

The HOME CIRCLE

DON'T GIVE UP. (By Phoebe Cary.) If you've tried and have not won, Never stop for crying...

Though young birds, in flying, fall, Still their wings grow stronger; And the next time they can keep Up a little longer.

Who the sturdy oak has known Many a blast that bowed her, She has risen again and grown Lottier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat, Who the more will prize you? Gaining victory from defeat, That's the test that tries you.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S ADVICE TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Let the man in love beware. To be madly in love may mean not to be in love at all. It savors of passion, and there is no more cruel and cowardly traitor than passion.

When a man tells you he is in ecstatic love, he is not far from hysterics. All that is symptomatic of fever, under which a woman, not being normal, has no right to commit herself to a girl for life.

Man and woman are not in anything alike. Man, I do not say, is superior, nor do I say that woman is superior. But I say man is the mind and woman is the heart.

To the husband I would say, be dear and sweet and thoughtful to your wife. Bear with her. Never attempt to check the flowing tide of her talk.

When you buy tea it is just as easy to get the best as to get the next best. The best housekeeper cannot make a good cup of tea with tea of a poor quality, but anyone by using "Salada" Tea can make a delicious and healthful drink.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

Most parents are inclined to urge their boys into professions, law or medicine. Now, there is no man on earth who has more respect for law and medicine than the writer, hence what he says here is not intended to reflect on either of those high and honorable professions.

Both are overdone—flooded to overflowing. Besides, a large part of those now in the practice of law and medicine aren't making their salt. Far better off would the bulk of them be, particularly those who were not "born" to be lawyers or doctors, in mines or mills, in forests or on farms.

NO "GETTING OVER."

People talk of "getting over" a great sorrow—overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief.

A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

A train was just starting to leave a suburban station, says The New York Tribune, when an elderly man rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving cars.

do the world more good in the end, by remaining the full term. What do I advocate then?

What kind of an engineering course would I recommend? That is hard to say. Not a mine on earth that is worth working or ever will be worth working is going to get away from the mining engineer.

Besides, the chemical engineer will be wanted in the pulp mills. Not a farm will be run in the years ahead of us unassisted by the engineer.

In making a selection the best way to go to work is first to find out from those who know the boy best, usually from the boy himself, what he is best fitted for, and then get him to concentrate on that.

ARE MANNERS OUT OF DATE?

It is a common saying that manners in the old-fashioned sense, are out of date. Courtesy is a "back number," a fit accompaniment for fancy dress, in keeping with powder and patches.

The man who has been brought up among women who neither expect courtesy nor resent the absence of it will soon drop the surface of politeness which he felt obliged to assume during his courtship.

UPLIFTING THOUGHTS.

We would be appalled if we could see pass before us in vivid panorama the wrecks caused in a lifetime by cruel thought. A stab here, a thrust there, a malicious sarcasm, bitter irony, ungenerous criticism, a jealous, envious or revengeful thought, hatred and anger, are all going out constantly from many a mind on deadly missions.

Servants have actually been made dishonest by other persons perpetually holding the suspicion that they were dishonest to the suspected perhaps for the first time, and being constantly held takes root and grows and bears the fruit of theft.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.—One full cup of dry bread crumbs, buttered crumbs if convenient, one and one-half cups of milk or water, one-third cup of sugar, one-half salt-pon of salt, two tablespoons of cocoa, or grated chocolate, and one egg beaten light (or a half will do).

RULES FOR EATING.

Dr. Horace Fletcher's four rules for eating: Do not eat until a plain piece of bread or a dry cracker tastes good. Chew all solid food until it is liquid and almost or quite swallows itself.

THE NORTHERN CROWN BANK Head Office WINNIPEG, Man. Authorized Capital \$6,000,000.00 BRANCHES IN TORONTO: 34 King Street West, 472 Spadina Ave. Cor. of Agnes and Chestnut Sts. Interest paid on Savings Deposits 4 times a year.

the brakeman, "but it is better to wait that length of time than to be killed." The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the last car appeared.

FEEDING THE SOUL.

The Chinese have a saying: "If you have two loaves of bread sell one and buy a lily." It is not the body alone that needs to be fed. Mind, heart and soul grow hungry, and many a time they are famishing when the larder is full.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial.

Claims Lovat's Title (Central Catholic.)

John Fraser, claimant to the Lovat estates in Scotland, is camping on the outskirts of Winnipeg, preparing soon to return to England and fight his claim before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords.

According to the story told by the Winnipeg claimant, a banquet was held at the house of one of the tenants of the Lovat estate at Christmas, 1888. Two sons of Hugh, ninth Lord Lovat, were invited to the banquet and spent the evening dancing.

That Alex. was alive at the time of the death of his father is indicated by a certificate purporting to show that he married Elizabeth Edwards, the daughter of a Cardigan gentleman, some years after the death of his father.

Blue Ribbon Tea To MRS. ST. TOWN

A FEW GOOD RECIPES.

Baked Bananas.—The skin contains considerable pectine, which is well to have, so one may clean the fruit and only strip off one-third of the skin of each banana and with a spoon loosen the remainder from the fruit.

An Attractive Salad.—An attractive salad is made by using as many lemons as desired. Wash, then cut in halves and scoop out the pulp. Remove the tough inner-skin and seeds, and to the rest add one box of boneless sardines minced fine, a spoonful of French mustard, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped, a dash of tabasco sauce, and a little mayonnaise.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.—One full cup of dry bread crumbs, buttered crumbs if convenient, one and one-half cups of milk or water, one-third cup of sugar, one-half salt-pon of salt, two tablespoons of cocoa, or grated chocolate, and one egg beaten light (or a half will do).

Popovers.—Beat two eggs without separating, add half a pint of milk and gradually beat the eggs and milk into a pint of flour.

Never eat while you are worried or angry; only when you are calm. Waiting for a calm mood will bring good appetite, without it there is poor digestion.

ther, in 1738. Two years later John Fraser, great-great-grandfather of the present claimant, was born.

John Fraser, the present claimant, came to Canada about two years ago. Until recently he was employed as a collector for a Winnipeg publishing house.

Plea for Catholic Press

How thoroughly the Bishops of Italy are awake to-day to the necessity of a sound Catholic press may be learned in a striking manner from a collective letter of the episcopate of Lombardy which has just been published.

"But it is not enough to be on our guard against the wicked and dangerous press, we must also do everything in our power to promote the success of the good press, so that it may not happen that while the enemy is wielding with such skill the weapon of the press, preparing ruin for faith and morals, the same weapon of the press should remain unused in the hands of the good.

"It is imperative, therefore, that we should oppose press to press if we are to prevent the spread of impious teachings among the people. To-morrow it may be too late. Everything points to a great battle in the near future in the social and religious field, and the principal arms employed in it will be the arms of the press.

"Let everything be done, therefore, to help the Catholic press. We earnestly recommend the clergy to give the utmost possible circulation to the Catholic press, daily or weekly. It will be of great assistance also to establish popular libraries and reading circles, always, however, using the precautions necessary to remove the danger of presenting to the people, and especially to youth, a literary food that is not quite sound."

Legal JOHN T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO. Telephone Main 636.

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Legal UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, M. L. ESTEN ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto. Telephone Main 1336.

Architects D. C. MAYHUE CARPENTER AND BUILDER Jobbing and repair work solicited. Plans and estimates furnished. 237 Victoria Street.

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For Calendar and particulars address Rev. WM. J. MURPHY, O.M.I., Rector.

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MEMORIAL WINDOWS SUITABLE DESIGNS AND SUBJECTS For Church Decorations Submitted LUXFER PRISM CO., Ltd. KING STREET WEST, TORONTO Roofing

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The Children's Page

TABLE MANNERS. The bluejay is a greedy bird; I often watch him eat; When crumbs are scattered from out-door, he snatches all the treat, He drives the smaller birds away, his manners are so rude, It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble down his food, And sometimes when I'm not polite, I hear my mother say: "Why, now, I see a little boy who's eating bluejay way!"

ESTHER'S WAY. Everyone was full of sympathy for the Fuller twins when their mother was taken ill. The door-bell rang so often that either Janey or Bess had to be on duty most of the time to answer it, and give the latest report from the sick room.

Claribel Hughes was especially sorry for Janey and Bess, who were two of her most intimate friends. "They're so worried, poor dears!" she told herself. "I'm going in as often as I can and cheer them up."

Some of Claribel's friends were enthusiastic over her devotion to the Fuller girls. "She's been there nearly every day," they said. "Wasn't it sweet of her! It must have done them so much good. Claribel is so bright and full of fun."

JEAN'S ALGEBRA. Jean unstrapped her books and took pad and pencils from the closet. "I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall," she said, laughing across at her father's old friend, who was spending two days with him, "but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done."

Then the letter came from Mr. Marshall, with the wonderful offer of a well-paid position for Jean. "Jean!" Corrine cried, "why she's the youngest!"

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

THE HIDDEN PLAYTHINGS. "What are you children doing?" asked mamma in surprise as she saw Ned and Florence packing away their playthings in an old trunk in the woodhouse. "You know, Fred," and Helen will be here to-day and you will want all your things."

"Oh! Corn cobs! Goods!" screamed Helen next morning, when they went with Aunt Rose to feed the chickens. "Our kindergarten teacher showed us how to make the loveliest cob houses you ever saw when we were in the country once before. Do you remember how, Fred? I wish I could take a whole trunkful home with me."

"Course I remember," said Fred, erecting a wonderful house out of the clean red and white cobs. "Now if we could make a field with sheep and cows in it."

"Isn't it lovely to have such nice playthings?" said Fred, when they had to leave the village and go in to dinner. "I wish I could have little boats and things, but there is no room in our flat."

"I wish we could have some like them," said Helen, hugging Polly. "I'm going to make a dolly just exactly like this one anyway."

Rumblety, bumpy! bump! clattered the emigrant-wagon. "Moo-oo! moo-oo! moo-oo!" bawled the brindle cow from where she was tied behind.

"Yi! yi! yi!" said the owners of the house, Bobbie B— climbed down from the wagon, and straightway with a whisk the papas and mamas and children of this funny little family were indoors and out of sight.

Then Uncle Phil started up the



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations. Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 2 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead.
(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).
(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.
(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

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

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On The Fast Steamer "TURBINIA" 2 Hours to Hamilton. Leave Bay Street Wharf daily except (Saturday and Sunday) 11 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Moonlight Excursion Every Friday. Leave Toronto 5.30 p.m. Returning 10 p.m. Fare 35c. Saturday—Leave Toronto 7.45 a.m. and 2 p.m. Single Fare 35c. Return 50c. 10 Trip Tickets \$2.00. No Restriction. Phone Main 575 for Excursion Rates.

G. P. MACCONNELL, Agent Toronto. G. A. GODDEARLE, Gen'l Mgr. Hamilton.

A MANLY BOY. A New York reporter saw a fat man sitting asleep in a doorway in Whitehall street. About his neck some one had strung a placard on which was printed in big letters, "This fat to let." Most of the passers-by seemed to think the sight very funny.

A bright-faced boy about eleven years old came trotting down the street, evidently bound for some of the ferris. He was whistling merrily. He carried two schoolbooks under his left arm. When he got opposite the sleeping man and noticed the placard, the happiness vanished from his face. He looked indignant. He ran up to the man, put down his books, grabbed the sign with both hands and tore it from the man's neck.

