

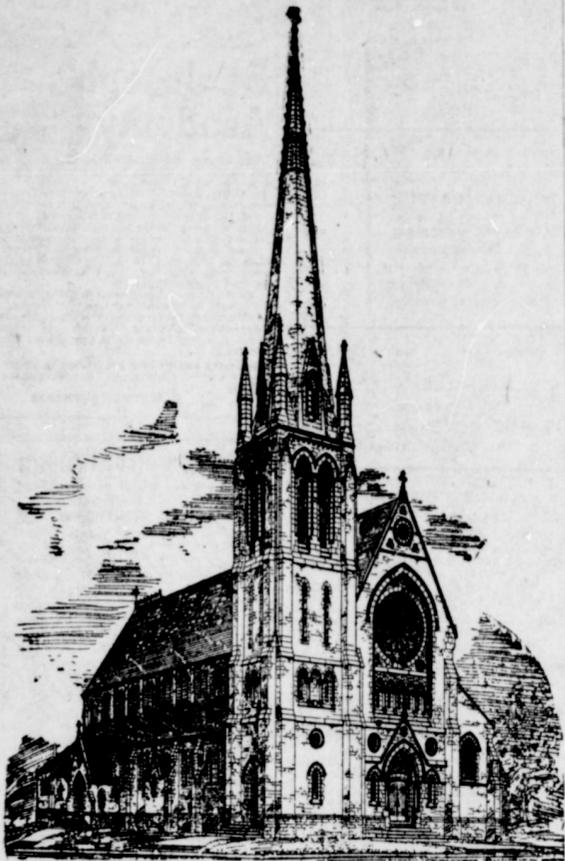
The Catholic Register

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Courtesy of THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

AN ORNAMENT TO TORONTO.

ST. HELEN'S NEW CHURCH

Corner-Stone Laid by His Grace Archbishop McEvay—Eloquent Sermon by Rev. J. R. Teefy, C.S.B., Ph.D.—Large Gathering in Attendance.

Sunday, July 19th, was a red letter day for St. Helen's parish, and an epoch-making date for the western portion of the city in which the handsome new church of St. Helen's is situated, for it witnessed the imposing ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone by His Grace the Most Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, who thus placed the seal of the church upon the building, the walls of which are already raised some feet above the ground. Some time before 3 o'clock, the hour appointed, the clouds threatened a downpour, but a shower of a few minutes' duration was but the harbinger to blue skies and bright sun, both of which greeted the ecclesiastical procession which at the specified time emerged from the tent where all had vested, and preceded by the processional Cross, led slowly to where a large wooden cross indicated the spot on which later the altar will stand. His Grace, in mitre and cope and carrying his crozier, was attended by Rev. Fathers Coyle and Canning in dalmatics of white and gold. A long line of acolytes, surpliced choir, Brothers of the Schools, and priests of the city and from outside, followed.

The ceremony began with the blessing of the salt and water to be afterwards used in blessing the edifice. "Our help is in the name of the Lord," intoned the Bishop, "Who made both heaven and earth," responded the surpliced ecclesiastics. After the prescribed prayers the process of the altar was blessed, the procession then moving to where the stone had been placed in position ready to be "laid," the stone was sprinkled with holy water and afterwards presented to His Grace, the sign of the cross was made in several places on its surface. Under the corner-stone were placed copies of the daily papers and Catholic Register, a description of the building and church history, and samples of the coins of the realm and of the new issue of stamps. The placing of the stone was accompanied by the singing of the Litany of the Saints, the fine voice of Rev. Father Staley, C.S.B., being responded to by the entire body of ecclesiastics and acolytes. A number of psalms, including the 136th, "Nisi Dominus edificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui edificaverunt eam," unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it—were also sung and the circuit of the walls and foundations, blessing the entire building, the dedication in honor of the Blessed Trinity being in three parts, the words of the ritual, "O how this place should be held in awe; for truly this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven," giving the key to the entire ceremony. The singing of the Veni Creator preceded the closing prayer, after which the sermon, found elsewhere, was preached by Rev. J. R. Teefy, C.S.B., Ph.D. The discourse, taken from the text "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, was an eloquent exposition, a masterpiece of classical English. It treated of God, His workers, and the significance of His earthly temples, and was delivered with a fervid oratory befitting the majesty of the theme treated.

At the close of the sermon Rev. Father McGrand introduced the Archbishop to those assembled, in the following words: Your Grace,—On behalf of the people of St. Helen's, I tend to you a most hearty welcome. We are honored that your first public appearance since your advent to the Archdiocese of Toronto takes place in connection with the erection of our new church. The love and reverence of this congregation, I assure you of. May your sojourn amongst us be a long and prosperous one and that God may bless all your labors in the earnest prayer of the people of St. Helen's.

His Grace then ascended the temporary pulpit, thus coming face to face for the first time with the greater number of those present. The Archbishop thanked Father McGrand for his words of welcome and for the beautiful silver trowel presented him, which he would always keep as a memento of the occasion. He referred to the eloquent and instructive discourse of his old friend Father Teefy, and to the absence of the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, who he hoped would return much benefitted. His Grace spoke, too, of the generosity of the people in making sacrifices to build this magnificent temple. In doing this they were imitating St. Helen, who had made many sacrifices that God might be honored. The church would be an ornament to architecture, to solidity and beauty and a testimony to the piety of the people. Here would be taught the doctrine of God and of labor, of peace, charity and love, a doctrine which all men should have for those not having them were not fit to live in a Christian community. At the conclusion the Archbishop gave his blessing and the Te Deum being sung the gathering, which was the largest seen for many years at a similar ceremony, dispersed. The handsome collection of \$15,000 was taken up.

Sunday being a busy day in the different parishes, many who would otherwise have been present were unavoidably absent. Among those in attendance were Rev. Father Brick, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Staley, C.S.B.; Rev. Dr. Teefy, C.S.B.; Rev. Father Collins, O.M.I., Ottawa, and Rev. Fathers Coyle, Canning, Gallagher, Whelan, Walsh, Hand and Kidd, Rev. L. Staley of Kingston, Rev. Father Coffey, S.J., of Guelph; Rev. Father Coyle was deacon, Rev. H. Canning sub-deacon, and Rev. Father McGrand master of ceremonies. Others present were Mrs. Ryan McEvay, mother of the Archbishop; Mrs. Alex. Macdonnell, whose family donated the old site; Messrs. Pegg, Hass, James McLaughlin, Peter Ryan, W. T. J. Lee, P. McCabe, M. J. Haney, Eugene O'Keefe, F. A. Moore, E. J. Hearn, Frank Lee, Thos. Ford, W. J. Boland, W. E. Blake, W. Mallon, Frank Walsh, F. O'Connor, M. Ryan, J. Sullivan, John Barrie and Drs. Spence, MacMahon, W. McKeown, MacConnell, McKenna and M. J. Crotte.

THE NEW CHURCH.

The new church will be 175 feet long by 76 in width. It will be early French Gothic in style and will be of Caen stone and red pressed brick. It will have tower and spire

and will seat 1,000 people. Accommodation will be arranged for meetings of the societies of the parish. It will be finished in oak and the general equipment of the latest and best. The estimated cost is \$100,000, and the architect is Mr. W. A. Holmes of Toronto.

ST. HELEN'S PARISH.

It is now some thirty-five years since Mr. Alexander Macdonnell gave some land situated on the corner of Lansdowne avenue and Dundas street, then forming part of the village of Brockton, for Church purposes. Rev. Father Rooney, who at that time was parish priest of St. Mary's, purchased an acre and a half additional and the foundation for a new parish property was thus acquired. Father Rooney built a church, the first on the site, which was dedicated by Archbishop Lynch in 1872. The church was dedicated to St. Francis and St. Helen, Francis being the name of the builder and Helen in accordance with the wish of the donor of the land. In time Francis was dropped from the title and the church became known simply as St. Helen's. In 1888 an addition of a large, new sanctuary and transepts was made, by the then pastor, the Very Rev. Dean McCann, now Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. The corner-stone of the new addition was laid on the Feast of the Seven Dolours, by His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney, the intention at the time being that the new addition should form the beginning of a new church. When the new part was completed the church was blessed by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor. The enlarged church saw the parish develop so quickly and became itself so surrounded by commercial interests and so close to the traffic of the railway, that it was thought best to change the site, and the present situation, corner Dundas St. and St. Clarens avenue, was obtained.

THE SCHOOLS OF ST. HELEN'S.

Catholic education in St. Helen's was early attended to. Away back in 1857 a school was established by Rev. Father Walsh, afterward Archbishop of Toronto, in a frame building on St. Clarens avenue. Afterwards for some years, classes were held in the church basement, until in 1883 a four-roomed brick school was built by Father McCann. In 1892 a similar building, devoted to the boys of the parish, was erected. At present there is an attendance of about 550 pupils, in charge of the Brothers and the Sisters of Loretto.

THE PASTORS.

For a short time St. Helen's was a mere mission chapel attended from St. Mary's, but in 1875 it was erected into a separate chapel with Rev. Father Shea as its first pastor. Those who remember Father Shea recall a most amiable and generous character whose earthly career was suddenly ended, while life was yet in its prime. Next in succession was Very Rev. Father Conway, appointed Dean of Toronto in 1882. Father Conway was still alive and in harness, and is known throughout Ontario as one of its most zealous apostles of Temperance. Very Rev. Father McCann followed. It was during Father McCann's incumbency that the parish passed from the condition of a pioneer settlement, known by the harsh-sounding name of Brockton, to general recognition as St. Helen's, one of the most substantial parishes of the city. When Father McCann was appointed Rector of the Cathedral in 1891, St. Helen's, its schools and presbytery, formed a picturesque group, surrounded by tall poplar trees, which were an ornament to that portion of the city, and the spiritual and financial standing of the parish were on an assured basis that spoke for future prosperity.

Dean Cassidy succeeded Father McCann. The charge of Father Cassidy in St. Helen's was not of many years, death coming while he was yet far from old age. Father Cassidy was well known in many outside missions, and wherever he worked he is remembered for his zeal in the cause for which his life was spent.

The present pastor of Lourdes, Rev. J. M. Cruise, was the next in charge. The regime of Father Cruise at St. Helen's is as but a thing of yesterday, so fresh is it in the minds of the people, and so fruitful was it in spiritual works that many of the practices established by him were by his successor embodied in the life of the parish and still form part of its active existence. Nor was the temporal part neglected. It was in the time of Father Cruise that the present excellent system of raising money for paying off the old debt and providing for a new church was drawn. A map of the parish was drawn and every street and house located, districts were laid out and collectors sent out monthly, who gathered regular sums for parish purposes. This system was continued by his successor until the debt was eventually cleared and a substantial surplus laid aside with which to begin the erection of the new handsome edifice.

The present pastor of St. Helen's is Rev. James Walsh. It happens somewhat fortunately that Father Walsh is absent on a visit of a few months to Ireland, his native home, for the purpose of recuperating his somewhat impaired health; otherwise we should have to pass over his part in the work of St. Helen's very lightly, for so averse is Father Walsh to publicity that if present we should respect his wish and say little or nothing about him. His absence, however, enables us to say that while the general work of the parish has received every attention at his hands, his most strenuous efforts have been directed to the work of building the new church. For every dollar gathered by the collectors he promised to try to gather or give another, and so faithfully did priest and people work that now the handsome sum of thirty-

three thousand was in hand to make a comfortable beginning. It was doubtless sometimes hard for Father Walsh to keep back the impetuous ones of his flock who would have begun some years ago the erection of the new church, but the present satisfactory condition, must convince all of the prudence of the course adopted by their Pastor. Father Walsh works constantly and quietly. To him harsh means for any purpose are unknown. A real Soggarth Aroon, he walks amongst his people with a kindly courtesy and unobtrusiveness amounting to a beautiful humility and his reward is the harmony that everywhere exists between himself and his people.

THE ASSISTANTS.

St. Helen's has been favored with a succession of excellent pastors. It has been no less fortunate in its assistants. Its first assistant was Rev. Father Harold, who by many is yet lovingly remembered. To Father Harold belongs the credit of giving St. Helen's its first musical training. Filled with love for the elevating art, Father Harold spent many hours of his time in the formation of a choir, and the younger members especially were the object of his attention for in them was his chief hope. These responded to his efforts, and the embryo choir was a germ of such promise that the musical spirit has never since passed away, and there have been periods in the history of the parish when the music of St. Helen's would have been a credit in churches of much greater pretensions.

So many others followed that some may be forgotten. The passage of some was but fleeting. Many will remember Rev. Father O'Hagarty, the lovely young Irish priest, who died shortly after leaving St. Helen's, when stationed at St. Catharines. Father McBride, of brilliant intellect and versatile talent, whose short life of thirty-eight years was one period of perpetual activity, and whose chief work outside of his priestly office, was like that of his predecessor, Father Harold, the pursuit of the musical art. His work also left its impress on the parish in whose service his life was ended.

