not trouble striving to answer such people at any length; I would only say: The Gaelic League is not, as many seem to think, entirely without its practical side, for, owing to its powerful influence upon the youth of the country, fresh impetus has been given to all branches of Irish industry—with one bare exception. The workers in the Gaelic cause advocate both by example and precept the patronizing of all things Irish, in preference to imported materials. They advocate, and have advocated, this success that is highly pleasing. They have also preached most effectively against treating, drinking, gambling, against immorality and vulgarity in the theatre and music hall and concert hall, and against inanity and vulgarity in literature.

But people who, like you, my reader, realize that man is something more than an animal, recognize that we have to consider many things other than what we shall eat and where we shall be clothed, and that such other things have their use in the Divine plan—a use rather greater, as it is loftier, than the use which the mere materialist understands. Any language is a precious inheritance; it is the golden deposit that the streams of thought have through ages been carrying down to a people from the mountains of the past; and head-sent days—as well as of days past—have agreed in acknowledging that, in the case of the Celtic race, the language which is their inheritance is many times richer than the language of most other peoples of our time. If, wantonly, we cast away our inheritance, or, if, vilely, we barter it for a mess of pottage, we would richly merit eternal obliquity.

We who subscribe to the doctrines of the Gaelic League believe, too, in the aphorism, "No language No Nation." We naturally wish to preserve our national distinctiveness; and I fancy that, in this we would have the support of not merely those who think with us politically, but likewise of all right-thinking, sincere people, who, while hotly opposed to us in many things, still maintain that they are Irish and that they wish to remain Irish. Gradually, but truly, we were losing this national distinctiveness. We were losing it in the same ratio in which the census, decade after decade, showed that our language was slipping from us. Very soon, had not the Gaelic League sprung up, our national characteristics would have been either completely or mostly submerged, and we would have been respectable English-speaking Britons inhabiting an island called Ireland. I wonder how many amongst you who are English and Imperialistic in your sympathies would have blessed this consummation? And I wonder, too, how many amongst you would have come to curse it?

For those to whom, politically, I am bitterly opposed I have enough respect to believe that the latter would far outnumber the former. As sure as the Liffey winds to the sea, so surely will Ireland, a generation hence, be a bilingual nation. More than that I fear we cannot hope. It seems to me that the exigencies of commerce will hold the English language with us; but, even if it do, the possession of our own beautiful old tongue and the intellectualizing and spiritualizing influence which it will exert over our people will re-establish amongst them the old traits and the old customs, that were passing, or, haply, had passed, and will re-establish for them the old ideals that were going or gone, and thus counterbalance the materialistic tendencies which the language of commerce must impose upon any people. We shall be Irish in soul and heart, as well as in name and tongue.

Go saoghlaidh Dia an Ghaedhilge!

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS

An Interesting Lecture Delivered by Rev. Dr. Spetz at St. Mary's Church, Berlin.

Berlin, Ont., April 23.—There was a large and appreciative audience present at St. Mary's Church on Wednesday evening to hear the excellent and interesting lecture delivered by Rev. Theo. Spetz, D.D., on "The Roman Catacombs." The discourse was illustrated by splendid stereopticon views, which added to the interest of the evening's entertainment. Dr. Spetz said in part:

Within the last 50 years of so the discoveries made in the ruins of various cities of antiquity in Europe, Asia and Africa, revealed to us much of their history, character and civilization that has been travestied, doubted or completely forgotten in the course of ages. Thus, for instance, the great Dr. Schliemann excavated the classic city of Troy in Asia Minor, and proved to a wondering world, that the famous Iliad, Homer's immortal poem, was not pure fiction of the poet's brain, as many believed, but a true sketch of Ilium or Troy with its inhabitants and their doings.

Niniveh, Babylon, and the great cities of Egypt, besides many others, were rediscovered, unearthed, at least in part, and the treasures found in them enabled the student to reconstruct their history with surprising accuracy and detail. Around the city of Rome, also, the excavations and explorations of Giovanni Battista De Rossi and others before and after him have brought to light the marvels of a strange subterranean city, that had been built by the Christians of the first three centuries; during the time of those horrible persecutions, with which pagan Rome disgraced itself before the entire world in its futile attempt to destroy Christianity root and branch throughout the length and breadth of their enormous Empire. I mean the Catacombs or cemeteries of Rome.

The Roman Catacombs form a vast labyrinth of underground tunnels and rooms, cut into the solid rock, underlying the hills surrounding the city, within a belt of about 3 miles around the city walls. Inside the old city of the Seven Hills there are no Catacombs, for the simple reason that the burial of the dead within the city walls was by law prohibited, long before and after the origin of Christianity.

Formerly it was believed that all the Catacombs of Rome on both sides of the Tiber formed only one connected system. But such is not the case. The condition of the soil and the tributaries, forming deep valleys between the hills, make it practically impossible to unite all the cemeteries. Yet it is true that at a later period a number of adjacent Catacombs, that were originally separated, were joined together, where the conditions allowed it to be done.

The speaker explained in a careful and interesting manner the nature of the soil and rock surrounding Rome, in which nearly all of the Catacombs are cut. On the top of the formation of rock and cement, is a layer of common earth, mixed with ruins and rubbish from decayed buildings, from 10 to 20 feet thick. This ground is very fertile and more or less perfectly cultivated. Numerous views were shown of catacombs, the entrance of which is usu-

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Educational St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year, \$160 Day Pupils, \$100 For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TEEPLY, President.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ON This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and is sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circulars with full information as to uniform terms, &c., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO

School of Practical Science ESTABLISHED 1878. Toronto. Affiliated to the University of Toronto. This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments: 1—Civil Engineering, 2—Mining Engineering, 3—Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4—Architecture, 5—Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Special attention is directed to the facilities provided by the School for giving instructions in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories: 1—Chemical, 2—Analytical, 3—Mining, 4—Steam, 5—Electrical, 6—Testing. The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Students will be received, as well as those taking regular courses. For full information see Circular. L. B. STEWART, Secy.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO... The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies in the Academic Department. Special attention is paid to modern languages, first Latin, French and Fancy Needlework. Pupils on completing the normal course and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, also for Senior and Junior Law, Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus address: MOTHER SUPERIOR

Mrs. Wells' Business College. Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts. ESTABLISHED 1858. Members of many of the leading Catholic families of Toronto are graduates of our College. Individual instruction Day and Evening. Enter any time.

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc. EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, 50 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. LIMITED 355 Main St. WINNIPEG, MAN. 158 Yonge St. TORONTO, ONT.

Household Helps Meat Cutters Raisin Seeders Bread Graters Washers Wringers Mangles Carpet Sweepers Cake Molds Hot Water Dishes Etc. RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED Cor. KING & VICTORIA STREETS Toronto Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant. Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects it.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED POWDER EXTRACT FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN. Used Internally and Externally. CAUTION: Avoid the weak water with these preparations, represented by "the same" Pan's Extract, which easily absorbs and often contains "wood alcohol" or other externally and, taken internally, a poison.

Table with 5 columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestment, and Mass. Includes the month of May 1903 and the Blessed Virgin. Lists feast days such as Pentecost, Ascension, and various saints.

Dunlop Tires on Your Feet When You Have Dunlop Rubber Heels

The HOME CIRCLE

THE BRAVE AT HOME. The maid who binds her waggon's shaft... With smile that well her pain disguises...

THE SUPREME FOLLY OF THE WORLD. The saddest depths to which the human mind can sink is atheism. It is the supreme folly of the world...

ting of the sun, in the seasons, in the birds, in the flowers, in the countless stars, moving in their majestic regularity at the command of eternal law...

IN MEMORIAM. Cold were our hearts—of grateful feeling void, if, at thy death-knell, they had failed to thrill...

THE WORLD'S NEED OF TOLERANCE.

Let us not seek to fit the whole world with shoes from our individual last. If we think that all music ceased to be written when Wagner laid down the pen, let us not condemn those who find employment in light opera...

PRESBYTERIAN'S TRIBUTE TO LEO.

The following beautiful tribute to the Holy Father is taken from a non-Catholic journal, The Presbyterian Banner: "A remarkable old man sits in the chair of St. Peter at Rome. Length is not the only mark that distinguishes his reign..."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Mention of the name of Archbishop Ireland in connection with the Cardinalate appears this week in the Rome gossip of the secular press. Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has a character-sketch of the western prelate in the May Pilgrim, from which we make some extracts that indicate the personal influence of Archbishop Ireland upon European opinion...

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism...

When we sit in solemn judgment of the acts and characters of those around us and condemn them with the easy nonchalance of our ignorance, yet with the assumption of omniscience, we reveal our intolerance. Tolerance ever leads us to recognize and respect the differences in the natures of those who are near to us...

A PLANT 1,000 YEARS OLD.

In the town of Hildersheim, Germany, is probably the most unique plant in the world. It is a rosebush 1,000 years old and sprouts branches have realized fabulous sums.

SOME FAMOUS FACES.

Napoleon, with a face as if it had been modeled from a Greek cameo, was never, in Talleyrand's judgment, at all events, quite a gentleman.

WHY GIRLS CAN'T THROW.

A London physician, having made a long and careful scientific investigation of a girl's inability to throw a stone as a boy does, says that it is due to the physical conformation of her shoulder.

SWIFTNESS OF ANIMALS.

Everyone has noticed the marvelous endurance shown by little fox terriers who follow their masters for hours while the latter are riding on bicycles or in carriages.

SUFFERED FOR SIX YEARS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Huffman of Napanee

And Now She Recommends Them to Other Young Ladies or Married Women.

Napanee, Ont., April 27.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are one of the greatest boons ever conferred on suffering womankind is the experience of Mrs. John C. Huffman of this place. For the benefit of her sister women she has given the following statement for publication: "I had been troubled for about six years with Kidney Disease and the pain was so great I could not stand it. I could not entertain any company..."

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN and be sure that when you ask for Perry Davis' Painkiller you get just that and nothing else. Use it promptly to cure cramps, diarrhoea, and all other bowal complaints in summer.

A CHALLENGE TO PRODUCE "CATHOLIC CONVERTS."

To the Editor of The Sun.—Sir: In to-day's Sun Bishop McCabe, of the Methodist Conference, in session at Foughkeessie, complained that while conversions of Protestants to the Catholics are always reported, the conversions of Catholics to Methodism is not recorded.

ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

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

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR.

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

J. O'CONNOR, Esq., City.

DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq.

DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve.

WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E.

J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CRONIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Subscription: In City, including delivery, \$1.50 per annum. To all outside points, \$2.00 per annum. OFFICES—9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy. ADVERTISING RATES: Transient advertisements, 10 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter. When changing address, the name of former Post Office should be given. Telephone, Main 489.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1903.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE JUBILEE.

The Basilian Fathers of St. Michael's College are to be congratulated upon the successful celebration of their Golden Jubilee in the City of Toronto. For fifty long years the record of the college tells of much enduring labor. But the work was wisely designed and well done, and it has been blessed with rich results.

The Basilians have ever been recognized as teachers who believe in practical methods and ways. The Apostolic Delegate has taken the earliest occasion to remind the Catholic laity of Ontario of the practical value of St. Michael's affiliation with the state university. His Excellency deserves the thanks not only of the Basilian Fathers, but of all the Catholic people of this Province for his declaration on Tuesday that this affiliation stands for a determination to keep to the front in the march of scientific progress. This is the spirit that has dominated the Basilians of Toronto from the first; this is the spirit that found expression in Rev. Dr. Teefy's fine address in the College Hall on Tuesday evening, when he charged Catholics to cast away indifference to the ever-increasing need of advanced education for laymen as much as for the clergy. Whilst too much can never be said for Catholic education, it is evident that the President of St. Michael's College appreciates the importance of insisting upon all that Catholic education means. Nor is it strange that he should be heard addressing himself in the most vigorous phrases that fell from his lips to the scientific side of the matter.

Dr. Teefy's clarion call to the laity was needed. It is a call that we feel sure will be taken up by the entire body of the clergy. The revival may possibly stir the few who are able to supply the means of endowment which institutions such as St. Michael's stand in sore need of.

The success of the Jubilee is a good augury for the future. Dr. Teefy has well vindicated his pledge to have the handsome new wing in readiness. The task brought him many anxious days and nights, but the addition is now an accomplished fact. More remains to be done, and the President of the College has other plans shaping, we trust, towards like happy achievement.

ONTARIO CATHOLICS AND DOMINION GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The Toronto newspapers without exception have approved the appointment of Mr. William Mortimer Clark, K. C., to the position of the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Province of Ontario. The Liberal journals naturally endorsed a prominent action of the Government, and the Conservative organs were surprised, and to some extent pleased because the choice had fallen upon a man who never was a Liberal or a supporter of any Liberal Administration. There has been some little searching after the motive, or into the cause, of the selection. The announcement having been sprung as a surprise upon the public, the speculation was, however, short-lived and sluggish. The appointment had been made and biographical sketches only were in order.

The Toronto Sunday World published one of the many impartially penned newspaper reviews of Mr. Clark's career. We read that:

"Politically, he (Mr. Clark) was a supporter of Dalton McCarthy. During the agitation attending the passing of the Jesuit Estates Bill he was elected vice-president of the Equal Rights Association."

That was all there was to say. It was the first thing remembered by the public in this part of the Dominion. Indeed it was the only public turn that had ever occurred in Mr. Clark's quiet and almost uneventful life. All his years before and since were hung

round with the colorless drapery of chamber law practice. He was content with that. The political issues of the country had no interest for him. Only a credal agitation, a cry against Catholics, could draw him into the arena of strife and range him on any one side or with any active faction. As soon as the turmoil had simmered down and the national interest of progressive politics had been restored to its rightful supremacy, Mr. Clark went back to his chambers. There a Liberal Government has followed him with offers of honors and emoluments the highest in the Province, which he has very promptly accepted. The logical inference to be drawn from the action of the Government is that the brief and restricted influence which Mr. Clark exerted during the "Equal Rights" agitation had been so valuable that no inducement was counted too great to win him back to public life again. But how many Liberals are there who to-day would care to come forward as apologists of the "Equal Rights" agitation? There are some who were in sympathy with it, as some Conservatives were. But the majority of so-called "Equal Rights" were men of the type that cared nothing for the politics of the country, whose business and professional interests were their only care in ordinary times, and who, if they could create a following, would like only to sweep Canadian national aspirations back into the dry and barren bed where the torrent of factionalism flowed in less enlightened days.

It may be considered questionable policy for a Catholic paper to go beyond the line of comment at which the secular press stopped in connection with the career of the new Lieutenant-Governor. And The Register was disposed to let the incident pass without comment of any kind, out of delicacy to the position of a prominent Catholic who had been mentioned as the most likely successor of Sir Oliver Mowat in the Lieutenant-Governor's office. We have since learned that the anticipation of a Catholic appointment had been created by a member of the Cabinet, that the name was given to the newspapers and that next day came the contrast in strong colors. The Register is further informed by Liberals in good standing that the Dominion Cabinet is held under the sway of a small group of Ontario politicians, or rather alleged politicians, most of them ex-A.P.A.'s and now Liberals for revenue only. These worthies have originated a line of policy which, in their imagination at least, is supposed to be potential preparation for the next general election. There is no doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will lead the Liberal forces personally. His name is a power in the land. He is recognized as a statesman. He commands confidence. The people everywhere desire to see and hear him.

Is it not an extraordinary achievement then of the group of revenue Liberals to whom we have alluded that they seem to have convinced the Government that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is its weakest feature in Ontario? This Province went Conservative in the last election, they say, and will go more Conservative in the approaching election unless the Government offers collateral security for the statesmanship of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The security preferred is the selection of men who have been identified with anti-Catholic cries for the offices of honor and emolument.

The Register could, if it cared to do so, enter into an investigation of recent appointments that would satisfactorily establish a close agreement between the precepts of the legatees of A.P.A.ism and the recent practice of the Government at Ottawa. That practice has now become so pronounced that it is full time to take up the discussion of it and canvass its probable effects upon the fortunes of the Liberal party in the Fall. The Register may not be an impartial judge, but it thinks it can name a few of the confidential advisers of the Government in Toronto who have not a particle of public influence here or elsewhere in the Province. The Register also thinks that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the greatest strength beyond any comparison the Government possesses in Ontario. And again, The Register thinks that any sacrifice of Catholic dignity the Government thinks advisable to make in Ontario for the expected elevation of the old "Equal Rights" element will be only bait thrown away. Your "Equal Righter" in Ontario is in fact and reality a mugwump, who will hold aloof from politics and

nurse some species of grievance against the Government under any given circumstances, unless mollified by an office which he is never slow to accept. In a word The Register wants the Government that it is in danger of putting the election cart to sea on Lake Ontario with a Jonah aboard.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The editor of The Register is honored with an invitation to the Dedication Ceremonies of the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exhibition, at St. Louis, on April 30 and May 1st and 2nd. The form is the most artistic thing of the kind we have ever seen. Some account of the dedication ceremonies appears in another column.

Mr. E. F. Clarke, M.P., in his recent speech against Hon. John Costigan's resolution in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, showed a versatility in the manipulation of figures which ought to qualify him for the position of Finance Minister in some future Administration at Ottawa. He professed on that occasion to speak on behalf of the Irish minority opposed to Home Rule which embraced 1,150,000 out of a population of 4,450,000 in Ireland. In a few sentences further on in the same speech he speaks of a memorial against Home Rule presented by 600,000 representatives of the Church of England in Ireland and 1,100,000 representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist and other Nonconformist bodies. So it seems the minority grew in a few minutes from 1,150,000 to 1,700,000. No such growing feat as this has been known since the time Sir John Falstaff's two men in buckram grew to eleven. What a treasure such a man as Mr. E. F. Clarke would be as Finance Minister. A surplus of \$50,000 would grow to \$5,000,000 in the course of his budget speech. But what about deficits and national debts? That phase of the subject is too awful to contemplate.

A MISSION IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

A mission from which excellent results are expected will open in St. Peter's Church, Bathurst street, Toronto, on the morning of Sunday, May 3rd. It will be given by Francis E. Klauder, President of the Redemptorist College of St. Clement, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., and a companion of the same Order. Father Klauder has won a high place in the esteem of the clergy and laity who have been fortunate enough to attend Retreats or Missions conducted by him.

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR DEDICATION.

Cardinal Gibbons Will Deliver the Invocation.

St. Louis, April 27.—A salute of 100 guns will announce to the world at noon, April 30, the close of the first century of an island empire that Napoleon sold for a song. One of the most impressive military spectacles of peaceful times will sweep through the metropolis of the Louisiana domain. The presence of the President of the United States, his Cabinet, Congress and the Supreme Court, at the head of the armed column, is intended to symbolize a government by the people and its achievements.

Estimates by the passenger departments of 29 railways converging at St. Louis, indicate the attendance at the dedication of 250,000 to 300,000 visitors.

National Day falls on April 30. The President dedicates the World's Fair. International Day follows on May 1. Addresses by the French and Spanish ambassadors and a reception to the diplomatic corps are the features. State Day, May 2, concludes the celebration.

Promptly at two o'clock on Dedication Day the vast assembly will be called to order by David R. Francis, President of the Exposition. Cardinal Gibbons, in the scarlet vestments of a prince of the Roman Church, will lend a touch of color to the brilliant scene when he advances to the front of the President's rostrum to deliver the invocation.

MONTH OF MARY.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto, have published a beautiful devotional manual under the title of "Month of Mary," containing, as the name indicates, practical meditations for each day of the Month of Mary. The work is a translation of the original French edition of the Abbe Berlioux and has been performed by one of the Sisters of the Precious Blood here. To make the manual complete as a prayer book, there has been added an appendix consisting of a Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin to obtain a good death and prayers in honor of the Precious Blood. The volume has been published with the approbation of the Most Reverend D. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto.

FOURTH GENERAL MEETING OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The fourth general meeting of the above association was held at St. Michael's College on Tuesday, April 28th.

In the absence of the President, Mr. J. J. Foy, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G., Toronto, presided.

In the absence of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, D'Arcy Hinds was appointed by the meeting to act as secretary pro tem.

There were present among others the following:

Mgr. Heenan, R. G. Baigent, Thos. J. Lee, Rev. F. Forster, Dr. J. Amyot, Rev. D. J. Scollard, Rev. J. Kennedy, B. J. Gough, Rev. J. H. Conroy, V.-G., Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Rev. P. Corcoran, Rev. Jas. C. Carberry, Rev. F. F. Collins, Rev. J. W. Dolan, Rev. P. H. McLaughlin, Rev. J. J. Gibbons, Rev. P. J. Coyle, Rev. C. J. Phelan, Rev. M. J. McGuire, Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Rev. P. J. Kiernan, Rev. J. J. Barrett, Louis N. Hayes, Rev. J. J. Feeney, Rev. P. O'Donohoe, Mr. A. Cottam, F. G. Burnett, N. Murphy, K. C., Dean Egan, Judge McCurry, Rev. H. J. Gibney, Rev. G. Northgraves, Bishop O'Connor, Rev. T. E. Finegan, Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, Rev. A. O'Leary, Rev. J. E. Cronin, Rev. J. J. McEntee, Rev. P. J. Maddigan, Rev. J. E. Clark, Rev. R. O'Brien, Rev. P. J. O'Leary, Rev. J. J. McGrand, Rev. G. E. Doherty, J. J. Daley, Rev. T. Roach, Rev. J. J. Guinane, Mr. Thos. Mulvey, K.C., Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G., D'Arcy Hinds, Edward V. O'Sullivan, Rev. Fr. Gibney.

The minutes of the last general meeting were read and on motion of Rev. Arthur O'Leary, were adopted. The secretary pro tem then read the financial statement for the year 1902-03, showing a balance on hand of \$47.12. This report was received.

The chairman then announced that an election of officers of the Association for the coming year was next in order.

It was moved by Mr. Mulvey, seconded by Mr. Cottam, that His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto be Honorary President, and that their Lordships Bishop Burke, of Albany, N.Y.; Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton; Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, and Bishop McEvay, of London, be Honorary Vice-Presidents. Carried.

It was then moved by Rev. Father Phelan and seconded by His Honor Judge McCurry, that Mr. J. J. Foy be re-appointed President of the Association for the coming year.

On motion of Mr. N. Murphy, the secretary pro tem was directed to cast a ballot, and this having been done the chairman declared Mr. Foy elected as President.

It was then moved by Very Rev. Dean Egan, seconded by Rev. J. J. Guinane, that Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G., Toronto; His Honor Judge McCurry, Parry Sound; Rev. J. J. Barrett, Salem, N.Y.; and Mr. J. P. Murray, of Toronto, be the Vice-Presidents of the Association for the coming year. There being no further nominations for these offices, the chairman declared the nominations closed and instructed the secretary pro tem to cast a ballot in favor of each one. On this having been done, the chairman declared the said gentlemen duly elected as Vice-Presidents for the coming year.

It was then moved by Mr. Louis Hayes, and seconded by Nicholas Murphy, K.C., that the following gentlemen be the council of the Association for the coming year: Rev. J. H. Coty, Hamilton; Rev. P. J. McLaughlin, Saratoga, N.Y.; Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Campbellford; Rev. John Talbot Smith, New York; Mr. J. L. Cosgrave, Toronto; Mr. Thos. Mulvey, K.C., Toronto; Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie. There being no other nominations the chairman declared the above-named persons elected upon a ballot having been deposited for each of them respectively by the secretary pro tem.

The following gentlemen were then nominated for the position of Secretary-Treasurer of the Association: Mr. Hugh T. Kelly, by Revs. Fathers Feeney and McCloskey; Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan by Mr. Thos. Mulvey and Dr. Amyot; Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, by Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan and Rev. P. J. McLaughlin; Mr. T. J. Lee, by Bishop O'Connor and Mr. Richard Baigent; Mr. Thos. Mulvey, by Rev. J. J. Barrett and Rev. J. E. Clark.

With the permission of their nominees, Messrs. Mulvey, Hinds and Lee withdrew their names, leaving a contest between Messrs. Kelly and O'Sullivan, there being no further nominations.

The chairman appointed Very Rev. Dean Egan and Thos. Mulvey, K.C., to act as scrutineers. The ballots having been cast and counted the scrutineers reported to the chairman, who announced that Mr. Hugh T. Kelly had been elected as secretary-treasurer for the coming year.

Mr. Nicholas Murphy, K.C., gave a notice of motion that he would move at the next meeting of the association an amendment to the constitution rendering it unnecessary that a ballot shall be taken where only one nomination shall be made for an officer or officers of the Association.

It was moved by Mr. Louis M. Hayes and seconded by Mr. Andrew

Cottam that a list containing the names and addresses of the members of the Association should be printed. Carried.

It was moved by Rev. J. W. Dolan, of Pittsburgh, Mass., and seconded by Rev. J. H. Conroy, V.-G., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., that in order to promote the general welfare of the college the general council of the alumni appoint members in the several districts distant from this city to form district councils which shall act under the direction of the said general council. Carried.

It was moved by Rev. J. H. Conroy, V.-G., and seconded by Rev. J. C. Carberry, that it is the sense of this meeting that the old students of St. Michael's should equip the science hall of the college with physical and chemical apparatus and that the council of the organization take the necessary steps to carry out this praiseworthy purpose. Carried.

It was moved by Mr. Louis Hayes, seconded by Rev. P. O'Donohoe, that it is the sense of this meeting that the annual meeting of the Association should be held on the 6th of May in each year.

Rev. Mgr. Heenan then addressed the meeting, relating many interesting facts concerning the history of the college. He suggested that the annual dinner of the Association should be held outside the college and that it might be a good idea to hold the general meeting occasionally at other points than the city of Toronto.

Fees to the amount of forty-one dollars were received at the meeting.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the chairman and secretary of the meeting and also to the officers of the Association for the past year.

The following gentlemen paid in their membership fees: One year: Father R. O'Brien, Judge McCurry, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Very Rev. Dean Egan, Nicholas Murphy, K.C., Mr. B. J. Gough, Rev. T. F. Collins, Rev. P. J. O'Leary, Rev. C. J. Phelan, Mr. F. E. Burdette, Rev. J. J. Feeney, Mr. Andrew Cottam, Rev. J. C. Carberry, Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Rev. J. G. Clark, Rev. P. J. Maddigan, Rev. J. H. Coty, Rev. J. H. Conroy, Mgr. Heenan, Rev. T. Roach, Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan, Rev. J. W. Dolan, Rev. J. J. Gibbons, Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, D'Arcy Hinds, Rev. J. J. Guinane, Dr. Amyot, Rev. Arthur O'Leary, Mr. R. G. Baigent, Rev. T. E. Finegan, Bishop O'Connor, Mr. T. J. Lee, Two years, Rev. D. J. Scollard, Rev. P. J. McLaughlin, Rev. P. O'Donohoe, Rev. M. J. McGuire.

The secretary-treasurer pro tem, having drawn the meeting's attention to the fact that some one present had handed in one dollar fee without having given in their name, there having been received at the meeting the sum of \$41 with an accompanying list of names which would only account for the sum of \$40, the meeting then adjourned.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GALILEO.

(From The New York Sun.)

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: In your paper of yesterday a correspondent charges me with "Jesuitically" avoiding the real issue in the case of Galileo. Now before educated man No. 1 states that educated man No. 2 has made such a mistake, educated man No. 1 should, I fancy, have found out just what the actual issue was.

There was no question in this case of the infallibility of the Church, there was no question of the condemnation of the heliocentric system, which every educated man knows to have been a fact. The question before me was to explain this fact, that whereas Nicholas of Cusa, who, more than a century before Galileo, taught the movement of the earth, was not condemned but honored and made a Cardinal of the Church; and whereas Copernicus, who gave his name to the system, was a Catholic priest and was not condemned; and whereas the Protestant Kepler, who also taught the Copernican System and was persecuted for so teaching by his Protestant brethren of Gutzburg, and by the Catholic college of Graz, and was offered a chair in the University of Padua by Catholic Venice, the exact question, I say, was to explain how, in spite of all this approbation of the heliocentric system, still, as defended by Galileo, it was condemned.

The only explanation that an educated man can find is in the different methods of defence. The scientists, before Galileo, defended the system as a hypothesis, on strictly scientific principles, and they were honored; Galileo insisted on dragging the Bible into the discussion and he was condemned.

The Church did great good to science by forcing scientists to find sound scientific reasons for the system. Every educated man now admits that Galileo never proved his thesis; in his case it was merely a happy guess. Thus in his time the movement of the earth around the sun, as a thesis, was false, because not proved. Even the moral and the civil law allow a criminal to say, "I am not guilty," because he is not yet proved guilty. So Galileo's statement was scientifically not true, because it was not then proved true. This looks like a fair statement without any "Jesuitical" appendix.

WM. O'BRIEN PARDOW, S. J., New York.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO. SINCE 1854.

78 CHURCH STREET

Assets, \$3,000,000.00.

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHECKS.

Open every Saturday night from 7:00 to 9:00 o'clock

OFFICE HOURS:—9:00 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAYS:—9:00 a.m. to 1 p.m.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Separate Schools, Guelph

Guelph, April 26.—The pupils of St. Agnes and St. Stanislaus Schools held their annual fete this morning in honor of Rev. Father Geo. B. Kenny, whose fete day it is. After assembling at the usual time, the scholars at 9.30 marched into the basement of the church, and took seats provided for them. The basement was prettily decorated with flowering and foliage plants, flags and bunting. On the platform at the end were seated Rev. Fathers Kenny, O'Loane and Rotto, the Mother Superior and several of the teaching sisters, and several of the trustees and their wives, while others of the sisters were seated on chairs at the side of the platform.

After the "Hymn to St. George" had been sung by the children, the presentation of the addresses (o Father Kenny by the children took place. The address from the girls was read by Miss Nettie Steffer, and was as follows:

Dear Reverend Father Kenny:

Into the ocean of time another year freighted with the joys and sorrows of our school life, has passed, bringing us once more to that anniversary so dear to the hearts of the pupils of St. Agnes, our reverend pastor's patronal feast day. Would that our voice could give utterance to the feelings of our hearts as we gather around you to-day, dear reverend father, to express our loving gratitude for your many and oft-repeated kindnesses, also to thank our Father in Heaven for sparing you to us to make glad our hearts as we utter "Many Happy Returns of the Day," laden each recurring year with choicest graces. That the happiness which is ours of gathering around you on this occasion, to express our loving gratitude, may be our privilege on many a feast of St. George is our heart-felt prayer, and, when the eternal festival dawns, may the brightest gems in the crown awaiting you, who have guided and instructed us with so much tenderness and zeal be

Your devoted children of St. Agnes School.

At the close of the address Eleanor Brooks and Aileen McGinnis presented Father Kenny with a beautiful bouquet.

The following address from the boys of St. Stanislaus School was read by Master Charles McTague: Rev. G. B. Kenny, S.J.:

Reverend and Very Dear Father—Your fond children of St. Stanislaus, assembled here this morning—the feast of your holy patron—to offer you our loving feelings and to acknowledge in our own small way the great debt of gratitude we owe you, who have always been to us the kindest and best of friends.

Although at times, dear father, our boyish thoughtlessness is trying, and our boyish pranks ill-timed, yet your unvarying patience and gentle kindness make us almost proud of our faults, since they seem to bring us nearer to the kind heart of our good father.

Each year, dear father, as we look forward to this happy day, we realize, too clearly, that in a short time—a very short time—our school days at St. Stanislaus will be over, and we shall have to pass from your loving, watchful care to take our places in the world, but we feel sure, dear father, that the memory of your goodness will always remain with us, as a guiding light to brighten our way.

Again offering you our festal greetings, we remain, dear father, your devoted children of St. Stanislaus school.

At the conclusion of the address a handsome bouquet was presented to Father Kenny by Clayton Pennylegion and Jack Cartledge.

After a chorus by the children, "Cheering and Bright," Rev. Father Kenny made a short reply to the addresses, thanking the children for their good wishes and expressing to them his hopes for their success during the year to come.

The chairman of the board of trustees also spoke briefly, and made the welcome announcement that the children would be granted a holiday for the balance of the day.

The trustees present were Messrs. J. E. McElberry, F. Nunan, James Ryan, M. Cheevers, J. S. McTague and M. J. O'Donohoe. The scholars numbered about four hundred.

MGR. O'CONNELL INSTALLED AS RECTOR.

Washington, April 23.—Mgr. Denis J. O'Connell was installed yesterday, as rector of the Catholic University of America. In compliance with the expressed desire of Mgr. O'Connell, who is a man of modest tastes, the ceremony was of the simplest character.

Bishop Conaty read the brief from Rome appointing Mgr. O'Connell rector. He then welcomed his successor to his new field of work. Cardinal Gibbons, as chancellor, then declared Mgr. O'Connell rector of the University. In doing so he referred to the general expressions of confidence with which Mgr. O'Connell's appointment was received and ardent hopes for his success as rector.

Mgr. O'Connell, after thanking the trustees for the interest manifested by them, assured them that he would work for the best interests and development of the University in all seasons. He commended the work of the retiring rector and wished him Godspeed in his new work as Bishop of Los Angeles.

A dinner was tendered to the retiring rector at Caldwell Hall to-day by the professors and students of the University. Bishop Conaty will probably leave Washington on Saturday for a short period of rest and recuperation in Worcester, Mass., and will report at his new diocese of Los Angeles about May 10.

BIGOTRY IN THE STATEHOOD QUESTION.

Charles F. Lummis, the brilliant editor of Out West, is a firm believer in the eligibility for Statehood of New Mexico and Arizona. Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic, and this fact gives added weight to a declaration in the latest issue of his magazine that anti-Catholic bigotry is one of the reasons why the admission of these two territories into the Union of States is denied; though he says that, this year, the opposition was smart enough to make no open admission of this fact. He writes:

"But this is one of the real grounds of the opposition. It is a new form and application of that un-American and unmanly proscription which had its fair trial in the United States, and was heard to its last gasp, and was condemned by the American people, and buried and damned so deep that even its zealots dare not resurrect or confess it. The American principle is that a man may believe any creed he likes so long as he really believes and lives up to something; and that the standard of his usefulness as a citizen is measured not by his denomination, but by his personal character. Certainly, under this standard, the people of the two Territories can afford comparison with any Eastern State."

A MEDICINE FOR THE MINER'S PACK.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains, and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

The Metropolitan Bank

Capital - \$1,000,000
Reserve - \$1,000,000

A General Banking Business transacted in our Savings Bank Department interest is allowed on the Daily Balance.

Branches in Toronto
Cor. College and Bathurst Sts.
" Dundas and Arthur Sts.
" Queen and McCowen Sts.
7 & 9 King St. East. (Head Office)

F. W. BAILLIE, General Mgr.
W. D. ROSS, Assistant General Mgr.

My Valet

30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074

DRESS SUITS TO RENT

Pressing, Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing. Goods called for and returned to any part of city.

Golden Jubilee of St. Michael's College

(Continued from page 1.)

young men should fill the higher positions in our country it is necessary to give them the best education... The community of St. Basil are devoting their lives to training and educating Catholic young men to make them useful and exemplary members of society and to be of benefit to their country.

In the name of all who have graduated from St. Michael's College during the past half century I desire to offer to our Alma Mater the warmest and most affectionate congratulations for its glorious and worthy past history and to offer the best wishes of all for its future prosperity and unbounded success.

AT THE DINNER.

Speeches by the Delegate, the Archbishops and Other Distinguished Persons.

A dinner was tendered by the College at 1 o'clock on Tuesday to the clergy and alumni assembled for the Jubilee. The new college club room was converted into a dining hall for the occasion and about five hundred guests were present.

The Very Reverend Superior of the Basilians, Father Marjion, had upon his right hand at the table of honor, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, and on his left the Archbishop of Toronto.

Among the guests were also: Frank J. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. J. M. Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton; Rev. F. X. Grattolter, Owen Sound; Rev. J. J. Feeny, Acton, Ont.; Rev. M. Moyna, Orillia; P. F. Cronin, Toronto; Rev. William A. McCann, Toronto; Thos. J. Lee, Toronto; Rev. W. J. McColl, Peterborough; John Mallon, Toronto; J. J. Foy, M.L.A., Toronto; A. W. Anglin, Toronto; Rev. J. T. Clark, Collinsville, Conn.; T. F. Callaghan, Toronto; Rev. Thomas P. Fitzgerald, Massena, N. Y.; J. J. Murphy, Toronto; Rev. T. F. Collins, Bracebridge, Ont.; Rev. H. J. Canning, St. Joseph's, Toronto; Rev. James W. Dolan, Fitchburg, Mass.; Rev. P. H. McLaughlin, Saratoga, N. Y.; Rev. J. J. Barrett, Salem, N. Y.; Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, Mount Forest, Ont.; Thomas Mulvey, K.C., Toronto; W. T. Kernahan, Toronto; Andrew J. Cottam, Toronto; Dr. Walter McKeown, Toronto; Rev. J. J. McEntee, Toronto; Norman F. Hodgson, Toronto; Wm. Foley, Toronto; F. J. Foy, Toronto; J. F. Murphy, Toronto; F. Haffey, Toronto Junction; Rev. W. F. Likly, C. M., Niagara University; Rev. James F. French, C.S.C., Vice-President, Notre Dame University, Md.; Rev. P. Canon McCarthy, Ottawa; Rev. James Carberry, Schomberg; Rev. P. O'Donohue, Port Lambton, Ont.; Peter Small, Toronto; B. J. Gough, Lindsay; Rev. M. J. Jeffcott, Stayner; W. E. A. Fannon, O.D., Toronto; Rev. P. Chalmard, C. S. B., Sandwich; Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, Toronto; Rev. L. E. Cherrier, Toronto; Rev. P. Whitney, Newmarket; Rev. Thomas West, Goderich; E. V. O'Sullivan, Toronto; M. G. Kernahan, Toronto; D'Arcy Hinds, Toronto; Rev. Thomas J. Spratt, Lindsay; Rev. D. J. Scollard, North Bay; Rev. C. J. Phelan, Young's Point; Rev. G. E. Doherty, Toronto Junction; Rev. J. J. Heffernan, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. P. J. Kelly, Toronto; Rev. P. J. Maddigan, Formosa, Ont.; Rev. J. T. Foley, Fallowfield, Ont.; Rev. Thomas J. Craven, Galt; Rev. J. E. Crinion, Dunnville; Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Campbellford; Rev. James A. Gibbons, Dixie; Rev. M. J. Gearin, Phippsburg; Rev. L. Minahan, Toronto; Rev. James Killeen, Colgan, Ont.; Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, Lindsay; Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Toronto; Rev. W. J. Bourke, Weston; Rev. T. E. Finnegan, Grimsby; Rev. J. J. McGrand, Toronto; Rev. P. Coyle, Dixie; Rev. Father O'Malley, Oshawa; Rev. Father Cline, Brock; Rev. James S. Minahan, Toronto; Rev. John Kelly, Toronto; Rev. K. J. McRae, Brechin; Rev. A. Forster, Doon; Rev. T. J. Kelly, Walkerton; Rev. T. E. Burdett, Hamilton; Rev. M. D. Whelan, Colton; A. P. Post, Buffalo; A. W. Holmes, Toronto; Rev. G. A. Williams, Toronto; Rev. Joseph O'Sullivan, Victoria Road; Rev. Arthur O'Leary, Toronto; Rev. P. J. O'Leary, Kinmount; Rev. P. J. Kiernan, Toronto; Rev. James Walsh, St. Helen's, Toronto; Rev. James Sheridan, Pickering, Ont.; Rev. Frank O'Reilly, Oakville; Rev. Richard G. Baigent, Toronto; Rev. John Corcoran, Teeswater; Rev. D. T. O'Malley, Niagara; Rev. J. Helarion, O.C.C., Niagara Falls; Rev. J. E. Beaudoin, LaFontaine; Rev. P. Lamarche; Rev. P. Thomas Conet, O.P., Sub-Prior, Ottawa; Rev. Henry L. Urben, C.S.S.R., Toronto; Louis M. Hayes, B.L., Peterborough; Wm. Prendergast, Toronto; F. A. Moore, Toronto; Dr. J. J. Cassidy, Toronto; Rev. C. Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., Toronto; Frank A. Anglin, K.C., Toronto; Rev. P. Corcoran, Seaford, Ont.; L. V. McBrady, K.C., Toronto; Thomas V. Moylan, Toronto; Rev. F. R. Rohlert, Toronto; Nicholas Murphy, K. C., Toronto; Rev. J. H. Hand, St. Charles, Toronto; Rev. Daniel A. Boyle, Fitchburg, Mass.; John J. Selz, Toronto; H. Hodgins, Toronto; M. Teefe, Thornhill; Wm. Kew, Toronto; Rev. T. J. Gallagher, Toronto Junction; James W. Mallon, Toronto; Major Henry A. Gray, Toronto; Rev. P. McMahon, Thornhill; John J. Hanrahan, Toronto; Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., Toronto; Rev. J. H. Coty, Hamilton.

W. T. Kernahan, Toronto; Andrew J. Cottam, Toronto; Dr. Walter McKeown, Toronto; Rev. J. J. McEntee, Toronto; Norman F. Hodgson, Toronto; Wm. Foley, Toronto; F. J. Foy, Toronto; J. F. Murphy, Toronto; F. Haffey, Toronto Junction; Rev. W. F. Likly, C. M., Niagara University; Rev. James F. French, C.S.C., Vice-President, Notre Dame University, Md.; Rev. P. Canon McCarthy, Ottawa; Rev. James Carberry, Schomberg; Rev. P. O'Donohue, Port Lambton, Ont.; Peter Small, Toronto; B. J. Gough, Lindsay; Rev. M. J. Jeffcott, Stayner; W. E. A. Fannon, O.D., Toronto; Rev. P. Chalmard, C. S. B., Sandwich; Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, Toronto; Rev. L. E. Cherrier, Toronto; Rev. P. Whitney, Newmarket; Rev. Thomas West, Goderich; E. V. O'Sullivan, Toronto; M. G. Kernahan, Toronto; D'Arcy Hinds, Toronto; Rev. Thomas J. Spratt, Lindsay; Rev. D. J. Scollard, North Bay; Rev. C. J. Phelan, Young's Point; Rev. G. E. Doherty, Toronto Junction; Rev. J. J. Heffernan, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. P. J. Kelly, Toronto; Rev. P. J. Maddigan, Formosa, Ont.; Rev. J. T. Foley, Fallowfield, Ont.; Rev. Thomas J. Craven, Galt; Rev. J. E. Crinion, Dunnville; Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Campbellford; Rev. James A. Gibbons, Dixie; Rev. M. J. Gearin, Phippsburg; Rev. L. Minahan, Toronto; Rev. James Killeen, Colgan, Ont.; Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, Lindsay; Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Toronto; Rev. W. J. Bourke, Weston; Rev. T. E. Finnegan, Grimsby; Rev. J. J. McGrand, Toronto; Rev. P. Coyle, Dixie; Rev. Father O'Malley, Oshawa; Rev. Father Cline, Brock; Rev. James S. Minahan, Toronto; Rev. John Kelly, Toronto; Rev. K. J. McRae, Brechin; Rev. A. Forster, Doon; Rev. T. J. Kelly, Walkerton; Rev. T. E. Burdett, Hamilton; Rev. M. D. Whelan, Colton; A. P. Post, Buffalo; A. W. Holmes, Toronto; Rev. G. A. Williams, Toronto; Rev. Joseph O'Sullivan, Victoria Road; Rev. Arthur O'Leary, Toronto; Rev. P. J. O'Leary, Kinmount; Rev. P. J. Kiernan, Toronto; Rev. James Walsh, St. Helen's, Toronto; Rev. James Sheridan, Pickering, Ont.; Rev. Frank O'Reilly, Oakville; Rev. Richard G. Baigent, Toronto; Rev. John Corcoran, Teeswater; Rev. D. T. O'Malley, Niagara; Rev. J. Helarion, O.C.C., Niagara Falls; Rev. J. E. Beaudoin, LaFontaine; Rev. P. Lamarche; Rev. P. Thomas Conet, O.P., Sub-Prior, Ottawa; Rev. Henry L. Urben, C.S.S.R., Toronto; Louis M. Hayes, B.L., Peterborough; Wm. Prendergast, Toronto; F. A. Moore, Toronto; Dr. J. J. Cassidy, Toronto; Rev. C. Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., Toronto; Frank A. Anglin, K.C., Toronto; Rev. P. Corcoran, Seaford, Ont.; L. V. McBrady, K.C., Toronto; Thomas V. Moylan, Toronto; Rev. F. R. Rohlert, Toronto; Nicholas Murphy, K. C., Toronto; Rev. J. H. Hand, St. Charles, Toronto; Rev. Daniel A. Boyle, Fitchburg, Mass.; John J. Selz, Toronto; H. Hodgins, Toronto; M. Teefe, Thornhill; Wm. Kew, Toronto; Rev. T. J. Gallagher, Toronto Junction; James W. Mallon, Toronto; Major Henry A. Gray, Toronto; Rev. P. McMahon, Thornhill; John J. Hanrahan, Toronto; Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., Toronto; Rev. J. H. Coty, Hamilton.

WELCOMING THE DELEGATE. Very Rev. Father Marjion addressed the Delegate as follows: Your Excellency, My Lords, Archbishops, Bishops and Gentlemen—On behalf of St. Michael's College, on this occasion of its fiftieth Golden Jubilee, I desire to welcome Your Excellency within the walls of this institution. Your presence is a precious encouragement even to this institution which celebrates the fiftieth year of its existence at the same time that our glorious Pontiff of his elevation to the throne of Peter (Hear, hear, and applause), and in the very same year that he celebrated his promotion to the Cardinalate by Pope Pius IX. in 1853. Of course this is a mere coincidence, but Your Excellency, my object is to show that if in the past an absolute and filial devotedness and submission to the Holy See has been the chief characteristic of this institution, the present generation now in St. Michael's College will promise Your Excellency to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors. (Applause.) Like my other great institutions, St. Michael's College had a very poor commencement; but the zeal, the industry, the self-sacrifice which characterized other communities in the Church has not been wanting in the members of the Community of St. Basil. (Hear, hear, and applause.) And the result is that today the Catholics of Ontario have in St. Michael's an institution of which they might feel proud. Its growth has been neither a stunted nor a too rapid growth. Surely but slowly it has been marching onward and upward. The trials and the difficulties of the beginnings have been overcome and now I have no hesitation in saying that the success of this institution is placed beyond a peradventure. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Perhaps I am praising too highly St. Michael's College, and also the dear members of my religious family. (A voice—No, no. I am not speaking of my own personal worth, because I was simply quoting the very same words which His Grace Archbishop Lynch addressed to those who were present here on the 22nd of May, 1878. On that day friends and pupils of St. Michael's College were celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Ordination to the holy priesthood of my venerable and beloved predecessor, Father Vincent. (Applause.)

Since that day, Your Excellency, 25 years have gone by, and I live to say to you that the venerated Pontiff has been a good prophet. For my part I say yes, and here I am pleased to see that I am in perfect accord with His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough, who said such kind words to our Community this morning, for which I thank him very sincerely, and if I could respectfully say what His Lordship said: These are boys whom one day you will be glad to remember. In fact, Your Excellency, since that time our glorious Pontiff Leo XIII. has selected five of the old students of St. Michael's College to be, as St. John says, the angels of the churches of Toronto, Peterborough, London, Hamilton. (Applause.) We are to help to-morrow in the setting apart of some worthy holy and learned priests, and our students of St. Michael's College also occupy prominent positions in society and prove themselves to be excellent scholars and very excellent citizens. I thank you, most Reverend Bishops and Archbishops who have honored us with your presence. I thank our friends, our honored guests, and now, Your Excellency, I beg leave to introduce Father Teefe, Superior of St. Michael's College, who will read to you Excellency an address in the name of the faculty and of the students. (Applause.)

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME. Reverend Father Teefe read the address, which was interrupted by applause frequently. Address of St. Michael's College on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee to His Excellency the Most Rev. Donatus Sbarretti, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate to Canada: May it please Your Excellency, it is with unmeasured happiness we welcome Your Excellency to the Golden Jubilee celebration of St. Michael's College. We are proud on this occasion to find ourselves surrounded by so many venerable Bishops and Archbishops and by the leading legislators of the Province as well as the other distinguished students and friends. Indeed, there is only one happiness we could prize more, and that happiness Your Excellency has afforded us by your gracious visit upon this auspicious occasion.

Permit us, Your Excellency, to avail ourselves of this opportunity to express to the immediate representative of our Most Holy Father the devotion and loyalty of the priests of St. Basil to the Supreme Head of the Church. Though we are living far from the centre of Catholic thought and action where in purity, wisdom and love the great Leo directs the world of Christ we nevertheless keep ever near by a perfect union of heart and head to the teaching, the counsel and authority of our Holy Father. Permit us also to express our gratitude to the Vicar of Christ for the paternal solicitude he has shown in the selection of such an eminent Archbishop to watch over the spiritual interests of his children in Canada. And further permit us to give utterance to the very sincere wish that Your Excellency's administration of the Catholic affairs of the Dominion may be abundantly blessed and be terminated only by your elevation to a yet more exalted position.