SUFFERED FROM HEART and NERVE TROUBLES FOR the LAST TEN YEARS. If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.

Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers."

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The sudden pressure of the cord on the man's neck widened him instantly. He saw friendliness in the eyes of the boy, and smiled at him in a maddish way. Then he got up. His hat fell off, and the little boy picked it up and handed it to him. The man walked out on the sidewalk, with the nickel contributed by the benevolent Hebrew in a crease of his trousers leg. The nickel finally fell out. The boy picked it up and handed it to the man, who smiled again and took off his hat and bowed with ludicrous grace to the little fellow. The line of spectators on the sidewalk melted away with grave countenances. One passer was heard to say: "I wish I had a boy like that."

A TRUE STORY OF BRUCE. Esther was cross. She had the toothache, but mother thought it did not ache very much. The truth was that the little girl was considering Aunt Ann's last remarks, and they did not make her happy. "Seven dolls!" that critical individual had ejaculated. "I do think you pamper that child, Marion. Why, the girl who lives next door to me hasn't even one doll, and she doesn't get the sulks, either."

Esther did get the sulks. She knew it, and mother knew it; but somehow they both hated to be reminded of the unpleasant truth. Aunt Lou saw and heard the whole thing, but she did not say anything—not then. When Aunt Ann had fairly gone, she beckoned to the forlorn little figure. "Esther," she said, "do you want me to tell you another true story about Bruce?"

Another Irish Singer. Miss Eileen O'Brien, a young Australian soprano, left for Europe about the beginning of September, to place herself in the hands of Madame Marchesi, to whom she is recommended by Madame Melba and Madame Clara Butt, both of whom hold the opinion that the Melbourne soprano will attract an unusual amount of attention on the continent. At Eastertide Miss O'Brien appeared successfully in the "Elijah" production with Madame Clara Butt, and besides being well known on the concert platform, she has for some years filled the position of soloist in St. Francis' choir (Melbourne), a position she relinquished last month.

WON HER DOLLAR. Marjorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get I'll give you a dollar." Time went on, and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone Marjorie said, "Mamma, am I very ill?"

Bilioussness Gurdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

HE WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. The youth who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket. "Would it do any harm," he asked, "if I should offer him one of these?" "Not a bit," responded the attendant. "He would not touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks."

JOHN DEE House Painter and Decorator 709 Bathurst Street Phone Colgate 1710 ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT 115 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

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Transient advertisements 15 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.

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

TORONTO, SEPT. 24TH, 1908.

Take Notice

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

THE SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

On Monday last, the Feast of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, we were reminded of the part played by the mother in the sufferings of the humanity of her Divine Son.

For the most part, we view the Blessed Virgin as the centre of brightness radiating joy and happiness by means of her intercession and through the almost unlimited generosity of power placed in her hands by her Divine Son Himself. In May, her special month, we view her as Queen of the Angels and joy of the Saints, and for mankind the refuge and powerful resource in every grief and affliction. We see her, too, in Bethlehem surrounded by all the joys of her Divine Maternity, sharing in the homage of the little Child Who, though Man, is yet God, and as such receives the homage of both angels and men.

In Nazareth we see Mary as queen of the little home in which Joseph labors, at his bench, and the Child is the loved and loving object of her caresses and care. In these and similar situations our blessed Mother is surrounded by a joy that penetrates even to our thought, leaving no room for clouds or even a darkened atmosphere.

But in no earthly existence were the contrasts of life as strongly or as vividly present as in that of the Blessed Virgin, and in even her greatest joy there was an ever present and ever recognized sorrow.

To the contemplation of the most crucial passes in the griefs that came to our Blessed Lady, the Church devotes the Feast of the Seven Sorrows. The first of these we find at the presentation of the Divine Child in the Temple, when the old patriarch, Simeon, taking Him into his arms, prophesied, "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce"; the next great trial was the flight into Egypt, when forsaking all but Him, the Divine Child, Mary and Joseph fled from the wrath of Herod into a strange land. Again the Church gives us food for contemplation in the great sorrow and grief of Mary, when after losing her Son, her little twelve-year-old Boy, she searched for Him during three days, and at last her search was rewarded when she found Him amongst the doctors in the Temple. The great sorrows after this point to the near approach of earth's supremest moment,—the moment when a God is sacrificed by men for the sins of mankind. On His way to Calvary the cruelly suffering Saviour is met by His afflicted mother, and the poignancy of her grief is the subject of a fourth sorrow. Next we see Mary steadfast at the foot of the Cross, imbued with that fortitude which is the beautiful characteristic of all true mothers of which she is the first and greatest. The love which endures for the object of its love is the only love that counts, and the Blessed Virgin endured even until the last sigh escaped the lips of her dearly loved Son and the last drop of blood gushed forth from His Sacred Side. The moment when the dead form of her crucified Son is placed in her arms gives us the next of our Lady's sorrows, and the last we find when she sees the loved form buried away

from sight, when the "tomb was closed and all was o'er." The glory of the Resurrection and the triumph over Death follow, but to contemplate the sorrowful is sometimes salutary and it is human to search for the brightness in all things, the Church wisely gives us one day in the year in which to think of and sympathize with Mary our Blessed Mother in her chiefest and greatest afflictions.

TORONTO'S ITALIANS AND THEIR CHURCH.

The interest aroused recently amongst the Italians of Toronto, in the matter of securing a church and resident priest from amongst their compatriots, continues unabated, and not for many years has anything occurred to stir their patriotism and rouse them to activity in the cause of religion as have the visit of Rev. Prof. Pisani and the ministrations of Rev. Carlo Doglio, who for the past few weeks has been ministering zealously amongst them. For more than twenty years the idea of a church has been in the minds of some, though it must be acknowledged that many showed no particular enthusiasm in the matter. Now, however, all have been stirred to zeal by the kindly interest of Archbishop McEvay, and by the efforts of Rev. Father Pisani, who coming from Italy and seeking how best to serve his countrymen sought for and obtained the co-operation of Rev. Carlo Doglio, late of Turin, and at present rector of St. Anthony's parish, Buffalo. In response to the invitation, Father Doglio has come weekly from Buffalo to celebrate Mass and in his discourse has displayed such erudition and practical knowledge of the Italian people, that his congregation are unanimous in the desire to possess him as their resident pastor. In addition to filling in every way the conditions of the ideal priest, Father Doglio is a competent organist and skilled musician, his splendid choir of one hundred voices being a most attractive feature of the Italian church in Buffalo.

With the interest evinced by His Grace the Archbishop and the efforts of Rev. Fathers Pisani and Doglio, together with the co-operation of the people, there is no doubt but that the long unrealized church will sometime in the near future become a reality. Doubtless, too, the edifice eventually will be such as will represent all that tradition and instinct suggest as befitting the beauty that should embellish a temple raised to the honor of the Most High, glorious samples of which are found so lavishly displayed all over the face of the land of Sunny Italy.

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

Professor Goldwin Smith has, it seems, just given a long and heavy letter on "Man and His Destiny" to the New York Sun, part of which was published in the Toronto World of Monday. Toronto's well known Professor, under the guise of "one of the many who doubt," plays the part of the iconoclast, tearing away all belief in the Scriptures, Old and New, and with it all belief in a Creator and in the world's Redeemer. The doctrine of immortality is swept out of existence to the entire satisfaction of the Professor, and he tells us, "the belief that man has an immortal soul inserted into a mortal body, from which, being, as Bishop Butler phrases it, "indiscernible," it is parted at death, has become untenable. We know that man is one, that all grows and develops together. Imagination cannot picture a disembodied soul. The spiritualist apparitions are always corporeal."

We have no intention of arguing with our learned fellow-citizen. We would simply say that his statement unsupported by proof, does not make a thing so and against his assertion we have the belief of at least three hundred million of the world's inhabitants that the doctrine that the soul is parted from the body at death is not only tenable, but likewise very real. We shall not attempt any proof of this; we adopt the same method as does the learned writer in his letter to the Sun. Professor Smith knows where to find proofs if he seeks them, and in case he may be in doubt he will find the Faith of these three hundred million distinctly defined and proven in the little book which may be got for a penny, and is called Butler's Catechism.

Having made chaos of all faith and hope, Professor Smith says, "Meanwhile the earth is beautiful; we have society with all its interests; we have friendships, love and marriage; we have beauty and art. We must trust that the power which will regulate the future reveals itself in these."

And this is what is given in place of the great virtues which have made martyrs and heroes, which have supported the poor and made the burdens of life bearable throughout the centuries. "The earth is beautiful." What comfort is this to the toiler in the mines, the factory or the field, who treads his narrow and never varying path and whose vision is too tired and whose range is too limited to see or recognize the beauty. "We have society with all its interests." Again we would say, what is either of these to the vast majority? Nothing but empty sound. The world

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everywhere has marriage, but not always love, and as for "beauty and art," their presence or absence is ever a matter upon which statements and opinions may differ, and to expect that authoritative power will reveal itself in such, is indeed a sorry anchor upon which to fasten our expectations for a happy solution of things now inexplicable. It is a sad retrospect, that of a long life given to study and search ending in such failure. But it is the old story, the finite trying to measure the infinite, and as of old, a voice comes out of a whirlwind and asks, "Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskillful words?" for in as much as the contentions of the writer to the New York Sun are ineffectual in providing any remedy for the ills of those who doubt, so we may term his words unskilled. There is nothing for it but that our learned Professor of whom Toronto is in many ways so justly proud, should come back to the point from which he started, to that childish faith which accepts the teachings of Christianity in their entirety, because for such, and such alone, is there any understanding and promise of that alluring field the "Kingdom of Heaven."

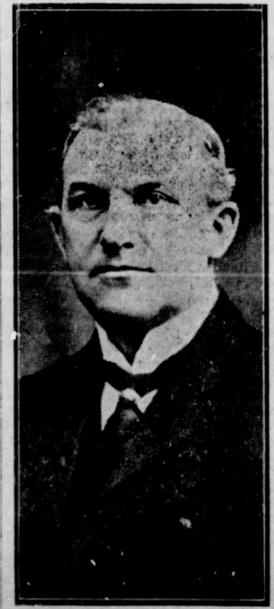
CANADIAN CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

The Conference of Charities and Corrections is always something that brings out a certain number amongst us interested in charitable and philanthropic work, and not those alone, but all who think seriously upon the economic conditions and questions of the day. On October the 21st and 22nd, the 9th annual meeting of the Association will be held in the Hall of the Education Department, St. James Square, Toronto, and all actively engaged or interested to any degree in the work of the public charities of the city or outside are invited through the printed notice of the Society to attend.

At these meetings in the past our St. Vincent de Paul and kindred organizations have been fairly represented. This year increased attendance and support are expected. Some of the subjects to be treated are the Care of Consumptives, Prison Reform, Our Jail System, Care of the Feeble Minded, Hospital Financing, Destitute Children, Cases of Poverty, Distribution of Relief and Care of Inebriates. A Question Drawer will also be a feature and those willing to take part in the discussions are invited to do so, and to inform the Secretary, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, 133 East Bloor street, Toronto, beforehand, as to the subject upon which one wishes to speak. To confer with others and to receive new ideas on such matters as will be discussed is often helpful, and those who can attend will be performing part of the work they take upon themselves in the interests of God's poor and the general public, when they attend the projected meetings in October.

HON. CHARLES MURPHY.

The retirement of Hon. R. W. Scott from the Secretaryship of State has raised to the Cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Charles Murphy, K.C., whose appointment has been verified and whose elevation is looked upon as being both deserved and popular.



The retiring Secretary, Hon. R. W. Scott, who had been a Cabinet Minister since the Liberals came into power in 1896, withdraws from the

public arena with a long and exemplary career to his credit and good wishes for his remaining days are abundant.

Hon. Charles Murphy, who is a prominent barrister of Ottawa, has already shown himself a man of brilliant parts and it is expected that his future career will reflect credit upon himself, and upon those whom he will represent in the councils of our country. The success of our Irish-Canadian co-religionists is always matter of congratulation for the Catholic Register and its readers, and our sincere greetings go to Hon. Charles Murphy in the honor that has now come to him.

A "DOMESTIC'S" PLEA.

We give space this week to a letter from "Domestic," called forth by mention in these columns of a proposed home for girls and young women, who for various reasons seek the city and find themselves homeless and often in danger from their unknown and untried surroundings. While our correspondent makes a fine plea for those whom she has in view, her letter to our mind is scarcely warranted by anything that so far appears as premises in the case. The scheme for a home is only mooted, the "grande-dames" who are to set the matter afloat in the eyes of our correspondent, are not yet a reality.

Meantime we fully sympathize with those whom we know have sometimes been treated as "beneath the dog who sits at his master's table," but at the same time we feel sure that anything launched under the auspices proposed in the case, will be such as to eliminate any objectionable feature, and that results will be, what they are intended to be, a blessing and comfort to many of the class in whose behalf the movement will be set afloat.

The Recent Eucharistic Congress

(Rev. George R. Northgraves.) The great Eucharistic Congress which has already been treated in these columns, was held, as announced, in the newly erected Cathedral of Westminster, and the main purpose of the assemblage was fully attained, which was to make manifest in the Metropolis of the British Empire, the sincerity of the Catholic belief in the presence of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.

It was our Lord Himself Who at His last supper, while celebrating the feast of the Passover, took bread in His sacred hands, and after blessing it, broke and gave to His Apostles, saying, "Eat ye all of this, for this is my body, which shall be broken for you," after which taking the cup or chalice containing wine, and blessing it likewise, he gave thereof to the same Apostles, saying, "Drink ye all of this, for this is My blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for you and for many for the remission of sins," by which it is signified that in the Holy Eucharist thus instituted, His same body which next day would be nailed to the cross in atonement for the sins of the world, in conjunction with His blood which should flow from His sacred wounds to the same intent, would be a continual sacrifice offered up to His and our Eternal Father, renewing that obligation which He was to make on the first Good Friday for the sins of all mankind, as it was foretold by the prophet that by His bruises we should be healed of the wounds inflicted on us by our sins.

This was further indicated by His command to His Apostles to do the same as He then did, that is to say that as under the appearances of bread and wine He instituted a continual sacrifice, differing not in substance, but only in manner from the sacrifice of the cross, they should be His ministers for the perpetuation of the Sacrifice He thus offered up and should fulfil the prophecy of God by the mouth of Malachia that no longer after the defilement of the Sacrifices of the Jewish priesthood be acceptable to God, but:

"From the rising of the Sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation, for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. i. 2.)

Herein lies the significance of Christ's words addressed to the Apostles at His last supper: "Do this for a commemoration of Me; for as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice of the Lord, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come." (St. Luke xxii. 19; I. Cor. xi. 26.)

From all this it will be seen that the intention of Archbishop Bourne of Westminster and the illustrious prelates who were associated with him in the holding of the Eucharistic Congress was, merely to fulfil the religious purpose of proclaiming their faith in the divine promises, when they proposed to hold a procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, a part of London in which the Catholic population greatly predominates. It

was because the great Cathedral was too small to accommodate this population at one ceremony that it was proposed to have the procession in which all the Catholics of that neighborhood might have an opportunity to participate in at least one great act of the Eucharistic Congress, without incommencing the Protestants, even to the extent of paralyzing traffic, as did the last two great Orange processions which were held in Toronto.

We have been told recently even from some Toronto pulpits, how grand is the British love of fair play, as it was exemplified even in the Pan-American Congress, which listened with equal equanimity to the pleadings of Lord Halifax, who seeks for the reunion of Anglicanism with Rome, and Lord William Cecil, who stretches forth his hands to the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and other sects in the hope that Anglicanism may unite with these to form throughout the world one great Protestant Church, which should be regarded as the one fold into which all who claim to be Christians should be gathered under one shepherd. But whatever may have been the demeanor of the grave and reverend signors who composed the Pan-Anglican assemblage, no such tolerant spirit was displayed by the general Protestant population of London when a Catholic religious celebration was proposed to be carried out in public. A meeting of Protestant Societies was called, at which no less than fifty-one Protestant organizations are said to have been represented, and these passed resolutions against the proposed demonstration, and called upon the Government to suppress it. To bear out their case, the protestors had to go back to penal times and drag forth from oblivion laws which had long ago fallen into disuse, and to claim that they should be put into operation at the present time of enlightenment and toleration.

It appears that when the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed in 1829, the law whereby it was prohibited for Catholic priests to appear in public with any ecclesiastical dress or symbols displayed, was left un repealed, as also was the law which forbade any British subject from becoming a Jesuit, severe penalties being imposed for disobedience to these enactments. The laws against the Jesuits long ago fell into disrepute, and have become obsolete through being disregarded; but that by which ecclesiastical garments were prohibited was renewed by proclamation many years ago during the reign of Queen Victoria. In spite of this, even now it was supposed that it had also fallen into desuetude, as it was regarded as a piece of useless tyranny. The Government evidently had no desire to enforce this law on the present occasion, but there was some fear that, excited by the resolutions passed by the branches of the Protestant Alliance, a mob might attack the proposed procession, and bloodshed, perhaps, result. Mr. Asquith, the Premier, therefore requested Archbishop Bourne to abandon the procession. He expressed regret, however, that his request should be a source of disappointment to many.

The Archbishop, in deference to the Premier's wish, eliminated all ecclesiastical ceremonial from the public procession, and announced that such ceremonial should be confined to the Cathedral, where the Papal Benediction would be given by Cardinal Vanutelli, the Pope's Legate. Thus the danger feared by the Government was avoided; nevertheless, there is a considerable amount of indignation expressed both by Catholics and Protestants, that the Government allowed itself to be intimidated by the threats of a mob, instead of offering adequate protection to the intending processions. Considering the disastrous consequences which might have followed a disturbance, we are ourselves of the opinion that the abandonment of the solemn procession was the most laudable course to be followed. But even the Liberal newspapers express disappointment at the course followed by the Government. Thus the general Liberal opinion seems to be the same as that expressed by the Radical Morning Leader, which said:

"It is impossible not to regret Mr. Asquith's action. Great Britain's tolerant spirit has lost an opportunity of enhancing its reputation."

While we are of opinion that for the present, under the peculiar circumstances, it was better to yield a point, we are convinced that the time must come soon when Catholics will and should assert strongly their rights as British subjects.

VERY REV. DR. A. McDONALD APPOINTED.

Very Rev. Dr. Alexander McDonald, Vicar-General of Antigonish, N.S., has been appointed to the bishopric of Victoria, B.C.

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making an islet of shadow in the splendid sweep of sunlit slopes. A breeze raised tiny waves which glistened in the light.

OTTAWA NOTES

(By our own Correspondent.) Rev. Father Vital, curate of La-moureux parish, near Quebec, is spending a month's vacation at the Capuchin Monastery, of which Order he is a member.

A pilgrimage to Oka was recently held under the direction of Rev. Father Kalen of Notre Dame de Lourdes parish, and Rev. Father Carriere of Holy Redeemer parish, Hull.

A service was held last Saturday evening in St. Joseph's church, at which the prayers of the congregation were offered for the blessing of God on the deliberations of the Oblate Order, at its chapter in Rome.

A biennial convention of the County Board Ancient Order of Hibernians, will be held in this city on October 4th, at which officers for the coming term will be elected and other business transacted.

In all the Catholic churches of the city, on Sunday, the Te Deum was sung in accordance with a circular recently issued by Archbishop Duhamel in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Pius X's ordination.

The annual opening ceremony of the academic year was celebrated recently in the Rideau Street Convent, when Archbishop Duhamel officiated at Mass. Special music was rendered by the pupils, who also sang the hymns throughout the ceremony.

The Good Shepherd Community of this city has sent five Sisters to Little Rock, Arkansas, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the community, and a home, similar to the one here, in that city.

COMMUNICATION

To the Catholic Register: "Ever fair Killarney" claims once more the attention of your correspondent. His last bit of description dealt with the famous Gap of Dunloe as it appears on an ideal summer day such as was that on which he passed through it.

The delighted climb and descent between towering mountains, with the music and gleam of a torrent as an accompaniment, was a fitting preparation for the glorious panorama of mountain stream, and lake, which our

party was presently to enjoy. Everything, however, in this world has its drawbacks, and the gap of Dunloe had the very unpleasant feature of a succession of beggars who lay in wait for the tourist at every turn. Your correspondent was assailed with glasses of goats' milk seasoned with "mountain dew" numerous enough to fill a large pail in return for which a silver coin of the realm of respectable size was expected.

Having run the gauntlet of beggars, the "Angelus" party at last reached the spot where boats are waiting to convey its members through the Lakes of Killarney. The begging fraternity are not yet able to take to the water, though the progress of aerial navigation may soon enable them to buzz round like mosquitoes.

The shout of "All aboard" is quickly responded to, and propelled by the strong and practised arms of the Killarney boatmen, our skills skim rapidly along the deep and winding river which will presently widen into lakes. At first there is not much more than room for the play of the oars.

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Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray—You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees.

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Letter of Pope Pius X.

To our Venerable Brother, Vincent Vannutelli, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Bishop of Palestina.

PIUS X., POPE.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction. Among the important Catholic Congresses which it is customary to hold yearly in honor of the most Blessed Eucharist, that which, as you are aware, has been called to assemble in London next September seems likely to be most noteworthy by reason of the number and dignity of those who will attend it, and because of the splendor and solemnity of its ceremonies.

That this is most pleasing to us will readily be understood by all who realize how necessary it is that the Divine Eucharist should be loved, worshipped and partaken of more and more among the Christian people. It is indeed from the Eucharist, as from its source, the spirit of the supernatural life is diffused over the whole Body of the Church.

Again we venerate the Eucharist, not only as the greatest of the sacraments, but as that which is truly the chief act of Divine worship and essential to religion; namely, a sacrifice. For it is indeed the sacrifice of the New Testament, proper to the Church of Christ, foreshadowed by the offerings of the Fathers of the old Law, notably by that of the High Priest Malchisedech, and clearly promised in the prophecy of Malchias. In the Eucharist that self-same sacrifice offered once upon the Cross is renewed, in a bloodless manner and uninterrupted, throughout the world.

It was properly decided to hold this Congress in the Capital of that Empire rightly famed for the liberty it extends to its citizens, and to whose authority and laws so many millions of Catholics render faithful and dutiful obedience. As on other occasions, we not only give our approval to this design, but we gladly take part in it.