Others who gave of their time as assistants at St. Helen's for periods of different lengths were, Father McPhillips, now dead, whose energy succeeded in organizing a most successful Altar Society; Rev. Father Morris, once one of the brilliant ones in the Ontario priesthood; he, too, is gone to the bourne beyond; Rev. Father Thos. Shanahan, a Toronto boy who was given but a short earthly career before being called to the reward of a blameless life; Father Minehan, the present energetic pastor of St. Peter's, and Father Richardson, who, with Father Cruise, introduced a knowledge of Plain Chant into the parish, all saw service at St. Helen's. To the present assistant, Rev. Father McGrand, much of the burden of the initiatory work of the new church has fallen. Active and competent, Father McGrand has given a great deal of personal service to the work of looking after the finances and pushing forward the erection of the new building and his enthusiasm imparting itself to the parishioners, has been a factor of no small moment in the accomplishment of the work upon which the energies of the priests and people of St. Helen's are now bent.

ST. HELEN'S PEOPLE.

It may seem to some that the parishioners of every parish are very much alike. This, however, is not always so, and the people of St. Helen's have some very distinctive qualities. They have to begin with the prestige which always attaches itself to an old settlement. In a new city like Toronto, half a century of residence gives the aristocracy which attaches itself everywhere to the old families of a district. A great many of its people live on the ground upon which their fathers and grandfathers lived before them. It is not a parish of transients. Its people have helped and helped generously in the work of the development of their parish, every effort of the pastor being seconded willingly and cheerfully by the bulk of the congregation. In the schools and parish societies they are always actively and practically interested, and both Father Walsh and Father McGrand have often been heard to declare, "there are no better people than St. Helen's anywhere." Despite the fact that five other parishes have been taken whole or in part from St. Helen's, it is now amongst our largest parishes. St. Cecilia's, West Toronto, St. Leo's, Mimico, the Holy Family, Parkdale, St. Anthony's and part of St. Francis, were all once part of St. Helen's. Despite the numerous

off-shoots there are still six hundred families in St. Helen's.

This somewhat local history may seem of little moment to some, but after all it concerns an important parish in an important city. It deals, too, with a portion of Toronto which promises to be the centre of a great commercial and residential centre and with the building of a magnificent temple, worthy of Cathedral rank, and of the priests and people, remote and near, whose work and desire have all tended to its erection.

THE SERMON.

Rev. Father Teefy took for his text: Apos. xxi., 3—Behold the Tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them. And they shall be his people; and God Himself with them shall be their God.

The Heavens tell the glory of God. His name is written in letters of wonder upon the earth; the mighty waters render testimony to Him, and the swelling waves rise to sing His praises. Day uttereth speech to-day and night serves to reveal His vaster depths. All nature is one great temple. Why, therefore in the history of religion do we see special places devoted to divine worship where people believe that He who is everywhere sojourns especially there, places where God and man meet together for their highest interests? Why does the human race—why does the elite of the human race, the Church—having the grassy plains and the rocky heights, the wide horizon and the starry dome of the skies—why does the Church, as if disdainful these, confine her religion to houses made with hands? She summons all the arts to aid her, she calls upon her children to be generous that this new house of God may be somewhat worthy of Him, and worthy of themselves; that it may abide as a memorial of their faith and love—and be their legacy to future generations. This, praiseworthy though it is, does not answer the question. Is God localized? Is prayer stifled, inspiration shut out, because of this ceremony and the building to be erected upon this stone? Did not Our Lord say that the time had come when God should be worshipped in spirit and in truth? "The hour cometh and now is, when the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to adore Him. God is a spirit; and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth. No emancipation could be more formal. God is a spirit. He is therefore everywhere. We must adore in spirit. The place matters not; it is the state, the action of the soul. This is the question which my discourse should answer. His substance is found in my text, "Behold the Tabernacle of God with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people and He shall be their God." God, Who is naturally present everywhere, makes choice of a very special sojourn to dwell with men. This is the first lesson starting from the throne and which our divine Theology transmits to us: "Behold a Tabernacle of God with men." This free choice of God is the first reason of our temples, of the ceremony which the Pontiff is performing and by which he is setting aside a future building to be likewise a tabernacle of God with men.

There is a principle to which we must always return to understand anything Christian. It is, that God having created because He chose to do so, has not willed to abide in the mere necessary relations which His creative act established. He has not found it good merely to be a cause; this effect which we call the universe, a workman to these works, a law to these movements, a suffering master to these wills. He has been pleased to unite himself to His creatures by relations much more close, much more profound, and more full of life, the relations of Father, of brother, and of friend. Scripture and Theology speak of relations of spouse, relations founded upon community of nature, perfected by unity of life and submitted by community of sanctity, glory and beatitude. He willed first that there should be a creation, this forms the natural order. He likewise willed that it should be divine, this is the supernatural order, since it is manifest that divinity belongs naturally only to God. With reference to anything else than God it is absolutely supernatural. It is communicated; it is always a pure grace; the grace of God, life everlasting.

Now in this transcendent effusion of himself which he made, and in His tremendous plan we call the Incarnation, God took not all created natures, but our created nature. He did not take the angelic nature. He

did not take mere material nature, but he took human nature, which has its head amongst the spirits and its feet amongst the corporal creation. He took this human nature in such a way that it was for evermore His and His alone. Thou art My Son, this day have I gotten Thee. Thou art My Son in whom I am well pleased. All the complacency, all the divinity was there, all the light and majesty, the sanctity, the power. He took that human nature and clasped it forever, in the personal embrace of the second person of the Holy Trinity. The Babe of Bethlehem was God, the man, the preacher of Judea and Galilee, the crucified of Calvary. Why did He go so far? God so loved the world that He gave His only Beloved Son for the world. But did not this Man-God stand apart, was He not alone? If a created nature should thus be deified, if the wood of humanity is, to be held in the furnace of the Divinity, surely this belongs to One and One alone.

Is this one being, this Man-God, the only one Who shall be raised to such a dizzy height? Shall no one else taste of His sweetness or share in His gifts? Can we gaze on humanity thus crowned and deified, and never hope from the depths of our misery for a beam of light or a word of pardon or of joy in time or eternity. Is this Incarnation the beginning and end of His plan? Is He the only Son? True, He is the only consubstantial Son; He is the Master-piece and the essential part of the plan; He is the pledge of countless others, who through Him will share in His joy, His glory and His kingdom. He thus began the great work of building a tabernacle within His creation by taking a corner-stone, who is at once the splendor of the Father, the glory of His substance, Life Eternal. Taking and cutting that stone from the mountain without hands, an immutable foundation, He built upon it a tabernacle in which He would abide and be the dwelling of His people. This was the starting point of that wisdom which reaches from earth to heaven with might and orders all with sweetness. This is the beginning of that religion which would regain for God His rights over the hearts of men and would gain for men their pardon, their peace and their beatitude. He opened the series then of His work in the supernatural order by a masterpiece. It was a bond attaining the union of the divinity with His creature in a transcendent manner. The last has become the first and the first the last, the Alpha is the Omega. Christ the Word-made flesh is the head of all creatures, the first of all adorers, the fulness of all, God made man. After that, let man sin and let sin force the hand of justice, the final end of creation is obtained, the glory of God is secured. He is adored in spirit and in truth. Wisdom goes forth from the eternal throne to sow the seed; the harvest is yet to come.

We heard of it in Ephrata; we found it in the fields of the wood; we will go into His tabernacle; we will worship in the place where His feet have stood.

Behold my brethren a Tabernacle of God with men. Wisdom hath built herself an House, here is the divine place, the supernatural, an individual man, eternally distinct from the other children of Adam, this is He of whom He said Himself, "Overturn this Temple, and in three days I will build it up again." The plenitude of the divinity dwells within Him corporally and by this all plenitude, that of truth, reason, science, power, goodness, beauty, love, and as in this sacred place is found all that God can give to a creature, so there is found here all that any creature, that all creatures together, can give to God. This, then, is the place and the only place of true religion. This is the corner-stone blessed by excellence, re-erected by the Jews of old, placed on the corner of the Church, placed in the corner of this city where you and your children may come to worship God, this is the place of religion, Jesus Christ, God blessed forever. Nor does this unity of Christ in whom God dwells exclude not the multitude. It makes way for the multitude, it is the gate by which the multitude will enter, it is the outstretched arms of love embracing all, it is the stream whose torrent rejoices the City of God. I saw the River of Life, says St. John, a splendid River flowing from the Throne of God which is the Lamb, and in that torrent there are the souls of generations. Jesus Christ, in the design of God is the first-born amongst many brethren. He is the plenitude of God; and whoever wishes may receive of this plenitude.

Not only, therefore, was the human nature of Him who is the Light of the World wrapped to the dizzy heights of the Divinity, but He was to pour out upon others the generosity of His own Divine Love. Through His own fulness He was to hallow the stones of this sanctuary, and make of this building a Tabernacle of God where He himself would dwell and where you should be His people. There is nothing so frequently pre-ferred, nothing so carefully described as that temple at which Jesus Christ himself is the Corner Stone, and which we call the Church of the Living God. That Church, though it is a visible Church, made external and brought into touch with men and women and things by human ministers in a visible organization; it is nevertheless, far too wide and far too spiritual to be limited by any space, however ample, on this earth's surface. It is as wide as the whole world, and as Catholic as all time. It has no roof but the firmament which covers the earth. It is the kingdom of God, claiming every foot of the world's surface, and every human being in His generation, claiming them as its own by living right. It is the continuation of the Incarnation, the perpetuation of God and man in



ARCHBISHOP McEVAY LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

(Continued on page 5.)

HOME CIRCLE

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS FOR TODAY.

There is sadness and longing on the upturned faces of the apostles as they watch their beloved Master drifting from sight in the folding of the heavenward bound cloud.

One housekeeper even uses a big piece of old velvet to rub her stove to a high polish after it has been blacked.

A GUIDE TO HAPPINESS. Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as sunshine in a sickroom.

OLD AGE A BLESSING. Old age in the home of youth may be far more of a blessing than a burden.

REFRESHING DRINKS.

Barley water is healthful and good for invalids. Allow one cupful of barley to three quarts of boiling water.

Lemonade is made by all, but there are better ways of making it than some women seem to know.

VARNISHING THE FURNITURE. When furniture has been disfigured the housewife has a difficult problem to solve as to how to cover over some mark which shows dark, even through several coats of varnish.

MAKING THE BEST OF EACH OTHER. We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another.

VELVET AS A CLEANER. Don't throw away your scraps of velvet. They can be used as cleaners for all sorts of things.

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

Favors at St. Anne de Beaupre Those who attended the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre state having had a very successful trip.

HAIR THAT SPLITS. Many girls are troubled with the splitting of the ends of the hair. This indicates a lack of vitality, and such hair is almost invariably dry.

ROUGH IT UP BY RUNNING THE FINGER TIP and thumb quickly up towards the scalp. In this way nearly all of the hair ends will be made to stand up and can be clipped with the scissors.

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 204, Montreal, entitles the holder to a free package of our 4oz. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

Cardinal Logue Sits for Pictures "Cardinal Logue is the most tireless sinner that has ever posed for me," said S. J. Wolf, the New York artist, who has completed a portrait of the Irish prelate.

HICCOUGH EASILY STOPPED. This is a most distressing and obstinate complaint to those in whom it occurs. We do not refer, of course, to the hicough attendant upon great prostration of the system, but to those instances (very frequent indeed) of a simple spasmodic condition of stomach and esophagus, which assails the individual without any other symptom of disease, and in the treatment of which anti-spasmodics prove inert.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG. I do not plead for special gifts Wherewith to gain the ends I seek; I ask not for the luck that lifts The proud above the humble weak;

Women's Ailments There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, anemia, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood water, or women at the change of life who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, etc., are tired over these trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

KEEPING THE TEETH WHITE. The best dentistry cannot make teeth pretty, or preserve them, without unremitting care at home, as for instance, the use of simple cleaning powders and mouth washes, that are better in effect than the occasional application of strong bleaches, which cannot fail but injure the enamel.

BAD BLOOD BAD BOWELS BAD BREATH It will thoroughly renovate the entire system, and make the blood pure, rich and red—curing Boils, Pimples, Rosacea, Ringworm, and all blood and skin diseases.

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The Children's Page

ACT NOW. Don't wait for chance or fate. To bring the prize. Seize now the rope that's held by hope. And realize.

Climb down. Don't stop. There's room on top. Where eagles fly. Above the mass and doubting class. Great honors lie.

Don't cringe. Don't flinch should fortune pinch. And all seem lost. With might and main try, try again. At any cost.

Fight on. Don't yield life's battle-field. To friend or foe. Press to the front, receive the brunt. And strike the blow.

Be brave and true in all you do. Hold honor high. Be sure you're right, then force the fight. And win or die.

—Munvon in Baltimore American.

ACT NOW. "His pocket—against dishonest money. "His tongue—against evil speaking. "The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor-plate can her ships."

Are our Crusaders strengthening their armor for protective resistance? Isn't there a tiny weak spot somewhere, a rusty bad habit, a loose rivet of irresolution, some trivial defect that may open the soul to an enemy more powerful than all the armaments of earth?

BUSY MR. FROG.

"Hello, Mr. Frog, what are you doing in my garden?" said Jimmie to the big brown toad that was sitting in the middle of the lettuce bed in his "corner" of his father's garden.

"Hello, Mr. Frog, I said, 'what are you doing in my garden?'"

But Mr. Frog answered never a word. He just sat there and looked solemnly at Jimmie out of his bright beady eyes.

"Well, Mr. Frog," Jimmie persisted, "if you won't tell me what you are doing, I'll just wait and see what you're doing."

So Jimmie sat on the ground close by and looked at Mr. Frog, and Mr. Frog in turn looked at him. Pretty soon a little red bug flew down and lit on the lettuce near Mr. Frog's nose. Jimmie saw something flash out of Mr. Frog's mouth and back again, "quick as a wink." And Mr. Red Bug was not on the lettuce leaf any more.

Jimmie was sure Mr. Red Bug did not fly away, but he wasn't sure about what had happened.

He thought, "I'll watch Mr. Frog better next time." And again a bug stopped close to Mr. Frog, and again something jumped from Mr. Frog's mouth and back, and Mr. Bug was gone. And this time Jimmie was sure that little Mr. Bug had gone into big Mr. Frog's mouth.

Before his mother called him to supper, Jimmie had seen Mr. Frog catch twenty-seven bugs. He asked his father how Mr. Frog could catch bugs so well, and was told that he had a long, slender tongue with a sticky end, and when he flipped it against a bug, Mr. Bug would just stick on and go back into Mr. Frog's big stomach.

"Mr. Frog's a good fellow to have in your garden, son, and you had better care for him," said Jimmie's father.

THE GOBBLER GOBBLED.

Near Des Moines, Ia., a farmer's horse that was galloping around a field, slipped on the ice and went down, breaking his leg. There were no men folks about, and an old turkey gobbler who had seen the accident went to the kitchen door of the house and set up such a gobble that the woman came to the door. Then the fowl turned and walked away, but stopped every few feet to gobble once more, and at last the woman followed him far enough to see the horse lying on its side.

A LITTLE BOOMERANG.

The boomerang used by the native Australians in war and in the chase is a curved wooden missile. The skill with which the boomerang is made and thrown is great. The thin, slightly bent piece of wood, rarely more than two feet in length, may be made to fly in a complex curve and strike the ground behind the thrower.

Let us make a small model of this boomerang. Cut it of stiff cardboard, taking care that one side is a trifle heavier than the other. Then insert the little boomerang under the nail of the index finger of the left hand, and snap it sharply with the thumb and middle finger of the right hand. The missile will fly upward with quick revolutions similar to a rolling wheel, stop finally and return to the starting point.

It takes much practice to learn to fly this little boomerang correctly, and the first trials will certainly be unsuccessful.

DON'T GIGGLE, GIRLS.

If half the girls knew how silly they looked and sounded when they constantly giggle they would stop it.

Learn to smile, not giggle. Nothing is more infectious and charming than a good laugh, but very few people know how to laugh. It is as rare in life as it is on the stage.

A giggle usually comes from nervousness. A girl will giggle when she cannot think of anything to say or when she is trying to be at ease in company.

She will giggle when a boy meets her and says "Good morning." She will giggle when he says "Goodby." She is only nervous, but she appears silly.

It is no wonder that young men speak with utter scorn of the giggling girl. They seem to think her the least attractive maiden on earth. It is trying to attempt to hold any kind of conversation with a girl who will punctuate her every remark with giggles.

It is not always possible to know at first thought whether or not you are one of the girls who giggle. Stop and think about it. Watch yourself the next time you are with any one. See whether this senseless trick is a part of your social equipment. If it is, take any heroic means to strangle that giggle until it is dead.

Far better be silent. You may get the credit for wisdom that you have not got. Better than all, if you don't know how to give a cheery, musical, spontaneous laugh, then try your best to learn how to smile.

Do not let yourself give a weary smile, for that is the result of effort and self-consciousness, but anything is better than a silly giggle.

STRENGTHEN YOUR ARMOR.

Our boys, says the Catholic Standard and Times, are always interested in ships. The warship is an object of awe-inspiring admiration to the young strength-whisperer. The magazines, the turrets, the armor plates, all the various parts of the huge fighting machine seem to say, "We are built for resistance."

There are many enemies of the mighty battleship. First there is the temporary foe with whom the nation is warring. Water, the element of the ship, is only waiting a chance to penetrate the hull, to rust the armor, to overwhelm the crew. Fire is an ever-present danger. A spark in the powder magazine and the gallant ship is but a mass of charred wood and twisted steel, a shapeless tomb for its hundreds of men.

So the great ship must be built to resist fire from within and without; it must be water-proof and weather-proof; its armor must be absolutely protective. Indeed, the idea of the battleship might be summed up in two words—protective resistance. Now, that's precisely what a boy requires for himself. As a contemporary says, "It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on."

"His lips—against the first taste of liquor. "His ears—against impure words. "His hands—against wrong-doing. "His heart—against irreverence and doubt. "His feet—against going with bad company. "His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

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

Have You Suspected Your Kidneys as the Cause of Your Trouble

If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected.

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of a carelessly dressed, cross-tempered young woman.

"Why that can't be Dorothy's pretty sister," exclaimed Alice.

"Ah!" said the fairy, sadly, "Dorothy's pretty sister keeps her pretty clothes and her pretty manners for the people who dwell outside her home; do you still wish to be Dorothy Dean?"

"No," said Alice.

"Then you are satisfied to be yourself?" said the fairy.

Alice looked thoughtful for just about one moment. "Yes, I am," she said so decidedly that the fairy laughed—such a silvery, tinkling laugh. "Now you are a wise little girl," she said, "and remember, my dear Alice, that every man, woman and child put into this beautiful world of ours has duties and responsibilities and cares, but it is love that makes all burdens light—and it was the dear mother to whom you were cross an hour ago who gave you the book of fairy tales that you wanted so much."

Alice hung her head, she was too ashamed to look at the fairy, who seemed to know every single naughty thing that she had done.

"I know you are sorry and are going to do better, is it not so?" asked the fairy gently.

Alice looked up and answered, "Yes, I am going to try and be a better girl," and found she was looking into the loving eyes of her own dear mother.

CONUNDRUMS.

What sweetmeat do you get by slamming a door on your fingers? Jam.

When is a widow like a gardener? When she tried to get rid of her weeds.

How many make a million? Very few.

What does Sweet William carry when he goes out walking? A sugar cane.

The special number of the New York Freeman's Journal, lately published to commemorate the Centenary of the Church in New York, is a magnificent presentation of the sights and scenes of that great event. The illustrations, many and varied, are splendidly executed, and as an historical document the number is well worthy of preservation.

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MEMORIAL WINDOWS

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Men and Horses

From the annual report of the president Honorable Henry C. Merwin, of the Boston Work-Horse Parade Association, we take the following:

One fact has often forced itself upon the attention of the directors, namely, that the welfare of the work-horse is bound up with the welfare of the men who drive and care for him. In stables where the men are well paid and are treated with kindness and consideration by the proprietors, the horses, in turn, are well treated by

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J. W. LANGMUIR, MANAGING DIRECTOR
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WRITE FOR BOOKLET.
SWEENEY-TIERNEY HOTEL COMPANY
E. M. TIERNEY, Manager

the men, and look slick and contented. On the other hand, in stables where there is a bad feeling, or utter want of good feeling, between the employer and his men, the horses suffer accordingly. Recognizing these facts, some public-spirited women in New York and also in Chicago, have recently organized clubs for teamsters, and even clubs for teamsters' wives. This is a step in the right direction. Bad teamsters seem to gravitate naturally to employers who do not really care about their horses. If the owner is a humane man, the spirit of humanity will pervade his whole business. If he is cruel, or simply indifferent, a spirit of brutality, or at least of selfish indifference, will run through his force.

The highly developed nervous system of the horse renders him peculiarly capable of suffering. Rough usage, even if it stops far short of absolute brutality, keeps him in a constant state of fear or irritation. Anyone who is accustomed to observe horses can tell by a single glance at a given horse whether the driver is a good, bad, or indifferent one. The expression of the animal's eye and the carriage of his ears tell the story unmistakably.

There are many teamsters who treat the horse as if he were a machine, and therefore are guilty of continual cruelty toward him, which reacts on their own characters. Such men miss the opportunity of their lives, and their daily labor becomes a degradation and a curse to them.

On the other hand, there are many humane drivers who have a real affection for their horses and take the greatest pride in their appearance. These men make good husbands, good fathers, good citizens; and their daily labor is not only a means of a livelihood but a constant source of happiness. To reward and increase this class is the main object of the Boston Work-Horse Parade Association.

Joel Chandler Harris

Atlanta, Ga., July 4.—The last article written by Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) was a denunciation of the doctrines of the Christian religion and a criticism of those who are unsettling old faith by higher criticism.

In it he said he needed no argumentative props to assure him of the truth of the Christian religion. He was glad he required no theological learning to help him to believe. There might be new fashions in literature, especially in fiction, he said, and new beliefs growing out of new knowledge, but for 2,000 years there has been nothing new about the Christian religion. What it was at the beginning it still remains.

When he expressed to his family his belief that his illness would prove fatal, one of his sons cheerfully declared: "Your time has not yet come to be no more."

With sudden seriousness, Harris said: "Rather, when man dies, instead of saying he is no more, say 'He is forever.'"

Harris was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church the day before his death. His wife and children are Catholics.

The Example of Birds

Some birds are typical examples of human attributes; the dove symbolizes innocence and the eagle represents majesty, but the robin redbreast teaches the best lesson of all, for he sings as joyously in the dark, dreary winter days, when the earth is frost-bound and snow covered, as in pleasant summer days, when food is plentiful and life is merry. Thus, in his humble way he teaches the lesson of patience and gratitude.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT 119 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

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TORONTO, JULY 23RD, 1908.

DEATH OF MONSIGNOR FARRELLY.

A life of eighty-one years, fifty-seven of which were spent in the priesthood, is a record by no means common, but this is what Monsignor Farrelly, the long beloved priest of Belleville, has left behind him.

In the Kingston diocese Monsignor Farrelly had served under five prelates—Bishops Phelan, Horan, O'Brien and Archbishops Cleary and Gauthier. This in itself gives some idea of the length and extent of his labors.

Shortly afterwards the zealous, but worn-out worker felt it was given him to retire, and he delivered his charge into younger hands, those of the present pastor of Belleville, Rev. Father Twomey. Since then he waited for the call and the reward which comes to all who can give as he a good account of their stewardship.

A CORRECTION.

In our article on Anglican Statistics in our issue of the 9th inst., we gave the number of the adherents of the Church of England throughout the world as 25,000. This, of course, should have been 25,000,000, the last group of ciphers being accidentally overlooked in the make-up.

"THE TWIN APOSTLES."

Under the above heading the Evening Telegram of the 16th inst., devotes nearly a column of its space to the pouring forth of the vials of its wrath, against the Catholic Register and the Toronto Star, which it is pleased to couple together under the above appellation.

While we were not aware that we had made any special compact with our contemporary of the stella system more than that of approving its honorable course in matters generally, we do not object to be classed in the close proximity of twin-ship, in which the Telegram places us.

The Telegram accuses us of being ignorant of the terms "Liberalism" and "Independence," that these words have no meaning on our lips, and that we claim for ourselves both dualism and unity in the educational system of our schools. This we deny implicitly. Liberalism and Independence are for us things of such great meaning that we not only claim them for ourselves, but are anxious that others should benefit by them.

But this evil is going so far that it threatens to become a perennial pest to which the Northwest is to be made subject. The latest Doukhobor demonstration or pilgrimage, or whatever it should be called, was suppressed by the police of the Northwest after much trouble, the disturbing element being coaxed or forced to return to their homes in Saskatchewan.

we are within our rights in asking a participation in its emoluments, if the salaries given for hard work in the schools may be termed such.

Teachers of Public school origin are surely entitled to employment in the Public schools as against teachers of clerical school origin, and this principle bars out no Roman Catholic teacher whose parents have supported the Public schools," says the Telegram. The father of the teacher whose application first caused all the present talk and tumult did and does support the Public school, and yet the Telegram seeks to bar her from the ground which it here declares should be open.

Since the question of support has been raised, should not Catholics whose taxes and labors go to build up the city, be as eligible for recognition in schools called public, built for the use of the city's public, as those coming to us from outside districts and who have done nothing heretofore towards the city's maintenance. Yet some time ago the Inspector of the Public schools asked the teachers individually to recommend each a teacher from the outside districts, as teachers were needed in the city schools.

In building their own schools and teaching their own religion Catholics simply do for themselves what they wish for others. Choice of religion should be free to all. Because all have not this unity of thought, the schools called Public are benefitted by much that, if divided numerically for the support of Separate schools, would come to the support of Catholic schools. The buildings of all our public concerns are taxed, and these taxes with one single exception, go to the support of the Public schools. Yet, we make no cry on this score.

"The Separate school system," says the Telegram, "is forced upon unwilling Roman Catholics." Where does the Telegram get its information? Not from things as they are, but as the Telegram would have them. The thousands of children and the thousands of parents of those children who attend our Catholic institutions are proud, and justly proud, of their schools. The few who are not are the exceptions, and no logical judgment is ever made on such premises. When the Telegram speaks of "a hierarchy that breaks up every Public school section it can break up" and further, "that it cannot be allowed to dominate the education for the Public schools of Toronto in particular and the province in general," we should like to say since the Telegram is good enough to credit us with being the organ of the Ontario Hierarchy, that the Hierarchy does not trouble itself one way or the other about Public school sections, it simply applies itself to the work of the Separate school sections, and as for dominating or having anything to do with the appointment of the Public schools of Toronto or elsewhere, the idea is ludicrous. It is paying the Educational Board a poor compliment to accuse them of not being able to appoint a primary teacher or so, without consulting the Ontario Hierarchy.

When the Telegram advocates "common justice, common fairness and common sense," it should remember that schools called Public should be open to all citizens and that the element of Creed as introduced by it, is quite outside the question. It is time, too, that the Telegram learned that continued attacks of the kind it indulges in against Catholics and things Catholic are not in taste, and that an unchivalrous protest against a young girl or two trying to make a living for themselves by teaching is not the best way to gain either subscribers or fame.

MORE RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS.

Our Northwest has been for several years the scene of manifestations of fanaticism which gave considerable trouble and were the cause of much annoyance to our new Northwestern provinces, even including Manitoba. These outlandish demonstrations, however disgusting in themselves, might be endured temporarily, so long as only the deluded individuals who took part in them incommoded only themselves, or even if it might be expected that the very great inconveniences they caused their more civilized neighbors would soon come to an end. We refer to the so-called pilgrimages of naked Doukhobors who under the pretence of following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, marched, already many times, from their homes even into Manitoba, seeking the Lord, while they sang hymns and made indecent exhibitions of their persons, and declared that they wished to march East or South till they discovered the Messiah whom they so eagerly sought.

But this evil is going so far that it threatens to become a perennial pest to which the Northwest is to be made subject. The latest Doukhobor demonstration or pilgrimage, or whatever it should be called, was suppressed by the police of the Northwest after much trouble, the disturbing element being coaxed or forced to return to their homes in Saskatchewan.

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wan. This was in April last, but even before these pilgrims were brought home, another sect of immigrants calling themselves Dreamers appeared upon the scene, and threatened to become even more intolerable than the poor uneducated Doukhobors. These eccentric people were not merely foolish, but criminal in their conduct, as under pretence of religious fervor they threatened the farmers in the neighborhood of Medicine Hat that they would burn down their houses if they did anything which might bring upon them the enmity of the Dreamers.

It is to be remarked that such escapades as we here record have not been at all infrequent in the history of Protestantism which by its avowal of the principle that the interpretation of Scripture belongs by right to each individual Christian, and not to any ecclesiastical authority, authorizes such vagaries. It is not to throw blame upon individual Protestants that we make reference to such incidents here, but to show that the principle on which Protestantism rests leads to absurd consequences, and is therefore itself absurd.

By the investigation instituted by the police it has been established that the Dreamers' creed authorizes them to kill any persons who are so incredulous as to refuse belief in their hallucinations, a part of which is that one Jacob Merkl is God, and that other members of the sect are respectively the Virgin Mary, the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, and other Scriptural personages. Nine Dreamers are still in prison awaiting trial for the incendiarism of Mr. Lehr's house, and for threatening to burn the houses of other persons who refused to accept the Dreamer creed.

LONDON'S CATHOLICITY London, July 9th, 1908. The Fathers of the Oratory at Brompton, founded by Cardinal Newman, and that saintly priest, Father Faber, must have felt justly proud of their work, when in the presence of a large and distinguished company General French reviewed the Oratory Boys Brigade in the grounds attached to the priests' house the other day. The Brigade, some 180 strong, looked very smart in their trim blue uniforms, and the General who was accompanied by several Catholic officers, expressed his pleasure at their evident fitness and complimented the Fathers on the military precision of their drill evolutions and the good discipline which they showed.

Scotland has lost one of her most typical sons and a devoted priest whom we could ill afford to spare in the death of Provost Chisholm, who was laid to rest on Saturday at Dalbeth Cemetery. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at St. Mirin's Glasgow, the music being exquisitely rendered in Gregorian Chant, than which nothing is more appropriate and inspiring, by a choir of priests. Long before the time appointed the Church began to fill, and it was edifying to see a large number of Episcopalian clergy and others among those who had come to pay this last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of a good man.

Next day, July 6th, two other members of the Northwest Mounted Police rode out to them to ascertain their intentions, but as they neared the invading fanatics the latter, men, women and children, formed a half-circle and pointed their rifles and revolvers at the officers. They defied the officers to come closer and stated that they would shoot if their capture were attempted, as they would not be taken alive. The leader again announced that he is Christ, and ordered a religious service to be performed, which was accordingly done, the women and children singing and shouting at the top of their voices.

Through the fear that there might be bloodshed, and particularly because the lives of women and children might be endangered, the unwelcome visitors were left unmolested, though they did not hesitate to take the fence posts of a farmer on the line of their march for fuel. When the farmer objected to their conduct, he was told by the leader: "I am the Lord, and the earth is the Lord's, so I have the right to take the wood."

The company are very heavily armed, but poorly clad and fed, so that there must soon be a critical turn in their proceedings. How they may terminate we shall not venture to predict. It is to be remarked that such escapades as we here record have not been at all infrequent in the history of Protestantism which by its avowal of the principle that the interpretation of Scripture belongs by right to each individual Christian, and not to any ecclesiastical authority, authorizes such vagaries. It is not to throw blame upon individual Protestants that we make reference to such incidents here, but to show that the principle on which Protestantism rests leads to absurd consequences, and is therefore itself absurd. We do not deny that Catholics from time to time also act absurdly, but it is not because they act upon the principles of the Catholic Faith that such is the case, but rather their conduct is contrary to their faith by which they ought to obey the doctrinal decisions of their Church. Yet it has been frequently remarked that very few Catholics are caught by such absurd delusions as Eddyism or Christian Science, Spiritism, Mormonism, or the absurdities of the Doukhobors, Dreamers, and other religious illusions.

Oxford. The party had the privilege of being conducted over the ancient colleges, many of them Benedictine foundations, by two of the learned Jesuit Fathers of St. Aloysius, who are doing such a good work in preparing Catholic students for the University, and looking after their spiritual welfare during their sojourn within the old grey walls, about whose greenwards gather shadowy figures of monks and prelates, soldiers, kings and statesmen of the long ago as the shadows lengthen of a summer evening towards the silvery stream on the banks of which this hoary seat of learning sits. Magdalene, Christchurch, Brasenose, Balliol and St. John's Colleges, were all visited. Father Dawson having something interesting to tell at each stopping place, while the shafts of sunlight falling athwart the soft green turf and dappling the grey and mossy walls flung into relief old carvings of our Lady and the saints, quaint gargoyles high up on pointed roofs, and graceful arches between whose portals once passed such men as Newman and the galaxy of learning and sanctity that surrounded him, and came at last in most instances, to lay their talents at the feet of her who sits upon the seven hills of Rome and the day passed all too quickly, and little time was left for an inspection of the beautiful Church of the Jesuits and the wonderful treasures of the Church's holy ones which it contains. Within the chapel of the relics repose the bodies of seven martyrs, while around the walls in cases are innumerable precious mementoes of the Saints, among which may be mentioned the breviary of St. Philip Neri, to say nothing of still more sacred relics such as a portion of Our Lady's veil, shreds from the linen wrappage about our Lord, relics of the Crown of Thorns, the true Cross, the nails and other instruments of the Passion. The collection is said to be a unique one in England, and has only lately reached St. Aloysius, having been bequeathed to the Church in question by Mr. Hartwell de la Garde Grissell, who died in Rome last year and was papal chamberlain to Pope Pius IX. of glorious memory.

A very useful guide is being prepared for the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress. In addition to interesting particulars and biographies of the Cardinals taking part in the great celebration it will contain a full programme of the fixtures from the 9th to the 14th of September, and will also give information on suitable accommodation for our visitors from the Colonies and abroad. In addition to the two great meetings in the Albert Hall, there will be a meeting for men only on the night of the 13th inst. The Committee is also organizing a service for the little ones to be held in the Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, and another sub-committee is busy selecting the speakers and subjects for the various assemblies.

A good many priests and prelates who come from afar, such as Australia, New Zealand, India, Africa and the like, are already beginning to arrive, with the intention of paying a quiet visit to the old home, in most instances synonymous with the Green Isle of Erin, before the Conference begins. A large number, too, arrived in time to take part in the annual reunion of Old Boys at Maynooth, where the Union have been holding their annual meeting and have just enrolled forty-eight new members, coming from the young priests lately ordained. Many subjects were touched upon in the interesting papers read, from "The Irish Parliament" treated by Canon Murphy, to Agriculture and the "Revival of Liturgical Study," by Dr. Coghlan and Dr. Gilmartin, Vice-President of the Union, respectively.

An anonymous donor has generously come forward and offered the sum of £500 towards the £5,000 still required by the Archbishop of Westminster to meet the requirements of the London County Council in regard to the schools of the Archdiocese which will render the schools liable to be closed and forfeited if not carried out. Already the vast sum of £118,000 has been spent on the improvements rendered necessary by the demands of the Council and now a fresh appeal is being made to meet the final amount required to put our schools in an efficient condition.

Next Sunday will witness the first of the celebrations which are to mark the centenary of the great Apostle of Temperance, Cardinal Manning, who was born just one hundred years ago. At the evening service in Westminster Cathedral a special commemoration of the occasion will be made, and the panegyric will be preached by Canon Murnane, Rector of Cumberland, who labored for many years with the great Cardinal in the East of London and for the cause of temperance. On the following Sunday the League of the Cross has organized a demonstration which will take place in Hyde Park and to which deputations of various temperance bodies, Labor organizations and Trades Unions all over the country are coming, irrespective of religious differences, so great an influence did the People's Cardinal exercise over those for whose good he was ever concerned.

A deliver in the Seventh report of the Historical MSS. Commission, has discovered good grounds for thinking that the author of "Paradise Lost" died a Catholic. The poet's brother, Sir Christopher Milton, was a Catholic, and it is he to whom the Earl of Egmont, then Sir John Percival, attributes the statement that Milton was converted to the old faith some years before his death. Such a statement would not come as a surprise. A review of all our great poets, writers, and dramatists generally, shows that the men with the most magnificent intellects had at least leaning towards the Catholic Church. It is known that Milton visited the Holy City in 1638, and was the guest of Cardinal Barberini at a great musical festival given in the latter's palace. Therefore he certainly had no prejudices against the Church. In those days, too, it was less likely than now that a Protestant would be the guest of a great Cardinal in the eternal city, especially bearing in mind that the English schism was then in its infancy, and not so likely to be easily tolerated. The discovery is an interesting one and will probably be followed up by some enthusiastic Catholic admirer of the great poet. PILGRIM.

Photographs, large or small, of the laying of the corner-stone, as seen in the Catholic Register, may be had from W. D. McVeigh, 514 Queen West.

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Death of a Famous Catholic Judge By the death of Sir John Day, in his eighty-second year, England has lost one of her most eminent Catholics and foremost legal figures. His son, Father Arthur Day, said the first Mass of Requiem for his departed father. Sir John Day received his education in Rome, at Freiburg and finally with the Benedictine monks at Downside, and afterwards graduated with honor at the London University. His success at the bar, although his first ten years was a constant struggle, was remarkably brilliant, and his great publication, "Common Law Procedure Acts," is a standard work. His eldest son is now master of the Supreme Court, Royal Court of Justice, and two other sons are priests of the Society of Jesus.



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A SILVER JUBILEE

Celebration of Twenty-five Years in the Priesthood by Rev. D. P. McMenam, P. P., Biddulph, Ont.

The sun rose in all its glory and splendor on Sunday, the 12th inst., bringing good cheer to the happy hearts of the parishioners of Biddulph who were celebrating the Silver Jubilee of their noble and worthy pastor.

At 10.30 o'clock the church was crowded to its capacity and with the joyful peal of the organ the happy jubilarian, assisted by J. T. Brennan and W. Benn, and the sanctuary choir, proceeded to the main altar, which was richly decorated with brilliant lights and sweet scented flowers, to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, on the happy event of his festal day.

During the Mass the choir ably rendered appropriate music, solos being sung by Miss Lena and Mr. Thomas Morkin, Miss M. J. Marrin, Mr. A. Crinnican, Miss A. and Mr. J. Deewan and Miss Christina Berra.

A very touching and instructive sermon was preached by the Rev. Pastor himself, who took for his text, "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedek." At the introduction of his sermon he briefly outlined the principal events of his priestly career during the past twenty-five years, after which he discoursed in eloquent terms upon the great dignity and power of the holy priesthood.

At the end of Mass Mr. Z. McIlhargey, assisted by Mr. E. McLaughlin and Mr. A. Lauphin, on behalf of the parish, read the following address, accompanied by the presentation of a well filled purse:

Rev. and Dear Father:

On behalf of the congregation of St. Patrick's Parish of Biddulph, we, the undersigned, take great pleasure on this, the occasion of the celebration of your Silver Jubilee, to offer you our best wishes and sincerest congratulations, and with hearts filled with joy, we have come to join with you in the happy commemoration of eighty-three.

Over five years ago you came amongst us a stranger, we may say, and since then you have so endeared yourself in our affections that we look upon you as one of our own. Your interest in our spiritual as well as our temporal welfare, your priestly labor at all times, regardless of occasion, place or circumstance, your undying zeal coupled with your sterling qualities of prudence and consistency have linked our hearts with yours in never ceasing love and appreciation. The excellent work you have just accomplished in our church is ample proof of your great love for the house of God and the people of Biddulph, whose welfare has been your sole and longing ambition for the past five years.

Little thought we that this envied opportunity would be afforded its parishioners of Biddulph, as it is the first occasion on which we have assembled to congratulate our pastor on the happy event of his Silver Jubilee, and we do so to-day, dear Father, with hearts filled with love and pride, as a token of which we ask you, Rev. and dear Father, to accept this accompanying purse which we know and trust you will not place in the scale of our devotion and appreciation, for it is only a slight manifestation of our good-will and heartfelt wishes, and we sincerely hope that God in His goodness will spare you, and your beloved parents to celebrate your Golden Jubilee, and that it will be amongst the people of Biddulph, who have learned to love you so much.

Signed on behalf of the Parish,

ZACHARIAH McILHARGEY, ANTHONY LAUPHIN, EDWARD McLAUGHLIN, JAMES J. DEWAN.

Immediately after the address Dr. T. D. Orme, Mr. John Fox and Mr. J. J. Hodgins, on behalf of the members of the Protestant Faith of Lu-

can, presented a beautifully mounted sterling silver service, accompanied by the following address:

Rev. Father McMenam, P.P., Biddulph: As this is the first occasion on which a clergyman of your Faith has celebrated his Silver Jubilee in this community, it is therefore the first opportunity of this kind that we laymen of the Protestant Faith have had of expressing our gratitude to the Giver of all Good for having continued His divine favor into this time of life upon so humble, yet so worthy, a follower of our common Lord and Master. We, therefore, congratulate you, Reverend Father, upon having attained to the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination and pray the continuance of God's mercies until you celebrate your Golden Jubilee in the same high calling.

We have long since learned to appreciate the worth of your true manhood and have been deeply impressed with that honesty of purpose, that broad sympathy for your fellowman and that kind, yet sterling, integrity which has won not only the devotion of your own parishioners, but also the admiration of the entire community.

While we are deeply conscious of your zeal for your Church, yet we have ever found you ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to true men wherever they may be found. Thus your genuine broadmindedness has been a true blessing to this community, blessing not only him who gives, but also those who receive.

We ask you, Reverend Father, to accept this silver service as a slight token of our esteem and, as you quench your thirst from it with the water of earth's pure fountains, may your soul be ever refreshed with the living water from the Fountain of Life which flows from God's eternal Throne.

Signed on behalf of your Luacan friends,

GEORGE A. STANLEY, T. M. OWNE, M.D., JOHN SCHMIDT, J. E. FOX, H. A. McEWEN, J. J. HODGINS, C. HASKETT.

Rev. D. P. McMenam, in reply to both addresses, heartily thanked both his own parishioners and his Protestant friends for the honor and kindness conferred upon him, hoping the friendly relations would ever exist and that he was happy to be living in a community that upheld the golden rule of the Divine Master, "Love ye one another as I have loved you."

The following day several priests of the diocese of London, among whom were the Rev. Fathers P. Brennan, P. Corcoran, T. West, G. Northgraves, D. McRae and J. Hanlon, assembled at the residence of Father McMenam to offer him their sincerest congratulations. After a sumptuous dinner Rev. Father Hanlon on behalf of his brother priests, presented him with a beautiful golden Chalice and an address impressive of their deep esteem and best wishes. One happy feature of the occasion was the presence of the parents of Father McMenam, who came from Montreal to assist at their son's Jubilee.

In the evening St. Patrick's choir met at the Pastor's residence and presented him with a beautiful address and silver set in testimony of their kindly wishes and congratulations, to which Father McMenam replied with feelings of pride and gratitude. Among the many presents received were conspicuous a rish stole from the Sacred Heart Convent, London, and a beautiful lace alb from Mount St. Joseph's Convent, London, and an Irish lace surplice from friends in Ireland, besides several costly

NEWMAN MEMORIAL CHURCH

We have now reached the final stage in the erection of our New Church, and only the building of the Dome remains to complete the fabric. Meanwhile we have come to the end of our resources, and have consequently been compelled to incur a debt of £5,000, in order that the work should proceed without interruption.

It is proverbially difficult to collect the means for finishing a large undertaking, but Cardinal Newman's name is held in such honour that we feel justified in our hope of opening the Church in 1909 free of debt.

Up to the present time more than £25,000 has been given in donations, varying from £5,000 to the smallest sums, and we look confidently for further help from those who cherish the great Cardinal's memory. We therefore appeal earnestly to your generosity to aid us in collecting the amount still needed, during the next fifteen months, by a weekly or a monthly subscription, or by a single donation.

JOHN NORRIS, Provost, Birmingham, England, May 1908.

Mass is said twice a week for all Benefactors of the New Church, and their names are entered in the Liber Aureus, or Golden Book, to be preserved under the future High Altar.



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The event in every way proved to be a very happy feast and one to be long remembered. W. S. B.

The Late Monsignor Farrelly

(Kingston Freeman.)

By the death of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, which occurred at an early hour on Wednesday morning, at his late residence in Belleville, not only has the Church lost a faithful and devoted priest, but a beloved citizen is mourned by hundreds who were not of his religious belief. No man ever wore the clerical black with more dignity to himself and his sacred calling than did the deceased prelate. He was a typical priest, exemplifying in his daily life that character which in his ministrations he desired others to emulate. He has gone to receive the reward of a good and faithful servant.

The deceased was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, 81 years ago. In early life he came to Canada and in the City of Kingston he received his education. On April 12th, 1851, he was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church. His first charge was at Aspdale, Peterboro County, and from there he was sent to Lindsay, where his ministrations were of short duration. Upon the death of the late Rev. Father Brennan, in the year 1871, Mgr. Farrelly was sent to Belleville to preside and administer over the congregation of St. Michael's Church of that city. For 34 years he devoted himself to that work, retiring two and a half years ago, owing to ill-health, and was succeeded by the present respected priest, Rev. Father Twomey. On December 17th, 1880, the deceased was created Monsignor, with the title of Domestic Prelate, by Pope Leo XIII. Whilst for a short time Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, he was created a Vicar-General by the late Bishop Horan. That Mgr. Farrelly had the confidence and respect of the dignitaries of the Church was evidenced by the fact that he was appointed administrator of the affairs of the Diocese of Kingston during the absence of the Bishop, a position which he conscientiously filled and to the satisfaction of all under his charge.

In the year 1901 the Rev. gentleman celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest, and upon that memorable occasion dignitaries of the Church and prominent laymen were present to do him honor. Complimentary addresses were presented to him, accompanying which were gifts of gold. As he lived so he died, respected, venerated and loved by not only the adherents of his Church, but the citizens of Belleville generally. During his long life in Belleville he was instrumental in having harmonious feelings with all classes of citizens. His end was peace.

THE FUNERAL.

The last sad ceremony over the remains of the late Very Rev. Monsignor Farrelly took place in St. Michael's church, Belleville, on Saturday morning and was attended by an immense throng of people of all classes and creeds, the sacred edifice being crowded to the doors. The interior of the beautiful church presented a mournful appearance, being heavily draped with long streamers of heavy black crepe, whilst the remains of the lamented and distinguished prelate reposed in a magnificent black cloth covered casket surmounted by heavy and beautiful silver trimmings, and was laid out in his robes of office. The Knights of Columbus, C.M.B.A. and Catholic Order of Foresters attended in a body and occupied the front pews on both sides of the Church, while the visiting priests, who had come to pay a last fond tribute of respect to their deceased friend, occupied seats in the sanctuary. The magnificent choir of St. Michael's being augmented by several of the priests. Precisely at nine o'clock the solemn High Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier, a long-life and dear friend of the deceased venerable and beloved prelate. Very Rev. Monsignor Masterson, Prescott, acted as High Priest, while Very Rev. Dean Murray, of Brockville, acted as deacon and Rev. T. J. Spratt of Wolfe Island, as sub-deacon. After Mass the solemn Libera for the dead was chanted by the Archbishop, assisted by the clergy, after which the remains were carried down the middle aisle while the choir pealed forth in solemn tones the "De Profundis," the following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers: Messrs. J. M. Hurley, ex-M.P., John Nicholson, John McGurn, Hugh Quinlan, James St. Charles and James Copeland. As the funeral cortege proceeded slowly along, the streets were lined with

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ST. HELEN'S NEW CHURCH

(Continued from page 1.)

people of all denominations, all anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of their late distinguished fellow-townsmen, and as a further mark of respect, all the stores along the route of the mournful funeral procession closed down and business was entirely suspended for the time being. The interment took place in St. James' Cemetery, along the banks of the beautiful Bay of Quinte, where all that was mortal of the kind, the good, the generous and saintly Monsignor Farrelly was respectfully laid to rest. May God grant him eternal rest.

TRIBUTE FROM REV. DR. SALMON

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Salmon, of Morrisburg, and has been pronounced by all who had the pleasure of hearing this distinguished priest, to be one of the best funeral orations that has been heard for many years and a beautiful tribute to his departed and respected fellow-priest.

He referred to the many noble qualities of the departed priest, whom he had known and respected for over forty years. He also referred to the great work he had done for the parish during his long ministry and the great love he had for his people. The dead priest was endowed with a faith of pure nature inherited from noble parents in Ireland. He also loved and practised prayer, his last moments being taken up with prayer for his beloved people. He urged all to emulate as far as possible the noble Christian character of their devoted friend. He reminded his hearers that we should all adore the will of God and not look upon death as a terrible thing. If we would live but a pure life then death would be a glorious victory. He spoke of Father Farrelly as a brave, good man filled with brotherly love and charity. As his life rolled on and his good deeds became known he was honored by the head of the Church he so dearly loved, and he was called nearer the throne. He referred in an able manner to the early struggles of his priesthood and traced his life until the time of his retirement, saying that the Catholics of Belleville had great reason to mourn the loss of such a true and faithful friend. The Rev. gentleman made a masterly and learned address, which caused many a tear to be shed during its recital.

TRIBUTE FROM BELLEVILLE ONTARIO.

Belleville has lost by the death of the venerable Monsignor Farrelly, one of her most distinguished and best beloved citizens. Full of years and of honor the aged gentleman has passed to his reward, mourned not only by the people of his own Church, but by Christians of all denominations; for Monsignor Farrelly was full of charity for all and tolerant of every form of religious worship. Although for some years removed from the scene of his former activities and living in retirement, yet he was by no means forgotten in this community, and his genial personality and kindly greetings will not soon be forgotten by the people of Belleville, all of whom he dearly loved and who loved him in return.

W. D. McVey, the Photographer, will make your photograph day or night. Studio 514 Queen St. W. Mention this paper.

Rev. Father Dowdall is Highly Honored

Rev. Father P. S. Dowdall, pastor of St. James' church, Egansville, for seventeen years, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination during the first days of this month, and in paying tribute to his long and faithful services and his personal popularity. His Lordship Bishop Lorrain was present. Rev. J. R. Teely, Ph.D., of Toronto, preached.

After Mass a number of congratulatory addresses were read, all being accompanied by handsome purses, the donations amounting to over \$2,000. Among the individual contributors were Mr. M. J. O'Brien, Retnew; Mr. E. C. Whitney, Ottawa; John Ferguson, ex-M.P., Admaston; Judge Latchford, John Heney and Son, Ottawa; M. P. Davis, Ottawa; J. McFadden, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and Stephen Ryan, Killaloe, Ont.

The day before a beautiful new church was dedicated, in which Rev. Father Dowdall will minister in future. The whole cost of the edifice has been already met, bearing testimony of the devotion of the flock to their pastor.

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I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope.)

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 5x20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We MUST have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

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

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

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

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P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (Episcopal Authorisation)

Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorise you to continue to solicit aims for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

A Pointed Question

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in all other ages taught from its chair. This corner-stone with the walls that should be built upon it is that Tabernacle of God, with men abiding here in your midst so that you and your children and your children's children may come and adore and praise and pray in union with God's High Priest Eternal. This is the means, not the end.

Miss Conway Leaves The Pilot

As a result of a recent radical change in the management of The Boston Pilot, Miss Katherine Conway has resigned from that journal and immediately took up the work of literary editor of The Boston Republic. This transfer has been accomplished with the utmost of good feeling on both sides, the two journals being of different character, and the field abundantly large. Miss Conway has always combined authorship and journalism. At present she is editing a volume which will be of deep interest to all concerned in certain phases of educational and charitable work in the city of her home, and in the autumn, she expects to publish a volume of short stories.



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THE NAMELESS GRAVE

With us in the South, Memorial Day is an even more pathetic anniversary than in the North.

In the North the holiday arose from the patriotic exertions of General Logan, but in the South the observance of the day was originally due to the personal efforts of a Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, Georgia, and began earlier.

With us, however, little effort or persuasion was required to initiate the holiday. In many of our small towns and villages the custom of bearing flowers to the graves of our dead soldiers began spontaneously.

I remember that in the first years after the war we were accustomed on that day to drive to the cemetery in our old family carriage, loaded with wreaths of cedar and glossy magnolia leaves, made on long, pliant willow branches; piled, too, with sprays of dogwood and bushels of wild purple pansies and dog-tooth violets from the valley of the Oostanula, and crabapple and peach blossoms from the fields.

The old carriage was an arbor of fragrance, all its old ribs and worn wheels hidden in pink and white blossoms.

Yet however heavily we went loaded to the cemetery, we never had flowers enough for all the graves, there were so many of them. Always there would be found one more grave, in some far corner, still bare of floral tributes; and my father, himself a lame veteran of Lee's army, would call to us to fetch another armful. If we said there were no more, he always bade us divide those on the other graves and make up what seemed an equal "honor" for the neglected one.

There was one grave, however—not in the cemetery, but down under the magnolias by the fence, in the extreme corner of our grounds at Springbank—which for many years no one of us ever dreamed of decorating with flowers.

In truth we children never went near the spot. Only in low, awed tones or whispers did we ever speak of it—"the Yankee's grave!" For in all those sad old days, after Sherman's devastating march through Georgia, the name Yankee was to us something far more terrible than that of Indian; it was the synonym for desolation and grief.

In my own childish thoughts, too, the word was even more dreadful. On the day before the battle of Woodlands, four miles from Springbank, a troop of Northern cavalry had halted at our place to water their horses, and several troopers came into the house. My mother put us children in the parlor and hastily locked the door; but the windows stood open wide, and with childish curiosity I had toddled forward and stood under the high sash, watching the horses. One of the cavalymen crossed the piazza, and before I could run away, he caught me up and kissed me! To this day I seem to hear his words, "You little dear! You are the very image of my little sister Rosy!"

For years after that, whenever my brothers or younger sister Josephine wished especially to humiliate or plague me, they would point the finger of scorn and cry, "A Yankee kissed you! A Yankee kissed you!"

It may possibly have been the same young trooper, although that is unlikely, whom, after the skirmish and

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Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

battle across the fields, our old house servant, Uncle Joe, found near the fence down by the magnolias, shot through the lungs, mortally wounded and unconscious.

As I was but three at the time, I retain, of course, but a confused recollection of the fight, the shouting and yelling outside, the burning barns, the awful sounds of the firing and the well-nigh frantic fears of my mother for our safety.

Kelley's brigade of Mississippians was forced across the road and across our plantation; the enemy was repulsed, and fell back to Woodlands, leaving a number of their dead and wounded. But these were all taken away that night except this cavalymen, who was overlooked, and whom our old colored man found down by the fence the following evening. He died during the night, and Uncle Joe brought to my mother a silver watch with the initials "J.W." in the back of the hunting-case, and a small seal ring engraved with a coronet and two crossed spears.

All the men of our household, as well as our neighbors, were with the Southern army. There was no one to call upon; we were even in straits for food. Nor was there a horse or a mule or a cart left us. Down there by the fence, under the magnolias, Uncle Joe buried the body. And that, in brief, was the story of the Yankee's grave.

During all those first years following the war—so embittered and terrible were all its memories—that mound down by the magnolias was a spot shunned by us all.

But time mercifully and divinely softens even embittered memories such as ours. I think it was on the Day before Memorial Day, 1875, that as we prepared our floral tributes for the cemetery, my mother stole quietly away from the group on the piazza, and taking a handful of blossoms, bent her steps to that solitary little mound under the magnolias.

In wonder our eyes followed her, and when she returned Josephine exclaimed: "Why mother, where have you been?"

"Let us hope, children, that somewhere in the North kindly hearts are doing the same for our own nameless graves there—for your Uncle Pinckney and Cousin Will Gresham," she replied, gently.

We were too much surprised to answer. Afterward, no Memorial Day was allowed to pass that some one of us did not take off that little mound and freshen it with a few flowers. So the years passed till 1883. That we should ever know anything further concerning this lonely little grave under the magnolias seemed improbable. It was merely one of so many thousands of nameless graves, South and North.

That Spring of 1883, as it chanced, my sister and I were at home from Savannah. My widowed Aunt Lena, too, from Atlanta, was visiting us.

It was the evening of April 28, two days after our Memorial Day, when all save the bouquets in jars and glasses had withered on the graves. The afternoon had been very warm. We were sitting on the piazza, to enjoy the approaching coolness of evening and hear the mocking-birds and whip-poor-wills.

Presently there came to our ears the rattle of an approaching vehicle; and slowly the decrepit old carriage at the railroad station, which served arriving travelers, came toiling to our gate.

"Who can our visitor possibly be?" was the thought in all our minds, for living friends were now few.

A lady in mourning stepped down, with an air of uncertainty, and came up to the walk. With hospitable intent, my mother descended the steps to meet her.

"Is this the home of Mrs. Leigh?" the stranger asked. "I am Mrs. Leigh," my mother replied. "Will you come in?"

"I am Mrs. Warrenton from New England," the stranger said. "I fear I may not be welcome. My motive for coming to you is a strange and sad one." She paused, with a little catch in her voice. "You are very welcome," my mother replied, gravely. Josephine set out a comfortable chair.

The stranger seated herself, and after a pause, spoke again. "I do hope that the question I am obliged to ask will stir no unpleasant memories of a past which we who have suffered desire of all things to forget. My brother and my son both fell in the terrible war." She glanced pathetically at my mother's face. "They were, of course, on the Northern side," she added. "My brother was killed at Antietam; but my son was with Sherman's army, and was finally reported missing—and that is all I have ever been able to learn." Mrs. Warrenton paused again to check fast-coming tears.

"I know positively that he was alive at Dalton," she continued. "After that I can learn nothing. But a mother's heart craves more; and still in the hope of learning something as to his fate, I have journeyed South on this sad quest. At the house of a family near Kingston they told me of the unidentified grave of a Federal soldier on your estate.

"I have been to so many unidentified graves," the poor mother added, "that hope has nearly failed me. But tell me, have you, had you, any clue, or were there any circumstances that would aid me to know?"

My mother, greatly touched, could hardly summon heart to tell her, but Aunt Lena interposed. "Have you reason to think that your son carried a silver watch, marked inside the case with the initials 'J.W.'?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!" cried our visitor, eagerly. "The school watch I gave him on his sixteenth birthday! Those were his initials—Jerome Warrenton!"

In our growing excitement we were now all on our feet, gathering about her.

"And did he wear on his little finger a signet ring, with a coronet and crossed spears?" my aunt asked, quickly.

"Oh, it was he! It was he!" Mrs. Warrenton cried aloud. "That is the case of my own family!" she explained. "O my poor boy! My poor boy! And have you the watch and the ring? And his grave—is it far to go?"

Too much affected to reply, my mother rose silently and brought forth those sad mementoes of the terrible past; and then we turned away instinctively from a grief too sacred for the eyes of strangers.

to the little mound under the magnolias, my mother holding our visitor's hand. Nor had the bouquets of pansies, placed there two days before, as yet wholly withered. It was when, through her tears, her eyes fell on those flowers that the last traces of Mrs. Warrenton's reserve vanished. "And you have done this—these flowers—for my son! For my poor dead boy!" she cried impulsively, and threw her arms about my mother's neck.

In truth, a common sorrow makes sisters of us all; and it was thus, at last, that the Yankee's grave was identified.

Mrs. Warrenton remained with us for nearly a fortnight, and at the end of her visit changed her first intention of having her son's remains removed and reinterred in the North. "If I were to do that, dear friends," she said to us, "I should feel that I was breaking this dear new bond of friendship which, born of a common sorrow, has grown up between us. Here, where heaven moved your hearts to lay flowers on his grave—let him rest; and I, if you will permit me, shall come to his grave."

And every Spring, since that first sad pilgrimage to pass a few weeks at Springbank, and be near the grave of her son on Memorial Day—Winifred Laurens in the Youth's Companion.

The Trappists in Ireland

The litigation in the Dublin Courts in which the Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray is concerned will doubtless remind many people of the rules and history of the Monks of La Trappe. Their settlement in this country, and the manner in which they transformed an arid waste and a craggy mountain side into a smiling, verdant tract well timbered in parts, and glowing with rich pasture, has a something of romance in it, the romance of piety, earnest endeavor and indefatigable industry. The traditions of that famous Order which is shut away from the world at Mount Melleray, and which practices those austerities and that subjugation and torture of the flesh, that have won the reverence and admiration of all Christian people, are, indeed, remarkable. Expelled from France during the troubled reign of Louis Philippe, they fled to Ireland, and in 1833 were fortunate—many people at that time said unfortunately—enough to get from Sir Richard Keane a large tract of waste mountain side, to which vegetation in any shape except hard purple heath was a stranger. This ungenerous tract was a portion of the Knockmealdown Mountains; it was unclaimed and apparently irreclaimable, and had no redeeming feature except the view it commanded of the beautiful valley of the Blackwater.

The monks who settled at this "accursed" spot, the Irish Celts, who made profession at the Abbey of Melleray, in France. So much were they attached to their French religious home and so deeply did they regard the traditions which clustered around it, that they decided to call their Irish settlement Mount Melleray. The good which the monks of Melleray have done in the cause of religion and reform is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the manner in which their undertaking has prospered coupled with that impress of their pious unselfishness and self-sacrifice, which a contemplation on their labors, their mortifications and prayerful vigils is calculated to most readily convince one that these holy monks are divinely favored. It would be difficult—were there not convincing evidences at every side—for the visitor to this home of peace and prayer to believe as he looks upon the vast pile of buildings, the well timbered mountain side, the smiling pastures—that seventy or seventy-five years ago neither a house nor a tree was to be seen there. The whole prospect was then bleak and barren, with nothing in it to attract the vision; nothing but a stony hillside punctuated by streaks and patches of purple heather.

The most remarkable character in the whole history of the Trappist Monks was M. de Rance, who was the regular Abbot, reformer, and first institutor of the austerities of La Trappe. This celebrated man belonged to a noble French house. In the purely worldly sense, fortunate smiled on him most graciously. His un-

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cle was Comptroller of the French finances, and a confidant of the King of France. Cardinal Richelieu was his godfather. Mary of Medici honored him as he grew up with her especial protection and even in early youth he was a Knight of Malta. From his make-up his prospects and the conditions of his life and his environment nothing was absent that might gratify earthly ambition. He united regular duty and masculine strength to an expression of vigorous intellect, delicacy of taste, acute sensibility, and noble and generous passions. But unfortunately he harkened to the appeal of the careless society in which he moved and of the licentious and sensuous reign in which he lived. His head was certainly enlightened, but his heart was consumed by worldly desires and by a continual seeking for sources of pleasure. He had vast revenues, but he spent them in gaming and in idle gratifications; and the outlook for him from the spiritual viewpoint, looked black, indeed, until a great calamity took place in his household. His nearest and dearest intimate and friend was snatched away even "in the dead'st of feasting," to quote the Elizabethan poet. This appalling circumstance impressed him with an acute sense of his worldliness. For a short time he seemed almost frantic; he wrung his hands, and even rolled on the floor, writhing with agony; and the paroxysm of his despair was followed by a black and settled melancholy.

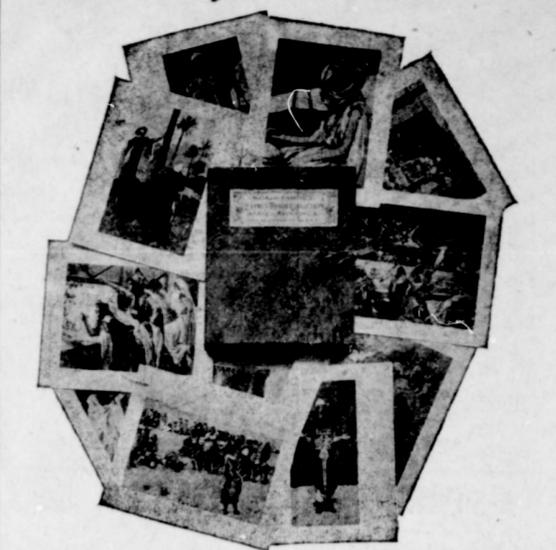
He at length disposed of all his magnificent estates and his worldly possessions and entered the Abbey of La Trappe of which he was the owner—as one of its regular clergy, and Abbot. This celebrated Abbey, as we have mentioned, was established by Rotien in the twelfth century, in accomplishment of a vow to commemorate his escape from shipwreck, and the origin of its foundation and of the worthy idea of which it is the outcome, is illustrated in the fact that its roof is made in the shape of the bottom of a ship inverted. The same ardour and vehemence of character which had distinguished the Abbot of La Trappe in the world afterwards characterized him equally in the cloister, for the zeal of his discipline. The astonishing severity of his rules at La Trappe made men at first recoil but they subsequently were filled with reverent wonder; and no sooner was the reformed monastery completed, in the seventeenth century, than its accommodation was taxed by votaries from all parts of France.

A Protestant visitor to La Trappe who recorded his impressions in an interesting volume, spoke in touching terms of the total change in which the rule of La Trappe so soon effects in the manners, the inclinations and the very countenances of its religious inmates. What particularly fixed his admiring attention were the gravity, benignity, peace and love visible in their aspects. This liberal-minded visitor gives an instance of the transformation wrought on the Trappist by the monastery's life and rule. "I remember when I was at La Trappe," he says, "being most particularly struck by one of the monks. I think I never saw such venerable holy gravity and yet celestial joy and love, irradiate any human countenance. I concluded he had been twenty or thirty years an inmate of this seclusion. It so happened that he was next day appointed our conductor. I asked his age, and was astonished at the reply: 'Six-and-twenty.' I inquired how long he had been an inhabitant of La Trappe. 'As a monk, two years.' I then asked what was he before. 'Doing, I cannot express the surprise I felt in finding that this venerable saint, apparently fifty, was no other than a gay young captain in the French Guards, whom I well remembered, five or six years before to have been one of the most elegant and dissipated young men in Paris.'—From 'Notes and Comments' in 'Cork Examiner.'"

The Ideal Catholic Paper and What It Might Accomplish. (Sacred Heart Review.) The Sacred Heart Review as it now stands has received and is receiving commendation on all sides for the excellent standard it has maintained. Yet neither the Sacred Heart Review nor any other Catholic paper is at present really worthy of being taken as the representative of the great Catholic Church of the United States with its fourteen or fifteen million members. And so the compilers of the Souvenir Volume take the liberty to sketch the Catholic paper which in their opinion, would be worthy of the name. They say:

There are many good Catholic papers in the country; but they are provincial, local or parochial in character. A really representative Catholic paper should be, in a sense, the mirror of the Catholicity, the comprehensiveness, the influence and scholarship of the Church. While there is room for several such papers in the country, we must acknowledge that we have as yet not one. It is time that a beginning were made. New England with over 2,000,000 Catholics, is the place where this should be done. The virile Sacred Heart Review, now of age, of good repute, and crippled by no embarrassing traditions, is ready at hand. An endowment, however, of three or four hundred thousand dollars is needed. In these days all kinds of institutions are being generously, even lavishly, endowed. Who will come forward and endow a Catholic paper? Several persons have already offered for this purpose \$3,000 each; and one Catholic layman, whose name is a synonym for liberality, has offered

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to be one of many who should give \$10,000 apiece. Equipped with such an endowment, a Catholic paper could have on its editorial staff, besides the usual workers, specialists in theology, history, sciences, general literature and pedagogy. Books published on any of these subjects in any country should have a mastery and scholarly review in these pages. The layman who could have at hand, week after week, such a paper, would fit into any intelligent and cultured company.

Our laymen have still in no small measure the sturdy faith inherited from a pious ancestry; but under the conditions of modern society, can they hope to transmit this gift to their offspring unless they prepare these children to meet the new dangers of the age by giving them that knowledge which may be necessary to remove their intellectual difficulties? A slight acquaintance with the history of the time forbids one entertaining such a delusion. We need therefore and must have such a paper as that outlined above, in order to supplement the work of the school, the college and the University. In truth, such a paper not only supplements this work; but it preserves, perpetuates, and renders enduring the fruit of these useful institutions of learning. It is a subject of frequent complaint that the graduates of our colleges are too often no credit to the Catholic body. Doubtless there are many causes for this evil; but it is safe to say that one chief cause is that many young men imagine that their graduation marks the completion of their education, whereas it simply indicates that they have only learned in some measure how to study. Unless they continue certain studies after graduation, their course in college may do them more harm than good. Our proposed Catholic weekly, as the slightest consideration will show, is not only useful at this point, but necessary.

Our age, above all others, is a reading age; the paper or the magazine is the college and the university of the people. Catholics do not realize that they themselves and their children are taking lessons every day at these colleges and universities. While we dread to expose our children or ourselves to the anti-Catholic influence or atmosphere of the secular college, we appear to expect no magazine in their, or in our own, hands. Too few of us, at any rate, form a correct estimate of the beneficent influence of even such Catholic papers as we have. But there is wakening a new spirit throughout the world; and our Holy Father the Pope is, as might be expected, the inspiring influence.

The Germans in this field have outstripped the Catholics of the world; they have, and they support generously, not only a weekly, but an equally vigorous and prosperous daily press. What position will the Catholics of New England take in this line? Can they afford to lag behind or close their eyes to the pressing demands of the hour? We are yet young, with a thousand and one problems clamoring for solution; but, even so, we believe that such a weekly as we have in mind would help on the solution of those problems in addition to doing the equally essential work above indicated. Why put so many millions of dollars into the building of parish schools, if we turn over the crude product at fourteen or fifteen years of age, or earlier, to the secular paper or magazine to neutralize or destroy the work of the school?

It Keeps the Muscles Pliant.—Men given to muscular sports and exercises and those who suffer muscular pains from bicycle riding will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil something worth trying. As a lubricant it will keep the muscles pliant and free from pains which often follow constant use of them, without softening them or impairing their strength. For bruises, sprains and contusions it is without a peer.

Inspired Teachings. Inspiration, like many diseases, is contagious. Very slight exposure will convey it, whether from the printed motto on the wall, the little verses on the language card, or from the spoken words of the teacher. Since it is conveyed by contact, it becomes a very important factor in our schools, and the spirits of children should be exposed to it in every way possible, that they may catch it to be carried through life with them. Without it our education becomes a mere corpse, which has the form of life but contains only death. Teaching without inspiring is no teaching. Then the method of inspiring pupils becomes very simple. Catch it yourself thoroughly, and expose it to the child mind.—H. J. Lawrence.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced. The Hon. John E. Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish parliamentary party, and Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., are expected to attend the convention of the United Irish League of America to be held in Boston in September. Worms cause feverishness, moaning, and restlessness during sleep. Mother Gray's Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.



BEFORE THE WEDDING

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The QUIET HOUR

THE ANGELIC HOUR. (By William Hendrix, S.J., in Ave Maria.)

Ave Maria! Linger, dying, Fades the day in mystic gloom; Soft o'er the downs the westwind's sighing...

GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR. (Catholic Union and Times.)

Charity, or the love of God and the love of our neighbor, is frequently taught us in Holy Writ, and more particularly by the great apostle to the Gentiles who said: "If I should distribute all my goods to the poor, if I should give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

We are to love God. This the holy scriptures tell us upon every page, but we have a reason likewise from our very selves. We are so constituted that we like that in which we behold beauty, goodness and power.

What, finally, can we say of His power? We need but let the heavens and earth bespeak its praises. The sun by day, the moon and stars by night light up the surrounding glory.

Thus our very natures, as well as the scriptures, tell us that we ought to love God. And though it ought to be sufficient to induce us, the very honor we enjoy in being permitted to love Him, still the effects which follow from so doing cannot fail if considered, to bring us to it.

What causes that profound tranquility in a Catholic church, that divinely beautiful calm felt sometimes by non-Catholics themselves?

we are free from the sorrow and tribulation they engender. We rather kiss the hand that smites us and bear the cross that we may one day wear the crown.

He is showering on us His most precious gifts. We ought, then, in turn give Him the little we have at our disposal. Ever present, ever ready, ever inclined and alone able to fulfill our wants to Him, then, must we look if we would have peace of body and soul, "peace here and peace hereafter," or, as the apostle says, "In Him we are to live, move and have our being."

Now, to get back a little, we see that while we are to love God, we are also to love man. Charity to our neighbor is of equal moment with charity toward God. When our Lord said you should love God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul and with all thy strength, he added, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

What love for us the Sacred Heart of Jesus has ever felt and how forcibly that love is shown in the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament of His precious Body and Blood!

This abiding presence explains the heroism, the saintliness, the self-sacrifice that are found through all the Christian centuries among Catholic peoples. Each of us can say: "Jesus Christ is actually with us. He my Redeemer who died for me, that I might forever live to Him!"

What causes that profound tranquility in a Catholic church, that divinely beautiful calm felt sometimes by non-Catholics themselves?

Jesus Christ is there, in the tabernacle saying softly to the weary soul: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest!"

It is a fair sight to watch the people come and go, on their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, in the warm, moon-lit June evenings, perfumed with the roses and the linden trees in full and fragrant bloom.

PRIESTS' EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE CONVENTION.

In September there is to be an interesting national convention of the League in London, England.

The object of the Priests' Eucharistic League is to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Its means are: To make every week one continuous hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament; to return regularly at the end of each month to the respective (diocesan) general director a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; to Mass annually for the deceased members.

VALUE OF THE SCAPULAR.

We all of us wish to die in our scapular, writes Father Lucas, S.J., in "At the Parting of the Ways." And this, not as though the scapular could save us, as it were, by mechanical means, and independently of the dispositions in which we may then be.

Archbishop Nikon, ex-Archbishop of Georgia, was assassinated in Tiflis June 10, on the step of the Synodal building. His assailants were revolutionists! A monk who was in attendance upon the Archbishop was severely wounded. The assassins made sure of their work. They emptied their revolvers into the body of the Archbishop and then fled. They have not been captured.

The Parish of Ennismore

The parish of Ennismore in the County of Peterborough, is unique among the Catholic parishes of Ontario and probably among the Catholic parishes of Canada.

About six years ago there were fourteen children from Ennismore in attendance at the High School. Ten girls were attending the Convent at Lindsay, and two boys and two girls were attending the High School at Peterborough.

Another Redemptorist Saint

Preliminary steps for the beatification and canonization of Rev. Francis Xavier Seelos, C.S.S.R., says the Catholic Register of Denver, were taken May 10, when an order was read in all churches of Baltimore from Cardinal Gibbons, directing that all letters or manuscripts of the dead priest should be turned over to Rev. P. C. Gavin, chancellor of the archdiocese.

Theology and Sentiment

Letters from a "Student," a "Catholic Theologian," and a "Catholic Father" have appeared in the Montreal Star, on the lawfulness of killing an unborn child to save the mother's life.

Household Hints

It is often the simplest details of kitchen labor that are the most neglected. The hot water kettle, for example—how many cooks pay attention to it? Stale water, simmered and with all vitality cooked out, is its perennial portion.

Strikes

The strike is the one great weapon of labor. Without it there is no means of redress. But it is the most dangerous of weapons, for it cuts both ways. It hurts the laborer more than the capitalist, for he is less prepared for it.

Don't Walk the Floor With Baby

But put your treasure in our Little Beauty Hammock Cot where babies never cry.



During the day your time is valuable, taken up with other duties and at night you need your rest.

The Geo. B. Meadows Toronto Wire, Iron and Brass Works Limited 67 Wellington Place - - - TORONTO, Ont.

Nuns Leave Old Home

Montreal, July 10.—For two hundred and fifty years the headquarters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the most ancient teaching community in the Roman Catholic Church, has been located on a little narrow thoroughfare called St. Jean Baptiste street, off Notre Dame, and to-day the entire community consisting of 150 novices and 200 nuns were transferred to their new home on West Sherbrooke street.

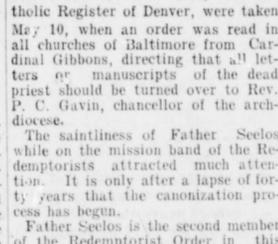
The Beauty of a Pure Life

In writing of Cardinal Richard in the Academy, of London, a non-Catholic publication, Rowland Strong thus pays tribute to the virtuous life of the French Prince of the Church: "The asceticism practiced during the whole of his priest life by the late Cardinal Richard gave to his features an ethereal splendor such as I have rarely seen upon any human living face, a certain mysterious dignity which is almost peculiar to the dead, and this because the Cardinal's asceticism formed part of the spiritual as well as of the material decorum of his life."

A Word to Father

God pity and soften the father whose children fear him, says the Catholic Union and Times, who grow silent as his foot crosses the threshold, who shun the room he darkens with his presence! God bless the generous, cheerful, good-natured father, who though weary after the labor of the day, still forgets his cares and fills the house with joy and light!

YOUR LUNGS



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL? Do you spit yellow and black matter? Are you continually coughing and hawking? Do you have night sweats? Do your lungs ever bleed? Have you pains in chest and sides? Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are regarded symptoms of lung trouble and consumption. You should take immediate steps to check the progress of the symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready To Prove To You absolutely, that Lung-Germine the German Treatment has cured completely and permanently even after case of advanced Consumption, Tuberculosis, Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchus and other Lung Troubles.

Here is Evidence From One Case Under date of Mar. 11, 1907, William Schmidt, 200 Coleman St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "My lung trouble was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well as strong today as the day I was cured."

You Pay No Duty Lung-Germine Co. 25 Roe Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST! MAGIC BAKING POWDER, GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE, GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR. STOP HIM! E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG, TORONTO, MONTREAL. PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

In and Around Toronto

ANNUAL OUTING. The annual outing of the Young Men's Society of St. Peter's parish took place on Tuesday of last week to St. Catharines.

MEETING OF BRANCH 111, C.M.B.A. On Thursday, the 9th inst., Branch 111, C.M.B.A., had a well-attended meeting at which visitors from Branch 48 were entertained.

AN INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL TREAT. Music is to be made a special feature at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this year.

RETREAT AT ST. MICHAEL'S. Rev. Father Danaher, S.J., of Chicago, is giving a retreat to the nurses of St. Michael's Hospital.

ART AT TORONTO EXHIBITION. Energetic efforts are being made to make the Canadian National Exhibition of Toronto, to be held this year from August 29 to September 14, one of exceptional merit.

JOHN WANLESS & CO'S CLEARANCE SALE. The news about the sale of John Wanless & Co's store at E. E. Rea, which was published exclusively in The World, receives indisputable confirmation by the advertisement which Wanless & Co. have on another page of this paper.

Now that their property has passed from their ownership, and another firm will conduct a new business on the premises, John Wanless & Co. must be out of the building in less than three months.

SEPARATE SCHOOL ENTRANCE RESULTS. Holy Family School.—Boys: Jos. Glass, Veney Kidd, Hugh McEvoe, Wm. McQuillan, Leo Phalen, Jos. Ryan.

St. Ann's School.—Boys: H. Coughlin, L. St. Denis, O'Neil, Toufant. Girls: Allen, Hurley, E. McGuire, M. McConnell, G. McSweeney, L. Simmons, M. White, F. Walsh.

St. Francis' School.—Boys: A. Byrne, C. Finley, L. O'Leary. Girls: A. Carey, L. Hammill, I. Hincey, M. Kaifit.

St. Helen's School.—Boys: E. Brennan, F. Ellard, H. Ellard, J. Gibson, J. Griffin, P. Hynes, A. Kelly, C. McDonald, M. Markie, C. O'Leary, J. Wallace.

St. Michael's School.—Boys: Rupert Laker, F. McDonald. Girls: Mary Cronyn, R. Kenny, F. Weaymouth, R. Lohraeco.

St. Patrick's School.—Boys: J. Devaney, G. Murray, A. Perugini.

Monuments Prices Reasonable Work the Very Best Thomson Monument Co., Limited 1194 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

Girls: Eva Baker, K. Boehler, M. Clancy, E. Ellard, M. Ellis, H. Henehan, Irene Kelz, I. Mahony, A. Smith, M. McCann, T. Newton, T. O'Heara, I. Rickard, R. Ungaro.

St. Paul's School.—Boys: W. Cassidy, J. Conologue, F. Filby, N. Fogarty, O. Giroux, M. Jones, S. Johnstone, F. Mitchell, L. Mitchell, J. O'Hara, B. O'Leary, G. Pamphilon, C. Presnail, M. Whitaker.

St. Peter's School.—Boys: C. J. Bennett, John Butler, W. Corti, L. Donville, N. Fahey, H. Halloran, F. Kavanagh, John Leonard. Girls: G. Bradley, T. Curran, Eva Kavanagh.

Sacred Heart School.—Boys: C. Moreau. Girls: G. Bissonette, M. Blagdon, I. Derouin, E. Lamoureux.

Loretto Academy, Bond St.—James Cherry, Allan Curry, Francis Doyle, Fred. McNabb, Edward Flynn and Elmer Birdin.

St. Cecilia's School.—Louis Woods, Francis Mahony and Gertrude Cruikshank.

The Separate Schools of the city use the High School Entrance Examination as a test for promotion to Fifth Class and find it both satisfactory and convenient.

A total of 196 children from all the Separate Schools of the city wrote this year. 148 of these were successful. The number that passed in 1907 was 138.

TORONTO MARKETS. Grain: Wheat, spring, bush 0.88 0.00; Wheat, fall, bush 0.83 0.81; Wheat, red, bush 0.78 0.09; Rye, bush 0.77 0.00; Barley, bush 0.84 0.00; Peas, bush 0.74 0.00; Oats, bush 0.80 0.00; Hay and Straw: Hay, per ton 10.00 11.00; Cattle hay, ton 15.00 16.00; Straw, loose, ton 6.00 8.00; Straw, bundled, ton 10.00 11.00; Fruits and Vegetables: Potatoes per bag 1.20 1.30; Onions, per bag 1.25 1.40; Poultry: Turkeys, dressed, lb. 0.16 0.18; Spring chickens, lb. 0.20 0.25; Chickens, 1 year old 0.10 0.12; Spring Ducks, lb. 0.13 0.16; Poultry, per lb. 0.10 0.12; Dairy Produce: Butter, per lb. 0.22 0.25; Eggs, strictly new laid, per dozen 0.23 0.25; Fresh Meats: Beef, forequarters, cwt 5.50 7.00; Beef, hindquarters, cwt 9.00 2.00; Beef, choice sides, cwt 8.00 9.00; Beef, medium, cwt 6.00 7.50; Beef, common, cwt 3.00 5.00; Lambs, spring, per lb. 0.15 0.17; Mutton, light, cwt 8.00 10.00; Veals, common, cwt 5.50 6.50; Veals, prime, cwt 8.00 9.50; Dressed hogs, cwt 8.75 10.00

Musolino It seems rather peculiar, or I may say characteristic, of the Italian people to spring before the world's arena of greatness, with exhibitions that no other nationality can approach or otherwise surpass them.

Now, we do read in the history of this nation, that even at its verge of greatness, excelled in the production of brigands, or yet famed as a country where they may peacefully dwell, yet here the Italian people of this city were presented with a dramatic reproduction of the origin and the successive mishaps that were curtailed in the criminal life of the notorious bandit "Musolino."

If we are to criticise rightfully we would have to consider its merits, which, indeed, were many, all crowned in the splendid impersonification of "Musolino," by Sig. Pecoraro. Sig. Pecoraro is an original Italian, a fine specimen of what we would desire very much to see amongst the Italians; his parts were well and masterly executed, betraying at intervals his dramatic soul within him; his sonorous voice recalled to mind the "Corso," and very often his sweet cadence gave a tinge of real theatrical style.

The entire drama was more than satisfactory and, we are glad to say, was well appreciated and hailed by the fine Italian audience present, amongst whom were some of our distinguished old Italian residents of this city, Messrs. Ghionna, Castrucci, Giassi, Toghetti, Nicoletti, Merlino, etc. The Italians are to be congratulated on their work. They have shown that their destiny in America is not that of the "pick and cart," but for higher professions. Yet this is but a slight portion of their coming glory which will be brought out prominently by the new Italian paper, as we hear, when it springs into the field of action.

ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854 The Home Bank of Canada TORONTO 5 King St. West Branches in Toronto Open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night 78 Church Street Cor. Queen W. & Bathurst Cor. Bloor W. & Bathurst Cor. Queen E. & Ontario 20 Dundas Street West West Toronto JAMES MASON, General Manager. Full Compound Interest Paid On Savings Accounts



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Monday, August 21, 1903, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion. Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Asst. Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, July 15, 1903.

Death of Mr. James Finegan Syracuse exchanges of the 13th inst. give the following account of the death of Mr. James Finegan of Syracuse, N.Y., father of Rev. Father Finegan, Dixie.

James Finegan, a former well known contractor, died at his home, No. 436 Lodi street, at 5 o'clock this morning. Two years ago Mr. Finegan suffered a stroke of paralysis and since that time he had failed gradually, although he had been able to be about his home most of the time. A month ago he became totally blind. His ailment finally developed into Bright's disease, which was the immediate cause of his death after a confinement of only two days to his bed.

James Finegan was for a number of years a conspicuous personality in Syracuse. He was born in Ireland sixty-nine years ago and came to Syracuse when 15 years old. He worked six years for contracting firms and at the age of 21 he engaged in the contracting business for himself. He laid the first Nicholson-Wood pavement in Syracuse and in the '70s he had contract work amounting to \$100,000 in the city of Washington. Mr. Finegan received orders to proceed with the work there and kept on following the orders by local officers, but when the work was finished the government contract funds were exhausted and he never received payment for his claim. He persistently kept after the officials and up to the time of his death had hopes that the government would reimburse him for his work and expenditure for material in the city of Washington. His most important work in this city was the building of the Burnet avenue trunk sewer, then the largest in Syracuse.

Mr. Finegan was alderman of the old Fourth ward for ten years and exercised at times a dominating influence in the Common Council. He voted against the resolution to permit the West Shore road to cross James street at grade on the ground that it would be disadvantageous to the residents of the Fourth Ward. Deceased was a kindly and generous hearted man. The poor and the needy were never turned from his door and he always gave liberally to the various charities of Syracuse. He was a public spirited citizen and was ever ready to promote the interests of the city. Mr. Finegan married Margaret Lighton of this city, who was a sister to James and John Lighton of the well-known Lighton Brothers firm. Besides his widow he is survived by three sons, Rev. Thomas E. Finegan of Dixie, Peci County, Canada; John C. of Boston, Mass.; and George Finegan of this city; also by a sister, Miss Ann Finegan of this city. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock at his late home, No. 436 Lodi street, and half an hour later at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where a solemn high Mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Thomas E. Finegan of Dixie, son of the deceased, assisted by Rev. Albert

SUMMER OUTINGS Lower St. Lawrence Gaspé Peninsula Maritime Provinces All reached by the INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY (EXCELLENT DINING and SLEEPING CAR EQUIPMENT) FISHING BATHING BOATING SHOOTING Write for "TOURS TO SUMMER HAUNTS" quoting special prices for special tours, and for other pamphlets describing territory. Toronto Ticket Office 51 King Street East or to GENERAL PASSENGER DEPT. Moncton N. B.

Enjoy an Outing On The Fast Steamer "TURBINIA" 2 Hours to Hamilton Leave Bay Street Wharf daily except (Saturday and Sunday) 11 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Moonlight Excursion Every Friday Leave Toronto 5.30 p.m. Returning 10 p.m. Fare 35c. SATURDAY—Leave Toronto 7.45 a.m. and 2 p.m. Single Fare 35c. Return 50c. 10 Trip Tickets \$2.00. No Restriction. Phone Main 575 for Excursion Rates. G. F. MacCONNELL, G. A. GODDARD, Agent Toronto, Gen'l Mgr. Hamilton

THE ONE PIANO That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the Heintzman & Co. PIANO MADE BY Yo Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co. For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano. Piano Salon: 116-117 King St. W., Toronto

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS We guarantee the durability and artistic workmanship of all our windows, of those of moderate prices as well as the most expensive, and all are made of English Antique Glass The N. T. LYON GLASS CO., Limited 141-143 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. Established 1862.

Hayes of Cazenovia as deacon and Rev. Richard J. Shanahan as sub-deacon. Rev. William J. Christian was master of ceremonies. The clergy in the sanctuary were: The Rev. Mgr. John Grimes, Rev. Michael Clune, Rev. John V. Byrne of Tully, Rev. B. C. Thibault, Rev. Daniel Dooling of Fulton, Rev. T. F. Howard, Rev. P. J. