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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1903

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DEATH OF CARDINAL VAUGHAN

He Had Been Ill for Many Months—His Career

London, June 20.—Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, who has been sick for many months, died at midnight last night.

Rome, June 20.—The news of the death of Cardinal Vaughan was broken cautiously to the Pope, who was deeply affected when he heard of it. His Holiness exclaimed: "The Church has lost one of her strongest supporters and one of her most loyal sons."

A man of very great gifts was needed to take the place of Cardinals Wiseman, Manning and Newman in the Catholic Church in England and not even his admirers would assert that Cardinal Vaughan was such. His appointment to be Archbishop of Westminster as Manning's successor, caused some dissatisfaction among Catholics. This feeling was justified in a measure by Archbishop Vaughan's unwavering and uncompromising conservatism, where his predecessors had shown a conciliatory spirit and a democratic tendency.

Herbert Vaughan was born at Gloucester in 1832 and was just over 71 years of age. He differed from Manning and Newman in that he was born and bred a Catholic instead of being won over from the Church of England. He was educated at Stonyhurst among Belgian Jesuits and at Rome, and consecrated priest in 1854. He devoted himself to education till his elevation to a bishopric. He founded the missionary college at Mill Hill, and in that kind of work twice visited the United States, in 1863 and again in 1871, when he helped start the Catholic missions among the negroes of the South. He was the proprietor of The Tablet, the chief Catholic journal in England, and controlled its policy. That journal established his influence among English Catholics and was the organ through which his views were expressed.

In 1872 he was made Bishop of Salford, twenty years later Pope Leo XIII. appointed him in Manning's place Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the following year, 1893, he was made Cardinal.

As head of the English Catholics he fought firmly against the attempt to confuse the Anglican Church with the Catholic Church. He co-operated in every one of Leo XIII's liberal measures. His plain speech did much to rouse up again in England the "No Popery" feeling among Nonconformists and the evangelical wing of the Church of England. He was a great builder, a builder of schools and of churches, and his monument will be the great Cathedral at Westminster, now nearing completion, which is likely to remain also a monument of the Catholic revival in the England of the nineteenth century.

Cardinal Vaughan's health had been failing for some time. Last February it was thought necessary to give him a coadjutor. The man selected was Mgr. Hon. Algernon Charles Stanley, who at the time was Domestic Prelate and Prothonotary Apostolic to the Pope and had lived for many years at Rome. He is likely to be Cardinal Vaughan's successor. He is a son of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley. His father was first cousin of Dean Stanley of Westminster. His brother is the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, a well-known Member of Parliament. The widow of another brother

The Holy Father and the Philippines

Father J. J. Hartly, of St. Louis, Archbishop-elect of Manila, is in New York this week on his way to Rome to be consecrated. It is reported that Father Thomas Hendrick, of Rochester, N.Y., will accompany him, to be consecrated Bishop of Cebu.

The selections announced from the Vatican reveal in a marked manner the policy of the Vatican in reorganizing the Church in the Philippines. All of them are thorough Americans and priests who have shown pronounced executive ability.

Father Hartly, the new prelate, is 49 years old. He celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood several months ago. He is a man of great force of character, tenacity of purpose and decidedly democratic.

Of the four appointments made, New York has received two, Dr. I. Z. Rooker and Father Thomas Hendrick.

Mgr. Rooker has been consecrated Bishop of Nueva Caceres. He was ordained in 1888 and began educational work immediately as vice-rector of the American College at Rome. He remained there until 1895, when he went to Washington as secretary to the Apostolic Delegation. Nueva Caceres is one of the most desirable sees in the islands. It has 107 parishes, 17 parish missions, 124 parish priests, or missionaries, and 148 native priests.

Father Hendrick was ordained in the Ogdensburg diocese about 30 years ago. He is one of the most democratic priests in the country and is known by rich and poor as "Father Tom."

The other American Bishop of the Philippines is Right Rev. Dr. Denis J. Dougherty, formerly of Philadelphia. Dr. Dougherty was born in 1865. He finished his studies at the American College at Rome and was ordained there in 1890. He goes to the see of Nueva Segovia.

The Consistory
Pope Leo Speaks on the Persecution of the Church.
Rome, June 22.—The consistory today was specially important owing to the persistent rumors regarding the Pope's ill-health and the previous postponements. Naturally a ceremony in which the Pope, half-hidden in precious vestments, is borne on a chair and is continually assisted is not the best opportunity to judge his appearance or the state of his health; but the man capable of undergoing the strain of such a function has plenty of vitality. The Pontiff's features seemed slightly more clear-cut and his hands trembled perceptibly; but his voice was plainly heard, though it had lost something of its power. The ceremony lasted thirty-five minutes.

The traditional secrecy was maintained, though now it is largely a matter of form. The Pope proposed each new Cardinal, the members of the Sacred College signifying their assent by raising their caps. The following were created Cardinals: Monsignor Fisher, Archbishop of Cologne; Monsignor Taliana, Papal Nuncio at Vienna; Monsignor Caviechioni, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council; Monsignor Ajuti, Papal Nuncio at Lisbon; Monsignor Nocella, Secretary of the Consistorial Congregation; Monsignor Katschthaler, Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria; Most Rev. Herrera y Espinosa, Archbishop of Valencia.

The Pope transferred Cardinal Serafina Vanutelli from the Bishopric of Frascati to that of Porto Santa Rufina, which is of higher rank. Cardinal Satolli was transferred from the titular Bishopric of Santa Maria in

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Araceli to the Diocese of Frascati, near Rome, the summer residence of the Roman aristocracy.

Afterwards the Pope announced the nomination of several Archbishops who had been appointed by brief. The Pontiff appointed Cardinal Agliardi, who has been replaced as Prefect of Economy of the Propaganda, to be Vice-Chancellor of the Chessa de la Voiplo.

In a brief allocution at the consistory the Pope said he had been saddened by the persecutions of which the Church was the object. The Pope did not add anything, but he evidently referred to the suppression of the congregations in France.

At the conclusion of the consistory the Pope went to the throne room, where, surrounded by the Cardinals and the Papal Court, he received the homage of the new Archbishops and Bishops.

Father P. M. Costello's First Mass

Rev. Peter M. Costello, C.S.S.R., was ordained in Baltimore, Md., by Cardinal Gibbons on the 16th inst.

On Sunday morning in St. Patrick's Church, William street, Father Costello celebrated his first Mass. Immediately before the High Mass a procession was formed in the sacristy, which went by way of William street to the main entrance to the church, with the newly-ordained priest in the place of honor. He was preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, the little girls dressed in white, a company of the Knights of St. John, the Christian Brothers, the priests from the Redemptorist Monastery and the officers of the Mass in their vestments. Father Costello's parents and the other members of his family walked at the end of the procession.

Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Patrick's, was assistant to the celebrant. Rev. Father Hanley, C.S.S.R., of North East, Pa., acted as deacon, and Mr. John Costello, of St. Michael's College, and a cousin of the new priest, as sub-deacon, while Mr. James Costello, a brother, was master of ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Stuhl, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Father Peter M. Costello is a son of Mr. Peter J. Costello of the railway mail service. His studies were pursued at the Redemptorist College at North East, Pa., and Ithaca, Md., and covered a period of thirteen years.

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NOW A LAWYER.

Clarence P. Milligan, formerly of Toronto, now of Detroit, and who for several years past was marine and court reporter for The Detroit Evening News, has been admitted to the Bar and is now a full-fledged lawyer. He is only 23 years of age and is a nephew of T. J. Conlin, of Toronto.

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Catholic Higher Education

To the Editor of The Register:
Two weeks ago the present writer applied to affairs here, your comments on the causes leading to the lamentable proceedings which are now making France the shame and despair of the Catholics in other lands. One of the causes assigned by French bishops themselves, was that ecclesiastical education did not keep up with the times. And, turning to ourselves, your correspondent asked was there not a lesson for us in this? Evidently there is such a lesson for men in lands full of an enthusiastic Catholic spirit as Ireland, where the Catholic bishops are straining every nerve for a Catholic University. Whilst this University would not be a purely ecclesiastical institution by any means, the Irish bishops hope that it will give their students for the priesthood an opportunity for obtaining the highest intellectual culture. What they look forward to, has been already achieved in the famous Belgian University of Louvain. And if the would-be imitators of France in Belgium have been reduced to a hopeless minority, the result is largely due to the splendid work of Louvain University.

Our Catholic friends to the South have been reading the signs of the times. Despite many initial discouragements arising from disunion and narrowness they have laid the foundation of, and are fast building up, a great national University. The event which led up to, and prepared the way for, this undertaking was the National Council held in Baltimore some seventeen years ago. That august gathering gave a new impetus to Catholicity in the United States. And one of its most salutary provisions was the introduction of the system of the concursus or promotion by examination of the clergy. This system is not new to the Catholic Church (indeed it has been followed for centuries in other lands), but it had not hitherto been introduced on this side of the Atlantic. And from this enactment the necessity of a great Catholic University at once followed.

Not long after the Baltimore decrees were issued, the Canadian clergy saw the advantage of a similar policy in their regard. Perhaps it is as well that this policy was not pushed forward just then. Death was busy in the ranks of the priesthood; hard times weighed heavily on the land, the ecclesiastical legislation of the United States was as yet untried; the Washington Catholic University was in its troubled infancy.

Now, however, successful experience, the demand for educational advancement to keep pace with Canada's wonderful material progress, the fact that the teaching body of St. Michael's College numbers in its ranks some of the brightest graduates of the Catholic University at Washington, and the steps recently taken towards enlarging the scope of that institution, all point to the present as a most favorable time for introducing, with suitable modifications into Canada the ecclesiastical policy of the neighboring Republic. A National Council should be summoned at an early date, suggestions as to time and place and matter to be invited from all parts of Canada and the best men of the United States. These could be referred to, sifted, and embodied in a report by a select committee. One of the first acts of such a council would be the establishment in every diocese in Canada of a number of permanent pastors selected by the system of concursus of examination. It may be objected that this system might place a young and inexperienced man over the heads of many who had worked for years with success, but this objection could be very easily met by laying down certain rules, as to record, length of service, etc., as a preliminary to entering upon the examination. Furthermore, the principle of the concursus might be extended to assistant priests as well as to pastors.

As a sequel to this the question of ecclesiastical education should be handled. Instead of having our strength distracted by a number of Catholic colleges, we would see the necessity of building up one or two great degree-conferring centres, to which the work of the others would be subordinated and directed. We would thus have a relationship between the various diocesan colleges and the higher educational centre such as now prevails between collegiate institutes and our Provincial University.

As the present communication has already reached considerable length, it will be well to continue this subject in another issue. In conclusion the writer would remark that the prevailing state of affairs is not at all in harmony with the Canon Law of the Church in settled countries, that it belongs to a transition state, and is permitted simply until the regular order can be introduced.

Mon. John Costigan M.P.
(Banqueted by his Irish fellow-citizens of Ottawa, on 25th June, 1903.)
A health to thee! our champion,
Strong worker in the cause,
That is so dear to Ireland's sons—
To get for them just laws.
We greet thee this eventful day
And sing your praises loud,
We recognize your sterling worth
And justly we feel proud
Of one who labored faithfully,
By talents and by skill,
To help build up our country's fame;
Forget? We never will.

So here's our hand, John Costigan,
And give us hand of thine,
May all good feeling on this night
Our hearts with joy entwine.
Let bumpers fill and glasses clink,
Your name gives zest to toast,
For if a man deserved well,
"Tis you, No idle boast.
Then all your friends assembled round
The Banquet Hall, on fete,
Right merrily your praise shall sound
From early hour till late.
You have watched the old land struggle
For years and years to gain
A full measure of true justice
And saw her hopes all slain.
You've striven to assist her well,
By word and deed your best,
In Parliament your voice has rung
Away above the rest,
For a Home Rule boon for Ireland
And there you had it passed,
That England would unbend and grant
The Irish claims at last.

Then should not grateful Irishmen
Come forth and testify
The gratitude that's in their hearts,
The love that there may lie,
For Erin's son who worked so well
His country's rights to gain?
Of course they should and cheer him well,
Yes! cheer and cheer again.
Then here's a health, John Costigan,
God's blessing fall on thee,
May fortune ever smile upon
Thy paths where'er they be.
W. G. TEAFFE.
Ottawa, Ont.

M. P. DOHERTY PROMOTED.
Mr. M. P. Doherty's many friends will be pleased to learn that he has got well-deserved promotion in the Department of Public Works, where he has been a clerk for some years. His new position is that of accountant of the Colonization Roads Branch.

Father Faber declares that we know more of God's mercy, of His condescension, of His intimacy with His creatures, of His characteristic ways, because of the light which He has made to shine on Mary than we should else have known.

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QUEBEC AND HOME RULE

London, June 20.—Mr. John Redmond has received the following: "Legislative Assembly, Quebec, Saturday, 25th April, 1903.

"Whereas, it is in the interest of the British Empire that the citizens of the several portions thereof shall be content and happy, and whereas such has not been the condition of Ireland for many years;

"Resolved, That the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, which province has experienced the blessings of self-Government views with the greatest satisfaction the measures which the Government of Great Britain is now adopting for the purpose of removing all discontent arising from the laws at present existing in Ireland, relating to the tenure of land, and further desires to place on record its sincerest hope that in the near future the Parliament of Great Britain will grant such form of self-Government as will satisfy the patriotic desires of the Irish people, and thereby strengthen their loyalty and devotion to the Empire in the same manner as self-Government in this country has created an indissoluble bond of union between Canada and the mother country.

"Resolved, That an humble address be presented to His Excellency the Governor-General requesting his Excellency to be pleased to transmit the foregoing resolution to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

"Resolved, That an humble address be prepared to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, requesting him to be pleased to transmit the said address to His Excellency the Governor-General to the end that the same may be transmitted to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and that Mr. Speaker be authorized to send a copy of the present resolution to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, and a copy to Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

"Ordered that the said address be presented to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor by such members of the House as are of the honorable Executive Council of this Province.

(Attest)
L. G. DESJARDINS,
C. M. B. A.

At the regular meeting of Branch 49, C. M. B. A., Toronto, held on 16th June, 1903, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, the members of Branch 49, have learned with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Mulvey, the beloved wife of our worthy brother, Thomas Mulvey, K.C.

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch 49, extend to our bereaved brother an expression of our sincere sympathy in the irreparable loss he and his children have sustained by the death of the faithful wife and loving mother.

Resolved, that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. Mulvey, The Canadian and Catholic Register for publication.

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ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S JUBILEE.

Arrangements are being made in Philadelphia for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Ryan. A sum of \$200,000 will be subscribed, which the Archbishop will apply to the wiping out of the debt on St. Vincent's Home. A Pontifical Mass is to be offered up by His Grace the Archbishop on Tuesday morning, September 8, at which many of the prelates of the country, as well as visiting and local priests, will assist, and a public reception in the Cathedral in the evening, the Blessed Sacrament being removed.

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THE TRAVELLING SCHOLAR

In one of the small box-like studios of the arts school of a town in southern France a young man stood before an easel, on which a fair, unstained canvas rested. His box colors lay open beside him, his strong, nervous fingers were closed firmly on his brushes, and his eyes appeared to be absorbed in the study of the neighboring chimney-tops, but his bent brows, the spasmodic movements of his lips showed that they were unseeing, or rather that a picture conjured up by his own imagination possessed them to the exclusion of all else.

Yet it was on the filling of this canvas that the whole of his future career depended, and the moments were passing—flying.

The old city was famed all the world over for her artist sons, and to keep up the tradition of olden times the authorities every three years offered a travelling scholarship to the student who outshone his companions in a given competition, and Paul Sablot felt the power within him of reaching this coveted post of honor.

For three years he had lived for his art alone, morning any night had he worked, climbing rung after rung the ladder which was to lead him to fame; he had made no friends, he had joined in none of the amusements that his companions enjoyed. Art was his friend, his joy, his life, his all.

It was an ambitious subject that he had chosen for the competition, a subject drawn from ancient mythology, one which he had pondered over many an hour, and which he felt would show out his talent to the full. If this picture met with the examiners' approval then he was indeed an artist; if not—

It was this alternative that now, when the moments were so precious, rose up a hideous spectre before him, that stayed his hand, that held him like some dreadful nightmare. Up to this he had been obliged to turn for help to that little country home where every penny was so sorely needed. Instead of aiding his father to bear the burden of poverty that weighed him down, he, young, strong, active, was only another weight on those shoulders, already bowed and bent beyond their years. But such a state of things could not go on, unless by means of this scholarship he became independent, self-supporting, he must turn his back on his beloved, he must renounce art and take to some profession, some trade, in which he could earn enough to keep himself and help to educate the younger brothers and sisters at home. With an effort at last he thrust this thought aside. He must, he would succeed. Seizing his pencil with feverish energy, he began to sketch in his subject, and as it grew beneath his touch all apprehension faded away; the future was forgotten in the all-absorbing interest of the present.

An hour flew by, every passing moment brought fresh power, new life to the figures that were growing on the canvas.

Gradually, however, a change crept over the absorbed expression of the painter's features; his brush no longer moved with the force and decision that at first had characterized it, he hesitated, paused, and finally flung down his palette, and an exclamation of irritation escaped his lips. The studio was bare, more like a huge wooden chest than a room, and through the thin planks that separated it from its counterpart next door the sound of low sobbing came sadly.