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY of Padua

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

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church. I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope).

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

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

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"THE LOVE OF CHLORIS"

Legally they were both Elizabeth Wetherell, but to the large circle of their relatives they were Lizzie Wetherell and Lizzie's daughter, while to the girls of Ambrazon College they were Betty Wetherell of '0 and Betty's mother.

Lizzie Wetherell had pretty brown hair just touched with gray, and brown eyes that crinkled when she laughed. A tidy little body she had, usually clad in brown tailored suit, and plump, capable hands. She could keep a house with marvelous nicety. She could plan and make the daintiest gowns. She could tell the funniest of stories. For occupation she took three girl students to board in her cozy, old-fashioned house in Brownlow street. And with all her heart she admired her daughter Betty.

Betty Wetherell had pretty brown hair, just touched with red, and brown eyes that were grave and earnest. A simple young body she had, clad in pretty gowns of her mother's planning, and slim, restless hands. She could write themes that won commendation even from her English instructors. She could plan novels and plays that in time she meant to write. For occupation she was a student at Ambrazon College. And being a well-bred girl, she was tolerant of her mother, and rarely showed how frivolous she thought her mind and how trifling her pursuits.

The graduate student, who dug at Gothic roots in the third-story chamber of the house in Brownlow street, held that Betty's worst fault was youth. In time, no doubt, that would amend itself. But meanwhile it was not always a pleasure to watch Betty with her mother.

In her little girlhood Betty had thought that there was no one in the world so clever as her mother. She had liked to hear about the days when her mother had been young, and like her, had written stories and planned great works for the future, and had even begun to have things printed in the papers. Still, on her marriage she had laid aside all thought of a career.

But as Betty grew older and more critical, and found that her mother preferred Scott to Stevenson and Milton to Browning, and clung to Macaulay as a trustworthy historian, she began to feel that her mother, however worthy as a housekeeper, was sadly deficient as a scholar, and, no doubt, childish as a writer.

So more and more Betty told her aspirations and read her stories to her own little coterie of college friends, and less and less to her mother. And Lizzie Wetherell went on keeping her house spick and span, but she did not tell so many droll stories. And sometimes, when she had spoken, she glanced at clever Betty as if she almost expected to be snubbed for her frivolity.

At such times the graduate student longed to take Betty by the shoulders and bump that pretty, foolish little head of hers against the nearest wall.

Of course, feeling her mother's lack of true appreciation of her work and aims, Betty did not confide in her when she decided, at the beginning of her junior year, to compete for the five-hundred-dollar prize that Eversham's Magazine was offering for the best short story submitted before December 1. Instead, she consulted her friends and classmates, and with their aid, picked out the manuscript that she meant to submit. It was a theme that her instructor had declared quite perfect in its literary form, and she felt it no extravagance to have it neatly typewritten.

How pretty her own words looked seen for the first time in clear, printed letters! When Betty carried the manuscript home, in the frosty November twilight, she had only one left among her friends who had not heard the story. She would so much have liked to read it aloud from the typewritten manuscript!

So thinking Betty entered the house and there, in the living-room, she saw her mother sitting. The lamp was lighted, and in the open grate the fire was kindled. At her mother's elbow, on her desk, were the pad on which the day's menus were written, and a couple of cook-books. On her mother's lap were a darning-basket and Betty's silk stockings. And on the table was a silver dish of crystallized ginger, a sweet of which Betty was fond.

After the cold outdoors, the living-room looked warm and cozy, and Betty wanted a hearer for her story. So, contrary to custom, she went in to the living-room, instead of passing

on to her own chamber, which was also her study. She sat down in the deep chair by the hearth, and for an instant she had half a mind to tell her mother all about the Eversham's prize offer. But then, as she looked at her pretty manuscript, she felt so sure of its success that she thought it better to wait and astonish her mother when she had actually won the prize. So for the present she told her only that she had there a typewritten copy of one of her newest stories.

"Perhaps you would like to hear it," Betty ended graciously. "It is called 'For Love of Chloris.' What are you smiling at, mother?" "I didn't mean to, dear," said Lizzie Wetherell, meekly. "It just fitted across my mind. Such a stately old name! I haven't heard it in years. Then it was a queer old woman, Nancy Towle, down on the Maine coast, who had a heifer she called Chloris. Poor old Nancy!"

In a voice that was injured merely to think that her heroine should have affinity with a heifer, Betty began her reading. Soon she had lost the sense of injury in the joy of hearing her own sentences.

It was an eighteenth-century tale that she had written, in the fashion of the hour. The heroine wore red heels. The hero preface every sentence with "Egad!" or, "I faith!" All the characters were great gentlefolk. The plot was an ingenious compound of love and villainy, and pitiously, direfully tragic in its outcome. Betty's voice fairly quavered over the concluding lines.

Lizzie Wetherell's face, as she listened, was lovely in its tenderness. Oh, how foolish she had been to feel hurt at Betty's slights, any more than she had resented it when Betty, a tiny baby, had tugged at her mother's hair! How young she was this tall Betty! Love and life! What did she know of either, this child with her red-heeled puppets and her tags of borrowed phrases?

Betty looked up. She saw the tender mist in her mother's eyes, but she saw, too, behind the mist, a little twinkle. Suddenly she felt young—and angry.

"You don't like it!" she flashed. "I wish you would say what you don't like."

"I know so little of eighteenth-century manners," apologized Lizzie Wetherell. "Put—are you quite sure a woman would behave like your Chloris?"

Betty rose majestically.

"I knew you wouldn't understand," she said, and swept out of the room.

That night at dinner Betty was not rude, but deadly civil to her mother. It was one of the times when the graduate student particularly ached to lay hands on her. So unbecomingly supercilious was Betty, that at last, like the trodden worm, Lizzie Wetherell turned.

"She remembered that in the days long ago she, too, had been a girl writer, with ambitions like Betty's. She remembered that all her life she had remained famous in her own circle as a teller of good stories. She remembered that she still could write letters that were a delight to her friends.

"Why, even to-day I believe that I—poor, stupid I!—could write a story as good as 'For Love of Chloris!'" concluded Lizzie Wetherell.

So much did she think of this last slight that Betty had put upon her that when she took up the pad that evening to make out the next day's menus, she wrote, almost before she realized what she did, the title that was running in her head—"For Love of Chloris." As she looked at the words, she began to fuse the fragments of the story that had come to her since she had heard the name—the true story of Nancy Towle and her heifer Chloris. Bit by bit she shaped it in her mind, and then, with a little smile that was half-ashamed but very resolute, she bent above the pad and set to writing.

By the time that she had finished, the clock was striking ten, and a few moments later the graduate student came downstairs. She always came at that hour, pausing in her long evening's work, and made a little supper of fruit and crackers by the bright fire, and listened to the tales that Lizzie Wetherell no longer ventured to tell at the table.

Indeed, Lizzie Wetherell and the graduate student were good friends, and knowing that, Lizzie Wetherell took courage.

"Will you let me read you something?" she asked.

And then she read aloud her "For Love of Chloris." It was only the story of a crochety old woman and the dumb creature that she loved, and there were tears in it, and laughter, and wholesome sea air, and at the last a gleam of watery sunshine.

When the reading was done, the graduate student sat for a moment silent.

"That's good," she said, at last. "It's true and human. What do you mean to do with it?"

Lizzie Wetherell was as pleased as a girl. Of late she had not been praised for anything but housekeeping.

"Do with it?" she repeated. "Why, maybe I'll send it to Cousin Hattie. She'll remember old Nancy, and she likes my scribbling."

"More than your cousin would like that story," said the graduate student. "Why don't you try for the prize that Eversham's is offering?"

Lizzie Wetherell had not heard of the prize, for Eversham's was one of the new magazines that she, a staunch conservative, never dreamed of buying. But now she heard all about it, and she consented to the graduate student's entering "For Love of Chloris" in the competition, although she protested honestly, she was sure nothing would come of it.

So the graduate student carried the manuscript to her room, and on her way passed Betty's door.

"Little prig!" mused the graduate student. "With a mother so plucky and sweet-hearted and clever—oh, so much more clever than ever the child will be! And she dares to patronize her! I wish Mrs. Wetherell might win that prize. It would be a lesson to the girl, and she ought to learn it—before it's too late!"

The graduate student choked. Over her own mother's grave the snows of the third winter now were drifting.

In her own room the graduate student struck off a fair copy of the manuscript upon her typewriter. And the next morning, on her way to college, she posted a long envelope at the box at the corner of Brownlow street, just as Betty, in the corridor

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at Ambrazon, was trusting her precious story to the mail.

About the middle of the morning Betty had a doubt that worried her. "Did I stamp the envelope that I enclosed for the return of the manuscript? If I didn't, they'll never send it back. I've lost it unless Eversham's takes it. And it's quite possible that they won't."

Then Betty settled down to anxious waiting, and under the same roof each unknown to the other, the graduate student, too, was waiting. But Lizzie Wetherell, who should have been much concerned for the fate of her "For Love of Chloris," was so troubled at Betty's unexplained preoccupation that she almost forgot about her story.

Soon Lizzie Wetherell had a fresh loss to grieve for, for the graduate student was called home. Almost at a day's notice she left college and her own work to take charge of a stricken house and two newly orphaned nieces, and Lizzie Wetherell, who had come to depend on her companionship, especially at the hour of the little supper, missed her cruelly.

But Betty scarcely heeded the going of the graduate student. She felt that she was no favorite of hers. Besides, she was now giving all her interest to the outcome of Eversham's competition. Every time that she heard the postman's ring she would herself go flying to the door.

On such an errand she had run away, one gray December afternoon, and she was longer about it than usual. Then her voice rang jubilant through the house, and she ran into the living-room, just as she had used to run to her mother.

"The prize!" she cried. "I've won Eversham's prize! 'For Love of Chloris,' by Elizabeth Wetherell, is to come out in the March number. I didn't tell you at the time. I wanted to surprise you. But I sent a story to Eversham's—the one I read to you—and they've taken it. And they've taken it. And they're sending me the check. Five hundred dollars! Think of it, mother!"

When she thought of it, Lizzie Wetherell thought it the most natural and beautiful thing that could have happened. If she remembered her own poor little story that the graduate student had so praised, it was only to be glad that she had never told Betty that she, too, had entered the contest. And she rejoiced wholeheartedly in Betty's triumph, not only for Betty's sake, but for her own. For it seemed to her that in this eager girl, who wanted her sympathy and her praise, she had at last her own daughter-friend again.

But all too quickly Betty was once more her recent self. She must go tell her mates about her success, she said, with the implication that in them alone could she find true appreciation. And as she turned away, with a laugh that was more ill-natured than she guessed:

"You see, mother, Eversham's thought my 'Lady Chloris' was truer to life than you did."

Of the weeks that followed not much need be said. If Betty had been defensive in her patronage of her mother, when she was merely an earnest student, she was fairly intolerable now that she was a successful author and a wage-earner. Five hundred dollars at one stroke! It was more than her mother could clear by months of labor. So she patronized her stupid mother, till the graduate student, had she been there, would surely have lost the last of her patience and shaken her.

The marked copy of Eversham's came one February afternoon, along with some letters for Mrs. Wetherell. Betty, who had just come in from college, tore the wrappings from the magazine. "For Love of Chloris," by Elizabeth Wetherell," she read the title. She read the name of the famous artist who had done the illustrations. Then she turned to look at her story in its glorious dress.

If after life Betty could laugh, remembering the dismay with which she saw, instead of the full-page picture of her dainty Lady Chloris, a grarled old woman, leading a spotted heifer. But at the moment she did not laugh.

"Mother," she said, in a dry voice, "look here! It's my title. It's my name. And I've received the check. But it's not my story. I can't understand!"

Then she saw that her mother's face was startled and that she was holding out to her a newly opened letter, written in the graduate student's hand. Betty read the opening sentences:

"Am I not a true prophet, dear Mrs. Wetherell? I've only just had time, so busy these sad weeks have been, to glance at the magazines again. And I see, in the current number of Eversham's, that your story, 'For Love of Chloris,' has won the prize, as it deserved to do. Congratulations and—"

Betty dropped the letter. "She grew aware that her mother was speaking. 'I wrote the story,' Lizzie Wetherell was saying. 'And the graduate student persuaded me to send it to Eversham's.'"

"She did it on purpose!" Betty's voice rang harsh. "She always disliked me. She—"

"Betty," her mother interposed, "you must be fair! We did not know that you were entering the contest."

"I know! I know!" cried Betty. "She's not to blame to meddle like

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that! You're not to blame to take my title—and not to tell me! I'm to blame for it all, perhaps, because I didn't stamp that envelope—because they threw my story into the waste-basket instead of sending it back—because I didn't know it was rejected! I'm to blame that I thought I'd won the prize—that I've told everybody—that I've made a fool of myself—"

She stopped, terrified at the sight of her mother's stricken face. She could not speak sanely yet, but at least she could be silent. She snatched up her coat and ran out of the house.

All that afternoon Betty Wetherell walked. Clear to the reservoir she tramped, and out beyond to the railway tracks and the brickyards and the great waste fields. Through frozen mud and snow she tramped till the sun had sunk redly, and by that time she had tramped the demon down. Something of the youth of which the graduate student had complained Betty lost in that hour of her bitter humiliation. But in its place she gained her first real knowledge of herself.

So in the early evening Betty came home, white and chilled and weary, but mistress of herself as she had never been in her short life. She went straight to her mother's fire-side.

"Dear," she said, frankly and humbly, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me for what I said—and for other things."

"It was my fault," said Betty's mother, with her arms about her. "I ought to have told you that I was trying for the prize."

"Served me right!" choked Betty. "I ought to have told you. I was the one who began having secrets."

"And I had no right to take the title of your precious story," Lizzie Wetherell went on, contritely. "It was yours. It wasn't fair of me."

"Fair?" cried Betty. "O mother, don't! It wasn't fair of me to seize it. At Elizabeth Wetherell's letter, as if there were only one of that name in this house, as if there were only one with brains enough to write a story! And all the time—"

But she did not say it. In the hope that perhaps she had not mistrusted, she spared her mother the pain of hearing how in her heart she had thought slightly of her.

"I'll put that money to your account in the bank to-morrow," said Betty. "And I'll tell the girls, and I'll write to the aunts and uncles and let them know that it was you, and not I, who was so clever."

"Betty, need you?" urged Lizzie Wetherell.

Then, wisely, she was silent. For she saw that Betty must in her own way work out her atonement.

So Lizzie Wetherell made no comment, although her heart was aching for her girl, when Betty came downstairs that night at the hour when the graduate student used to come, with a handful of letters. "All written, mother dear," said Betty. "I've told all the relatives just whom they should be proud of. And the graduate student—"

"Lizzie Wetherell gave a start. "Yes," said Betty, "I've written to her. And, mother, won't you read me your 'For Love of Chloris?'"

She gave a sudden, ashamed laugh that made her eyes crinkle like her mother's.

"I've been selfish, haven't I?" she said. "And a prig, which is worse. But after this we'll be chums again, won't we, mother? And about the letter to the graduate student, you needn't worry. I wrote to thank her."—Beulah Marie Dix in the Youth's Companion.

BOOK NOTES

"The Athenaeum" of August 29th passes a very friendly criticism on the St. Nicholas Series and concludes by saying that there is much to please and nothing to offend. This from a Protestant paper is a very high testimonial.

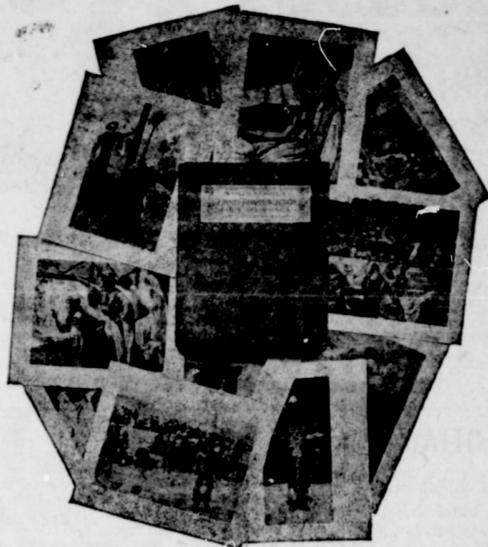
The series (only fifteen volumes are announced) is nearing completion and the latest three volumes issued are equal in excellence to their predecessors.

"Vittorino da Feltré, A Prince of Teachers," by a Sister of Notre Dame, is the life of a saintly layman who, though a teacher, exercised the great virtues in a remarkable degree. Born in Italy in 1378, the son of a notary, his earliest learning was towards knowledge, and in spite of obstacles he persevered in the acquisition of it, till in his eighteenth year, he becomes a student at the University of Padua. Life in those centres of learning was very different from what one is accustomed to imagine. Rowdiness and all sorts of license prevailed and Vittorino was rather disillusioned. However, he settled down and by his good example did much to check the current evils. He remained there for twenty years, becoming expert in the various branches of knowledge, and gaining the title of Doctor of Arts.

Apart from his great condition he was loved for his simplicity and piety, and with much regret did Padua part with him when he left to teach at Venice. This absence was not for long. A plague broke out in that city, and the school was dissolved. Returning to his loved Padua, he was offered the highest distinction in the Chair of Rhetoric, which, after much prayer and deliberation, he accepted. Students flocked to hear him, but with their increase general abuse and misbehaviour increased too, until he leaves Padua once again never to return.

The rest of his life is associated with the great Gonzaga family, into which he entered as a tutor. Here

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he was able to carry out his ideals of teaching, Mens sana, etc. Luxury and indulgence were not a fit atmosphere for intellectual and moral training, and the organization of the school, the "Joyous House of Mantua," as it was called, was left entirely to Vittorino. His methods were successful, and he gave the world men and women of culture and sanctity—the greatest ornaments of their age. An eminently pleasing biography, interesting in every way, especially to those who have to do with the young. For education means more than is generally supposed. S. R. knows how to use his brush and has given us some striking pictures.

"The Holy Blissful Martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury," by R. H. Benson, needs little comment. The life of St. Thomas and the principle in defence of which he laid down his life are known to all of us. As then so now. The State is ever attempting to encroach on the rights of the Church; we have seen it in France, it is working elsewhere. In the 12th century St. Thomas led where others hesitated, and championed the cause of Religion and sacrificed his life. Father Benson writes an able introduction touching on this subject of erastianism: "But Catholics believe that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and therefore cannot possibly, in matters of her own constitution, be subject to secular control. They can no more, in things of ecclesiastical government, consent to the substitution of appeals to a Privy Council, or any secular court, for appeals to the Holy Father, than they can consent to the supplanting of the Apostles' Creed by the syllabus of the London County Council."

Apart from the noble cause for which this great Archbishop died, there are traits of character that win our admiration, and chiefly of these, thoroughness. Age quod agis was the principle on which St. Thomas worked. As king's courtier he performed thoroughly the duties proper to that state; as Archbishop he safeguarded the interests of the Church usque ad mortem.

Father Benson has already won fame from his historical trilogy, and in religious biography his style is as pleasant and graceful. The records of the life of St. Thomas consist of five large volumes in the Roll Series and Father Benson has drawn largely from these. Mr. Chevalier Taylor is responsible for the illustrations, which are of a high order, though we question the detail in the death scene. Father Garrold, S.J., prefaces his contribution to the Series with the

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The Man's Hands and Other Stories by N. P. Garrold, S.J.

The above named books can be purchased at W. E. Blake's, 123 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

There is Only One Eclectic Oil.—When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves could never win on their own merits. Imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil have been numerous, but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not put off with a substitute, but demand the real thing.

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COUPLE OF DOSES CURED. Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words:—"I wish to tell you of the good I have found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept Dr. Fowler's in the house when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses was taken was completely cured."

The QUIET HOUR

TO JESUS IN THE EUCHARIST. (By Anastasia E. Conlon.)

'Tis sweet to kneel at early dawn Before Thy earthly home, dear Lord, To offer Thee the new-born day Its every thought and deed and word; 'Tis sweet, dear Lord, to be with Thee, For while at Holy Mass I kneel, And plead for dear ones, friends and self, Thy loving presence I can feel.

'Tis sweet, while on my duties bent, To turn my mind, my soul, my heart Through all the lay's fast speeding hours, To where in loneliness Thou art; And then the thought of Thee doth bring Great happiness, great peace to me, And long I for the hour of eve, When I again may visit Thee.

'Tis sweet to kneel when eventide With beautiful light the church doth fill; 'Tis then so calm it seems I hear Those words of comfort, "Peace, be still."

Lord, when Thy home here is so fair, How beautiful must Heaven be! My heart grows calm and patient here, At eventide, with Thee, with Thee. 'Tis sweet when all the earth is still And stars look down from Heav'n above, I wake in night's deep, lonely hours And think of Thee, my God, my Love.

Then, turning toward Thy earthly home I offer Thee, my heart till when, I, darkness o'er, night's shadows gone, May visit Thee, my Love, again.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"Which of these three was neighbor to him who fell among thieves?" There is no one of us here this morning, dear brethren, who could not have given the correct answer to this question. We all see, just as readily as did the lawyer in the parable, that he only was neighbor who stopped in his journey to minister to the needs of his suffering brother. He alone kept the command to love his neighbor as himself.

The stately priest and the young Levite went down by the same road, and, seeing him, passed by. They realized his situation. They knew that he was destitute and dying and needed their assistance, but because, perchance, they were hurrying to participate in some grand ceremony in the temple, or for fear lest their consecrated bodies might be contaminated by the touch of some one beneath their station in life, they passed on, leaving the poor man to die, and at the same time breaking one of the greatest of God's laws.

Their bodies may have been purified with the endless absolutions of the Jewish ritual, and wrapped with the spotless vestments of their caste, but their souls were thereby stained with sin and they were not the friends of God. Were the human race made up of such men—heartless, unfeeling, self-centred—there would be little hope indeed.

Our Saviour knew that all were not such, and so, he tells us that another traveller chanced by, and he was a Samaritan, in other words, an out-cast from the chosen race, one to be despised and hated by the elect. He saw the sufferer and immediately halted in his journey to do all in his power and more than enough, to satisfy the needs of the wounded man. He was the neighbor, the humane brother of the unfortunate as well as the fortunate, and thus the true friend and child of his Father in Heaven.

There is a lesson here for us and let us endeavor to learn it. Our brothers are about us on all sides appealing to us to be neighbors to them. Go into the homes of the poor and realize for yourselves that this statement is true. Go to the places where the unfortunate victims of vice and crime are herded together and see what there is for you to do.

We shall find, if we are honest with ourselves, that we are not neighbors in the way that Christ would have us. The most of us are going on through life, intent upon some high and holy purpose it may be, just as the priest and the Levite, but completely unmindful of those by the wayside who lift a feeble hand to us for help.

We associate with our own class, keep ourselves stainless and pure as best we can, and know not that fallen beside the same path which we tread there are countless brothers.

Dear friends, God's creatures, immortal spirits, our true kin, are being wounded and despoiled by sin and suffering. We can help them. We can be neighbors to them. Let us do so. Let us not pass by on the other side, intent upon our own pursuits. No, but let us stop to pour in the oil of sympathy and love. Pause to pick them up, show them a place of rest, and start them forth again renewed in spirit and encouraged by the thought that all men are not evil, all are not selfish; at least some are their real true brothers; some are their neighbors and love them as they love themselves.

ABOUT SODALITIES. (Catholic Columbian.)

In a little pamphlet, entitled "A Word About Sodality," a Jesuit Father tells of first sodalities, and the spiritual benefits which have accrued to members even since their foundation in 1584. The chief aim of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is to enkindle and foster in the hearts of the sodalists a more than ordinary devotion to the Mother of God.

Pope Benedict XIV., speaking of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, says that its members are "consecrated in a special manner to her honor and service, and are to climb the heights of Christian perfection, and to press forward to the goal of eternal salvation under the chastening eye of her who is the Mother of fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope."

Is the Sodality beneficial for all classes of people? Yes. For although the Sodality was originally founded by young men, and its saintliest and most distinguished members were young men, experience has shown it to be equally beneficial to young and old, men, women, and even to the little innocents who frequent our schools. Yet this does not mean that they should all be gathered together into one single Sodality. Whenever possible, a separate Sodality should be formed for each of the various classes of persons in the parish.

What is the advantage of separate Sodality for the various classes of persons? The advantage is that the director can more easily adapt his instructions to the needs of sodalists, while they themselves will find such a Sodality more congenial to their tastes and they will be more likely to draw profit from the helps which it offers.

What does the Sodality do for its members? Besides the many spiritual helps and indulgences spoken of before, endeavors to make its members loyal and devoted Catholics, not merely in name, but good, practical Catholics—Catholics whose conduct conforms to the principles of their religion.

How does the Sodality accomplish this? It points out to them the dignity of their calling, also makes known to them the true value of all their earthly and heavenly goods, show them clearly the dangers they may meet, and supplies them with helps to lead virtuous and happy lives.

1. The first helps offered Sodality is what they need most—good, virtuous companions; for nowhere shall they find better companions than in the Sodality, where only good and virtuous persons are gathered together as faithful members. 2. Another help is the wise guidance of the director to whom they can look with respect and love. 3. To these natural helps is added Mary's special protection which is never wanting to her faithful clients. In a word, they will find in the Sodality encouragement to piety in the example of their fellow members—strength against temptation in frequent use of the holy sacraments of Penance and holy communion; development of character based on solid supernatural principles; lastly, loyalty and devotion to duty so pleasing in the sight of God and man.

THE LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Written expressly for The American Catholic Press Association. (By Rev. J. R. Roche, LL.D.) One of the most beautiful passages

in Sienkiewicz's famous novel "With Fire and Sword," is that in which is pictured the last moments of the great Polish warrior, Pan Jan. Wounded to the death, with the bodies of his Tartar foes piled high about him, like a true Christian soldier he prepares to meet his God. Slowly and deliberately he makes his act of contrition, and then, as his life-blood slowly ebbs away, he turns for aid and comfort to the gentle Mother of the Saviour and pours out his soul to her in the beautiful words of the Litany. As his lips murmur "Queen of Angels," with his face still to the foe, he sinks down; and the author tells us that "the Angels of God took up his brave soul, and laid it down as a pure pearl at the feet of their Queen." In these words the writer bears testimony to a prevalent middle-age practice of the faithful. They memorized the Litanies of the church, and made them an essential part of their daily prayers. In those days long prayers were the rule, rather than the exception, and they had not yet arrived at the stage where brevity was considered the first characteristic of effective prayer. I sometimes feel that our Catholic people do not appreciate how beautiful a form of prayer our approved Litanies are. Too many of them never think of opening a prayer book, except on Sunday. The few minutes of oral prayer offered up by the average Catholic generally includes the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed, and the Confiteor. Morning and night prayers as they are given in our manuals of piety, are seldom recited. Mental prayer is not even so much as thought of, and yet many Catholics complain that they cannot pray, aye, more than that, they do not know how to pray. The Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus is a veritable mine of spirituality. Our Lord Himself is addressed by a great variety of beautiful titles; and it is impossible to repeat this prayer without being moved to sentiments of contrition, and without being inspired with a deeper love and confidence in the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. The same is largely true of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The mother of God is appealed to under a great variety of titles. The heights above and the depths beneath—in fact the whole realm of nature has been searched for terms in which to pay tribute to Mary's charity and zeal for souls. Every term is a hymn of praise; every title is a sublime prayer. All spiritual writers agree that the ejaculatory form of prayer is most effective. The litany is a long list of beautiful ejaculations, with a simple "pray for us," at the end of each. I believe that every Catholic boy and girl ought in early years to memorize this Litany of the Blessed Virgin. They will find it the true armor of God in the hour of temptation. So long as they know it prayer will never be wanting to their lips. It furnishes material for all moods and all spiritual conditions. It tells a story of Catholic faith and love and confidence coming down through the ages, and finding expression in poetical terms of the rarest beauty as well as of the deepest spirituality. It can be recited anywhere—at work, on the streets, or in the privacy of one's home, and it has an eternal newness and freshness not possessed by many other forms of prayer. Fathers and mothers ought to see to it that their boys and girls learn this beautiful litany by heart. I believe, too, that the great novelist says of the Polish warrior will be true of all those who die with this beautiful litany upon their lips—the angels of God will take up their souls and lay them down forever at the feet of God's blessed mother and the angels' queen.

A POINTER FOR CATHOLICS.

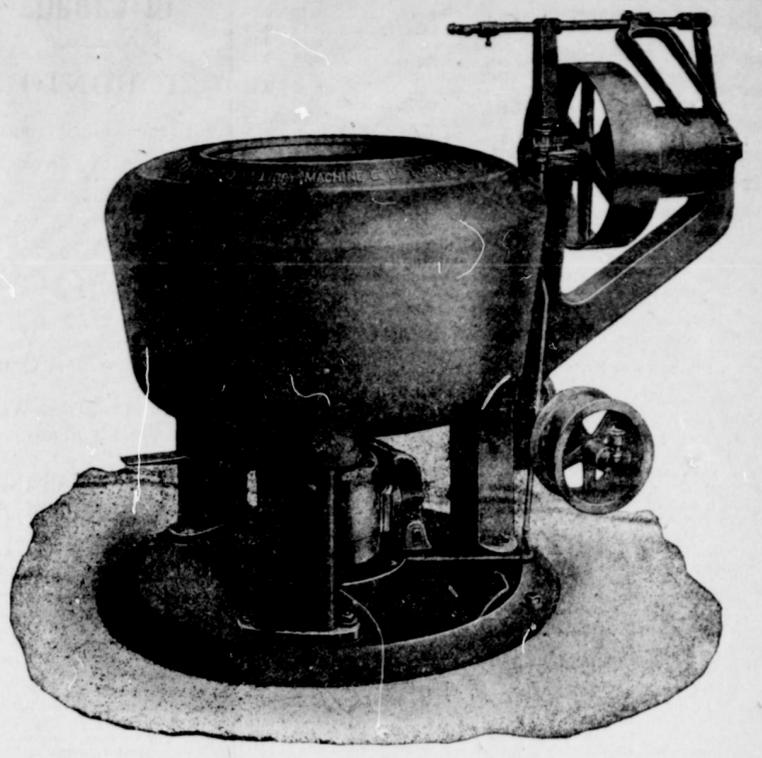
A Catholic who acts as society editor on a daily paper makes a good point in a letter to the "Catholic Citizen" in protesting against the seeming irrelevance of many Catholic societies in the use of sacred names. A Sacred Heart club, an Immaculate Conception sewing society, a Blessed Sacrament baseball team, while named often with the most pious intention in the world, do give an impression of irrelevance to outsiders and even strike many Catholics as evidence of shockingly bad taste. Those responsible for the publicity of parish entertainments should at least be careful that a social given by a society in a Sacred Heart parish shall be announced as such and not as "Sacred Heart" social.—Catholic Universe.

THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The duty that lies nearest is the one to be performed first. Its accomplishment is a step in the direction of another; and thus onward to the end of life, each duty is a part of that which precedes and follows it.—Bishop Spalding.

IMPROVED TORONTO EXTRACTOR

Solid Bowl, Convenient to Operate, New Design, Original Features, Polished Brass Cover



Most convenient to load, top of bowl being only 34 inches from floor. Has low cast steel spindle, with small radiating oil holes. Phosphor-bronze bearing in centre of oil well. Sight feed lubricator at top of machine feeds oil to oil well and up through and around spindle to top of bottom bearing which is at all times full of oil. Rubbers of large size gives free and ample movement to the basket. Runs at high speed without vibration. Baskets are of 40-lb. copper, with double convex steel bottom, with heavy welded steel bands.

Idle pulleys are self-oiling and are adjustable to any angle. Not the Cheapest, but the Best. Made in two sizes—Attached or Detached Countershaft.

20-inch, price \$125.00, 26-inch, price \$175.00

THE TORONTO LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO.

LIMITED. DUNDAS ST. BRIDGES TORONTO, Ont.

Father Phelan in France

Father Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, writing to his paper from Paris in his usual breezy and original style, says that the present French government is killing itself. He says that the government can't raise any money, that the city of Paris and the national monuments are being neglected, that the Socialists won't vote for the expenditure of a sou to restore them, and that the working men and the military are constantly at sword's points.

In regard to the religious situation, Father Phelan is distinctly hopeful—almost enthusiastic. "The men who talk about the decay and early death of religion in France, do not know France and do not know their religion," he says. "There is nothing in France but Catholicity and diabolism. The latter counts but a few hundred thousand adherents in the country. The vast majority of Frenchmen are Catholics of more or less strenuous faith. The country is a Catholic field. It is not very well cultivated at present; but the ground is good; and, what is of greater importance, there is nobody breaking down the fences, disputing the ownership of the soil or sowing tares among the good seed, as in the United States.

"Here religion and Catholicity are practically synonymous. Now the best soil needs cultivation in order to bring forth good crop. A neglected field is seen overrun with worthless weeds only fit for the fire. Heaven's great religious cultivator is fervor. Fervor burns up weeds, plows the ground and scatters the seed by one sweep. France is being swept from one end to another by a cyclone of fervor it never felt before. After fifteen hundred years she has discovered that she is a child of Rome. The Pope is now the spiritual ruler of France in fact as well as in theory.

"I have had to say a prayer for the Holy Father every time I said Mass in France. It is 'oratio imperata.' I asked a cure why the prayer was ordered. He said this was the Pope's Jubilee year and all the French bishops had ordered a prayer for the Holy Father in the collects of the Mass. With all our boasted love for the Pope we have not thought of offering up a prayer for him. In all the churches I have visited I have seen a placard posted in the vestibule announcing a pilgrimage to Rome. Frenchmen were called upon to join their bishops, and the bishops to unite in an act of national homage to Pius X. on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood. Yes, France is now Roman, as she was always Catholic. As Roman and Catholic she will be again free and strong.

"There is nothing so contagious as enthusiasm, especially religious enthusiasm. The persecutions they are now suffering are making the good Catholics of France enthusiastic. They are being filled by the martyr spirit. As they go in and out of the churches they have blood in their eyes. They talk with the confidence of men who feel themselves invincible. It is only in the nature of things that this enthusiasm should be communicated to the great mass of the Catholic population. "All this spoliation will inure eventually to the advantage of the

Church. The Socialist Republic promised the people a millenium; but it has not come. It promised the laboring man free bread, and it is giving him bullets. It promised the bourgeoisie prosperity, and Paris and France were never so poor. The patience of the French people is nearing the snapping point; and when it breaks we shall have more emigres; and there will be no Catholics among them.

"I don't mean that there will be any overthrow of the Republic. There never will be a monarchy again in France. Monarchy is a mere shadow of a shadow in Europe at best. The 'United States of Europe' will be realized in the life time of some who are old enough to read and understand this letter; for while it takes the people a long time to lay down a fixed and stable premise, and a still longer time to add the minor, they come to the consequence in a jump. I should not be surprised to see Edward VII. and William II. rival candidates for the presidency of the United States of Europe before we die. Won't the Church grow then?"

A Fair-minded Non-Conformist

If all Non-conformists were as fair-minded as Rev. H. Rowe the religious difficulty in reference to education in the schools of England would be soon and easily settled. The reverend gentleman speaking at the recent annual conference of the United Methodists at Sheffield, said that members must have noticed the great stream of national life flowing away from the churches and he was afraid that stream would be broadened and deepened unless in the day schools the principles of holy religion were still taught. He wanted the Bible retained in the schools. And the price for retaining the Bible there was that they should recognize the right denominational teaching in some of the schools in various parts of the country. They could not expect Romanists and Anglicans to recognize the Cowper-Temple teaching ("simple Bible teaching") if they on their part were not willing to recognize the wishes of the Roman Catholics and the High Anglicans. He regarded those people as citizens quite as much as Non-conformists did. Then why should Non-conformists insist on those people paying rates and taxes and then say to them that they should not have the religious instruction which to them was a matter of principle? He contended that if it could be said down with regard to religious teaching that no child should be taught that with which the parents did not agree, then, they, as Non-conformists, should allow those on the other side what they had a perfect right to demand. If the conscience of the Non-conformist parent was not violated, why should they not respect the conscientious convictions of those opposed to them? He had fought all his life for equality. Every man's conscience should be respected.

But the majority at that United Methodist Conference would not agree that "every man's conscience should be respected," so far at least as regards Catholics, and so the fair and

just arguments of Rev. Mr. Rowe were of no avail.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Evil of Reporting Sensational Crimes

(Sacred Heart Review.)

The Chicago Evening Post raises a protest against the evil of reporting sensational crime. It believes that if the public would criticize the papers more upon this line they would find their criticism an effective remedy with the editors and proprietors. It contends that, although publicity in reference to criminals has its legitimate function and defence, the parading of pictures of criminals and the assumption of their injured innocence or the endeavor to arouse indignation against them, work perniciously in the case of boys and girls of little education, who readily make heroes of criminals, glorified by indiscriminating and highly colored notoriety. It quotes from the Paris Cosmos the following paragraph, which is very suggestive for us in America to-day:

"The reading of criminal narratives brings on a diseased excitement and creates a dangerous obsession in the case of some weak and impulsive persons. This is not the only danger of the excessive publicity given to criminal cases. Professional criminals find in such public narratives, filled with two minute detail, useful information about the way to commit crimes with the least risk. It is time for us to realize the truth. Let us stop advertising crime; and since examples are apt to be followed, let us make good deeds interesting to the public rather than set forth evil-doing."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Was Troubled With His Back for Over Twenty-five Years Got Him Every Kind of Medicine, But

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FINALLY CURED HIM

Mrs. H. A. Piper, Fesserton, Ont., writes:—I can certainly recommend your Doan's Kidney Pills. My husband had been troubled with his back for over twenty-five years. I got him every kind of medicine I could think of, but they did him no good. A friend advised him to get some of Doan's Kidney Pills, so he got two boxes and they cured him completely. He feels like a new man, so he says, and will never be without a box of Doan's Kidney Pills in the house.

The price of Doan's Kidney Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS. TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. MADE IN CANADA.

In and Around Toronto

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

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

CHANGE OF FIRM.

Mr. T. J. W. O'Connor, lately before the public in the matter of the license reduction, is now of the firm of Curry, Ayre, O'Connor, Wallace & McDonald.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lee Sullivan of Jarvis street, spent the week-end at the Hotel Quinte, Belleville. Mrs. Wellington Madison entertained at dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Sullivan.

IN HONOR OF POPE'S JUBILEE.

On Sunday last the Triduum held in honor of the Pope's Jubilee came to an end, when great numbers approached Holy Communion, and the pulpits told the story of the life and reign of our present glorious Pontiff, Pius X. In the Cathedral solemn High Mass was celebrated, at which specially prepared music was excellently rendered. The Te Deum was sung in all the churches.

MISS MARIE STRONG RESUMES TEACHING.

Miss Marie Strong, one of the best known and best equipped teachers of vocal music, in the city, has opened a studio over Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East. The methods of Miss Strong are recognized as the best, and proof of her success is found in the many pupils who have received excellent training at her hands. Any wishing to learn terms, etc., might call on Miss Strong when particulars will be courteously given to all inquirers.

TO OUR READERS.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the firm name of the well-known Catholic Church Goods House of W. E. Blake, 123 Church St., Toronto, Canada, has been changed, by the admission of Mr. W. J. Blake to membership in the firm. The firm name now will be W. E. Blake & Son.

Mr. W. J. Blake, who is well-known to the clergy of the Dominion, has already had a very wide experience in the business, his knowledge having been gained by a thorough training.

All the readers of this journal, we are sure, will agree in wishing the new firm years of prosperity.

MEETING OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

The Gaelic League met on Thursday 19th in St. Lawrence Hall, President Hinds presiding. Business matters being light, were quickly disposed of, and the language instruction was then taken up by Messrs. McCarthy and Lewis. Owing to the Exhibition a large number of absentees were noticed in consequence of which the formation of the Fall classes and the introduction of the "Direct Method" were left over to next meeting, Sept. 25th. The social part of the programme was very ably opened with an Irish selection by Miss A. T. Breen, the League's pianist. Mr. Chris Ennis followed with "Robert Emmet"; Miss Monaghan, recitation, "The Gaelic League." Miss G. Kelly's contributions were very well received. She is one of the League's most popular young singers. Mr. Devine's recitation, "Mick of Carrickburn," brought down the house. Mr. Murray sang "A Toast to Erin." Our old friend, Miss McNulty, treated us to "A Surprise." Mr. Corridan danced a hornpipe. The evening was brought to a close with the singing of "A Nation Once Again." The next meeting will be held on Thursday, Sept. 24th, when a full attendance will be looked for. "DERMOT."

WELCOMED THEIR PASTOR.

The school children of St. Helen's Parish, sharing in the joys of their parents and elder friends at seeing their beloved pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, back in their midst, much improved in health, gave expression to their feelings through a suitably worded address, accompanied by a presentation of a beautiful bouquet of flowers by the girls and a silk beretta by the boys. Father Walsh, speaking in his usual paternal strain when addressing himself to children, thanked them for their expression of love and respect as expressed in their address and smiling countenances, and assured them that they were always the object of his pastoral solicitude. He exhorted them to be studious, respectful, and obedient to their parents and teachers, and complimented them on the fact that he had not met such a fine assemblage of children in all his travels throughout England and Ireland. The children sang Vivat at the opening and Holy God, We Praise Thy Name, at the close of the happy incident.—Com.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including Grain, Hay and Straw, and Poultry.

Table with market prices for various meats including Turkeys, Spring chickens, Beef, and Veals.

American Catholic Press Association

The second meeting of the American Catholic Press Association was held at the office of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, on last Saturday, 12th inst. In response to the general invitation sent out to the Catholic press, the following papers were represented: Catholic Telegraph (Cincinnati), Catholic Universe (Cleveland), Columbian (Chicago), Michigan Catholic (Detroit), Stimme der Wahrheit (Detroit), Extension (Chicago), Sacred Heart Review (Boston), Morning Star (New Orleans), Catholic Register (Toronto), Observer (Pittsburg), Catholic Union and Times. Plans were discussed for perfecting the association, outlining a scheme of news exchange, establishing an advertising bureau, and in general surveying the field which offers so much to the Catholic press of America by organized effort properly directed. The meeting was opened with a brief address by Dr. Hart of Cincinnati Telegraph, who lucidly reviewed the vast field open to an association of this character. The ensuing discussion was participated in by Rev. Wm. H. McMahon of the Catholic Universe, Rev. J. T. Roche, whose contributions to the Catholic press are just now attracting so much attention, Mr. Hughes of the Michigan Catholic, Miss Hart of the Toronto Catholic Register, Mr. Byrnes of the Columbian, Mr. Andries of Stimme der Wahrheit, and by the president of the Association, Dr. Hart. Each speaker was enthusiastically in approval of the work thus far done and full of hope for the association's future. Letters were read from several papers asking further information and intimating a desire to join. It is safe to predict that the membership will be at least doubled before the next meeting. The following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That the Catholic Press Association invites all Catholic societies to pass a resolution pledging the patronage of their members to business men who advertise in Catholic papers.

Resolved, That it is the right of the Catholic Press to be the first to get strictly Catholic news, and this particularly from the hierarchy and clergy.

Resolved, That we express our conviction that the Catholic press is the very best kind of an advertising medium. We also protest against the discrimination practised by many lines of business against the Catholic press, and hereby declare our determination to resent in every legitimate way a continuance of such discrimination.

Resolved, That we remind the Catholic people that the Holy Father and fathers of the Council of Baltimore, and the clergy in general, have spoken of the necessity of the Catholic newspaper in the Catholic family and as a continuous mission in the parish. In harmony with these declarations we respectfully appeal to the hierarchy and clergy to take steps to make these sentiments practically effective.

Resolved, That the American Catholic Press Association encourage Catholic writers and foster Catholic literature. The next meeting will be held in Chicago, probably in January.

Closing Week of Catholic Summer School

Chiff Haven, Sept. 11.—With a term of eleven weeks, the longest yet held, the seventeenth session of the Catholic Summer School of America, the most successful in its history, was brought to a close here this evening. With a series of lectures on "Quebec, Old and New," particularly significant, the season of 1908 was opened June 29 by Rev. John Talbot Smith, President of the School, and the session so splendidly inaugurated has continued without wane of interest until the final recital by Prof. Edward Abner Thompson, of Manchester, N.H., this evening. Representing a movement which is doing so much to unify the Catholics, not alone of the United States but of the Canadian provinces with the United States, the session just closed has been successful in a degree extraordinary. Those who have watched the growth of the Summer School from a small colony to its present proportions, rejoice with the President and the Board of Trustees at this successful year and the auspicious outlook for the next session. To the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President of the School, officers, trustees and workers, much is due for the unusual success of the season just finished. To the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Chairman of the Board of Studies, credit is due for arranging the best schedule of lectures yet given at the Summer School. Theological, philosophical, literary and scientific studies have been interspersed with song recitals, historical treatises, evenings with humorists, illustrated lectures, etc., intellectual pabulum, refreshing, interesting, instructive. Fittingly and naturally a religious atmosphere permeates all the work of the Summer School, and to Almighty God first of all is due the success of every venture which this and other years have brought forth. Sanctioned and endorsed by those high in the affairs of the Church, ap-

Home Bank of Canada advertisement including branches in Toronto and general manager James Mason.

proved by His Holiness, Leo XIII., the present year's successes have been showered with the blessings of the present Pontiff, Pius X. It is indeed inspiring to note the growth of religious spirit at the Summer School. With each succeeding year increasing numbers come to Cliff Haven to participate in the celebration of the Feast of the Assumption so beautifully carried out in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, nowhere in all America more appropriately celebrated, the present year witnessed the most successful triduum and Lady Day celebration since the custom was inaugurated a few years ago by Rev. John F. Mullany of Syracuse.

The introduction of a professional dramatic organization by Rev. John Tabut Smith has proven one of the most promising of the new ventures. Affording splendid entertainment during the summer, Dr. Smith plans to make it the beginning of the movement for the dramatization of the great classic Christian plays of history so full of beauty and yet untouched by the playwrights. The appearance of Mr. Frank Keenan during August in "The Orange and Green," proved a grand climax to this venture and a fitting end to a successful summer of week-end performances.

In social circles the season has been a perfect chain of delightful functions. Round table talks inaugurated by Rev. John T. Driscoll, musicals, five o'clock teas, Mardi Gras festivals, dances and euchre parties. The annual bazaar given by the Alumnae Auxiliary Association, which has done so much for the School, was as usual among the successful events of the year. The outlook for the eighteenth session is full of promise. Next year the grand Tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain is to be held, the states of New York and Vermont already having made appropriations. The Summer School will naturally be the centre of interest on this occasion, and preparations are already being made for the appropriate celebration of this historic event, several city and private cottages are under consideration. The Champlain Club plan to build a \$25,000 casino with all modern conveniences and equipments.

Homes For Working Girls

Editor Catholic Register: "Working Girls' Homes" was a subject of discussion at a recent meeting of Toronto Catholic ladies, and a working-girl wishes to express her views of the proposed institution. There is one rank of working girls, who have sent many a prayer heavenward that such a blessing might spring up among them; it is the girl employed in domestic service; but unless these young women pluck up courage and self-reliance enough to march to the front at once, and take their places, and share in the enterprise, it will little avail the grande dames to venture such a project. We do sadly need such a home, but it must be presided over by women who have felt the burden and isolation; women who in imitation of our divine Lord, will be willing to dedicate their lives to the service of their fellow-creatures without requiring paid servants for themselves; such women alone know how to comfort and console the distressed; they, alone, can stand apart and view the situation from a truthful standpoint; also, in considering a home for Catholic working girls, let it be what its name implies and not a mere boarding house. No good Catholic denies the superiority of a religious education and I know from my own home life and surroundings as well as from the lips of hundreds of these daughters of toil, that their opportunities of acquiring spiritual instruction or education of any kind were slender indeed. I would like to see the situation reversed and these so-called "ladies" thrust on a pitiless world to earn their daily bread—obliged to sacrifice their individuality and all that a human heart holds precious and see themselves placed even beneath the dog who sits at his master's table. Well, it does require a degree of virtue even to "grin and bear it," but we pray for the speedy dawn of that day which will usher in simple justice. We challenge our employers who are clamoring for more efficient help, to prove themselves in deeds and give of their abundance toward the erection of a home where servants will be trained in every needful branch of household science and economy. We ask you not to stigmatize us any longer with insulting names. Don't

A NEW EDITION 'FOREST, STREAM AND SEASHORE' IS NOW READY advertisement for the Intercolonial Railway.

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

Situations Wanted. A good girl from the country would like a position with some small family good worker, home considered more than remuneration. Apply 27 Wood Street.

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

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

continue to make your inefficient maid the subject of your chats over the tea-cups; but in the name of and for the love of Him Who said: "So long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me," help to elevate these girls to a more intelligent atmosphere and help to place them on a higher moral basis. They will not fail in appreciation, and the result will be more gratifying and beneficial to you than your present one-sided view permits you to see. DOMESTIC.

A little Catholic colored girl, Marie C. Holden, daughter of a negro mail-carrier, has lately been awarded the gold medal as the champion of American public school spellers.

Thos. Sabin of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Tribute to Rev. Marcarios Nasr

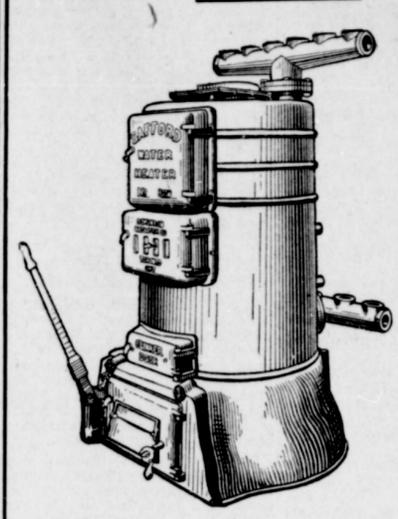
To those who attended the funeral service of the late Father Nasr, the solemn and lengthy ceremonies were most impressive. The ancient and beautiful Ritual of the Greek Church prescribes for the burial of a departed priest a series of prayers consisting of extracts from the psalms, the Epistle of St. Paul, the Gospel of St. John and numerous collects of which the following may be taken as a sample: "We give thanks unto Thee, O Lord our God, for Thine alone is to have immortal life and inaccessible glory and unspeakable love to man, and an



THE LATE REV. M. NASR.

uninheritable kingdom, and there is no respect of persons with Thee; for Thou hast appointed unto all men a common limit of life. When life hath been fulfilled, therefore, we beseech Thee, O Lord! Rest Thy servant and our fellow minister, who hath fallen asleep in hope of the resurrection of eternal life in the bosom of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. And as on earth, Thou hast appointed him a minister of Thy Church, so also declare him at Thy heavenly altar, O Lord; and like as Thou hast adorned him with spiritual honor among men, so accept him uncondemned in angelic glory. Thou Thyself hast glorified his life on earth, and do Thou Thyself appoint the outgoing of his life to be the ingoing to Thy holy righteous ones; and number his soul among all them that from ages have been acceptable unto Thee, for Thou art the resurrection and the life and the repose of Thy servant, who hath fallen asleep, O Christ our God, and to Thee we ascribe glory, with Thine unbegotten Father, and with Thy most holy and good and life-creating spirit,

An Absolute Safe Investment THE SAFFORD Hot Water Boiler



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

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

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

now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen."

"O thou who art our Queen, all holy virgin, cease not beseeching God, Whom thou didst bear, to count him worthy of His kingdom, even him who hence in faith hath gone. Amen."

The respect and veneration in which the dead priest was held was evidenced by the attendance of a number of his compatriots from outside Toronto. When the news of his death reached Montreal, the Syrian Colony there sent a delegation composed of Dr. A. K. Maloof, J. H. Maloof and F. Tabah, to attend the funeral, and there were also representatives from Owen Sound and Chicago. Dr. Maloof, who possesses a fine voice, led in the chants during the funeral Mass and last prayers, and before the burial of the body at the cemetery he gave a most impressive address on behalf of his countrymen in the Arabic language.

The Syrian immigration to this country which began in the early nineties, came chiefly from the City of Zableh and neighborhood. This is the largest and most important city in the Valley of the Lebanon, lies between Beyrout and Damascus, and contains about 16,000 inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are Christians, although the city and province is under Turkish rule. The late Father Nasr and his priestly career in his native city and the Lebanon country, are therefore well known to the colony in Canada and hence the respect and veneration with which he was regarded.

As mentioned in your last issue, he was a member of the Order of St. Basil an order of monks who follow the rule laid down by the great St. Basil, have many houses in the East and supply most of the parishes. Towards the close of his studies life was broken by the dreadful massacres of the Christians of the Lebanon, which horrified the Christian world in 1860. These were committed by the Druses, a sect of Mahomedans, who were instigated and assisted by the Turkish authorities. During this massacre more than 11,000 Christians perished and their homes and property were destroyed. The city of Zableh was one of the chief points of attack and suffered terribly; it was burnt to the ground. Throwing aside his cassock, Father Nasr joined his fellow Christians in defending their lives until the intervention of the European powers brought relief.

The vigor of Father Nasr's manhood was spent in the active duties of his order and in parochial work in his own country. He was for some years the faithful and trusted assistant of his lifelong friend, the late Monsignor Geragiry, the Patriarch of the United Greek Catholics. The latter had received many appeals from members of his flock in Canada who longed for the ministrations of a priest of their own tongue, and finally Father Nasr, although well advanced in years, volunteered for the mission to Canada. Entirely unacquainted with the country and without any knowledge of the language, he took the road of exile in 1896, and after considerable difficulties, reached Toronto. He left his native city in the clerical garb worn by priests there—tall hat, black cloak and long hair flowing over his shoulders, and on his arrival in Lyons, France, he began to realize the seriousness of the work he had undertaken, for he found that his peculiar costume was an object of curiosity and amusement to the people whom he met while taking a short walk through the city. He considered it advisable therefore to change his costume and have his hair cut off before resuming his journey.

Shortly after reaching Toronto he was placed in charge of the Syrian Catholics not only of this city, but scattered throughout the western part of the Province. His flock was not numerous, but composed of little groups scattered through the cities, towns and villages of the province, few of them possessing much of this world's goods, but he visited them periodically and with pure disinterestedness spent himself in their services. His last and fatal illness was no doubt contracted while on a visit to administer the Sacraments to some of his flock in Northern Ontario during the extreme weather of last winter. No wonder, therefore, that his devotion endeared him to his people, and they will not turn a deaf ear to the appeal he made so pathetically in the language of their ritual on Tuesday morning:

"O, brethren, mine beloved, amid you all I silent lie, bereft of speech, the mouth is listless, still the tongue, impeded are the lips, the hands are tied, the feet together bound, the countenance is changed, the eyes are dimmed and see not them that wait, the hearing takes not in the cry of them that mourn, the nose the fragrant incense smelleth not, but in noise true love becometh dead. Therefore, I beseech you, all mine acquaintances and friends, remember me before the Lord, that I in the day of doom may mercy find before that fearful judgment seat."—Com.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER of the Estate of Elizabeth Caulfield, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, spinster, deceased, Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, Chapter 129 and Amending Acts that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Elizabeth Caulfield, deceased, who died on or about the 9th day of August, 1908, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to Rev. James Hayes, Vroombant, P.O., Ont., the executor of the estate of the said Elizabeth Caulfield, on or before the 15th day of October, 1908, their names, and addresses and full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them. And further take notice that after the said 15th day of October, the executor of the said estate will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice, and the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution. Dated the 14th day of September, 1908.

M. H. ROACH, Beaverton, Ont., Solicitor for Executor.

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