The effect of Your Excellency's presence here to-day will be to increase in us love and loyalty towards the venerable Pontiff and by a most happy coincidence has this day filled up the traditional years of St. Peter. Moreover your visit will give quickening impulse to our zeal and efforts in the Catholic training of our knowledge-seeking youth, for in our life's work as a college it is a Catholic education at which we steadfastly and zealously aim. That the work of fifty years has been blessed, let this gathering of illustrious prelates, zealous priests and devoted laymen, alumni of this college attest. But not in the department of religion alone have our endeavors been rewarded. We have tried not merely to make our pupils good Catholics but to make them good citizens also; and that here our labors have been appreciated and marked with success we point with pride to the honor roll of those who have passed through these halls. The work of our predecessors has yielded abundant harvest. We hope that the usefulness of St. Michael's College will extend from more to more—that its glory is not only in the zeal and sacrifice of its pioneers and their immediate successors, but that it lies in the future rendered brighter by your very presence to-day, by the untiring encouragement of our illustrious Archbishop and the substantial generosity of our lay friends both Catholic and non-Catholic. This is our prayer, now that we are celebrating the 50th anniversary of the founding of the college. That it may be realized we ask Your Excellency's benediction on our work, our students and ourselves. Signed on behalf of the faculty and students, J. R. TEEFY, President.

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

TOASTS OF THE HIERARCHY. Vicar-General McCann—I have been asked to propose the health of the Hierarchy of Ontario. I have very much pleasure indeed in doing this, though I well prepared, and I feel very high honored. This toast is associated with the toast of our Holy Father and his Delegate, inasmuch as the hierarchy is associated in the great work of our Holy Father of ruling the Church of God. It is indeed very gratifying to St. Michael's College, to the Very Rev. Superior of the faculty, to see so many distinguished prelates here to-day. It indeed very pleasing to the old students as well as the present student of St. Michael's College to see so many beautiful sights, because it is evidence that all the prelates favorable and in sympathy with the work of the College. (Hear, hear, and applause.) We know that quite a number amongst them were old students of St. Michael's, and that their hearts are still here. (Loud applause.) I have that all those who are present to-day are perfectly satisfied with the Bishops who represent the Province of Ontario—(hear, hear, and applause)—and they are very delighted that they occupy this position. The great peace and security we enjoy must be in a great measure attributed to their wisdom, their prudence, their prudence. (Hear, hear, and applause.) That they who of labor is evident to anyone who will take a look around the various dioceses of Ontario. We see institutions rising up every side, when we see new churches, new institutions of education we will see that they have been hard and working in our interests and in the interests of the people. We are proud of our hierarchy and I have much pleasure in hearing the health of the hierarchy.

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR. The Archbishop of Toronto, Most Reverend, said: Your Excellency, Most

Reverend and Right Reverend Bishops, Very Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen—I think for two reasons I will be excused if I make a very short speech. In the first place, the Bishop of Peterborough this morning was good enough to tell you how old I am—(laughter)—at least how old I am as a student of St. Michael's; and my very worthy Vicar-General has described this as a piece of ancient history. (Laughter.) Now, I think for that reason, seeing that you know all about me from the Bishop of Peterborough, and seeing that I belong to ancient history—(laughter)—I think that the characters of ancient history are always very much better than those of modern history. We appreciate them very much better; and I have no doubt you will appreciate anything that I might say, however, that this festival is a very great pleasure to me, not so much—or not entirely, at least—because it is a festival of St. Michael's College, but because it is a festival also of the Basilian Fathers, who worked earnestly along, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL. The Archbishop of Ottawa: Your Excellency, My Lord, Reverend Fathers and Gentlemen—I thought that His Grace of Toronto would speak a longer time, and that I could collect some ideas during the time that he was speaking. But he has so well profited by the time that he has spent in college that he has said a great many things—he has delivered a long discourse in a very few words. (Laughter.) He has said in a few words, I think, all that could be said on such an occasion. As I look around me to-day I have proof that this institution has really accomplished the task which all Catholic colleges have accomplished, to perfectly educate the young men confided to its care whose education it has to perform. In what does education consist? Or what does education consist? Catholic education especially, to educate men was to have men think rightly, to speak judiciously, and to work conscientiously. I have no doubt that all will agree with me that those who have passed through this institution have done good work, no matter into what sphere they have moved after leaving this institution. Their work has been conscientious work, and many, no doubt, have made their mark amongst the laity, and there is no

MGR. SBARRETTI IN REPLY. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, in reply, said: Your Graces and Reverend Bishops please that I am present at this solemn celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of your college, and it is a greater pleasure to me, and a great consolation and satisfaction, to have heard from the lips of the Superior and Rector of this college the great and noble sentiments

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things of you because we are living in an age of progress, and if you are satisfied with doing simply justice as we have done you will not have done your duty. You are expected to do as much and very much more. (Applause.)

of devotion and of attachment to our Holy Church and to your country. (Applause.) If we have to judge the character and the nature of the tree from the character and the nature of the fruit, we must conclude that this college had in its fifty years wonderful vitality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I congratulate the Archbishop who rules this ecclesiastical diocese, and the illustrious Bishops who are so wise in governing their dioceses for the good of the Church and for the salvation of souls. I therefore in my own name, and especially in the name of our glorious Father, bear to you your salutation, and the most sincere congratulations on this happy occasion, and his wishes for your progress in the future more and more. (Applause.) I have in my mind now three facts that remind me of the three great objects, three great ideals, this college has proved. One is that this college is founded in this fair city, the capital of the great Province of Ontario. (Hear, hear.) The second is the affiliation of this college to your university. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The third, the happy coincidence of your Jubilee with the Jubilee of our Holy Father; not only that coincidence, but that this very day marks the accomplishment of the years and days of our Holy Father in the chair of Peter. These three facts remind me of the greatest ideals. The fact that it is founded here in the capital of Ontario shows me your sincere love for your country. (Applause.) The affiliation of this college with the university, your love of scientific progress. (Applause.) This happy coincidence, your sincere love of religion, not only here but in other parts doing the work that is so well begun in Toronto. Many of the Fathers are not present to-day who would like to have been present, but I am very thankful that so great interest is taken in what has taken place here to-day, under the auspices of the Holy Father himself, through His Excellency, when at this time the Holy Father accomplishes not merely the years of Peter, but the day of Peter as well. (Applause.) I will therefore make room for these others whose names have been mentioned to respond to this toast of the hierarchy. In looking over the toast list I find myself practically mixed up with every toast except that of His Excellency. (Laughter.) So far I have not got mixed up with His Excellency, and I do not expect to. (Renewed laughter.) I am exceedingly grateful to him, as I am to the Bishops—because now I am speaking not only in the name of the Archbishop of Toronto, but in the name of the Basilian Fathers, in the name of all the friends of the college, in the name of the students of St. Michael's College, of whom I was one many years ago. I hardly know now whether I was a good one or a bad one, but I managed to live a certain number of years—for those who have honored us to-day with their presence who have spoken or met with us, and we all unite with them in the wish that the good work so well begun may be continued for years and years to come. Fifty years will constitute at least ten generations of students. In this country students do not continue their work in the college more than five years; and you see, gentlemen, that I belong to a generation past ten times. You will understand that it naturally brings to my mind a great many reminiscences of many who have gone before, of a great many who have gone to their reward, of a certain number who are still working faithfully, doing the work that the Almighty has allotted to them; and, gentlemen, I say to you, particularly young gentlemen, we expect greater things

"Ruggles"

(Gabriel Francis Powers in The Ave Maria.)

How he got the name nobody knows. It was not his own, nor anything like his own; but Ruggles it was, and will be to the end of the chapter. He was a bright little English boy, with big blue eyes and a big blue sailor collar, in illo tempore the time of the long ago. He used to go to school to the English-Sisters in the San Sebastian, and my first memories of Ruggles are of a diminutive Briton in cassock and surplice serving at Mass and Benediction in the dear old dusky chapel—or, to recall it by its proper name, the Church of St. George and the English saints. To this day I cannot remember his child-face save as patterned against the sanctuary window, pure in line and brilliant in color as some creature of Millais. Flowers and ferns upon an exquisitely tended altar, solemn-faced English Sisters kneeling, familiar hymns out of an English hymn book—and Ruggles; all these were one.

In the course of time Ruggles and his brothers joined our—not pink—class; and, though he was several years our junior, he stood upon an equal footing at once. It is rather hard to remember differences of age when you have all dug out of the self-same jam pat, upset milk into the sugar basin, and abused each other reciprocally across a well-worn table-cloth. The senior members of the fraternity usually talked while the others played; but, then, it happened occasionally that one of the readers would so disgrace himself (or herself) as to propose to join the "blindman's buff," and Ruggles' unaccustomed familiarity with his betters may have some explanation in their disreputable habits of rough-and-tumble scurrilities on the floor. How much of the seniors may have had it would become years of wisdom to recall. Probably every one of us, looking back, may turn to some such glorious page of youthful history. Sports shared, meals shared, plans shared, and, the paths of it that the glad hand is scattered, that the tea is brewed no longer to taste like that of the old study pot, and—worst of sorrows—the children have grown to women.

This is what clusters about Ruggles. And, moreover, with us, who speak an alien land spoke English, there was that band of a common tongue drawing us together; a rivet rare as gold and strong as iron; the "prison key" by which the shackles of exile fell. Even to us Romans born and bred, and thoroughly imbued with the pride of the civis Romanus sum, this language meant something that in a way was isolated from, and in a way was above, our fellow-citizens. As for Ruggles, to him the civis Romanus neither applied nor appealed. He was a Briton, simply and unconditionally. By the time he had made his First Communion and learned geography and grammar—and catechism of the dear English Sisters—his people began to say Ruggles ought to "go home." It is tradition; from all quarters of the globe English lads "go home" to be made men of, and it seems to answer. So Ruggles ate no more of our bread and jam.

His going was a great loss to all who knew him, and to the juvenile clique in particular. He was not the first to leave, by any means; but it hurts every time. Those of us who remained clung to one another, feeling like driftwood or wreckage, and wondering who next. These first smashers are very terrible, but in the case of Ruggles there was compensation.

We began to take quite a new pride in the youngster, and every year or two there was the pleasure of getting him back for a few weeks at least. His first home-coming proved a perfect revelation. He had grown about a foot, to begin with his shoulders were broad and he had assumed suits of broad cloth. Also he had taken to himself what might be called an atmosphere—a fresh, bracing, genial air of breathiness that was pleasant to breathe. As a little fellow he had been timid, and his extreme juniority may, unconsciously, have kept him in a somewhat subdued attitude of mind. But that was done away with; and the difference seemed to grow less and less between us, as it does to senior comrades with every year of life they put on.

Much knocking about among "the fellows" was evidently reducing his hump of reverence; for now he looked the very oldest of us squarely in the face with his clear eyes, and laughed if it happened to please him. Chiefly, I think, he had taken to himself the atmosphere of the cricket field—the swing, the good-humor, the buoyantly wholesome air. You may have seen his double in flannels (not a "flannelled foot" by any means) vaulting fences or lying on his back under the big trees around any one of the English public schools. His accent grew more and more forcibly British, and at each new appearance he brought over fresh idioms and the latest English slang. It was an exhilarating thing to talk to Ruggles. And yet if you happened, on a Saturday evening, to go into the little chapel where he made his First Communion, there was Ruggles on his knees preparing to go to confession, as humble and earnest and recollected as though he had never worn the colors of an historic school or been cheered on the field by that dread and mysterious "oldy the Bishop Eleven."

Toward the sixteenth year of his life Ruggles caused a sensation—a double one, I should say. First, he came home wearing knickerbockers and golf-stockings—a thing unattempted yet in Rome save by a few "mad Englishmen," but which immediately fired various members of the community with a consuming desire to possess "things like Ruggles;" and, secondly, he announced that he was going into the army. This created emotion deeper, if less patent, than Ruggles' apparel. It meant that our roads were to diverge henceforth forever; that Ruggles would become a mere name in the Anglo-Roman colony; perhaps, too, there were thoughts in the minds of some of us that made us turn white faces from the light in half-bitter, half-generous envy at his lot.

Ruggles himself was much disturbed at the prospect of near examinations. In spite of good marks and steady work, he was not above the average standard; and he knew it. What he did excel in, though he did not know it, was uprightness, trustworthiness, and the true soldier's respect for discipline. As for courage, he had it of all kinds; the courage to lead a forlorn hope and rejoice in it; the courage to bear mud, rain, sickness and waiting; the courage, finally, to tell "God's truth"—these are Ruggles' own words, wrung from him in the anxiety of a scrape that threatened serious consequences, and for which his companions urged him to extricate himself by tongue-craft.

Just now, as I have said, Ruggles was sore bewildered. He was working under a mathematical tutor, or coach, and the coach was "examining" him. Ruggles would go about with troubled eyes, wondering how he could ever remember and how he could ever hold it all. If you asked him a question he would be a minute answering; having first to take his mental grip off some desperate problem and then bring it to bear upon the matter at hand. We all felt rather sorry for him, and he confessed to saying many a "Hail Mary" over his difficulties. But, what with "Hail Marys" and dogged persistence, Ruggles passed.

After that he came home more rarely. He was up to his eyes and ears in work; and when he did come home, this tall, handsome, finely-drilled fellow was full of a new knowledge which diverged farther and farther from the poor things we had possessed in common. I would scarcely dare even to call by their proper names the technical branches that were routine to him; but though the terms were strange, he used them in a modestly frank way, as though unconscious of, or condoning, our ignorance. And if we grew very sure Ruggles was going to be uncommonly strong on his own ground, we were still more sure he was an unusually nice boy. Of this another fact, leaking out later, made us still more certain. It was that all through his Sandhurst years he had not only said his Rosary every day but insisted upon saying it on his knees. Ruggles is not being held up as a pattern of every virtue, but what manhood and what knight-hood were in him it is just to say.

He was at Sandhurst still when the war in South Africa broke out; and our thoughts traveled England-ward frequently as, in slow succession, and in quick succession, from the front came the terrible stories of disaster following disaster; battles, ambushes, sickness, loss of life, and chiefly the appalling and most honorable lists of death swelled with the names of British officers. England was being drained, but, gallantly answering every call, men and funds were forthcoming.

It was no surprise that the Sandhurst men ready for "exams" got their commissions and were sent off post-haste; but the bread-and-jam clique went "wild crazy" the day Ruggles' class was called out. They had a year's work before them yet, but it was no time to stop and think of it. Officers were badly needed; and post-haste, as the others had gone before them, the second batch went out. Ruggles embarked with "his regiment"—it had actually come to that, that he had a regiment; and the name of it made our hearts beat fast for him, because the regiment wears a rather singular uniform and carries colors riddled at Waterloo. One of us, however, meeting Ruggles' mother in the street, with a face of dumb agony, dared ask no news.

What kept us in touch with him was the splendid work done in those days by newspaper correspondents of all nationalities. Pen and camera kept before the world at large those graphic episodes, seized upon the very plastic of life, at stations, on board transports, and in the Transvaal proper. How many of those snapshots presenting ambulance and Red Cross scenes must have bred heartaches! There was always the possibility that this huddled heap, still forever, or that limp line of a form upon a stretcher might be one of your own.

In the course of time, however, a great joy came to us by this means. A weekly paper published a group of the officers of a certain regiment in connection with this line in the text: "The So-and-So's in particular behaved with extraordinary gallantry. The fighting lasted ten hours, during which time the British troops had neither food nor water," etc., etc. What electrified us was that in a back row, bareheaded, in undress uniform like the rest of them (and with a pipe stuck in his mouth), was Ruggles—our Ruggles! It seemed too good to be true. For a little while we had got him back amongst us, and

he was not changed one whit, from the familiar twist of hair between temple and mid-forehead to the unconcern of the half-smiling lips upon the brow; only the young, young face was connected with loose khaki, and, beyond the sturdy British figures, the broad, irregular markings of the veldt pencilled the distance.

Our joy did not last very long. Digby Jones was killed about this time, and the Romans, who had never known him, drew together and spoke of it in hushed voices. Loss of life, they said, was a terrible thing, whether among Boer or English; but what choked them was the holocaust that went up, with every one of those English schoolboys standing forth in his undress uniforms, a target to the enemy's guns.

"Especially," added one of the group, "when you stop to think Ruskin's thought of what sacrifice and toil go to the making of one perfect human life."

"Just imagine now if Ruggles, after all these years of labor, study and effort, should get killed in some hal-penny skirmish!"

"Ruggles isn't going to get killed," protested the senior, sturdily.

"No? You'll breastplate him, I suppose."

At which one of the juniors tittered cynically: "Armour him!"

Whereupon the senior, not being patient of youth, stalked out of the room and picked up his hat.

Three of us were left in the twilight, lolling on the lounge; and, as the study grew dark, the close human companionship and perfect sympathy induced us first to confess, and then to talk each other out of, our very positive fear. It was all fine enough to keep up appearances, but we knew as well as the Buck a certain lie purporting that "bodies are not rocks nor ribbed with steel." Then again the heart, in its incredible beliefs and unbeliefs, argued out once more, through the eternal faintfulness of its syllogizing, that nothing could or would happen to Ruggles, just because—

There was a pull at the door-bell, and the senior stumbled in. He had not been gone thirty minutes.

"It's done!" he said.

"What?"

"Ruggles."

"Hurt?"

"Dead."

Then one of us said, soberly: "Buck, it can't be. I don't believe it."

"Hang it all! D'you suppose I'd invent it for fun? I just met his sister down the street."

We were stiff a moment, then somebody jerked out: "What—what did she say?"

"I don't know—not much. But it's certain—no question at all about it. She wants us to pray for him."

To pray for Ruggles! That was the end of it. I could see the little boy in blue, so serious; and the big boy with the long stride, laughing. Pray for him? Prayers for the dead? For Ruggles! ** I could see his face laughing now.

The rest we learned in time. How all a day and all a night they had waited, screened by the little rough bushes or bits of stone on the broken hill; while messengers came and went with reports that the position was untenable, and the reiterated order that, at all costs, it must be held. It will be to their everlasting glory that, under pelting fire and amid tremendous sacrifices of life, officers were found who made the men believe that they could hold it. Then came the order to advance.

Ruggles' captain toppled over, shot in the head, and with smiling lips and eyes of agony, he cheered his men onward to the next stage of shelter. He cheered them there and fell. Ruggles and another, bending over him, saw his eyelids flicker. It was the other who wrote. Then Ruggles stood up, because the honor of the British army required it. His steady eyes looked over, one moment, to the brown and purple of the distant hillocks, and to that range opposite, with its small puffs of intermittent smoke that would not cease. The grimy, mud-stained, panting men looked to him and he knew they would follow him.

"Forward!" he exclaimed, starting to run before them—"forward! We'll do it yet!"

Then immediately the fine young figure thumped down upon its face and lay there in the sun, with arms extended. It was all our Ruggles did.

FAITHFULNESS.

Faithfulness is the explanation of many a successful career. Opportunity and ability and the friendly assistance that may be given all tend to further one's efforts, but the persistent, undaunted faithfulness to labor in hand, in the very face of opposition and hindrance and obstacles, is that which conquers. The character that is developed by devotion to duty, in life's smallest undertakings, is being equipped for glorious achievements. Therein is found the secret of success.

The Little Angel of the Nile

On the left bank of the river Nile, which waters Egypt not far from the city of Siout, lies a large market town called Sethel. It presents a beautiful sight from the river, as it stands on an eminence surrounded by palms and fig trees, and bushes of the acacia and papyrus, as well as fruit-bearing trees, covered with delicate blossoms or luscious fruits. The houses are low, with numerous little towers, which, as is the custom with the Egyptians, serve as dove-cotes. Both Arabs and Copts live in this region, the former being mahomedans, the latter Christians, but differing from Catholics in many things. Among the dwellers in Sethel there was a man who, with his wife, became converts to Catholicism, and to them was born, in the year 1714, a little boy to whom they gave the name of Abulcher.

The boy grew to be the joy of his parents, evincing early a gentle, frank, and amiable disposition. There was not in him the slightest trace of levity, nor anything contrary to modesty and propriety in his behavior, although he was joyous and light-hearted. Abulcher constructed a little altar in his room, on which he placed a picture of the Infant Jesus in His Blessed Mother's arms, and adorned it with fresh flowers every day, and besides these lovely offerings, he placed there others which he gained through self-denial, such as his portion of fruit for his meals, which, after leaving on the altar all day, he would distribute to the poor at night. He loved the Blessed Mother dearly, and would often say, "I am thy servant, O Mary!" The children in that part of Egypt were generally wicked and shameless, and when Abulcher was sent with them to keep the birds from eating the grain before it was fully ripe, he would reproach them for their sinful habits and conversations, and thus would draw upon himself their ill-treatment and even abuse; but they could not prevent him from continuing his modest ways. It was a beautiful sight, it is said, to see this graceful, innocent child with his rod in hand, keeping the birds away; while his rude and rough companions, with screams and unbecoming gestures, were doing the same work.

When he was twelve years of age, the Catholic missionary that visited that part of Egypt, sometimes entrusted him with the care of the little catechumens or children that were learning their catechism, and he would prepare them for the missionary's visit.

When he was fourteen his father and mother, at the request of the missionary, entrusted Abulcher to his care to be instructed in all that belongs to the ecclesiastical state, as also to assist the good priest in the care of the altar and chapel. There were no altar decorations that part of the world, so the cultivated flowers for the purpose, and when the season yielded none, he decorated it with the plumage of the light-colored birds, which made about as pretty bouquets as did the flower; but the most beautiful and precious ornament of the poor chapel was the pure soul of Abulcher. The boy seemed to see the Creator in all the works of His creation, for they all seemed in some way to speak of His perfection; the grain waving in the field spoke of His providence, and the flowery typified His beauty.

The sun, and stars reminded him of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, who differ one from another in glory. When he would hear their voices sing he would join his voice with theirs to praise the Most High. When the missionary was about to say the Mass, he would kneel to the altar, and would strew the bottom of the boat with branches, and adorn the stem with laurel, and place long, very dry branches of the palm in the bow; and then run back to accompany the priest to the boat, which he viewed with the greatest reverence for a precious burden he was bearing, and when in the boat, he would pray himself before Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist in memory of the time when the Blessed Infant at His Mother were passing over the same waters during their exile in Egypt. Then in childlike ecstasy he would address the waves of the Nile, saying: "Rejoice, ye waters, for you are hearing your Creator," and a hippopotamus would raise its head from the water, or a crocodile would appear upon its banks, he would shout: "Praise the Lord, ye fishes, all ye inhabitants of the water, praise ye the Lord." Then he would call to the cranes and herons that in long lines high up in the air praise the Lord with him. When he grew older the good missionary admitted him into the Urban College of the Propaganda in Rome, where young men are trained as priests of the whole world.

Although Abulcher wept with grief at parting from his parents, he was filled with joy at the thought of such a future. His department in the boat that carried him down the Nile was such that even the Mohammedans and schismatics loved him, and enjoyed conversing with him.

When they reached Antine Abulcher hastened to visit the Catacombs, which had formerly been the burial place of the Egyptians, and afterward the asylum of the hermits who lived there during the persecution of the Christians. The location of these Catacombs is beautiful and attractive, although the Catacombs themselves are severely majestic. Towards Cairo the Nile widens considerably, and to the right high cliffs of naked rock rise up, in which are deep caverns extending from the base of the mountains almost to the coast. When visiting these sepulchres and while others were examining the curious hieroglyphics of the dead Egyptians, which indeed was a very proper thing for them to do, as they were not all Abulchers, he would give himself to meditating on the lives of the holy hermits who had made these caves their homes. He passed Arsinoe, so renowned in history for its labyrinths, its pyramids, and obelisks, as well as the Sea of Moeris, and a little after he passed these wonderful pyramids of Memphis, and the gigantic sphinx, under whose shade it is said Jesus, Mary and Joseph rested during their flight from the cruel Herod's persecution.

At Cairo Abulcher visited a subterranean chapel, which, according to tradition, had been the habitation of the Holy Family while in Egypt. "It was for me," he said to himself, "that they undertook all the dangers of the journey from Palestine to Egypt in an inclement season of the year, and over such rough and unpleasant roads and through the sands of the desert, exposed to privations of all kinds, and in want of the bare necessities of life; and I, through the love of Jesus, have commenced a journey, yet He has provided me with everything that is necessary, although my way lies through a country now known to me, and at the end of it I shall be received by the Holy Father and others as a dear child," and at the thought of the difference in their treatment the tears rolled down his cheeks.

From Cairo he went to Alexandria in a barge, passing through one of the great branches of the Nile, which later on divides itself into seven mouths, which form its wonderful delta. In passing through the canal which leads to the great city of Alexandria, he saw the obelisks of Cleopatra looming up before him, amongst which stood the very obelisk that now forms an interesting feature of the Central Park in New York City.

From Alexandria he embarked in a vessel going to Rome, in which he found other young men, who, like himself, were going to make their studies in the Urban College. Eight months after Abulcher's entrance into the college he was permitted to take the solemn oath that binds the person taking it to devote his life to the missions, under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda. It was on the feast of the great archangel St. Michael that he pronounced these words: "I vow and swear that when commanded by the congregation of the Propagation of the Faith I will return directly to my province and there labor perpetually in the sacred ministry for the salvation of souls."

During his second year in college Abulcher became very ill and was obliged to submit to a surgical operation, which he did with patience, and he bore all his sufferings with a serene countenance, his eyes being fixed upon his crucifix. A cough soon after became too deeply settled upon his lungs to be cured, and at times his paroxysms of coughing were so violent that he was left in a state of great weakness, but nevertheless he continued his studies for about six years. His malady increasing, he was sent to a monastery of Coptic monks that stands on a piazza behind the basilica of St. Peter, to the end that he might receive greater care than could be bestowed upon him in the Urban College. Feeling convinced that his time upon earth was not to be long, he troubled himself no more about things of this world, even though he had only desired and used them for a good purpose, but gave himself entirely up to contemplation of things of Heaven.

At such times as his former fellow-students visited him and showed upon their countenances the grief they felt at seeing him reduced to such a state he would cheerfully say, "Why do you grieve on my account? He who suffers with Jesus has reason to render thanks to the good God who allows him a share in such a great honor, and in such great merit."

On the eve of the feast of St. Catherine of Siena Abulcher spoke for some time to the good monks that visited him of the great love of this saint for the good God, and they, anticipating a serious danger that night, left him at the usual hour for retiring in the care of the infirmarian, who, after arranging him for the night, went to his own cell.

What passed that night between Abulcher and his God was never known, but the next morning, the day of St. Catherine's feast, he was found lying upon his bed, dressed in his ecclesiastical habit, with his rosary wound around his hands, in which were clasped his crucifix. His countenance wore a sweet smile and his half-open eyes were fixed upon the image of his God with a loving expression, as though absorbed in sweet contemplation. Abulcher was dead.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in the incurable Lung Disease. Brown's Inhalant Trochets are a simple remedy, containing nothing injurious, and give immediate relief. 25c. a box.

JOHN LABATT
EXTRA STOCK ALE
LONDON - CANADA

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

Labatt's Ale and Porter

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

TOMLIN'S LOAF

is a synonym for everything that is pure and wholesome.

We make bread in many different varieties

The Toronto Bakery, 420, 422, 424, 426 & 428 Bathurst St.
Phone Park 553
And have one of our wagons call with a sample loaf. It only costs 5c.

OUR BRANDS

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited
TORONTO.

Office and Yard
FRONT ST. NEAR BATHURST
Telephone No. 449

ESTABLISHED 1856

Office and Yard
PRINCESS STREET DOCK
Telephone No. 199

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL AND WOOD

Phone Main 131
Head Office: 38 King St. East

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale

Their other brands, which are very fine, are:

INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.

The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

THE LITTLE ONE'S NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleece, The wind had scratched her dimpled knees;

I stooped and lifted her with ease, And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid; I can't find you without it."

"My name is Shinee-eyes," she said, "Yes, but your last." She shook her head.

"Up to my house 'ey never said A single thing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"

"Why, didn't you hear me told you? Dust Shinee-eyes." A bright thought came;

"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame You, little one—it's just the same When mamma has to scold you?"

"But mamma never scolds," she means, A little blush ensuing,

"Cepting when I've been a-frowing stones, And then she says," the culprit owns, "Mehitable Sapphira Jones, What has you been a-doing?"

—Western School Journal.

If you are

..Renting

or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in

New Ontario

For particulars write to

HON. E. J. DAVIS,
Commissioner of Crown Lands,
Toronto, Ont.

Empress Hotel

Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO

—Terms: \$1.50 per day—
Special Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes.

RICHARD DISBETTE - PROPRIETOR

Every Mother

is called upon to cure
Cuts—Sprains—Bruises.

Painkiller

does it rapidly. Nothing like it for children. A few drops in hot sweetened water cures

Cramps—Colic and Summer Complaint.

There's only one Painkiller, PERRY DAVIS.

JAS. J. O'HEARN

House and Sign Painting

Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging e.o., etc.

SOLICITS A TRIAL

OFFICES
161 QUEEN ST. WEST
Opposite Osceola Hall
Telephone Main

RESIDENCE
3 D'ARCY
Telephone Main 956

Children's Corner

PIERRE, THE IMAGE BOY.

Was it a shadow, or a woman standing on the bridge? Under the bridge the river ran, repulsive and black with the filth of the town; yet the woman, for it was the poor wretched shadow of a woman, stretched out her arms to it, longingly almost. Pity her, pity her, oh, you good people! She is no outcast from whom your righteousness need turn; the victim of misery, not sin. Such fault as there has been, do not stop to ask her if it was her own, only pity her now for her utter misery and wretchedness. Yes, the fault, whatever it was, it was her own. Years before she had been a happy girl, singing in the fields and amongst the vines of beautiful Brittany; then, still almost a child, was a wife, a mother and—scarcely more than a year for the whole story—a widow.

Poor Marie! when her young husband died she went back into the vineyards to work again, for there was the baby, too, to work for, and old Jean Cabot, the image maker, took care of him for her during the day, and in return Marie cleaned up the house, and cooked the supper, when there was anything to cook, for Jean at night. And then the winter came and there was no more work for Marie in the fields and vineyards, and her hands were too rough for sewing, but she did what work she could for such as could give her a sopper of a meal, and her neighbors helped when they could, and Jean was good to her, but it was a hard winter, and so long.

Then it was summer again at last, and Marie worked again in the fields and the vineyards, and sang like a bird at her work, with the joy of living. And Pierre was a twelvemonth old, and began to toddle and say "Mammie," and sometimes she would take him into the fields with her and sit him down near her whilst she worked, and then she sang more blithely than ever. Sometimes the other women and the harvest-men would stop in their work to listen to her, and would ask each other if they ever heard the like.

Then there came to the Breton village a stranger, a musician, taking his summer holiday, and he would come and lean over the gate or lie among the hay smoking his cigar lazily, and always he would be near where Marie was, listening to her as she sang. And he thought it was a shame to waste such a voice down in a little Breton village and in the open fields, when there were many people in Paris who would rejoice to listen to it in crowded halls, and would pay

their francs to her employers, and shower their flowers on the singer. So the scheme grew and grew in the stranger's head, and he thought of the money he might make, and at the same time the benefactor he would be to Marie.

If it were not for the child! He smoked his cigar and looked discontentedly at the little Pierre, as he dragged himself on to his feet by his mother's skirts; and sometimes when the day's work was over and the mother picked up her little one in her arms and carried him home, he would follow near enough to catch the soft lullaby with which she soothed him to sleep.

But why do I make so long a story? Winter approached, poverty pressed, a man of the world persuaded with visions of wealth and pleasure, she would be sent to Italy and there taught to sing; such a voice as hers the world had a right to; then she would return to Paris, take the world by storm; wealth would shower upon her, and she could then send for little Pierre and make him happy with her wealth; but she must not tell Jean Cabot. Jean would want her to take the child, and that would put a stop to everything, but if she left him Jean would be sure to look after him.

So one day, when Pierre sat up in his little bed and rubbed his eyes, no mother was there to smile at him or sing to him; and old Jean sighed and shook his head when he asked for her, and stroked his hair as he fell asleep crying for her; and Ceoal was very good to him, and when Pierre was about three years old they came to Paris, for Jean thought that he might sell his images better there, and there were two mouths to fill out of his earnings instead of one. And when he grew old enough Pierre took the images out in a big basket to sell them for Jean, when Jean was too infirm to get about much himself.

Monsieur Lemoine sent Marie to Florence to be trained in the best musical schools of that home of song. Her masters sent glowing accounts of their pupil's progress, and once in three months Monsieur went over to hear her, and returned to Paris more and more assured of success. At the end of two years he made arrangements for her debut. Paris flamed with announcements of the wonderful songstress whose magnificent voice was vouched for by the great musician, Monsieur Lemoine. Then about a fortnight before the date fixed for her appearance Monsieur Lemoine received a telegram begging him to hasten at once to Florence, for it was feared Mlle. Marie Dree was dying and she called perpetually for Pierre. If Monsieur knew who Pierre was, would he let him know. When Monsieur Lemoine reached Florence he found poor Marie almost as death's door. He was frantic, for

the failure of his speculation and summoned the best medical advice.

It was a severe case of pneumonia, and the doctors said the patient was fretting her only chance of life away—had she some secret trouble? Did Monsieur know, and could it be removed? Perfect calm was necessary. Who was Pierre, for whom she moaned continually in her half delirium? "Pierre, Pierre!" they could hear her voice in the room above, and even Monsieur Lemoine's heart was touched, through its callous selfishness, with something like remorse for having separated the mother from her child. He took a long night journey into Brittany, and would have brought the little one back with him, but Jean Cabot had left the place, and no one could tell him of his whereabouts.

On his return he learnt that Marie had taken a change for the better and the doctor now gave him every hope of her recovery, but they told him gravely, her voice was entirely gone, she would never again speak above a whisper.

Monsieur sat for a while like one stunned, then he rushed to the chamber where Marie lay weak and ill; he would ascertain with his own ears if this were true; if it were he was a ruined man; he had staked all on her education and gambled on his certainty of her success—if she failed now!

He came to her side and called on her to speak to him, and when in an eager whisper, but only a whisper, she asked for Pierre (for she had been told of his errand, and her life had seemed to come back to her from that moment) he answered her not a word but went out from the house like a man stricken, and Marie was left in a strange land alone.

When she recovered and found that her voice was gone forever, poor Marie bowed her head and said her punishment was just, but she would return to Brittany and find her little Pierre, and no work she could do with her hands, no privation she could undergo, should be able to separate her from her little one if God would restore him to her. So she worked her way stage by stage, doing such work as she could get on the road till she came to her old village; she peeped in at the window of Jean's cottage, and saw it full of little ones three or four and a wee mite such as Pierre had been when she left him, but no Jean, and no Pierre. "Oh, God! not dead, not dead!" she said, and held her breath for fear, as she knocked timidly at the door.

The woman who answered her knock could tell her nothing but that the neighbors said Jean Cabot had gone to Paris six months, and that was all that Marie could learn, and her heart grew heavy within her she thought, "God has taken him out of my reach." Nay, that was not really so; it was Marie herself who

had put him out of her reach, but she thought grew stronger and stronger as she sought and sought vainly for him in the streets of big Paris, whither she had begged her way, and at last when she had looked for him day after day and month and after month till a year had gone, it bred a kind of despair in her heart, as she thought, "God is not satisfied with my repentance, since He does not give my darling back to me."

Then she grew sullen and said she would pray no more; she ceased to go to the different churches even on Sunday; as she had done at first in the hope of meeting him there, and so she missed the most likely place of finding him. At first she had had plenty of needlework; her hands were soft enough now for sewing, poor Marie, but as she lost the hope of finding Pierre and nursed the sullen thought of God's anger, she grew indifferent, and her work was badly executed and unpunctual. Poverty and misery came on apace, and at last I think she would have feared to meet Pierre more than she longed to do so—and it was six long, weary years since she had left him. Oh, pity her, pity her! She stood on the bridge and looked down into the Seine and rested her arms on the parapet; then she rested her head on them and looked up at the stars.

"If one, only one really cared," she had whispered. "Ah! and if I dared—I I dared. Take back the life Thou hast given; 'tis the one only gift I possess now, and Thou gavest me so many, and I—some I have thrown away, some have been stolen from me; shall I throw this last, too, this last thing called life—life! yes, I am alive, a living thing, that is what I am. What is that it says: 'Every living thing, praise thou the Lord!'"

"If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; 'If I descend into hell, Thou art there.' 'Hell, yes, I suppose that is where I should go.' The thought scarcely conveyed more misery to her mind than she was enduring already. Her mind wandered on and repeated half mechanically the old remembered fragments.

"Who shall confess to thee in hell? Confess, confess, yes; I might confess, but how can I? It is so long ago." Then her thoughts wandered into Brittany; how beautiful the meadows were and the grape vines, and the stiff standing corn; and the flow of the murky river beneath her was changed into the purring of the village brook, and thought and memory merged into a dream, a dream in which she was a happy young mother again, and sang Pierre to sleep in her arms; then a dream awoke again to reality, such a dream reality, and she had slipped down to the pavement, and the river ran beneath her, and—what was it she held in her hands? With a cry she let it fall to the ground; then lifted it and raised it to her lips—it was a crucifix.

As her lips touched it in an involuntary act of reparation, she shivered and would fain have rid herself of it. If it could have been put out of sight, she might have even yet taken the fatal leap. Should she leave it on the bridge? Some one might come along and stamp on it. She placed it hastily under her shawl; she must take care of it until she could put it in a place of safety.

Once more she looked towards the river, and in one of the niches close to where her head had been resting she saw bread. Eagerly her hand was stretched out for it. She was too eager to satisfy her hunger to wonder how the bread came there, or the crucifix; but little Pierre's angel knew.

Ah! the good God reads many stories in the world more beautiful, more sad and wonderful than any that are written for our eyes to read; we could not read them, for our eyes would be full of tears blotting out all the page, for we could not see all the past and the present and the future all at one glance; we are not as He is, with whom "the past is always present and the future not progressive;" we should not see all the "sorrows turned into joy." But God lets us know at least some parts of the beautiful stories of the earth, though there are perhaps even deeper recesses of love and devotion in these poor hearts of ours which even the bright angels of heaven do not penetrate, and perhaps God wills that only the Human Heart of Jesus, and the heart that reflects His own, shall know these depths.

So perhaps the angels who looked down at the little Pierre, kneeling there close beside the screen that parted the chapel of Le Sacre Coeur from the high altar, did not quite know all the thoughts that were in his baby heart, as he bowed his head for the benediction.

"Adoremus in aeternum, adoremus in aeternum" (Let us adore forever) sang the choir-lingeringly. "Adoremus in aeternum!" breathed the incense faintly. "Adoremus in aeternum!" responded the child's heart, exultingly, in language of his own.

It seemed as if Pierre was both to leave the church that night; tears rose unbidden in the child's eyes, as he whispered once again his oft-repeated prayer, "God bless my poor pretty little mother and send her home to me."

Old Jean Cabot always called her his pretty little mother, and so Pierre did so too. He did not know why Jean called her so, nor why he sighed when he spoke of her.

Then Pierre began to think of that poor woman he had seen on the bridge

in the morning, and he wondered if she had eaten the bread and if the crucifix had comforted her.

And then his eyes chanced to light upon a very ugly corbel that held up the chancel roof; it was so very ugly that it reminded him of Jean, and no doubt it was as good as it was ugly, just like Jean was. And when he thought of Jean he remembered that he would be waiting for his supper, so he said one more little prayer, and when he walked down the aisle the tears were all gone out of his eyes.

"God bless thee, little one!" Oh, there is no one who would be saying it to poor little Pierre! No one! Then perhaps it was Our Lady whispered it as he passed her image in the porch, or perhaps it was that woman stealing into the church as he passed out of it, and who shivered and drew her shawl closer round her as he splashed her with the holy water.

A little later, coming down the aisle, Pere Joseph almost stumbled over a figure kneeling, or rather crouching, by the Pieta, just outside the chapel of Le Sacre-Coeur. A pair of despairing eyes were raised towards him in piteous appeal, as Marie held the little crucifix, which she had carried about all day, towards him.

"Take it, please take it," she whispered. It is a long way to travel, all the way from despair to hope, but Pere Joseph was a faithful guide, and before he left the church one more sorrowful soul had heard repeated over her the words of the sinless One: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Go in peace! And before she left the church he had led her to where, above the dead Christ of the Pieta, there hung a picture of the Resurrection, a picture so beautiful that men came from all parts of the world to see it.

In the daylight there could be seen the figures of soldiers in the background, and in the distance Mary Magdalen and the other holy women coming with sweet spices that they might anoint the Lord. But the aisle was very dim, and when Marie looked at it, the white-robed figure of the risen Christ shone out alone—almost like a vision. And having received anew the eternal hope, the earthly hope was springing again in Marie's heart; yet it should be as God willed, always as He willed.

Pere Joseph put Marie in the way of work; not much, but still enough, and her needs were few. And this time there was no lack of diligence to keep it, for she had found Pierre, though as yet she had not had the courage to claim him; she had known him from the first Sunday when he and Jean came to church together, but she was afraid of Jean, afraid even of Pierre. Ah, if she had only known how he loved her! And so the long, dreary winter wore on, and Marie stitched and stitched and scarcely allowed herself enough food to keep body and soul together; saving her money for little Pierre and yearning, as only a mother's heart can yearn, to clasp her boy in her arms.

In the mornings Pierre would leave his basket of images in the porch whilst he heard Mass, and at first Marie would watch him from a distant corner half hidden by a pillar, forgetting that he would not know her, but by and by she chose a seat next him on week days when Jean was not there, and sometimes in passing his hand would touch hers.

Then all day Pierre would tramp the streets with his images, and to Pierre life was one long meditation, thinking of the dear Lord they reminded him of; how could he ever forget Him whilst Jesus ever pointed to His wounded Heart, and Mary ever held the Divine Babe in her arms? And sometimes Marie met him, and once or twice he smiled at her as she passed.

Then came a time of great anxiety to poor Marie, when, day after day, she looked for Pierre and he did not come; love urged her to go in search of him; fear held her back. The days grew to a week, and when Sunday came and brought with it neither Pierre nor Jean, Marie ran to the little street where they lived, and whither she had once followed Pierre that she might know, and trembling she mounted the common stair which led to Jean's garret. She knelt down in the dark corner beside the door, and if she prayed it was a wordless prayer, her heart was so full.

Presently the door opened and Pere Joseph came out; he did not speak to Marie, but passed along quickly, and Marie bowed her head in silence till he was out of sight.

"Adoremus in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum."

When courage came to her she pushed open the door and looked. Jean sat by the fire half-dazed with sorrow and weariness. On his little bed by the window Pierre looked as though his soul might be in heaven already; so beautiful the child looked that his mother's cry of anguish was hushed upon her lips, and she sank softly on her knees beside him.

"Pierre, my own little one!" she said, softly. The child opened his arms to her. "Mother," with a sigh of content as he nestled against her breast; "Mother," with joy unutterable as he fell asleep in her arms; and as she slept the angel of death came; but when they would have taken him from his mother's arms, they were powerless to unclasp their tender clinging; and together Pierre and his mother stood before the judgment seat of God.—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1851 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592. Phone: Residence Main 2075.

Established 1824 The MANCHESTER FIRE Assurance Co. Head Office—MANCHESTER, ENGL. H. S. MALLETT, Manager and Secretary Assets over \$13,000,000

THE York County Loan and Savings Company Plans suitable for those desiring to own their home instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free. Head Office—Confederation Life Building, Toronto. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Pres.

National Assurance Company, of Ireland Established 1822. HEAD OFFICE—3 College Green, Dublin, Canada Branch—St. John St., Montreal. CAPITAL \$1,000,000 INCOME (exceeds) 250,000 INVESTED FUNDS (exceeds) 500,000

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION 59 YONGE STREET, TORONTO REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT

This Department has been organized under an experienced officer to furnish Property Owners, Solicitors, Executors and Liquidators with a trustworthy and efficient agent for the management and sale of their Real Estate, the Collection of Taxes, Insurance Premiums, etc. Correspondence and interviews are invited. J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO Incorporated 1889.

Our Annual Report for 1901 shows as result of the year's operations the following Substantial Increase in the important items shown below: Gross Assets.....\$769,918 75 An increase of Premium Income...\$139,282 45 \$24,173 43 Interest Income... 19,721 61 5,890 27 Net Assets..... 477,302 89 74,869 11 Reserve..... 399,229 53 74,869 04 Increase in force 4,439,756 50 422,734 31 WANTED—General District and Local Agents EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID PARKER, Secretaries.

Legal ANGLIN & MALLON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Offices: Lead Security Chambers, S. W. cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. F. A. ANGLIN, K.C. JAC. W. MALLON, LL.B. Telephone Main 1906.

FOY & KELLY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Offices: Home Savings & Loan Company Building, 59 Church Street, Toronto. J. J. FOY, K.C. H. T. KELLY, Esq. Telephone Main 700.

HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Offices in Admiralty, Toronto; Canada Square Building, 48 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Telephone Main 1069. T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence: 238 Simcoe Street, Toronto. EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence: 21 Grange Avenue, Toronto. Phone 1008.

LATCHFORD, McDUGGALL & DALRYMPLE BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford, K.C., J. Lorn McDougall, Edward J. Dalrymple.

LEE & O'DONOGHUE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Land Security Chambers, 14 Victoria St., Toronto. Ont. Office—Baton, Ont. Phone, Main 1288. Residence Phone, Main 0200. W. T. J. LEE, B.C.L., JAMES G. O'DONOGHUE, LL.B.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Offices in Admiralty, Toronto; 77 and 99 Canada Square Building, 46 King St. West, Toronto. L. V. McBRADY, K.C. T. J. W. O'CONNOR, Esq. Telephone Main 3282.

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents. CARLETON CHAMBERS, OTTAWA, ONT. Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C., L.L.D., D'Arcy Scott, D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Canada.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES, ARCHITECT. 170 Spadina Ave. Telephone Main 2368. TORONTO.

ROOFING. FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—glass and gravel roofing; established forty years. 153 Bay Street; telephone main 28.

BERNARD CAIRNS, Leader in RUBBER STAMPS, SEALS, ETC. 10 King St. W., Toronto. Awarded Diploma Toronto Exp. 1902.

E. McCORMACK, MERCHANT TAILOR. 91 JORDAN ST. DOOR SOUTH OF KING. TORONTO.

MONUMENTS. First cost and best design at lowest prices. We are the largest manufacturers in the Dominion. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1149 & 1151 YONGE ST. (Toronto) Telephone North 1260. TORONTO.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 319 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1400

F. ROSAR, Undertaker. 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1082.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD, UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER. Telephone Main 679 385 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

CARE EXPERIENCE PAINTS. TRADE MARKS DESIGN CO. PATENTS. Aromatic smelling and disinfecting may be applied to any surface. Free literature and literature is probably procurable. Consultation, terms strictly confidential. London & Co. receive special notice, 1/20th of price, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, 50¢ per year in advance. 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1500, 2000, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7000, 8000, 9000, 10000, 15000, 20000, 30000, 40000, 50000, 60000, 70000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 150000, 200000, 300000, 400000, 500000, 600000, 700000, 800000, 900000, 1000000. LONDON & CO. 301 Broadway, New York.

Dropsical Swellings Backache, deposits in the urine, pain, smarting and scalding when urinating, loss of flesh, rheumatic pains and headache are symptoms of Kidney Disease When the swelling takes place about the heart death usually comes suddenly and unexpectedly in the form of Heart Failure or Apoplexy.



The kidneys when in health filter from the blood the urea, which is in reality poisonous waste matter. When the kidneys are weak and deranged the urea remains in the blood and causes it to become watery and deficient in nutritive quality. Dropsical swellings are the result. At times the ill-effects are felt about the heart and death comes suddenly in the form of heart disease or apoplexy. With others the legs swell until they become of unwieldy proportions and require to be bandaged. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prevent and cure dropsical swellings and all the dreadful symptoms of kidney disease. They cure thoroughly by striking directly at the root of the trouble and setting the kidneys right. Mr. James Treman, 536 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., states:—'Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became dropsical, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box, and continued the use of this valuable medicine until now I can say for a certainty that I am entirely cured. I never took any medicine that did me so much good, and an army convinced that if it had not been for this medicine I would not be working to-day.'

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Are wonderfully successful in curing all diseases which arise from uric acid in the blood. They act directly on the kidneys and liver, invigorate these filtering organs to health and activity and insure their perfect working. In thousands of homes in Canada and the United States they are kept constantly on hand as a preventative and cure for kidney and liver derangements, Bright's disease, dropsy, biliousness, stomach troubles and constipation. There is no medicine that is so prompt and thorough in removing backache, bodily pains and all the distressing accompaniments of kidney disease as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose—25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. MAKE THIS TEST Allow some urine to stand for twenty-four hours in a glass or bottle. If at the end of that time it becomes cloudy or smoky, or if a sediment like brick dust forms in the bottom of the vessel you can be certain that the kidneys are deranged and diseased.