"What is the matter?" cried Paul, knocking softly on the partition. "Who is there? Are you ill?"

"At the sound of his voice the weeping ceased abruptly.

"It is nothing," the answer came, so low that he could hardly catch the words. "Please don't mind, it's— it's all right now," but a stifled sob broke through the reassuring sentence.

"Miss Madeline," said Paul, who had recognized the voice, "there is something wrong with you, and if you don't tell me what it is I shall have to call the custodian. I can't have you making yourself ill like this."

"Please, please, don't," cried the girl. "It's only that I was getting on so beautifully with my sketch, and now I don't know what has happened, whatever I do only seems to spoil it."

"Are you working on a canvas or on a block?" asked Paul.

"On a block."

"Very well. Do you see the crack that runs along the partition close to the outside wall? See, here, where my knife is, and the blunt palette-knife was thrust through the slip in the shrunken, loosened boards, widening it to nearly half an inch."

"Now pass me in your block, and let me see if I can help you."

It was against the rules; no competitor was allowed to help another, but neither thought of that now. Paul could not bear to hear a woman in distress, and it was with a view to comforting the girl, the only student out of the three scores who attended the classes who had roused in him the slightest feeling of interest.

Like himself, this girl had kept apart from the others. She was a pale, slight little thing, with strangely wistful eyes. Art was, Paul thought, the love of his life; yet he felt curiously uncomfortable at the idea that those sweet, soft eyes should be shedding tears. And Madeline! Poor little, foolish Madeline, would have

passed her right hand through that crevice had her silent, masterful neighbor wished it. "She, too," had once thought that art could fill her life. No feeling of envy had ever touched her at the sight of her companions awaiting or being waited for by some one chosen friend. Her pencil was more to her than all the world beside.

For all her eighteen years, she had been a child when she first came to the art school, ambitious for success, for fame, perhaps, but looking on love with careless, unknowing eyes.

Her easel had been placed in the studio next to Paul's, and day by day, as she crept quietly to her work he had welcomed her with a quick nod, or perhaps, a short word of greeting. Then, without realizing it, he learnt to look for the little flush, the tiny dimple that her answering smile would bring.

Months had passed before their acquaintance grew. Then, one day, in a back street that was a short cut to the art school, he had found her surrounded by a rough, noisy crowd that had come upon her unawares, and she, frightened and powerless, was hustled here and there amongst the excited, jostling mob.

The glad light that had sprung into her eyes when she saw him forcing his way towards her would have told a vainer man her secret, but Paul noticed it, he thought of it merely as joy at finding a protector.

Yet, as she shrank against him he felt a hitherto unknown pride in the strength of the arm that shielded the slender form.

Afterwards the incident had almost faded from his mind, but to her it was an ever present reality. In the child's darkness of her attic home she had lived through those brief moments again and again. Once, if never to be more, she had crept into his arms, her cheek had pressed the rough shoulder of his coat, her hair had touched, had lingered on his cheek; it was a memory she could not forget, and when her artist soul was called on to produce its best, its very self, almost without knowing it, her pencil had traced that scene, the scene that in one brief moment had closed and sealed the doors of childhood to her.

What would he think when he saw the subject of her picture? Could she—could she let him see it? For a moment only she hesitated; a second demand from that imperious voice was not to be withstood. With trembling fingers she obeyed; waiting with beating heart to hear his verdict. And he?

If love is blind, surely some hearts where love has never been are blinder still.

At a glance he recognized the group, his own figure, tall, commanding, the embodiment of young strength, with the shrinking girl hiding her face upon his shoulder, and all around them the eager, pushing, angry crowd. Every detail of the picture was drawn in with delicate pencil, the expression of each evil, brutish countenance was shown as in a miniature.

From the cursory glances that now and again he had thrown on the easel that stood beside his own Paul knew that color was Madeline's weak point. Often he had wondered that the masters had not told the girl to give up painting and confine herself to the less ambitious plane of black and white, where her talent could not but excel.

"You have wasted your time over all this drawing," he said at last, in business-like tones. "You must just wash in the background, and then work in the central figures as much as you can."

"But—but, it's just the coloring that I don't know how to start on," came back the little piteous voice, trembling now, and filled with a longing fear to know what he thought of her choice.

"See," resumed Paul, oblivious of the wooden wall that divided them, "put in the warm colors, so—and darken the shadows—so—"

The moments were still flying. A new meaning sprang into the street scene under the "rapid brush." The background filled in, the girl's figure grew more and more lifelike; his own stood out firm and distinct.

At last he pushed the block from him with a short laugh.

"I was forgetting you, Miss Madeline," he said, "in my interest in your picture! Take it now, and work hard. I think I've made a good beginning for you."

Carefully widening the crevice as before, Paul passed the now glowing picture back to its owner, and then turned to resume his own work. But the spell was broken; the vivid mental conception that had upheld him before was gone; he no longer lived and breathed as he had seemed to do, surrounded by gods and goddesses; the bare walls of the studio stared blankly at him, and blankly he stared back at them again.

Here and there he tried a color, only to scrape it off impatiently again; nearer and nearer came the hour when the task must be completed, and yet he stood there motionless, helpless, not daring to touch the work which, all unfinished as it was, was so full of power and of possibilities.

At last the clock struck its long, slow sentence. A general movement was heard throughout the silent corridor; there was a rustling of papers; a creaking of easels. In two studios alone the silence was unbroken. Paul, his dark head bowed, was fighting the demon of despair which told him that by his own act he had shut the door which was to have led to life,

that of his own will he had turned his back on art forever, and in the other Madeline stood lost in admiration of the work of his hands.

For two days the art world of—lived in a state of breathless excitement. The classes had broken up, yet the students had not yet dispersed to their homes; all were waiting to know their fate; each one was trying to picture his or her name appearing in large, distinct characters on the marble walls. One alone of all who had followed the classes was missing from the group of competitors who were gathered together in the marketplace, waiting for the stroke of noon to learn the judges' decision. Paul Sablot had turned his back on city life, why should he tarry to hear of another's triumph? Paul, the artist, was dead; he had taken his life with his own hands; the Paul who trudged along the sandy country roads, heedless of where they led him, was only a machine.

He had left his soul behind him; left it forever in that bare, narrow cell, and it was better so; it would be wanton waste to wear a soul away in breaking stones, in ploughing, reaping, shearing; no, a machine was all that was wanted to fill those hungry mouths at home.

And so his mind rambled on in disconnected wanderings, whilst his feet carried him away, far from all who could know or understand his failure. But when the second morning dawned, and it came back to him that at midday all the world would know who had gained the prize that so many had striven for, he turned, reluctantly, yet surely, on his footsteps, traversing once again the path that only yesterday he had vowed to tread no more, and evening found him back within the city walls.

The light was fading, only a line of gold upon the horizon showed where once the sun had been. The marketplace was deserted, there were no onlookers there to see the road-stained traveller drag his weary frame closer, closer to the fatal placard. In thick black characters two words stood out distinctly; yet in a flash the familiar letters of his own name were first imprinted on his brain.

Besides the prize-winner three others were mentioned in order of merit, and there it stood, heading this little triple list.

Unfinished, half completed, his sketch had been adjudged the best but one, and that one—he did not had a second glance to tell him who had won the scholarship—he knew. Oh, the mockery of it! His work, his skill had earned the prize, yet the name that was on every lip to-night was not his own—Madeline de la Mothe! Yes; he had guessed aright; his little neighbor's street scene had been singled out, had been thought the best of all those sixty efforts that had passed before the judges.

Yet it was not all bitterness now. A fierce pride raised him from his despondency. Though none would ever know it, he was the winner, and the "never more" that for two days had sounded like a death knell in his ears had changed now to "perhaps, some day."

A few years must pass in toil for those at home, then, perhaps—perhaps—

No feeling of bitterness towards the girl who, unknowingly, had done him such an injury, entered his mind.

After the despair that he had passed through, the knowledge, the certainty of his power, brought him a throbbing hope; a flush of pride that was almost joy. The long, steep stairs that led to the little room beneath the roof which for three years had been his home, and which he had thought never to see again, seemed longer, steeper than ever before to the worn-out limbs. Higher and higher he climbed. A curious feeling of peace now filled his heart. Each step rang out in comforting reiteration, "Some day, some day."

The other occupants of the house were still abroad. He met no one as he passed on his upward way, but on the dark, narrow landing outside his own door, he paused; an instinct told him that he was not alone.

"At last!" a little gasping sigh fell upon his ears.

"Who is there?" he asked. "Who is it?"

"It is I, Madeline; and, oh! I thought you would never come."

"You! Mademoiselle Madeline! and here," cried Paul, forgetting his fatigue in his astonishment.

She had come to him before when in trouble, but what had brought her now in the flush of all her triumph?

"Yes, M. Paul, it is I. Have you heard? Has any one told you?" The eager tones seemed to ring exultantly in his ears.

"No one has told me, but I have seen for myself, Mademoiselle. I give you joy." There was a moment's pause.

"Do you mean, do you think, then, that I have claimed the prize?" The girl's voice was cool now, a touch of scorn sounding through its repressed tones.

"I," Paul hesitated, a sudden wild leap of his heart choking his utterance. "I read your name—"

"And you thought me mean, base, deceitful enough to profit by—by what you had done?" The passionate question brought the blood tingling to his cheeks.

"No, I swear to you I never thought of it so; tell me, tell me all I know nothing, I saw your name—"

"Ah! so it is still there; that is strange," said Madeline, in a still colorless tone, as though the subject was one in which she had no interest. "And yet it was early when I went

to the examiners, and told them that the winning sketch was not in reality my work. I confessed to having broken the rules of the competition, so the next name on the list is now the first."

The moon that in the darkening sky shone bright and clear seemed to fall out from behind a cloud, and her rays falling through the skylight showed with alarming distinctness the change that suddenly came over Paul's pale face. He staggered forward, and would have fallen, but in an instant the girl was at his side.

"Paul, Paul, what have I done? Oh Paul, forgive me," she cried, "I thought you knew, that you despised me—"

She clung to his arm raising a face towards him scarcely less white and weary than his own.

"Then," he said unsteadily and slowly, "then I am the travelling scholar." "It is no dream. No, I am awake, and, oh! life, life, how sweet it will be now!" He threw back his head, and laughed aloud as the glory of the future dawned upon him, utterly forgetful of his companion; then the remembrance of how his good fortune had come smote him, and he turned towards her.

Even in his dull ears her despairing cry had struck a note which no fear, no regret, no remorse could reach.

He stretched out his arms, and as he drew her to him he felt her trembling, and something in his heart, awakening, told him.

"This is love?"

"Why did you do this for me, little Madeline?" he whispered, so softly, so tenderly, that for a moment she thought her love was already returned. "Was it honesty alone that brought you. Would you have come thus to any other as to me? What you have brought me is as life to a condemned prisoner, but now that I have it I find there is something wanting besides to make it complete. Madeline, will you teach me to fill it? Dear heart, will you teach me to love?"

And once again she crept into the shelter of his arms, and he kissed her.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS IN CONVENTION

Nearly one hundred delegates representing the various State Councils of the Knights of Columbus attended the twenty-first annual convention of the supreme body at New Haven, Conn., last week.

In his address Supreme Knight Hearn said from the viewpoint of organization the past year was a busy one. The order has been extended into California, Texas, New Mexico, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, South Dakota, Oregon, Washington, Montana and the Province of Ontario. The total number of councils now is 730, with a membership of 88,993.

Under the head of "charity" the supreme knight spoke of the Catholic missions for Indians in the Southwest being most deserving, and continued: "Let us stop and consider the condition of our coreligionists in Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the distant Philippines. There are great needs to be done in all these countries. There is need for a strong, active and permanent Catholic organization, especially in the Philippines, where a crisis in Catholic affairs is approaching which must be met and averted. The schism of the Independent Catholic Filipino Church is a fact and is growing in strength and numbers in defiance of rightful authority. The united influence of American Catholics must be brought to bear against the dangerous movement, and the Knights of Columbus ought to take a prominent part in the work. I am convinced that the Knights of Columbus, with its Catholicity, its patriotism, its organization, its force, its purpose and its magnificent results would satisfy a great many of the needs in the Philippines and in the countries nearer home. There are many of our members scattered throughout the Philippines who are without organization, and the Knights of Columbus once established would have their earnest support and would appeal to the honest-minded and intelligent Filipino whose love and devotion to our holy faith and to his native islands are his life and religion. Further, prudent and conscientious fraternity will cultivate and strengthen aims for God, for country and for truth, and likewise the deserving Catholic Spaniards in our insular possessions could find in the Knights of Columbus an honored and undying memorial of ancient glories of their country."

"A few of us seem to understand that to raise the depressed to the dignity of men is the highest aim of our social state. Let the deeds you have accomplished be an incentive to higher accomplishments."

The following officers were elected: Supreme knight, Edward L. Hearn, South Framingham, Mass.; deputy supreme knight, Patrick L. McArdle, Chicago, Ill.; National secretary, Daniel Colwell, New Haven; national treasurer, Patrick J. Brady, Cleveland, O.; national physician, Dr. William T. McMannis, New York City; national advocate, James E. McConnell, Fitchburg, Mass.; directors, J. C. Peletier, Boston; William S. McKay, Boston; Dr. A. Smith, Brooklyn; Charles E. Weber, Brooklyn.

St. Paul says that piety is useful for all things, but he did not add that it suffices for all things.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

Montreal, June 12.—The sixth provincial convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which had been in convention for four days at Lachine, was brought to a close yesterday, when officers were elected and installed as follows: Provincial Chief Ranger, E. A. Grise; Provincial Vice-Chief Ranger, J. B. Gendreau; Provincial secretary, F. X. Blodeau; Provincial Treasurer, W. J. Proulx; Provincial Directors, H. C. McCallum, C. E. Olivier, J. M. Draper, E. Piche, A. P. Vanasse, S. S. Roberge, and Armand Le Pailleur; auditors, H. Monette, J. P. Heroux; and J. A. Labossiere. The convention decided to hold the next biennial reunion at Three Rivers.

Delegates to the international convention were elected as follows: District of Montreal, Rev. Thomas P. Fay, John Scanlan, J. J. Pigott, W. J. Proulx, Rev. G. Le Pailleur, Dr. J. B. Martin, James H. Fosbre, C. A. Martigny, J. B. Bissonnette, Arthur Geoffrion, E. A. Grise, F. X. Blodeau, Dr. Lalonde, J. A. H. Herbert, C. E. Olivier, J. S. Blodeau and Rev. Mr. Chatelet; district of Sherbrooke, J. E. Goyette, J. B. Gendreau, A. P. Vanasse, Dr. Choquet, A. E. Morissette, M. Matte, F. Belanger, Alfred Charron; and J. B. Brossard; district of Quebec, J. M. Collier, J. M. Picher, P. Belanger, L. S. Roberge, A. Talbot, Comcau, Jackson, Lambert and C. Pouliot.

At present the religious celebrations are held every year at one central point, but it was decided that these celebrations should be held every second year on Corpus Christi Sunday in the different sections where the order exists. This will save the Provincial Council considerable expense.

The committee appointed to consider the question of assisting the members of the order who had suffered by the disastrous fires at Hull, St. Hyacinthe, Marieville and Coteau Station, recommended that the sum of \$25 be voted to each of the victims, and that five cents per member be asked from each of the subordinate courts. An amendment was moved that ten cents be asked for, but it was finally decided to issue a circular asking for voluntary subscriptions.

THE WAY CONVERTS COME.

Converts are made in the ordinary ministry one by one. A zealous priest seeking an opportunity to spread the faith, finds it in his dealings with some individual. He acquires generally an influence over his heart before he finds an entrance into his head. It may be and often is one of the parties to a mixed marriage who presents such an opportunity. The pastor goes a-fishing with his most tempting bait, and carefully and deftly plays him for a hearing; or it may be a Catholic companion, zealous for his Protestant friend, who engages the efforts of the pastor, to meet him, even by artifice, in order that he might by kindly and cordial words secure the first step in the passage of the heart to the intellect. But the pastor always acts on units, the diocesan band provides him with tens or hundreds. They come to learn, calumny are overturned, prejudices are dissolved, and they are left in the best possible condition for the kindly tact of the pastor's zeal. There was never yet a Catholic mission that did not bring Protestants closer in mind and heart to the Catholic Church. The man who fears that a non-Catholic mission antagonizes the non-Catholic people, fears against experience. I have never seen it happen; on the contrary, more kindly feelings result from the knowledge of what Catholics really believe.

But why cannot this work be done by the regular missionary bands as well as by the diocesan bands? So it could be, if they were numerous enough to be withdrawn from other duties for that work. The diocesan priests are more numerous and more widely distributed than the regular clergy. In the province of New York there are five times as many seculars as regulars; in one of its dioceses there are 26 seculars to 1 regular, in another 10 to 1, in another 7 to 1, in another 6 to 1, and in this a territory crowded or well settled. But the day is not far distant, let us hope, when all missionaries, secular and regular, will engage in the special work of preaching to non-Catholics. The Holy spirit is giving the impulse, and preparing the Church for a great missionary movement. "Pass over into Macedonia and help us" will be sounded out of the dark night of Protestantism, rapidly losing its anchorage, from earnest spiritual souls, seeking union with God wherever they may find it. It is our opportunity, and God, who guides His Church, will provide for it. In the meantime the field is being prepared for the harvest.—Rev. T. F. Cusack.

IT IS A LIVER PILL.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

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MARTYRS TO CUSTOMS.

Why does a dog walk round in a little circle before lying down? Because his ancestors had to beat out a hole in the grass or the snow to make a comfortable bed. Why does he lay his nose on the paws? Because his ancestors had to keep their noses clear of the dust or snow.

Why does a cat wash herself so carefully? Because her ancestors had to be clean, or their prey would smell them and escape. Instances might be cited by thousands of ancient habits preserved by animals long after they have ceased to be useful. Now, man does exactly the same thing, without knowing it—preserves innumerable habits for centuries after they have ceased to have any meaning.

Man as a street building animal is guided by instinct far more than reason. A builder is accustomed to houses with windows all over. Suppose he puts up a corner house, where windows are needed only on the front. Still he makes imitation windows on the side wall, with lintel, ledge, and sills, and in some cases actually paints shafts and curtains inside the frame. No matter how hideous the result, he is accustomed to windows on every wall, regardless of cost.

Posts are planted at street corners to keep vehicles off the pavement. Old cannon are often used as being both useful and ornamental—ships' guns sunk to the trunnions and a round shot lodged in the muzzle to keep out refuse. The supply fell short, but as cannon were popular they were made on purpose for corner posts.

Look at a corner post now, and you will see that it is shaped and banded like an old gun, with a half ball on top in memory of the round-shot in the muzzle. Look at any iron railing. The posts are shaped like spears, shaft and tip, in memory of some ancient, forgotten usage of weapons. Spears were used for the fencing of tithyards in the tournaments of the Middle Ages.

On gateposts you will frequently find a stone ball. Who would ever suppose that the balls on the gateposts were the heads of family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepost. On the gates of towns were stuck the heads of traitorous persons. In old London, for instance, the bridge gate and Temple Bar were always decorated with ghastly relics of the kind, and the memory of the custom survives on the gateposts of modern suburban villas.

On the back of a man's coat there are two buttons, because our ancestors needed them as rests for their sword belts. Now that women wear an imitation of men's coats, they have the buttons, too, yet it never enters their heads that they are only useful for the sword belt. And the modern dress for sword play has no tail buttons.

When railways first came into use, road coaches were mounted on flanged wheels and hauled along the track by the locomotive. Look at any English railway compartment to-day, and you will see that it is moulded and painted in imitation of a stage-coach. Its seats, shape, windows, doors and hatracks are imitations of the forgotten mail carriage.

The hairdresser's shop has a painted pole in front. That pole was the sign of the old barber surgeon and meant "bloodletting done here." How would a modern surgeon like such a sign in front of his house? Nearly every carpet has a flower pattern, because in the days before carpets, the floors were usually strewn with rushes, interspersed on state occasions with living flowers.

At the head or foot of every business letter you will see the address of the person to whom it is written, because in the days before the envelopes came into use the sheet of the letter was folded up, sealed and addressed to its destination. On the flap of the envelope is a mark in imitation of a 12-Register...12.

seal because long after envelopes were invented people distrusted the gum and still used wax for security.—The Guidon.

TESTED BY TIME.

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For full information see Calendar.

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The Wife Men found the Child of whom they were in search in Mary's arms, and their joy was thereby increased—may, doubled. Now, if it happens that for a long time you strive to find Our Lord in prayer, in meditation—that is, to find His grace and His consolation—and do not experience the happiness you desire, you know to whom you must have recourse in your need in order to find Him, and to experience a

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and liturgical text for June 1903. Includes sections for 'SIXTH MONTH 30 DAYS', 'June THE SACRED HEART', and '1903'.

Advertisement for Dunlop Creeper Heels. Text: "Head over Heels. Not a tumble, but your head is always where it should be with Dunlop Creeper Heels."

Children's Corner

TO BE CORRECTED. A little boy said: "Mother, dear, May Eye go out to play? The sun is bright, the hair is clear, Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

ONLY SIX.

I'm only six, I can't be wise; But I know how to use my eyes, And I am listening every day To what the grown-up people say— How little children should behave, And boys like me should be too brave Ever to murmur or to fret At any task that may be set; How they should mind, without a cry, And never ask the reason why!

Waving their silver swords together. Lullaby and hushaby! The waylaring day is o'er; Thou and I, together we lie In the House of the Open Door: But for thee and for me, my child, Wandering folk and poor, There are dreams of delight on meadow and moor, When the wind blows wild —Spectator.

THE EYE OF GOD. And be His child fair or dark, Of high or low degree, Or be he plain of face and bent, Or straight and tall to see, The eye of God sees only good, And not external form; In kindly acts and quiet deeds His lovingness and quies warms. The meekest of His children here, The humblest, most despised, Are glorified by little acts Of selfishness ghastrised, Sometimes the most pretentious are But vain display of shell; The purest gold is sometimes dull— The weakest of eyes excel.

HIS WISH. Walter, who had been reading his lesson in the parochial school, had come upon the sentence: "There shall be a new heaven and a new earth." "Mamma, will there be a new heaven and earth?" he asked, as he gazed wistfully over the hills and hollows along the Licking River. "The Bible says so, my son," answered his mother. "Then," mused the boy, "I hope He will make the new earth like Kentucky."

THING A GIRL CAN DO. Before a girl is twelve there are many things she should be able to do. Can you and do you do them? Keep your own room in tasteful order. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never fidget or fuss so as to disturb others. Never fuss or fret. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned or minus your collar. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Speak clearly so that every one may understand you. Learn how to enter and leave a room and how to close a door softly.

WATCHING FOR FAULTS. "When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and during the lesson used to play with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' said he, 'you must not be idle, you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.' 'Ah! I thought to myself, 'There is Joe Simmons, whom I don't like very much. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell the teacher.' 'It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master. 'Indeed!' said he. 'How did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did?' 'Were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' 'I was caught, and the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again.' If we watch over our own conduct, and try to keep it right, and always do our duty, we will not have time to watch for faults or idleness in others. This will keep us out of mischief and make us helpful to others.

LITTLE JOHNNIE SPEAKS. Of mornings I feel slow and dull; The bed is best of all. I cover up my ears so tight For fear I'll hear a call. But every time a show comes round The bed I can't endure. There's tonic in a circus tent For lazy folks I'm sure.

THE POINT OF VIEW. A German allegory tells of two little girls. They had been playing together in a strange garden, and soon one ran to her mother full of disappointment. "The garden's a sad place, mother." "Why, my child?" "I've been all around, and every rose tree has long, cruel thorns upon it." Then the second child came in breathless. "Oh, mother, the garden's a beautiful place." "How so, my child?" "Why, I've been all around, and every thorn-bush has lovely roses growing on it." And the mother wondered at the difference in the two children.

A GENTLE-MANLY BOY. Let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lived in or the money he spends, admonishes a writer in the Western Advocate. Not one or all of these things do it, and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows, and finally and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT ST. JEROME'S BERLIN

Berlin, June 20.—This was Commencement Day—that day of days to every college graduate—at St. Jerome's. The exercises were held in St. Mary's Hall, which was well filled with students, the faculty and visiting friends and clergy. This venerable and excellent institution has just completed a most satisfactory scholastic year and quite properly the exercises to-day were interspersed with congratulatory expressions to the capable president, Rev. Father Fehrenbach and his staff and the successful students. The number of students in attendance during the last year was 75. His Lordship, Right Rev. Thos. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, an ever-welcome visitor, was present and conferred the certificates and diplomas. There was also a large number of the outside clergy present, as follows: Rev. Fathers S. J. O'Loane, Guelph; J. J. Gehl, Formosa; H. Aeymans, C.R., St. Agatha; R. Lehman, Mildmay; M. S. Halm, St. Clements; J. Gnam, Hesson; J. Lenhard, Macton; J. Englert, Galt; S. Foerster, New Germany; J. Kalpryszki, C. R., S. Rogalski, C. R., and F. Wolaskiewicz, Chicago; J. Wey, New Germany; P. Hauck, Markdale. The exercises commenced at 10 o'clock and were concluded in two and a half hours. The college orchestra was in attendance and varied the proceedings most pleasantly.

THE ORATIONS. Mr. Alf. Wintermeyer, quite a young man, delivered the salutatory address. It was a brief effort, welcoming the bishop and members of the alumni and was well delivered. Three contestants entered the field in oratory for the Alumni medal. They were: Mr. Oscar J. Wernet, whose topic was "The immortality of the Soul;" Mr. C. Donovan, who spoke on "Some Lessons from History," and Mr. Jos. G. Schmidt, of Toledo, who chose for a subject "The Creation of the World." These gentlemen all made creditable efforts in the field of oratory. The subject matter was well thought out, and the contest reflected much credit in themselves and their Alma Mater. Mr. Schmidt was awarded the medal.

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS. The conferring of the diplomas, certificates, honors and class standing is the event of Commencement exercises always looked eagerly forward to by the students. Those who secured diplomas to-day for having completed the Classical and Philosophical course were: Jos. B. Schmidt, O. J. Wernet, Peter Winkelman, J. J. Arnold, F. J. Odrowski and Jos. A. Dardas. Commercial diplomas were awarded to Jos. Lamb, Aeg. Reitzel, Leo Boegel, Paul Meyer, Chas. Meyer, Chas. Dantzer, Geo. Litfin, Thos. Carroll, Carl Heidt, R. Tylniski. The names on the honor roll were read in order of merit. The following students were placed first in the different departments: Good Conduct—Srs. C. Donovan; Jrs. L. Boigel. Diligence—Srs. C. Donovan; Jrs. F. McCordle. Politeness—Srs. C. Donovan; Jrs. L. Boigel. Neatness—Srs. C. Donovan; Jrs. L. Boigel. The highest in the class standing is also given as below: Commercial course, first year, book-keeping, A. Wintermeyer; arithmetic, S. Foerster; English grammar, S. Foerster; reading and spelling, S. Foerster; English composition, S. Foerster; penmanship, F. McCordle; geography, F. McCordle; English history, Bible history and religion, F. McCordle. Second year—Book-keeping, L. Boigel; arithmetic, Algebra, A. Reitzel; grammar, composition, physiology, F. McCordle; religion, C. Mr. Greevy; church history, Geo. Kloefer; shorthand, E. Bauer. Academic course, first year—Latin and German, F. McCordle; other subjects same as first year commercial. Second year—Latin, M. Walsh; Greek and French, A. Reitzel; German, Jas. Droste. Third year—Latin, French and rhetoric, Geo. Kloefer; Greek, M. Schumacher; German, Ed. Halter; critical literature, M. Walsh; English composition, J. C. Droste; arithmetic, P. Meyer; algebra, Geo. Kloefer; physics, M. Walsh; general history, Geo. Kloefer. Collegiate course, first year—Latin, J. McCole; Greek, P. Winkelman; German, geometry, literature and religion, Geo. Kloefer; chemistry, L. Walsh. Second year—Logic and ethics and trigonometry, M. Schumacher; Greek, J. Gilroy; German, P. Winkelman; French and critical literature, J. J. Schmidt; English composition, C. Donovan; astronomy, Geo. Kloefer. Third year—Metaphysics, political Economy, Latin and religion, J. J. Schmidt.

VALEDICTION. To Mr. J. J. Arnold fell the lot of bidding farewell, on behalf of the graduates, to their Alma Mater, a task which he discharged feelingly and in befitting words. The greatest pledge of gratitude the graduates would make to their college was a good and worthy life.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES. After a song by Mr. Donovan, the graduates were addressed by Mr. Jas. E. Day, barrister of Guelph, who is an ex-graduate of St. Jerome's, who spoke as follows: Gentlemen of the Graduating Class—When I was reminded the other day that I had been delegated by the Alumni to address the graduating class of 1903, I turned my thoughts back fifteen years to my graduating class to see what lessons I could derive therefrom, and the one thing that struck me most forcibly was, that in one great point connected with this college my education was still progressing. Every succeeding year has increased my appreciation of the value to me of the time I spent here, and of the remarkable personality of the great teacher, whose name his old scholars hold in veneration, kind Father Louis, learned Dr. Fuenken. I had learned at college, as you have learned, how much the world owes to certain men; makers of literature, of music, of art, creators of policies, founders of nations, but since my school days I have learned how much the world owes to him who gives his life to the making of men, the teacher. What his pupils owe to Father Louis, the builder of foundations, strong, true and magnificent, the man whose influence imperceptibly permeated all his scholars, and ever and only for good, we cannot express. But knowing what he was to us, my first word is to congratulate you upon having been trained by learned scholars, who to their own native worth have added adherence to Father Louis' precepts. I hasten to express my gratification at the fact that the present principal, Father Fehrenbach, is a worthy successor, for I hold written proof of his tender consideration for you gentlemen of the graduating class, and for the reputation of the Alumni of the college. While you thought he was cruelly slashing at your examination results, he was in truth bearing your burdens, for he knew all the time that the bright vision you were dreaming of this day of your triumph, so well expressed by the gentleman who has delivered your valedictory, was ever crossed by the dark spectre of the infliction you had to endure, when like meek lambs led to the slaughter, you would have to stand and listen to this address. Probably he also had visions of my hunting up my lost dictionary, and spending sleepless nights translating Demosthenes so that I might crib up suitable material for an oration, or he may have been moved with pity at the prospect of my spending my substance on nerve food to help me sustain this difficult task. At all events he wrote me last week not to worry about attempting an oration, but as he kindly put it, just to talk in my own familiar style. So, my friend, for one brief moment, you and I and this distinguished and good looking audience will suspend operations to render silent thanks—mine most of all—to Dr. Fehrenbach, and with this proof of his sound common sense we can rest assured that you too have a man among men to guide your ways and form your character. Gentlemen, my task is to congratulate you to-day, and if I can assist you, I can, and I do, with pride in my Alma Mater, and with hope for the future of our people, congratulate you on the fulfillment of your college career. I am scarcely the grave and learned senior to help you by advice as to the future. Don't look relieved so soon. I have not the slightest intention in spite of that losing this chance of unloading on others the advice that in my time was given to me. The truth is, gentlemen, that the two are intermingled, for an intelligent congratulation involves an understanding of what you are graduating from, and what you are entering upon, and that the graduate who realizes his position sees for himself the pit-falls to be avoided and the work to be done. Special tools have been placed in your hands, surely this was for a special purpose. You have been moulded in a new groove, and your logic was ill learned, you are now meant for an old groove, chosen also by your own choice, chosen also by your parents, possibly in some cases against other members of the family, in all cases at the cost of some sacrifices of your parents. Again your logic tells you that the triumph of to-day is not the only reward for you or for them. The graduation is not the end. It is the end of probation, the beginning of the real life in which you have a chance to show that your parents' sacrifices, your teachers' work of love, your own labors of hope have not been in vain. You start out to-day with a certificate engrossed on paper which may be lost, forgotten or destroyed, but from to-day on you are marked with an indelible mark on each of you, ever to remain a badge of honor or of degradation as you yourselves make your lives. You hold a certificate of schooling and of education. I do not belittle scholarship for it is of high importance, and of almost incalculable value. It is that for which many men possessed of wealth and position would gladly give much. It is a treasure the seeking for its own sake, but after all it is but schooling, and a horse or other animal can be schooled and taught. But you have more. I have met, and you will meet, men stuffed with learning to whom the title of "educated" could not be given. Make the most of your learning for its own sake, and for yours, but remember you bring no honor on your college unless you are really educated and truly developed. Your professors have been trained in no narrow school. They have been broadened by foreign travel, nourished with the traditions of historic Italy and the

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS 188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—it is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON, 288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN, 475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN, 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—it is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON, 65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 3, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—it is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry, 256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTINE, Toronto, April 10, 1902. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING, 18 Spruce Street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1902. J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—it gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unendurable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CEARNE, 72 Wolsley Street, City, 114 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith, Address C. R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 189 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box. (Continued on page 8.)

Advertisement for 'ALMOST A DYING WOMAN'. Text: 'Mrs. Jassia L. Sellars Shouts aloud Her praises of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—Brought Her Almost from Death to Life. "I believe Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have made a sound cure of me after being for seven years almost a dying woman. Now, thank God, I am able to do my daily work as usual." This is what Mrs. Jassia L. Sellars, of Western Bay, Newfoundland, writes and she wants all the world to know it. She feels as all others do who have cast off the pains and despondency of Dyspepsia—who feel again that life is worth living. "I cannot praise Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets too much," continues Mrs. Sellars. "They have brought me almost from death to life. You can use my name to recommend them. I am only too glad I can do so." It is cures like this that give Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets their popularity. They not only relieve but cure permanently Indigestion and Dyspepsia of all stages.'

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THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1903.

THE LATE CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Loyalty was the guiding principle in the career of the late Cardinal Vaughan. Loyalty to his Church, loyalty to his country. Some of his Protestant fellow-countrymen were in the habit of saying that he was rather disposed to make unnecessary demonstrations of fealty to the Sovereign Pontiff, whilst certain Catholics contended that by his enthusiastic championship at all times of the doctrine of Rule Britannia he put the Englishman before the Churchman.

The Cardinal apparently never once thought of causing one party of his critics or the other to modify these conflicting opinions concerning him. In the late war and during the Papal Jubilee celebrations in Rome, both sides found cause for irritation sufficient unto themselves. Perhaps they attributed to him more than there was warrant for. These said he believed in acknowledgment of the rights of England as a condition precedent of peace, and those pretended that he desired English-Catholic pilgrims visiting the Eternal City to emphasize a demonstration in favor of the Temporal Power of the Pope for the special benefit of the Italian Government. These were but popular impressions which Cardinal Vaughan was one of the last men in the world likely to notice. His labors for Catholic education and piety went on with undiminished industry.

Though Cardinal Vaughan never got so close to the people as the late Cardinal Manning, the courtly dignity of his life was at most but a veil which did not entirely conceal his faith in the masses and his intellectual sympathy with them. Indeed he said in effect upon more than one public occasion that but for the poor within the fold the Catholicity of our day stood in peril of becoming cold and proud. His inheritance of aristocratic and conservative ideals may have endowed him with peculiar powers of discerning the irreligious influences of that insolent wealth which stands in such strong contrast to present day poverty, more noticeably so perhaps in England than in any other portion of the earth. The rich class there finds itself being steadily recruited from the ranks of trade, and in the majority of cases the new rich are too much engrossed with the novelty of their position to have any thought for the problem of the poor. They are the strenuous pursuers of pleasure, outbidding the old nobility in display and all its vanities.

It was natural that Cardinal Vaughan's eyes and heart should turn away weary from all this. He, and with one or two exceptions, all the sons and daughters of the family, had forsaken wealth and aristocratic position for the blessed poverty of religion. There may not be found another modern instance quite so striking where religion has claimed an entire family. The Cardinal himself had gone forth from home and country as a poor missionary priest. Brothers and sisters sought the religious life, because they prized religion above all else. Cardinal Vaughan must have prized it beyond love of country. Else he would not as a young man have voluntarily exiled himself from the land he loved. But his Church needed him most in his own country, and whether with all his advantages of birth, grace and learning he could have done more there than his contemporaries are willing to accord him, at least none will deny that his influence was always powerful, always disinterested and ever fearlessly exerted.

Cardinal Vaughan had no sympathy with the so-called Re-union movement of Ritualism. He had no sympathy with the pretensions of Ritualism as a movement, but he yearned and worked for the conversion of its members as individuals. The decision of Rome in this matter was but the realization of the inevitable. Lord Halifax

and others cried out that it must put back the re-union of Christendom for many generations. But that prophecy has not been justified. The Church in England within the past ten years has advanced with ever-increasing strides, though that which is styled the Nonconformist conscience is duly aroused.

It would be incorrect to say that Cardinal Vaughan was the director of this Catholic movement. It did not begin in his day, nor will it end with his life. We have to look further back than the conversion of Manning and Newman for its beginnings. Faith alone suggests its true consummation. But Cardinal Vaughan's personality did undoubtedly help it. When another Manning shall arise to stir and draw the masses of the English people with it to light and to liberty then, and then only, will be witnessed the best evidence of England's ultimate return to the ancient faith and fold.

CATHOLICS IN THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

Catholics constitute the strongest denomination of Christians in the United States to-day. They are near to the power of a majority in some of the eastern States, and, supposing what is entirely probable, that they will continue to make gains in the next generation corresponding with the advance recorded for the past thirty years, they will then outnumber all the Protestant denominations of the Republic put together. But whilst these calculations are very gratifying, there is no proportionate encouragement to be extracted from an investigation of the influence of Catholic millions in the life of the Republic. We find some significant figures in The Chicago Tribune, dealing with the representation of the various Christian denominations in the high places of state. Take the religion of the Governors. Here we have a remarkable state of things indeed. The sects represented by the Governors, we are informed, are as many and as varied as the political beliefs of the voters who people their States. If this be true, where are the Catholics? The Catholic religion, is not a sect; but Catholics people the States. And there is not a single Catholic Governor. There are Governors without church affiliation, others attend church without being known as members, still others are regular attendants of the "rock-ribbed" sort, and just a few—and they hesitate to discuss the fact—allow their wives, their sisters and their brothers to do the church going for the family. For further particulars consult the following table:

- Methodist: Richard Yates (R.) ... Illinois; Winfield T. Durbin (R.) ... Indiana; Jno. L. Bates (R.) ... Massachusetts; Aaron T. Bliss (R.) ... Michigan; Alex. M. Dockerty (D.) ... Missouri; John H. Mickey (R.) ... Nebraska; Franklin Murphy (R.) ... New Jersey; Joseph D. Sayers (D.) ... Texas; Presbyterians: John T. Morrison (R.) ... Idaho; J. C. W. Beckham (D.) ... Kentucky; John Walter Smith (D.) ... Maryland; Benj. B. Odell, jr. (R.) ... New York; George K. Nash (R.) ... Ohio; Charles N. Herreid (R.) ... S. Dakota; Albert B. White (R.) ... West Virginia; Baptists: Jeff Davis (D.) ... Arkansas; W. S. Jennings (D.) ... Florida; J. M. Tyrell (D.) ... Georgia; W. W. Heard (D.) ... Louisiana; A. H. Longino (D.) ... Mississippi; Charles B. Aycock (D.) ... N. Carolina; Episcopalians: James H. Peabody (R.) ... Colorado; S. W. Pennypacker (R.) ... Pennsylvania; D. C. Heyward (D.) ... S. Carolina; Henry G. McBride (R.) ... Washington; Universalist: John F. Hill (R.) ... Maine; Unitarian: Robert M. La Follette (R.) ... Wis.; L. F. Garvin (D.) ... Rhode Island; Quaker: John Hann (R.) ... Delaware; Mormon: Heber M. Wells (R.) ... Utah; Non-Church Members: William D. Jelks (D.) ... Alabama; George C. Pardee (R.) ... California; Abram Chamberlain (R.) ... Conn.; A. B. Cummins (R.) ... Iowa; W. J. Bailey (R.) ... Kansas; Sam. R. Van Sant (R.) ... Minnesota; Joseph K. Toole (D.) ... Montana; Nathum J. Bacheider (R.) ... N. Hamp.; Frank White (R.) ... North Dakota; John Sparks (D.) ... Nevada; G. E. Chamberlain (D.) ... Oregon; James B. Frazier (D.) ... Tennessee; Not a Catholic in the catalogue.

EFFECTS OF OVER-EXERTION.

The tongue-thrashing contest in the Legislature over the report of the Commissioners in the Gamey case has been under way for a week. The effects of over-exertion by some of the participants are becoming more and more apparent. At the end of the first five hours of his speech Mr. Gamey announced that he was being pursued by the Clan-na-Gael. This shows him willing to appeal to still fiercer prejudices than the party spirit is capable of arousing, or else he is qualifying for commitment to one of the institutions in charge of his antagonist the Provincial Secretary. He is not, however, the only one threatened with lunacy. The editor of The Globe may also have to be locked up. He has compared the review of the case by the Legislature to the trial before Pilate with unqualified blasphemy in his implied meaning. He requires looking after. The judiciary seems to be the main object of attack. With this we have no sympathy, though realizing that good may come of it, if the attention of the people be fixed upon the insufficient salaries of Canadian judges and the necessity of the Government ordering increases through the entire list that will place the occupants of the bench beyond future need of accepting extra-judicial work.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The cable despatches of the week have brought into prominence the name of the French General O'Connor, who is fighting in Algeria. The General is a Parisian born, of Irish extraction, and is at present about fifty-six years old. He originally belonged to that crack corps of the Second Empire called the "Guides," and fought in the Franco-German War. In 1871 he was aide-de-camp to Gen. the Marquis de Gallifet. Gen. O'Connor has served with great distinction in Tunis and Tonkin. He was for years Colonel of the 2nd Chasseurs d'Afrique in the Province of Oran, where he is now a General of Division.

The French Atheists, encouraged by the Government, grow bolder daily. On Sunday last, after some Capuchins had been fined in the police court on the charge of existing in France, the Atheists turned out and finished the job. The despatch reads: "A crowd of anti-Clericals broke into the office, and seriously injured two sympathizers of the friars. During the evening the anti-Clericals sacked the Capuchin Convent on St. Barbe Hill, and broke the windows of the Christian Brothers' schools."

This is not the worst. So far the rioters in Paris only displayed their hatred of members of religious orders. But at Brest an Atheist mob tried to seize the Host from the hands of the priest as the procession was about to re-enter the Cathedral. There can be no more room for doubt that the policy of the French Government is to instigate continuous conflicts in and around the churches in order to manufacture an excuse for the suppression of religion. As the people begin to see the danger, opposition to the violent hands of Atheists is offered. But little scattered fights only assist the calculations of M. Combes. Matters may either drift into a bloody revolution or to the temporary triumph of the enemies of the Church over a cowed and listless populace. If the latter be the immediate destiny of France, the reaction will be every whit as certain as if the national evils were quenched in blood.

They have an interesting lunatic in the House of Commons in Ottawa. His name is Gourley—Seymour Gourley—the same individual who a year or so ago, offered to take his wife and baby into a trench and declare war upon the United States. Both Seymour and the baby have been progressing since they were last heard from. Young Gourley is now prepared to take the field. In a speech last week on the floor of the House, the father quoted his hopeful as hereunder: "I am glad," said Gourley, "to see the Government has got out a map which shows the immensity of this country. When my little boy saw it he said: 'Pap, the United States is gone now; we are sitting on it in Canada.'"

Then Gourley pater told his brother lawmakers how he trains the boy. These are extracts from one lecture: "I will give the Americans credit for always speaking well of themselves, while detesting their very existence. If ever I say a word in favor of the United States I will expect my U. E. L. ancestors to rise up from their graves. 'The constitution of the United States is a jumble of tyrannies, and I would prefer the tyranny of Algiers to that of the States. In Algiers you only have one tyranny, but in the United States you have the tyranny of Congress for two years, the tyranny of the Senate for six years, the tyranny of the President for four years, and the Supreme Court that bosses them all eternally and forever.'"

Talk of the tail-twisters on the other side. They are dull and uninteresting beside the Gourleys of Nova Scotia.

One of the most remarkable features of Catholic activity in England is the annual Catholic Whitsuntide procession in Manchester. Only those who have seen the procession can realize what a remarkable demonstration it is in a great English Protestant city. This year's procession was held on Friday, and The Manchester Guardian gives a full description of it, with the names of the schools and societies that took part in it, and particulars of the number of children and members. No less than twenty-two schools and confraternities were represented, and by half-past nine in the morning there were twenty thousand persons in Albert Square, "mostly children." Every school and society had its own band. The writer in The Guardian describes the spectacle as a "pretty" one. "The forest of pictorial banners, the colored ribbons fluttered by the wind, the dresses of the children in all the colors of summer, the quaint costumes and uniforms of Orders and confraternities, were pleasant to look upon. The Italians, with the sun of their native land still upon their cheeks, carried a statue of the Madonna and a large crucifix, and their picturesque dress attracted much admiration. As usual," the writer adds, "the procession was watched by thousands of persons, and the route was rigorously kept clear by barriers and police."

New Ireland, a weekly review, published in London, of the class and style of The Spectator, and The Saturday Review, indicates by its typographical good looks and literary merits, the important place occupied by the Irish over there in England. Our contemporary is up-to-date in its view of passing events, devoting its attention to American and Colonial topics as well as to affairs of the United Kingdom. It is engaged just now in promoting the idea of an Irish industrial bureau in London. Canadians would be pleased to see this suggestion carried out. Thousands from the Dominion who visit the United Kingdom see, and have time for seeing, very little outside of Liverpool and London. The proposed Irish industrial bureau would be the means of making Ireland's resources and products better known in this country. If Canada were in Ireland's place, she would not hesitate five minutes about availing herself of so excellent an advertisement.

Our own readers will note with interest the following editorial comment from New Ireland of June 6: "From American exchanges to hand we learn that Canada has actively joined the crusade against the Stage Irishman. Red whiskers, enormous green ties, and an imitation of that rich brogue which is supposed to distinguish the sons of Erin, are no longer regarded as pleasing features of the Toronto stage. The credit of the Canadian taboo of the Stage Irishman is due to Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, of Toronto, who, at a concert held in that city, refused to allow one of these grotesque figures to take part in the evening's entertainment. Mr. Hinds (who is, by the way, President of the Toronto Liberal-Conservative Club) in the course of his speech of protest said the Irish people deserved better of Canadians than such insulting caricature as this. It is confidently expected that, now the war has begun, there will be a demonstration in one of the theatres whenever the next stage Irishman makes his hardy appearance. Success to D'Arcy Hinds! May his example spread throughout the great Dominion."

It is hard to personate and act a part for long, for where the truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and peep out and betray herself one time or other.

THE COSTIGAN TESTIMONIAL

Winnipeg, June 15th, 1903. To the Editor Catholic Register, Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Sir—In looking over your columns my attention was called to an effort that is now being made by some of the Irish people of the Dominion to the getting up of a testimonial to the Hon. John Costigan. I enclose a check for \$25, which you will be good enough to forward to the treasurer of the fund. I sincerely hope that the response from the Irish people of Canada will be in keeping with the services that the Hon. Mr. Costigan has at all times rendered to them. Yours truly, JOSEPH FAHEY.

C. M. B. A. ORGAN

Editor Catholic Register:

Sir—I don't think it is out of place to direct attention through the medium of your columns to the slipshod manner in which The Canadian, the organ of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, is issued. One object in view in the establishment of The Canadian was that through it members of the different branches could be notified in a more economic manner than formerly of the amount of the monthly assessments. Has this object been accomplished? It can hardly be contended that it has when The Canadian is usually not received until long after the assessment is payable to the branch. The Canadian for May, for instance, was not received by subscribers until June 10, a day after the May assessment was payable to the Grand Secretary, and a week after the assessment was payable to the different branches. To small branches, holding meetings only three or four times a year, The Canadian is practically useless as a medium of notification of the monthly assessments. If the irregular issue of The Canadian continues, branches will simply have to go to the expense of sending out their own assessment notices to members. The Canadian has, therefore, utterly failed to realize at least one object of its founders, but there is no reason whatever why it should so fail. The organ could as easily be issued on the 15th of each month as three weeks thereafter and if this promptness were observed in its publication it would be a boon to the different branches. If the present lax system of issuing the monthly continues its discontinuance altogether should be made a live question at the next Grand Council meeting. It may be urged that the existing condition of things is due to the death of the late Grand Secretary, but I may say in anticipation of such an excuse, that the grievance of which I complain was long anterior to the demise of the late lamented Mr. Brown. Yours, A. C. M. B. A. MEMBER.

THE FOURTH CLASS IN SEPARATE SCHOOLS

To the Editor Catholic Register:

Sir—From a recent report of a meeting of the Separate School Board of this city, we learn for the first time of a proposal to abandon the teaching of a fourth class in all Separate Schools except Bolton Avenue, St. Paul's, St. Michael's, St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Helen's and Toronto Junction. A glance at the map of the city will show that these schools are almost on the line of Queen street across the whole city and that three of them are practically within the mile and a quarter from Yonge to Bathurst streets.

While I sympathize with the Board in its endeavor to overcome the tendency of population to move away from the south side of the city, which tendency should, however, have been foreseen before recent additions were made to schools in the southern part of the city, I decidedly object to my children being compelled to travel such a long distance to attend a fourth class as will be the case if this plan is carried out. An examination of the city map will show the following distances: Boulton Avenue to St. Paul's, three-quarters of a mile; St. Paul's to St. Michael's, seven-eighths of a mile; St. Michael's to St. Patrick's, three-quarters of a mile, and St. Patrick's to St. Mary's seven-eighths of a mile. It can thus be seen that the teaching of this grade will be confined wholly to the southern portion of the city, and pupils living northwards be forced to travel long distances to reach these schools.

Could not the Board arrange a fairer geographical division of the schools teaching this grade and make the territory for say three-quarters of a mile around each school selected, tributary to that school. Yours, CATHOLIC PARENT.

A GO-AHEAD CATHOLIC COMMUNITY

O'Neill, Nebraska, June 19, 1903. To the Editor:

Letters come to me from time to time from persons in different parts of the United States and Canada asking information about this portion of Nebraska. I will appreciate it very much if you will kindly publish this letter in your newspaper and thereby convey to many persons who are thinking of changing their location some information that may be of value to them. A matter of importance in seeking a new home with every Catholic and which should be a matter of supreme

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854. SOON TO BECOME "THE HOME BANK OF CANADA." Assets, \$3,000,000.00. 3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHECKS. OFFICE HOURS:—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAY 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT. JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

importance, is the church and school facilities. We have here a good Catholic Church and there are four other churches in the county. The country surrounding O'Neill is settled principally by Catholics and most of the business of the town is in the hands of our people. We have a convent school which has been running for about three years. The building cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000 and more than two hundred and fifty children are being educated there. It is conceded by all who know it to be one of the finest schools in the west. A person cannot get a correct idea of any country without actually visiting it. But it can be said truthfully, that this is an excellent country for raising live stock. I am reliably informed that more hay is produced in this county than in any other county in the United States. In addition to this we have plenty of fine pasture land. Much of the land is also good for farming and the people generally are doing well. There is still an opportunity to secure good homes here at a very reasonable price. In a business way there is an opening here for a flour mill, a steam laundry, an electric light plant, and a commercial hotel. Yours very respectfully, M. F. CASSIDY, Parish Priest.

self, gave a consistent and unselfish support to the Mowat Administration, who have no confidence in the professions of the present Government, the members of which in their urban simplicity become such easy victims for the designing Tory and their enterprising employer? J. C. O'NEIL. Brantford, June 20th, 1903.

GEORGINA

The most successful picnic in the history of this township was held in the little village of Virginia the 17th inst., in aid of St. Anthony's new Catholic Church. Although the day proved unfavorable, being showery at intervals, the crowd was large and their hearts generous. The members of the congregation under the leadership of their pastor, Father Cline, left nothing undone to ensure its success, both socially and financially, and their best hopes were more than realized. Mt. Albert brass band, a local string band and a gramophone entertained the large gathering during the day with the sweet music of wonderful melodies. The tables were tastefully decorated by the ladies of the congregation and temptingly attractive by the many good things placed upon them at noon hour and in the evening. Two of Georgina's most popular young ladies, Miss Josephine K. Laviolette and Miss Cassie Cain, were much in evidence during the day and seemed like the busy bees among the flowers. Though not engaged in the old-time watch contest, their work was none the less energetic, as the result well proved. Miss Josephine K. Laviolette swelled the proceeds by a sum of \$60.90, and Miss Cassie Cain by \$457.91, in reward for which each received a beautiful gold watch, Miss Laviolette receiving in addition a very handsome chain. The Hon. E. J. Davis, W. J. Kester, Esq., and other prominent gentlemen were present upon the occasion. After the expenses were paid, which were considerable, the net gain amounted to the sum of \$1,420. The success of the picnic is due in no small degree to the able management of Rev. Father Cline, and St. Anthony's new church will stand for years to come as a monument of his ability and untiring efforts.

TO ATTEND CONFERENCE.

Rev. Father Emery, rector of Ottawa University, has received an invitation from the committee of the Allied Colonial Universities to attend their conference and dinner in London, Eng., on July 9 and 10. The committee, of which the Premier, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour is chairman, includes Sir Michael Foster, secretary of the Royal Society; Sir A. W. Tucker, principal of London University; Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.; Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Kinloch, of Cook's Mount, London, secretary. At the conference, among other things, the question of co-ordination among universities of the empire will come up for discussion. Rev. Father Emery will leave shortly for the old country, accompanied by Prof. Stockley, who is going to visit Ireland.

The METROPOLITAN BANK. Capital - \$1,000,000. Reserve - \$1,000,000. A General Banking Business transacted. In our Savings Bank Department interest is allowed on the Daily Balance. Branches in Toronto: Cor. College and Bathurst Sts.; Dundas and Arthur Sts.; Queen and McCull Sts.; 7 & 9 King St. East. (Head Office) F. W. BAILLIE, General Mgr. W. D. ROSS, Assistant General Mgr.

My Valet. 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074. DRESS SUITS TO RENT. Pressing, Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing. Goods called for and returned to any part of city.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

At the Ottawa University on Thursday morning of last week the annual commencement exercises were held, at which degrees were conferred and medals and certificates awarded. Following is a list of the successful students, the names being arranged in the order of merit, where such arrangement is made.

HONORARY DEGREES.

The following received honorary degrees:

Doctor of Divinity—Rev. Christopher Smith, O.M.I., San Antonio, Texas.
 Doctor of Law—James Cusack, London, England, and Henry J. Morgan, Ottawa.

Licentiate of Philosophy—Rev. Albert Hanon, Nancy, France; Rev. Jules Priour, Rennes, France, and Rev. Charles Soubry, London, Eng.
 Bachelor of Theology—Rev. Francis McCullough, O.M.I., Lonsdale, Ont., and Rev. Jules Racette, O.M.I., Lowell, Mass.

Doctor of Philosophy—Rev. Leon Binet, O.M.I., Hull, P.Q., and Rev. Herve Racette, O.M.I., Lowell, Mass.; Rev. George Simard, Bale St. Paul, Que.

Bachelor of Philosophy—Vincent Meagher, Read, Ont.; John J. O'Gorman, Ottawa, and Hugh J. Macdonald Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Master of Arts—Dr. J. L. Chabot, M.D., Ottawa, Ont.; Prof. A. Belanger, B.A., Ottawa; L. E. O. Payment, B.A., Montreal; A. H. Sanders, B.A., Montreal.

Bachelor of Arts—Rev. S. Murphy, O.M.I., Lonsdale, Ont.; M. Burns, North Adams, Ont.; J. McDonald, Ottawa; J. Dowd, Buckingham, Que.; Rev. A. Verreault, St. Eugene, Que.; Rev. M. Murphy, Lonsdale, Ont.
 Mr. J. J. Keeley, Raitton, Ont., passed partial final examination.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS.

F. Marcotte, Marcotte, Que.; H. Letang, Barry's Bay, Ont.; J. Sexton, Lowell, Mass.; F. Lefebvre, Hull, Que.; W. Plaisance, Worcester, Mass.; J. Downey, Brockville, Ont.

The following passed a partial examination: J. Mack, Salem, Mass.; J. Freland, Ottawa; R. Byrnes, Ottawa; H. Mack, Salem, Mass.

Matriculation—R. Savoie, Montreal; H. F. Donahue, Leominster, Mass.; J. McNeil, Marysville, Ont.; D. Toussaint, Fitchburg, Mass.; D. Norton, Buckingham, Que.; G. Boileau, Montreal, Que.; E. Chartrand, St. Joseph d'Orleans; J. Marshall, P. Marshall, Ottawa; J. Cassidy, Buckingham, Que.; O. Dion, Ottawa; D. Agnès, Lachine, Que.; G. Perrault, Ottawa; W. Cavanaugh, Munster, Ont.; S. Harvey, Brunswick, Vt.; W. Callaghan, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; F. Quinn, Ottawa; R. Desmarais, St. Marc, Que.; W. Mulligan, Chapleau, Ont.

The following passed a partial examination: A. Bastien, St. Joseph d'Orleans; A. Lapres, Cheboygan, Mich.; J. Macdonald, Lindsay, Ont.; C. Jones, Eganville, Ont.; A. Decelles, Ottawa.

AWARDED MEDALS.

Classical Course—Excellence in Christian Doctrine, silver medal presented by His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate, awarded to John J. O'Gorman, Ottawa.

French Course—Silver medal presented by His Grace the Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, awarded to Joseph Lebeau, Ottawa.

For class standing, university course, third year, sixth form, silver medal presented by His Excellency the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, awarded to John O'Gorman, Ottawa.

Second year, fifth form, silver medal presented by Very Rev. Cassien Angier, O.M.I., Superior-General, Paris, France, awarded to Harry Letang, Barry's Bay, Ont. First in merit.

Silver medal presented by N.A. Belcourt, M.P., Ottawa, awarded to Jno. Sexton, Lowell, Mass. Second in merit.

First year, fourth form—Silver medal presented by Very Rev. J. Jodoin, O.M.I., Provincial, Montreal, P.Q., awarded to Charles Seguin, Ottawa. First in merit.

Silver medal presented by J. R. O'Brien, M.D., awarded to Wm. Derham, Ottawa. Second in merit.

Mathematics—M. O'Gara, Fred. O'Keefe, Hon. mention, R. Cosgrove, R. Vallée.

SECOND FORM.

(French Course.)
 Greek—H. St. Jacques, H. Letourneau. Hon. mention, R. Joron, A. Seguin.

Latin—H. St. Jacques, E. Theriault, Hon. mention, A. Seguin, E. Brunet.

French—H. St. Jacques, H. Letourneau. Hon. mention, E. Beroard, L. Joron.

English—H. St. Jacques, E. Beroard. Hon. mention, E. Brunet, E. Theriault.

History—Henry St. Jacques, E. Theriault. Hon. mention, E. Brunet, E. Beroard.

Collegiate course, third term—Silver medal, presented by Very Rev. J. Keough, V.G., Paris, Ont., awarded to James McNeill, Marysville, Ont. First in merit.

(Continued next week.)

D. P. SHEERIN

WHOLESALE

Rubber Goods
 Garden Hose
 Bicycle Tires
 Etc., Etc.

28 Wellington St. West, Toronto

PRISE DAY AT DE LA SALLE

The Hon. Richard Harcourt presented the prizes and diplomas to the successful students at De La Salle Institute on Friday afternoon last. The hall on Duke street was crowded when the exercises began with an invocation hymn by the boys' choir, which was increased by boys from St. Patrick's, St. Michael's and St. Paul's Schools.

There were present also Mayor Urquhart, Vice-General McCann, Eugene O'Keefe, D. A. Carey, M. Walsh, L. O. Byrne, J. J. Seitz, and Mrs. Seitz, A. S. Gormally, R. Dissette, Inspectors Chapman and Prendergast, Rev. Fathers Hand, Cantillon and Canning, and many others.

The students gave exhibitions of their proficiency by blackboard drawings and rapid calculations, and President Angus of the Chartered Stenographers' Association examined a class in shorthand. An orchestra furnished good music, and the conductor, Prof. Donville, was complimented highly on the efficiency of the choir. Young Victor Stone in his vocal solo "Killarney" and Ernest Seitz in a piano solo won special applause.

Walter Oster was the prize boy, winning J. J. Seitz's gold watch, and Eugene O'Keefe's medal, in addition to his diplomas.

The Minister of Education, after the distribution of prizes, spoke to the boys on the subject, "Be Diligent."

These diplomas were awarded: For proficiency in business penmanship, awarded by Prof. A. N. Palmer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, won by Walter Oster, Joseph Adamson, Francis Labrecque, John J. Clancy, Frederick Walsh, Paul Ciceri, Philip Dee, David Balfour, Aloysius Clancy, James Thomson, Francis O'Farrell.

De La Salle Commercial Diplomas—Grade B—Ambrose A. Kirby, Francis Labrecque, Joseph Adamson, John T. Maddigan. Grade A—Frederick Walsh, John J. Clancy. Grade A—Walter Oster.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Catharine Herbert, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, the wife of Peter J. Herbert, waterworks employe, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario 1897, Chapter 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Catharine Herbert, who died on or about the 27th day of March, 1903, are required on or before the 25th day of July, 1903, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, solicitors for Peter J. Herbert and John Joseph O'Leary, the executors of the Last Will and Testament of the said deceased, their names and addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last-mentioned date, the said executors shall proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only for the claims of which they shall then have notice and that the said executors shall not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person whose claims in whole or in part shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto, this 18th day of June, 1903.
 HEARN & SLATTERY,
 Solicitors for Executors.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

Cured of Nervous Exhaustion and General Debility by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. Louis Larin, Kemptville, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my little girl, as well as for my own use. She was very nervous and completely run down in health. We noticed a decided improvement when the first box was used, and continued the treatment, until now she is as healthy and as strong as ever, and entirely rid of the weakness and nervousness which threatened her young life. The success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in curing my child led me to use it for myself, as I was affected with nervousness and a debilitated system. It was not money wasted, for I obtained the best results I could wish for, and am built up and in good health once more."

By noting your increase in weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you prove for a certainty that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Proceedings of the Twenty-Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 17th June, 1903.

The Twenty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, June 17th, 1903.

There were present: T. R. Merritt, St. Catharines; William Ramsay of Bowland, Stow, Scotland; William Hendrie, Hamilton; Robert Jaffray, Toronto; T. Sutherland Stayner, Elias Rogers, D. R. Wilkie, Clarkson Jones, David Kidd, Hamilton; Edward Martin, K.C., Hamilton; David Smith, Thos. Walmsley, J. L. Blaikie, A. A. McFall, Bolton; Nehemiah Merritt, R. H. Temple, Lyndhurst Ogden, R. N. Gooch, Peleg Howland, A. W. Austin, G. W. Lewis, Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., Robert Mills, Hamilton; C. G. Dalton, William Spry, R. L. Benson, E. K. Scoley, W. W. Vickers, J. G. Ramsey, G. G. Heward, W. D. Matthews, Robert Thompson, Albert A. Thompson, George B. Sweetnam, Ira Standish, W. J. Gage, V. H. E. Hutcheson, E. Hay, Anson Jones, W. Gibson Cassels, H. Sintzel, W. C. Crowther, Archibald Foulds, Samuel Nordheimer, J. H. Eddis, R. G. O. Thomson and others.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary. Moved by Mr. J. L. Blaikie, seconded by Mr. Anson Jones: That Mr. W. Gibson Cassels, Mr. R. H. Temple and Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, be and are hereby appointed Scrutineers.—Carried.

The General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

THE REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Twenty-eighth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 31st May, 1903, together with Statement of the result of the operations for the year which ended that day.

Out of the Net Profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for the authorized contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds:

- (a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum amounting to \$285,237.37.
 - (b) The Bank Premises Account has been credited with \$20,000.
 - (c) Rest Account has been increased by \$100,000.
 - (d) Profit and Loss Account has been increased by \$76,890.75.
- The Premium received upon New Capital Stock amounting to \$411,312, has also been added to Rest Account, making that account \$2,636,312, equal to 88.33 per cent. of the Paid Up Capital.

Branches have been opened during the year at:

- Victoria British Columbia.
- Cranbrook British Columbia.
- Regina N. W. T.'s.
- Wetaskiwin N. W. T.'s.
- North Winnipeg Manitoba.
- Bolton Ontario.

The authority given to your Directors at the last Annual Meeting to increase the Capital Stock of the Bank by the sum of \$1,500,000, has been availed of so far by an allotment to Shareholders of \$500,000 of New Stock at a premium of 85 per cent. The remaining \$1,000,000 will be issued from time to time as the business of the Bank may demand at a premium equivalent to the proportion which the Reserve Fund may at the time bear to the Paid Up Capital.

A desirable site for the Montreal Branch has been purchased and suitable premises are being erected thereon. Arrangements are also in progress for the erection of premises in Strathcona, N.W.T., Rosthern, N.W.T., and Revelstoke, B.C.

The Head Office and Branches have all been carefully inspected during the year. The Directors desire to express their high appreciation of the faithful and efficient manner in which all the officers have performed their respective duties during the year. T. R. MERRITT, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend No. 55, 5 per cent (paid 1st of December, 1902)	\$136,453.43
Dividend No. 56, 5 per cent (payable 1st of June, 1903)	148,783.94
Transferred to Rest Account	511,312.00
Written off Bank premises and Furniture Account	20,000.00
Balance of Account carried forward	160,386.27
	\$976,935.64

Balance at credit of account, 31st May, 1902	\$2,125,000
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	511,312
Premium on New Capital Stock	\$411,312
From Profits of the year	100,000
	\$2,636,312

28th Annual Statement, 31st May, 1903.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	\$ 2,584,326.00	Gold and Silver coin	\$ 687,857.35
Deposits not bearing interest	\$4,375,052.28	Government notes	2,465,194.00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	15,305,178.93	Deposit with Dominion Government for security for note circulation	120,000.00
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	82,310.50	Notes of and cheques on other Banks	814,423.74
Total liabilities to the public	\$22,346,867.71	Balance due from other Banks in Canada	384,134.87
Capital Stock (paid up)	2,983,896.00	Balance due from agents in the United Kingdom	219,303.02
Rest Account	\$2,636,312.00	Balance due from agents in foreign countries	1,742,612.16
Dividend No. 56 (payable 1st of June, 1903), 5 per cent	148,783.94		\$6,433,525.14
Former Dividends unclaimed	187.00	Dominion and Provincial Government securities	\$ 838,898.74
Rebate on Bills discounted	55,949.16	Canadian Municipal securities	1,567,172.06
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	160,386.27	Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and stocks	1,149,637.81
	\$ 3,001,618.37		\$ 9,549,688.61

HOW TO LIVE IN JUNE

HOW TO GET your money's worth out of all the good things nature gives us is the way to live in June. A Canadian June is the ideal month anywhere. No better way to get the benefit of it than with a bicycle—no better bicycle any-where than the

"MASSEY-HARRIS"

It has always been on the top as the example for all manufacturers. It is now in the telescope as far as others are concerned because of its numerous improvements—because of the hygienic

CUSHION FRAME

—the invention which put new life into wheeling, that made the "Massey-Harris" "the Pullman" of bicycling.

Showrooms—34 KING ST. WEST. Open Evenings

AUTOMOBILES

Have you noticed the "red fellow" on the pavement? That is the "Rambler"—the best automobile yet manufactured for all-around comfort and work. It is the best hill climber we know of, and that's a recommendation worth considering

Showrooms—34 KING ST. WEST. Open evenings

Write for our New Booklet | Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, Toronto

Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	3,069,674.08
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances	14,647,194.38
Overdue debts (loss provided for)	17,845.45
Real Estate (other than Bank premises)	89,990.9
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the bank	85,965.29
Bank premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches	485,696.48
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads	3,291.75
	\$28,332,382.08

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

The usual motions were submitted and carried unanimously. The Scrutineers appointed at the Meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.: T. R. Merritt, D. R. Wilkie, Wm. Ramsay, Robt. Jaffray, T. Sutherland Stayner, Elias Rogers, Wm. Hendrie.

At a subsequent Meeting of the Directors, Mr. T. R. Merritt was elected President, and Mr. D. R. Wilkie Vice-President for the ensuing year. By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

Toronto, June 17th, 1903.

FRENCH LESSONS—COURSE followed, 1st, principles of pronunciation explained; 2nd, verbs acquired by means of conversation; 3rd, idioms and phrasing; pupils addressed in French from the beginning to cultivate their ear. Subjects chosen in accordance with pupil's profession or business. For terms apply to Mile. E. de Coutouly, 4 Laurier avenue, Toronto.

TWO CATHOLIC MALE TEACHERS wanted at the Wikemikong Industrial School, to teach lower and higher grades respectively. Applicants should state the class of their certificate, their experience, and the salary expected. Board and lodging is furnished in the institution. Address: Rev. J. Paquin, S.J., Principal, Wikemikong, Ont.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 48

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum has this day been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of the company for the half year ending 30th June inst., and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, No. 78 Church street, Toronto, on and after 2nd July, prox.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 16th to 30th June inst., both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board.
 JAMES MASON,
 Managing Director.
 Toronto, 8th June, 1903.

Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first water, whose value he alone understands who has lost it, or who observes the lives of others who have lost it. For my part, I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it, for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns.—Charles Wagner.



At Minimum Cost

To buy at the top of the market is something for other people to do; to buy at the bottom is what you wish to do yourself. There is great satisfaction in getting a thing cheap. To secure life insurance when young is to obtain it at a minimum cost. Therefore, now is the time to effect a purchase. It will never be cheaper. The premium rates are higher from any future time of beginning than from now.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

is an excellent company. Policies issued on all approved plans for all amounts from \$1,000 to \$50,000. Home Office—Toronto, Ont. J. L. BLAIKIE, — — — President. L. GOLDMAN, A.L.A., F.C.A., Managing Director. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., L.L.D., Sec.

Difficulty is only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing a particular object.

The Pianauto

The Pianauto is the greatest of all "piano-players." It will play on any piano any piece of music ever written. It can be played by anyone without musical knowledge, and its operation is so simple and light that a child can play it with ease. In the total absence of fatigue involved, it differs immensely from all other piano-players, and it is also vastly superior in capacity for "expression."

Correspondence and inspection invited.

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED

Manufacturers of Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Piano Players

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

UNWIN MURPHY & ESTEN

C. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN, ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, Surveyors, Planners and Descriptions of Properties, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Lands and Mining Claims Located. Office: One Richmond Street, Toronto—Telephone Main 1286

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

On and after May 16th STEAMER CHICORA

Will leave Yonge Street Dock (East side) at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. (daily except Sunday) for

Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston. Connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R. International Ry. (Can. Div.), Niagara Gorge Ry., and Michigan Central R.R. Arrive in Toronto 1.15 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. Family book ticket—now on sale at General Office, 54 King St. East. W. B. FOLGER, Manager.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Tourist Resorts

The famous Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes, Lake of Bays, etc. are noted for their excellent and healthy climate. Up-to-date hotels. Grand Trunk trains make connection at Muskoka Wharf for all ports on Muskoka Lakes, at Huntsville for all ports on Lake of Bays, also direct connections to ports on Georgian Bay and Kawartha Lakes.

Excursions to Canadian North West

Good going June 4th and June 18th, valid returning within 60 days from date of issue. Good going July 4th, valid returning until Sept. 3th.

For rates, information and descriptive literature apply at City Ticket Office, 24th West Corner, King and Yonge Streets, (Phone Main 420) or Depot Ticket Office.

30,000 McSHANE BELLS

Blowing Round the World. Memorial Bells a Specialty. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

**Master of
The Situation**

A Mugging Tale

As the revenue cutter Argus dropped anchor in the roads outside Watermouth for the fifth time in January in the notable year 1740, the populace of that tiny community sent up, in accordance with custom, a subdued shriek of laughter. But the merry faces took on an expression of earnestness and respect when the warship's gig drew in to the shore and alighted Lieutenant the Honorable Peter Crackthorpe upon the quay.

The Honorable Peter's official rank was no indication of his age, which hovered on the dubious wing somewhere in the altitudes of the fifties; nor, on the other hand, was his age a sign of naval ability. Severe of aspect, haughty in demeanor, with carriage erect to the angle of defiance, he stood confessed a martinet of martinets. The men of the Argus regarded their commander with a lively awe, and related each to the other most convincing stories of Lieut. Crackthorpe's unsparring devotion to useless minutiae. He possessed, indeed, a very lust of punctilio, and his transference to so lowly a position as captain of the Argus, which was consecrated to the task of chasing smugglers and spreading terror of the law amongst the jolly free-traders of the East Anglian coast, was the direct outcome of an incident whose details came to the ears of the Lords of the Admiralty in an embellished edition. Somewhat previous to the date of his removal to the Argus, family influence had been so far exerted in the nation's benefit as to procure the gazettement of the gallant Mr. Crackthorpe to the command of a sloop of war. It is true he had not long obtained his lieutenantcy, but friends at court had shown the necessity of introducing fresh blood, especially of the Crackthorpe hue, for every one knows that the Honorable Peter was only brother to the most noble the Marquis of Gonscilly. The sloop of war was quickly in commission, and, as luck would have it—the Crackthorpe's had thrived for generations on luck—within twenty-four hours the crew of a miserable French fishing-boat caught poaching in English waters hauled down their flag at early dawn, in submission to the English warship after the latter had driven her stem into the little smack, which then quickly prepared to founder. Now Commander Crackthorpe, who at the commencement of the race was sleeping the sleep of the rewarded merit, had been awakened in order that he might take his proper position on this momentous occasion; but a determination to complete his toilet before appearing on deck bade him to deprive the second in command altogether of his senior officer's presence and aid. As soon as the collision took place several rope ladders were flung out over the side to the Frenchmen, who began climbing up with much eagerness, as their own boat lay foundering alongside. But the Honorable Peter had not only determined to finish his toilet, he had also determined to be in at the death, and was unwilling to forego a single ray of the glory which awaited him on the quarter-deck. At this juncture, therefore, he sent strict orders not to allow the prisoners to place foot on the deck until he himself was there to receive them, with the result that half a dozen poor wretches were clinging desperately to the rope ladders, at the top of which stood marines with fixed bayonets to prevent them advancing, and below which the deep sea yawned.

"Must receive my prisoners like a gentleman, sir," he said to the midshipman in attendance. "Dignity of the King's service is to be upheld, and, begad, I'll uphold it." And presently he stumped up on the quarter-deck, in gold braid and glistening scabbard, to accept "like a gentleman, sir, and in a manner to advance the dignity of the King's service, sir," the unconditional surrender of six drenched, dejected, harmless fisher folk from Brittany, who had taken, maybe a couple of herrings inside the three-mile limit.

It was this and similar instances which procured for the Honorable Peter the pseudonym of "Prince of Punctilio" amongst the officials of the Admiralty. The Naval Lords cast about them for a safe place in which to hide the Prince, that is to say, a place where punctilio could do little harm even if it did no good. And so it was decided that Lieutenant Crackthorpe should take command of the revenue cutter Argus and spend the rest of his professional days in chasing the lawless smuggler.

In the time of these events there was no village along the whole East Anglian coast line so notorious for its illicit traffic in spirits as Watermouth and no man in Watermouth better loved than that rebel to the law, Black Zam. His name in full was Samuel Treherne, and he hailed from a small seaport town in the west country, which he some ten years ago had been obliged to quit, as the revenue officers of that neighborhood were strongly averse to Zam's methods of earning an honest living by free trade. Treherne brought with him a rich experience of the sea and a thick west-country vernacular in which the letter "h" had never been done justice, so that when this mariner spoke of a "biting zerpent" the phrase lost all

that piercing force which the sibilants are meant to endow it with. He called himself "Zam," and the Suffolk people christened him Black Zam, out of respect for his umbrageous beard; and this was the man whom Lieutenant Crackthorpe kept a sharp lookout for as he stepped starchyly along to the Loyalty Arms. Arrived at the tavern—for the shabby little inn could hardly be called more—the officer entered the taproom with a clinking sword, and was there greeted with the most profound expressions of respect by Mine Host Huckle Davy. Huckle was always ready to be loquacious, and the officer wore a thin smile, which encouraged the tavern-keeper to talk genially.

"Goo' morn', sir," said Huckle, rubbing his bony hands together. "Fine morn', sir, if it don't rain, as my father used to say. My father was a homorous man, sir."

"Master Davy, I don't require your jokes until I ask for them, sir." "No, m'lord. Ax pardon, m'lord," said Davy; and "m'lord," open to every attack of adulation, was mollified and relented.

"Now, look here, Davy, my good fellow, I want two minutes' private talk," and he looked meaningly at a jereyed figure standing apart, endeavoring to finish a large tankard of ale without attracting too much attention.

The landlord of the "Loyalty Arms" turned on the humble customer. "Out you go, Jimmy Brail, and sharp!—Quit now!—hiding there in the corner to listen to State secrets w'at m'lord was just agoin' to let me into. You're a miserable tike at best, and got no manner o' right to remain in the room when a nobleman comes in on business."

Jimmy Brail, the most harmless of mortals, essayed to expostulate, but before this outburst of authority—for Davy was the autocrat of the place—the poor man dwindled out of the door, looking at the half-finished mug.

"He hasn't got the pluck of a field mouse, m'lord, and I don't b'lieve he'd run a ha'porth o' risk to save his life. He's frightened to go to sea, he is, and no better than a beach loafer."

"Cut this balderdash," said the officer, "and now we're alone, pay attention. Where is he?"

"Who, m'lord? Jimmy Brail?" asked Davy, with innocent blue eyes.

"Not Jimmy," said the officer; "Treherne, I mean. You know I have never set eyes on him yet."

"He was past the house, sir, not two minutes afore you come, sir, and maybe even now within a stone's throw of us. Quick, sir, there he is!" And Davy, who was now peering up the street through the window, speedily brought Mr. Crackthorpe to his side. "Just agoin' roun' the corner opposite the shore windlass—in a brown smock and top-boots. That's him, sir."

The eager gaze of the lieutenant dashed about from one brown-smocked figure to another in the long-deferred hope of fixing indelibly on his memory the form and appearance of that arch smuggler Treherne. But brown smocks and top-boots seemed to be the universal dress.

"I'm right glad you got a good sight of him, m'lord," said Huckle. "You'd know him anywhere now, sir, I'se warrant."

"Ye-es, certainly," replied the lieutenant uncertainly.

"Once seen he's to be forgotten, sir, as my homorous old father used to say. And I s'pose now your lordship would wish to know when he intends making the next trip to Flushing?"

"That's precisely my wish, Davy. What's your news?"

"Well, m'lord, after a power of trouble I larn't from them as knows that he's goin' to be quiet the whole of this week, this being Monday, and he p'poses gettin' away for a cargo on Sunday next. And it's awful to think that when we are all worshipping in the temple these godless men will be settin' out on their lawless errand."

Lieutenant Crackthorpe drummed on the pane with his finger tips. He was not too much deluded with Davy's religious attitude, nor did he bind himself to accept implicitly the publican's statements. He turned suddenly upon mine host.

"Come, my man," he said, briskly. "I've heard quite differently from another quarter, and I put you on oath whether your version about Treherne's next trip is true or not. I'm determined to make sure of my ground, for I was once before deceived in a similar case." Davy looked incredulous.

"Well, m'lord," he replied, rubbing his hands, "I wouldn't go so far as say on my oath it's true or untrue. 'Cause the information's not first han' to me. I larn'd it on'y yes'day from Mrs. Baxter, who came in 'mediately after breakfast on her way up to Squire's for the weekly wash, where she's been employed reg'lar since the death of old John Baxter; and she's got four children, the eldest a fine little chap now gettin' two shillin's a week from the butcher at Canebury-by-Marsb—"

"Sir!" broke in the lieutenant.

"How the devil do Mrs. Baxter and her brats concern me or the King's service? Cut it short, I say, or I will cut your drivelling windpipe short." And he looked Neronic.

"Beg pardon, your Grace; but seein' your Grace put me on my oath I'm bound in justice to myself to give the full particulars, else I couldn't swear to it. It's a weight on my conscience. But if the particulars are too long for your lordship to listen to, and your lordship consents to take

me off my oath"—his lordship at once took him off—"I would go so far as to say it's true in so far as havin' no special reference to nothin', but otherwise, bein' second or third hand news, the truth might ha' got warped as it passed from han' to han', that is to say from mouth to mouth, until there you are, your Grace!" Huckle Davy finished his peroration with a fine manner of simplicity.

"Yes, there I am, Huckle, in just about the same place as I was before." And though his words were testy, Mr. Crackthorpe loved to be addressed as "your Grace" (a fact which Master Davy had learned long ago), and he swiftly succumbed to the assault upon his vanity.

"The chief point to remember, m'lord, is that the skipper always makes a northerly cast as he returns one with his cargo. He thinks there's less risk of capture that way. And now, sir, m'lord, havin' parted with this valuable piece of information, p'raps I might claim a little on account."

The officer's face gloomed over. "I can't do it just now, Davy. Fact is"—in a whisper—"the Government has sent me a hint that I have dispensed the Secret service money with too free a hand and have not received value in exchange. D'ye understand? Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. You shall have ten golden sovereigns the moment I am in a position to proclaim Treherne and his gang prisoners of the King. Great gee!" he continued, evading the full oath, "the sun is on the meridian. Good day to you, Master Davy, I must get back to my ship."

And the great man strode stiffly out of the tavern and walked back to the quay under the visual guns of the loitering population of Watermouth.

The cool air outside chilled the lieutenant back to his normal condition, and he soon came to the conclusion that Huckle Davy was a flatterer and a liar; that in this instance, as in many a previous one, his information had been diametrically opposed to the fact. Very good. Turn the matter about, and what should an intelligent officer do? Why, take it for granted that the Gentle Pilgrim—Black Zam's last trading sloop—would sail this very night for Holland, and instead of making a northerly cast on her return trip she would certainly make a southerly one. So Lieutenant Crackthorpe put out to sea on this theory, and for three days without success thrashed the North Sea hither and thither through mist and shine in search of the famous smuggler.

The naval officer's theory was correct, for that very night Black Zam laid the head of the Gentle Pilgrim on her path to Flushing, picking the way with consummate skill in the darkness. Twenty-four hours later Flushing was reached in a favoring breeze, and a score of barrels labelled "coal tar" were taken on board and stowed away. The whole cargo was snugly arranged in a very short time can only be acquired by long practice. When the twilight of evening arrived, the Gentle Pilgrim stole away from Flushing harbor, and once outside, put on a press of canvas and sped on her dangerous course for England. She carried no lights, but ran the gauntlet of all perils.

In the early morning a strong breeze had sprung up which increased by noon to a moderate hurricane, and the Gentle Pilgrim plunged her bows into the billows or rose like a bird on their crests. Though the day was dull, it was possible to see great distances, and it may have been about two o'clock in the afternoon that a small group on the fore-castle became aware of a wreck whose masts were standing well up above the sea-level. It lay almost direct overhead, and speculation became active as to what the wreck might be, and if the crew were still aboard her. One fellow, who had his eye glued to a spy-glass, for a steady spell, at length dropped it with the exclamation:

"It's the King's men. Idiot Crackthorpe and his crowd of marines stranded on the North Dogger Bank."

"Gimme the glass, Jock," cried another, seizing it. There was a holding of breath while the spyer took his observations.

"It is—sartin—let me—blue—uniforms—gold ep'lettes—white briches—holdin' their guns by one ban—an' the riggin' by t'other. They've got their rights at last, an' we've got the laugh. Curse 'em, let 'em wash, say I." And he passed the spyglass to another.

"Let 'em swim!" said a third. "It's no affair of ours, Billy!" he continued. Then turning to the man at the wheel he shouted, "Put the helm up a bit an' give 'em a wide berth."

But a calm deep voice suddenly rose above the excitement, saying, "Poot t' helm doon and keep her to coorse. An' this ax well—the next time 'ee attempt to obey that hizzing zarpat I'll be o'board of 'eere negs in one, an' I drop 'ee o'board. An' before we think of hoam, lads, we jist got to zave they poor zoulz on the zandz. That's the next lay."

Black Zam had spoken, with the result that the whole crew fell to heaping on the helmsman and his friend the hizzing zarpat, the most opprobrious epithets of a smuggler's vocabulary.

It was indeed the unlucky Argus which had grounded on the edge of the Dogger at low water of a spring tide. The timbers were wrenched and leaking, the small boat had been carried away. One mast had already gone by the board, and the poor drenched sailors and marines were clinging to the rigging, cold and half exhausted.

They had been in this plight since early morning, and it was with a thrill of joy that they at length perceived the approach of the trading sloop, which was now answering their signals of distress. It was quite impossible to render assistance with such a high sea running, so the Gentle Pilgrim stood by for some five hours till the gale blew itself out and the sea abated to such an extent as to allow the sloop to man and lower her boat. The Argus was now rapidly breaking up, and it was necessary to get the men off without further delay. Commander Crackthorpe was himself the last to leave his ship, and he had certainly been of real service in supporting the courage of his men by begging them and bidding them to meet their fate in a way becoming the King's service—"as dignified messengers, my lads, from King George (God bless him!) to King Death." He even went the length of shaking hands with every man jack of his crew.

Turning round he gazed at the steersman of the smuggler's jolly-boat, in which he was the last to take his place. "Surely, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting you at the Loyalty Arms, Watermouth, a few mornings ago? Your name is Jimmy Brail and I must beg you—yes, beg you—to believe that my opinion of your courage does not—no, sir—does certainly not coincide with Master Davy's!" And the old fellow looked uncommonly complimentary as he delivered the last few words.

Having arrived safely on board the sloop there was a scene of friendly confusion, for the deck of the little vessel was inconveniently crowded by the addition of the hands of the Argus. Hospitality was not wanting, and very speedily Black Zam procured an unnaturally large keg of spirits and was soon administering the cordial with a liberal generosity to the wretched survivors of the wreck. The effect of the spirits was magical, and the poor devils who had clung half-frozen to their dismembered ship, facing for several hours the horrors of the sea, were now plucked back from their demoralization and reinstated as rational and comfortable beings.

Lieutenant Crackthorpe's turn came last, for it was impossible to get him to touch any sort of refreshment before the wants of his men had been attended to. Meanwhile, however, he was taking his observations. He remarked upon the sloop's crew, and he pondered on the presence of Jimmy Brail, who, from the way he had handled the jolly-boat, was anything but a landlubber. And gradually there arose in his mind the idea that his saviours were possibly the notorious smugglers from Watermouth; but this was a conclusion he did not wish to become positive about unless under compulsion, as he foresaw the very awkward predicament of honor in which such a conclusion would place him. He therefore accepted the glass of hollands, of which he stood in dire need well concealed, with the precautionary remark: "I trust, captain, that these spirits are not illicitly obtained, for you must know that I, as an officer of His Majesty's service, could on no account suffer myself to taste a drop of it—no, begad, not a single drop if that were the case. You can assure me, I hope, that they are not contraband?"

"Zert'nly not gontybran", as far as I know," Treherne began explaining, holding his black beard in his left hand to help the flow of thought and language.

But the lieutenant did not or would not hear more. His conscience cleared like a crystal and he gladly swallowed the sweet potion to the health of the "captain," whom, by the way, he had not recognized as Black Zam. Indeed, how should he, as his vision had never consciously rested on that individual?

Out of respect for his distinguished guest, Treherne had paused in his broken reply until the glass had been drained and returned with tanks. Then, resuming the thread, he continued:

"Gontybran" is as may be—perhaps in me whether the zpiritz be dooty the jolly freebooter made the confessee I'm bound to zay yez." And that's foreign lingo. But if ye be azkzin with no show of shame.

Now the lieutenant had half expected what was coming, and found reason to congratulate himself on having outlanked his own conscience by manoeuvring the spirits down his throat on a misunderstanding. This manoeuvring had given him the opportunity of fortifying the body against possible contingencies, he thought, and meanwhile the hollands were spreading a comfortable glow which should make him more capable of dealing with the circumstance which now considerably modified the situation from his point of view. His eye wandered to the stern rail of the sloop, and there he saw in bright gold letters the legend "The Gentle Pilgrim." That clenched it. Then his eye wandered to where his marines were crowded together in the fore part of the ship—a goodly crowd, with guns and dry powder, outnumbering by many the "Gentle Pilgrims." He considered the point. It was an awkward situation, indeed, but he realized in a twinkling that he was master of it. Then with an impetuosity which was worthy to precede reflection he called his men sharply to attention, and they lined up on the deck straight and tall, while every one stood silent. His voice fell solemnly on the ship, thus, as he turned to the black-bearded skipper:

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Goldylocks

A trick yew hedge skirts the home covers, broken only at long intervals by high wooden gates. The gloom of the woods, low-lying and of luxuriant growth as they are, is in such strong contrast to the sunny, heather-clad bog outside that when the shooting party left the shade of the pine trees and crossed through the game-keeper's yard on the open land of turf beyond they were half-dazzled by the brilliant coloring of the scene that lay before them.

As the little group of gus and ladies approached, followed by keepers and dogs, the child turned towards them, first frightened, then half smiling, though still shy.

The master was well known to her, but his guests were strangers; as her retreat was cut off, she shrank back to where her father, the head man amongst the keepers, stood, and from his side she fearlessly returned the friendly looks that were cast upon her.

"Well, Mary, are you coming to show us where your daddy has all the birds in waiting?" said the master, gaily, as he passed her by, and in reply she made the little curtsy that her mother had taught her in his honor.

A lady walking at his side now turned quickly and, pausing, laid her hand on Mary's head.

"What hair!" she exclaimed, as the silky strands of gold slipped through her fingers; "how soft and thick it is, and such a lovely color!" Then, turning to her host, she spoke, laughingly: "Fancy Lady Emily's joy at finding this head. Why, she'd give its weight in gold for such a crop."

The master smiled in return, picturing perhaps the difference 'twixt the bogland fairy with nature's gift flowing free on the breezes and the world-worn woman who tried so hard to make up the deficiencies of her own head by the help of hair-dressers' art.

"Do you hear that, Mary? You need never be in want of money, for you carry a gold mine in your wig." He laughed again, but Andy Connell looked grave.

soon to be claimed by death. "Is it dying that makes you cry, Lukie?" she asked. "Don't you remember how you used to tell me that you wanted God to take you?" "It's dying, then, and it isn't dying," repeated the old man, half comforted. "For, indeed, I'll be better off above than ever I was here; but oh, Mary, my heart is broke entirely to think that the last of the name should—should lie in a parish coffin." And the words spoken so full of shame to one whose family had been known and respected for generations unnumbered, once more Luke Gibney lifted up his voice and wept.

Then Mary, kneeling beside him, mingled her tears with his and, heedless of the potatoes that rolled away as she loosed hold of the apron, listened to his tale of woe, sympathized, wept again and finally tried to comfort.

He had always hoped, aye, and worked with that end in view, to lay by enough to bury him beside his forefathers in a coffin bought and paid for; the neighbors, in charity, would carry him to his last resting-place and his ashes would mingle in peace with those of his family whom in life he had not disgraced. But the struggle was too hard; how could he, old, feeble and alone, keep body and soul together, or much less save for that future event which was coming so certainly towards him.

A pound, a whole golden pound, was wanted, and he had scarcely seen the glint even of silver for years.

Mary, her faith boundless in father and mother, first promised in their names that Lukie would be buried "dacent," that his name need never figure on the workhouse list; but when as were his shame and sorrow, rendering his heart and embittering his last days on earth, he would not listen to this proposal. Andy Connell and his wife were no longer young when the child had been sent, a heavenly gift to them, and well the old man knew that every spare penny in the game-keeper's house was wanted to assure the future of their darling.

As he spoke an idea bright and beautiful, yet bringing with it a strange sharp pang, sprang up in Mary's mind.

"You need never be in want of money, Mary; you have a gold mine in your wig." Then, turning to her host, she spoke, laughingly: "Fancy Lady Emily's joy at finding this head. Why, she'd give its weight in gold for such a crop."

And lastly her mother's words: "Hair or no hair, all I ask is that you grow up to be a good girl."

"Lukie," whispered Mary, and her voice was trembling, "if I had the money, twenty shillings of my very own, not belonging to father or mother, but only to me, would you take that to buy the coffin and then would you die content?"

parcel for Lady Emily," cried a gay young voice, "a soft, bulgy parcel, with no stamps and two big raindrops blotting the address. 'Why, there's nothing on it but 'Lady Emily,' even the 'L' is left out. May I open it, Lady Emily; you have such a heap of letters and I have none?"

The elder lady, glancing up from her pile of correspondence, nodded a careless acquiescence, and the first speaker moved lightly to the side table, where her host was helping himself to a Scotchman's share of porridge.

"I am doing secretary," she said. "Will you cut the string for me," and she held up the parcel. A moment later a stifled exclamation, a touch on his arm made him turn again towards her. A scrap of paper was in her hand, her lips were parted, a soft light glowed in her eyes and on the table before her masses upon masses of golden hair.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, "do you see what it is? I'm so glad, so glad it was you and I who opened it. Fancy if they'd seen and laughed." She put the note into his hand, at the same time slipping the paper covering under the table out of sight, but her lips brushed the soft contents as she hid them away.

"My lady, madam," so ran the note in labored childish characters, and there were raindrops on the paper in spite of the outer wrappers. "This is my hair, please, as I do want money, a gold pound to buy a coffin for Lukie to die in peace, from Andy Connell's Mary."

They were of one accord in all things, these two, and no explanation was needed between them. Fortune favored them, for Lady Emily's letters drove the parcel from her mind, and after breakfast the girl was able, unnoticed, to take it from its place of concealment and carry it out to where the master was waiting for her on the lawn. They walked together to the keeper's lodge, and silently the girl laid the parcel in Mrs. Connell's hands. Each understood the other without any words. "May I have a piece to keep," the lady begged, "to keep for my own?"

And Mrs. Connell, raising a lock, laid it in the white outstretched hand, on which the master's engagement ring shone bright.

"We have brought Mary what she asked," continued the girl, who had read in the mother's face that ere this all the story had been told. "Please—may we?"

"Shame-faced, still tear-stained, but with the glimmer of golden stubble on her head, the child came, answering to her mother's call.

The coveted piece of money was held out to her; there was an instant's silence. Then the girl threw herself on her knees beside the child and clasped her closely.

had happened at Rheims. Why did he not read them? We do not know whether his agents furnished him with truthful accounts, but they certainly were in a position to do so. The sub-prefect and his deputy were not only present at the riot, but they took part in the socialistic meeting which preceded and precipitated the riot. The presiding officer of that meeting was M. Arnold, the Mayor of Rheims, and the orator of the occasion was M. Henri Berenger, who naturally enough tried to apologize for the riot at Aubervilliers. Was he not one of its instigators? We may remark in passing that the sub-prefect and his deputy sat upon the platform as guests of honor. Both of them were attentive listeners and understood the drift of the speeches, and still they showed no disapproval of them. A part of M. Berenger's audience, still under the spell of his fervid eloquence, made their way to the church to make a demonstration which could only take place at the door as the boys and girls who had made their first communion were just leaving.

"The whole thing," writes M. Rene, "consisted of a riot between some clerical and free thinkers." The "clericals" were little girls dressed in white and little boys dressed in black. The free thinkers tore the veils from the first and their scarfs from the latter and spat in the faces of both boys and girls. The sub-prefect and his deputy were lookers-on. They displayed the same impassiveness they manifested at the meeting addressed by M. Berenger. When the riot, which lasted three hours, was all over they sat down to write out an account for their official chiefs. Fortunately we have other sources than this report to form an opinion. M. Rene treats M. Mentebello's account of the scenes enacted at Rheims as baseless. We maintain that M. Mentebello's description is rigidly exact. The further edifying detail to be added that the sub-prefect and his deputy, M. Hue, were present at the Rheims riot and by their presence gave their approval to the shameful scene.

DRIFTING TO PAGANISM. Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., writing in The New York World, says: In these days of modern civilization we glory in the horseless carriage, smokeless powder and wireless telegraphy; soon we will be coming to the motherless child and the childless mother.

More than five hundred thousand divorces have been granted in the United States during the past twenty years. Think of the homes broken up, the children whose parents are separated, the untold misery that such a state of affairs brings about. There are to-day in this land probably as many as 1,500,000 children who have not what we call a real home—the home in which father and mother unite to bring up their children as God willed them to do.

In 1889, by authority of Congress, the United States Commissioner of Labor was ordered to report upon marriage and divorce in the United States for the twenty years from 1867 to 1886 inclusive. He found that in that time there had been granted 328,716 divorces—657,432 people had severed the marriage tie! All we can say in estimating figures for the past twenty years is that the ratio is increasing every year, and that since those figures were compiled more than a round half million of divorces have been added to the number.

This is no mere speculation. The figures 328,716 were upon an estimated population of 50,000,000. With our present population of 80,000,000, the number of divorces has been only 214,841. With a population five times greater than the United States, there have been less than one-half the number of divorces.

What a far greater frequency of divorce relatively to population! It is striking and ominous. Laws of various States permitting divorce include among the statutory reasons the lightest infirmities. In a country where matrimony is looked upon as a civil contract the disposition to open a wider door for divorce is almost a natural consequence. There is but one State in the Union which has no divorce law—South Carolina.

I say it very frankly, young men and young women of to-day are brought up under the idea that marriage can be easily and properly dissolved, and that therefore they can enter into that serious contract with little forethought. Many thousands in this country are degrading marriage to the level of the bargain counter. The women of this country must be made to realize that marriage is not merely the securing of a man to escort them to the opera and pay their glove bills, but that they are entering upon the marriage state to be a helpmate to man.

The religious penalty seems not to have the power of restraining from divorce.

There remains now the question of social ostracism. The worst cases in the world are in Newport. If people in high life from upon divorce and make it a social reproach, those who fear such censure would be less liable to kick over the traces. Let society men and women subject the remarried divorced people to social ostracism, and an almost universal alleviation of this curse would be secured. But what hope is there for a glorious future when this very social sentiment is becoming more tolerant of the divorce evil the more frequently it meets it!

It is for the educated ladies of the upper classes to become in a measure the saviors of the country. It is not the bustling battalions that keep a nation from decay. The only sure support is the home, and the only sure support of the home is the indissolubility of marriage.

There is another evil which few think about. This divorce evil reacts on the tying of the bond. Since young people see how easily they can break it they rush into marriage. And so we have in our society to-day so many living embodiments of the old proverb, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

A woman has a right to get a separation to protect herself or her children legally or pecuniarily. But she has no right to marry again during the lifetime of the man. To give an example of how strict our Church is, we had an estimable lady on the alumnae rolls of one of our best schools. She married and afterward divorced herself. Then she remarried. At once her name was erased from the rolls, and those who were once her friends indicated their desire to cut her off from social equality. She was plainly ostracized.

"A GRAVE-YARD COUGH" is the cry of tortured lungs for mercy. Give them mercy in the form of Allen's Lung Balm which is used with good effect even in consumption's early stages. Never neglect a cough.

KILLING MUSTARD WITH BLUE-STONE. The Minister of Agriculture has authorized the Ontario Agricultural College to give demonstrations in mustard spraying.

The demonstrations given in many parts of the Province in 1901 and 1902 were uniformly successful in the destruction of growing wild mustard plants in growing cereal crops; and it is believed that the blue-stone treatment of mustard will be welcomed by hundreds of farmers throughout Ontario.

I. How the Blue-stone is applied—Place an ordinary spray pump, such as is used for the spraying of fruit trees, on a cart or light wagon; drive along slowly through the field applying the solution to the mustard plants in the form of a fine spray. When the field is badly infested, it is advisable to spray the crop in strips in order that no mustard plants escape the spray.

II. How the Blue-stone Solution is made—Put nine (9) pounds of Blue-stone (Copper Sulphate) in a coarse sack or bag, and suspend it in a vessel containing three (3) gallons of very hot or boiling water. The blue-stone will usually dissolve in 15 or 20 minutes. Strain the solution into the barrel of the spray-pump, and fill up with cold water to make 40 or 45 gallons. This is known as the 2 per cent. solution. (1 pound of Blue-stone in 5 gallons of water.)

III. When to spray the Mustard Plants—Spray the mustard on a calm, bright day, just as the plants are coming into bloom. At this time most of the young plants have made their appearance, and all will be killed. Should a heavy rain come immediately after spraying, it will be necessary to spray again.

IV. The Cost of the Solution—Commercial Blue-stone or blue vitriol costs at the drug store about nine or ten cents per pound. A barrel of the solution will therefore cost about eighty or ninety cents.

V. How much is required to spray an acre thoroughly?—A barrel of the solution is sufficient for an acre. Successful results are obtained when spraying is done thoroughly.

VI. Are the Crops in which Mustard is growing hurt by the Spray?—Experience shows that the young wheat, barley, oats or young clover plants are not injured beyond a slight browning for a few days by the Blue-stone spray.

VII. Where further information may be obtained—Should you desire further information regarding the treatment of mustard with Blue-stone solution write to the Biological Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, June, 1903.

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LORETTO ABBEY

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, LORETTO ACADEMY.

On Wednesday preceding the final examination week for promotions in the different classes, the pupils attending Loretto Academy, Wellesley Crescent, gave a delightful entertainment. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental musical numbers, recitations and the class of Physical Culture gave several interesting gymnastic drills.

Friday, June 19, the honors and promotion certificates were presented to the following successful pupils:

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in Senior Division, obtained by Miss Gertrude Kelly.
Gold Medal for Catechism in Junior Division, obtained by Miss Marjorie Crawford.
Fifth Class—Miss Violet Davis, 1st prize; 1st in arithmetic and bookkeeping, 2nd in third class French and drawing, 1st in sewing.
Prize for Physical Culture—Miss Kathleen Lyner, 1st prize, 2nd in arithmetic, bookkeeping and drawing.
Miss Frances Neison, 2nd prize, 1st in drawing, 2nd in second class French and writing.
Miss Teresa McMullen, 2nd in Christian Doctrine, drawing and Third Class French, 2nd prize in Senior Third Class instrumental music.
Miss Vera Coulter, 1st in bookkeeping, drawing and writing.
Miss Dora Aylward, 1st prize in Christian Doctrine and sewing, prize for Arithmetic.

Fourth Class—Miss Gertrude Kelly, 1st prize; 1st in Christian Doctrine and Second Class French, 2nd in arithmetic and sewing, 1st in drawing.
Miss Irene Barber, 1st prize; 1st in arithmetic and Senior First Class instrumental music, 2nd in Second Class French.
Miss Izet Ashenburt, 1st prize; 1st in Second Class French, 2nd in drawing and sewing, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Elizabeth Roesler, 1st prize; 1st in Christian Doctrine, arithmetic and drawing, prize for painting and Physical Culture.
Miss Gladys McConnell, 2nd prize, 1st in arithmetic, 2nd in pen and ink drawing, 1st in Senior Third Class instrumental music.
Miss Adele Dwyer, 2nd prize; 2nd in pen and ink drawing.
Miss Reta Mutton, 2nd in Senior Third Class music drawing and sewing.

Third Class—Miss Ethel Deane, 1st prize; 1st in arithmetic, Christian Doctrine and writing, 1st in Third Class instrumental music, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Irene O'Leary, 2nd prize; 2nd in arithmetic, 1st in Christian Doctrine, writing, drawing and Second Class instrumental music, prize for allocation.
Miss Marjorie Crawford, 2nd prize; 1st in Christian Doctrine, 2nd in drawing, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Mabel Hay, 1st in arithmetic, 2nd in drawing.

Miss Edna Mutton, 1st prize in writing, drawing and First Class instrumental music.
Miss Winifred Beatty, 1st prize in writing and drawing.
Miss Gwendoline Niles, 1st prize; 1st in arithmetic, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Annie Kelly, 1st prize; 1st in arithmetic and Christian Doctrine, 2nd in writing.
Miss Anna Roe, 2nd prize; 1st in drawing and sewing, 2nd in arithmetic and First Class instrumental music, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Andree Heron, 1st prize in writing and drawing, 2nd in arithmetic.
Miss Gertrude Reeve, 2nd prize; 2nd in arithmetic, drawing and writing, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Evelyn Byler, 1st prize in Christian Doctrine and drawing, prize for Physical Culture.
Miss Jeanne Barth, 2nd prize in arithmetic and drawing, prize for Physical Culture.

GRADUATING MEDALS.

Distribution of Medals at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, June 18, 1903.

Graduating medals conferred on Miss Teresa McKenna, Miss Mary Clarke, Miss Margaret Long, Miss Belinda Sykes, Miss Justina Murray, Miss Rose Street, Miss Eva Connee, Miss Noeen Dorrien.

Silver medal for Church history, graciously presented by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.—Obtained by Miss Eva Connee.

Gold cross for Christian Doctrine, presented by Very Rev. J. J. McCann V.-G., to Senior Department—Obtained by Miss Camilla Casserly.

Silver cross for Christian Doctrine in Intermediate Department—Obtained by Miss Florence Conlin.

Silver cross for Christian Doctrine in Junior Department—Obtained by Miss Maile Enright.

Prizes for good conduct—Awarded to Miss A. Marshall in Senior Department.

ment, Miss M. McCool in Intermediate Department, Miss M. Waters in Junior Department.

Silver medal for excellence in English literature, graciously presented by His Excellency the Earl of Minto—Obtained by Miss Eva Connee.

Gold medal for English Essay, presented by Mrs. John Foy—Obtained by Miss Teresa McKenna.

Gold medal for mathematics, presented by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe—Obtained by Miss Inez Brazill.

Gold medal for Latin, presented by Rev. W. McCann—Obtained by Miss Justina Murray.

Gold medal for proficiency in Third Year Academic—Obtained by Miss Z. Case.

Promoted with first-class honors to the Graduating Class—Miss I. Altman, Miss P. Carzen, Miss M. Guilfoyle, Miss L. Bender, Miss I. Brazill, Miss M. McGurn, Miss Z. Case, Miss K. Adams.

Prize for proficiency in Undergraduate Class—Obtained by Miss I. Altman.

Prize for Latin in Undergraduate Class—Obtained by Miss L. Bender.

First prize in Second Year Academic—Obtained by Miss V. Clegg.

First prize in First Year Academic—Obtained by Miss J. Bawil.

First prize in Senior Fourth Class—Miss M. McCool.

First prize in Intermediate Fourth Class—Obtained by Miss F. Hadden.

First prize in Senior Third Class—Obtained by Miss M. Flannagan.

First prize in Junior Third Class—Obtained by Miss A. Gassard.

First prize for German grammar and translation—Obtained by Miss I. Altman.

Prize for satisfactory progress in Italian—Obtained by Miss M. Leacock.

Prize for French in Graduating French Course—Obtained by Miss G. LaRue.

Prize for French in Undergraduate French Course—Obtained by Miss H. Audette.

First prize in Sixth Class French—Obtained by Miss T. McKenna.

First prize in Fifth Class French—Obtained by Miss M. Guilfoyle.

First prize for French in Junior Leaving Class—Obtained by Miss B. Dolan.

First prize in Fourth Class French—Obtained by Miss P. Kane.

First prize in Third Class French—Obtained by Miss B. Boland.

Prize in Second Class French—Obtained by Miss R. Simpson.

Prize in First Class French—Obtained by Miss E. Hughes.

Prize for needlework in Senior Department—Obtained by Miss E. Heffron.

Prize for needlework in Intermediate Department—Obtained by Miss G. D'Arcy.

Prize for penmanship in Intermediate Department—Obtained by Miss O. Lynn.

Prizes for regular attendance—Awarded to Miss A. Rooney in Senior Department, Miss M. Cox in Intermediate Department, Miss V. Rooney in Junior Department.

DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATION.

Junior Matriculation Part I.—Miss S. McArdle, Miss F. Chalau, Miss F. Conlin, Miss E. Hasse, Miss M. Doyle.

Junior Leaving Part I.—Miss E. Clark, Miss E. Mitchell, Miss M. Cummings, Miss B. Mullen, Miss L. Blair, Miss R. Hanley, Miss B. Dolan, Miss K. Adams.

Junior Leaving Part II.—Miss J. Murray, Miss M. Malone, Miss M. O'Brien, Miss C. Coley, Miss I. Brazill.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Gold medal for Toronto University Senior Grade Certificate, with First Class Honors—Obtained by Miss Mary Guilfoyle.

Silver medal for Toronto University Junior Grade Certificate, with First Class Honors—Obtained by Miss Pauline Carten.

Silver bracelet for Toronto University Primary Grade Certificate, with First Class Honors—Obtained by Miss Eva Almas.

Toronto University Junior Grade Certificate, with First Class Honors—Obtained by Miss B. Dolan, Miss I. Phalen.

Toronto University Junior Grade Certificate, with Second Class Honors—Obtained by Miss C. Casserly and Miss K. Pakenham.

Toronto University Primary Grade Certificate, with Second Class Honors—Obtained by Miss B. Bray, Miss M. Ealand, Miss M. Smith.

Toronto University Junior Grade Certificate, with First Class Honors—Obtained by Miss C. Casserly and Miss J. Pakenham.

Pass—Miss T. Clarke and Miss E. Corcoran.

Prize for improvement in vocal music in Intermediate Department, presented by Mrs. Burke—Obtained by Miss Edna Landers.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Gold medal for painting, oils and water colors—Obtained by Miss Harriet Worden.

Prize in Fourth Class painting, oil and water colors, and pen and ink sketching—Obtained by Miss A. Graham.

water colors—Obtained by Miss Dorrien, Miss M. Fitzgibbon and Miss A. Graham.

Special mention for pyrography—Miss McMahon.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

(Examiner, Mr. D. Hoskins, C.A.) Gold medal for stenography—Obtained by Miss Camilla Casserly.

Gold medal for typewriting, presented by Mr. Seitz of the United Typewriting Company—Obtained by Miss Ethel Graham.

Diplomas—Obtained by Miss C. Casserly, Miss E. Graham, Miss M. Gassard, Miss M. Coughlin, Miss E. Daragh, Miss O. Daly, Miss R. May, Miss A. Mennie, Miss M. O'Donnell, Miss M. Clairmont, Miss A. Murphy, Miss Z. Watt, Miss G. Cameron, Miss G. Arnold, Miss M. Spoor.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT

Archbishop O'Connor was present at the closing exercises at St. Joseph's Convent and addressed the school.

Beside Archbishop O'Connor there were present the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, the Very Rev. P. S. Barrett, the Rev. F. Rohleder, Rev. J. Hand, Rev. L. Brennan, Rev. L. Minehan, Rev. E. Murray, Rev. C. Cantillon, Rev. F. Frachon, Rev. C. Dodsworth, Rev. H. Urben, Rev. R. Burke.

A beautiful display of art work was shown in the exhibition hall of the convent, evidencing much talent on the part of the students. The chief medals and prizes were:

Bronze medal, presented by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. for Christian Doctrine and Church History—First Course—Miss M. Flannagan.

Gold medal and diploma of graduation—Miss Frances Meehan.

Governor-General's medal, by His Excellency Lord Minto for excellence in English literature—Miss M. Flannagan.

Gold medal, by Rev. L. Minehan for superiority in mathematics in senior A grade—Awarded to Miss A. Keogh.

Gold medal, by Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G., for superiority in instrumental music, sixth grade—Miss C. Murphy.

Gold medal, by Mr. H. McCloy, of St. Catharines, for superiority in English in junior A grade—Miss Irene Wicket.

Gold medal, by a friend for superiority in commercial branches in senior B grade—Miss Mary Ryan.

Gold medal, by Mr. A. Elliott for superiority in art needlework—Miss Kathryn McKinnon.

Gold monogram, by Mr. A. Elliott for excellence in point lace—Equally merited by Misses E. Princy and N. Maguire, obtained by Miss Maguire.

Gold medal, by a friend for excellence in harmony, musical history, counterpoint and musical form in fifth grade—Miss M. Conlon.

Gold pen, presented by a friend for improvement in penmanship—Miss Lynn.

Silver medal, by the Rev. F. R. Frachon, C.S.B., for superiority in Christian Doctrine in second course—Miss Mary Ryan.

Certificates, awarded by Mr. Tripp for instrumental music—Sixth grade, first-class honors—Misses C. Murphy and M. Conlon. Intermediate grade, second-class honors—Misses L. Mullan and T. McDonnell. Pass—Misses M. Devine and M. McDonnell. Junior grade, second-class honors—Miss K. Clarke.

Certificates in theory of music—Intermediate grade, first-class honors—Misses M. McDonnell and M. Devine. Pass—Miss Teresa McDonnell. Junior grade, part I., first-class honors—Miss Mary Shields. Pass—Miss M. Noble.

Junior grade, part II., first class honors—Miss H. Payette. Second-class honors—Misses Coffee and Cameron.

Certificates awarded by Mrs. J. W. Bradley of Toronto Conservatory of Music for vocal music—Intermediate grade, first-class honors—Miss O'Shea. Second-class honors—Miss McKinley. Junior grade, second-class honors—Misses Cleary and Noble.

Diplomas awarded for stenography and typewriting to the Misses Doran, McNulty, Payette, McGoe, O'Driscoll, Cleary, Tufty, McGoe and McKinnon.

ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL

Result of Examination in Senior Division Second Class.

May McCarthy, Gussie O'Brien, 498; Irene O'Driscoll, 493; Gertrude Conlin, 459; Beatrice Cooke, 444; Nellie Trevis, 439; Francis Moroney, 430; Norene Flynn, 425; Mildred Ellard, 417; Joseph O'Hara, 403; Annie Holand, 378; Wallace Hallman, 373; Kathleen Flynn, 350; Arthur Radner, 346; Douglas Bailey, 338; Laura Cosgrove, 355; Susan McKenna, 327; Teresa Somers, 312; Florence Reddan, 277; Lizzie Hoban, 272; Charlie Murphy, 261; Maggie Quigley, 255; Charlie Hannon, 228; Wm. Radner, 219; Francis O'Leary, 160.

Junior Second Class, total 463—Doria Duhamel, 356; Lillian Murphy, 326; Isabel Cassidy, 309; Irene Hinchey, 296; May Fullerton, 295; Susan Todd, 280; Hunter, 294; Mary Cronin, 291; Gertrude Keating, 262; Florence Wainwright, Jennie Scully, 257; Mary Hendrick, 241; Mary Meehan, 224; Tom Murphy, 221; Charlie Malcom, 214; James Brady, 206; Jno. Thomas, 205; Antoinette O'Keefe, 195; Ella Hinchey, 185; Agnes Barrett, 158; Albert Gates, 151; Martin Smith, 104; Mary Hennessy, Stella Devereux, 102; Mary Moore, 88; Fred. Lenhardt, 83.

There are three things to be considered before some things are spoken—the manner, the voice, the time.

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT ST. JEROME'S BERLIN

(Continued from page 3.)

Eternal City, fed with education by the universal church, and we expect, and have the right to expect, that you will be no narrow or provincial bookmen, but educated, developed men of character.

As such for the old boys of St. Jerome's I welcome you into the ranks of the Alumni; as a Catholic man of business I welcome you as the finished product on which we build our hopes. What that means I cannot be expected to amplify. When I was asked to deliver this address I realized that I could not be expected to cover all the ground. It reminds me of the little boy who came into the house and told his mother that he had set the old hen on two dozen eggs. "Twenty-four eggs," said the mother. "You can't expect her to hatch that number." "Oh, no," said Johnny, "I just want to see the darn old thing spread herself!"

I shall not attempt it. I extend to you from the men the hand of fellowship, and I grasp in return a hand, each finger marked with its characteristics as follows: "Representative, learned, developed, Catholic gentleman."

You are trained in knowledge. Use it. It will be a pleasure and a pride ever.

You are developed, educated. Possibly this includes all the rest. It certainly includes what this age looks for, the answer to the question "Does a college education pay?" As the old pork packer said when he sent his son to college and was asked that question: "You bet it pays. Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at five cents a pound at the hopper, and draw out nice cunning little country sausages worth twenty cents a pound at the other end. You bet it pays. Anything that pays a boy to think, and to think quickly, pays; anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil pays." You are certified to be educated, to know how to find things, to test them, to prove them, to reject the sophism and the sham, to choose the sterling and the right. And you have found in college, and will find in after life—if you are not afraid—that the shams often appear in leather bound books, that they speak with authority often from mouths of men in high places, that neither college degree nor high position is always guarantee of a man's sincerity or his correctness, but that no matter what appears to the contrary, right is always right, and wrong is always wrong, and that affected disdain of others is often a huge bluff to protect some untruth that dare not face attack.

You are gentlemen, for you are disciples of Him who was the most gentle of men, who respected authority for its own sake and despised rank and class when they transgressed it. Always, in private and in public the graduate of a Catholic College should be, and if he is but true to himself, will ever be, a gentleman in the truest sense of the word.

And above all you are Catholic. There is in this audience not one person but envies you in the full flush of your enthusiasm, buckling on your armor as gentlemen and scholars to go forth and do great deeds. But great deeds need great causes, great inspirations. Like the knights of old you stand, your probation ended, about to go forth and fight. Under what banner, with what motto? You have one which will ever appeal to the highest in your nature. That good Knight, St. Jerome, your sponsor, consecrates you to a cause which will be your surest help, as well as your highest aim. Humbly speaking, no organization has such aims, such order, such a history as your Church. Nothing in his life will cause the educated man such pride and self-reliance as his membership in the Catholic Church. And as she is not only glorious in herself but infinitely beautiful, in the light cast on her by her heavenly spouse, not only surpassingly great in the natural order, but as well infinitely perfect in the supernatural order, your cause will be your help. The sword of your knighthood has a miraculous blessing for every-time you draw it in defence of the Church its touch will revive and strengthen you, and like a sword of flame its very presence in your hand will be your armor and defence.

One thing more, gentlemen, you are our representatives now. The other qualities you may drop if you will, but this characteristic is yours forever. The graduate of a Catholic college is a marked man. The non-combatant in the rear may fight or flee; you have chosen the van and by you the rest will be judged. You are leaders now. After eighteen centuries of miracles is the Church of God to do its work by shrinking in the catcombs like the cataphrums of old? You cannot. The battle of to-day is with the so-called scientist whose natural science is his all. You will, who unite to your natural science the metaphysics he had forgotten, fear to meet him who comes clothed with armor on only one side. We have not to palliate or to apologize, for this is the church militant. There is no other description that can be recognized. In your graduation, and in the graduation of every Catholic collegian we see a champion come who can win who dare not shirk the fight.

Gentlemen, I have but one word more of advice. This is a practical world, so don't let your fancies get away with you. Ride your hobbies, but keep them under your control or

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5 NEW PUBLICATIONS

- INTERCOLONIAL "Fishing and Hunting."
 - INTERCOLONIAL "Tours to Summer Haunts."
 - INTERCOLONIAL "Maritime Express."
 - INTERCOLONIAL "Salmon Fishing."
- Via the INTERCOLONIAL for "A Week in the Woods."
- BISHOP DOWLING.
Bishop Dowling spoke very briefly. He blessed the staff and students and charged the latter to always continue to learn from the book of Experience. He congratulated staff and pupils and was glad to hear in the closing oration of gratitude of parents and professors. His final admonition was to recognize at all times their supreme duty to God and to their fellows.

HE'S AT WORK ONCE MORE
Simon V. Landry Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Had Lame Back, Weak Legs, and was a Total Wreck before he was cured to Try the great Kidney Remedy.
River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., C. B., June 22.—(Special).—One more remarkable cure has been credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills in this neighborhood. The story is best told in the words of Simon V. Landry, the man cured. Mr. Landry says: "I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Legs, and Palpitation of the Heart and general weakness and shortness of breath. In fact I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easy. "I also had a weakness in my stomach, and it was so bad that I could not bend down to anything. I tried many medicines without getting any relief till I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. "After I had used three boxes of them I was able to start work again. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everybody." It is cures like these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They not only relieve but make people able and willing to work.

CLERGY IN RETREAT.
On Monday last the clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto entered upon their annual retreat in St. Michael's College. Calls are attended during the week from the Palace.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 2 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely:

- (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or—
- (2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or—
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at the Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy-Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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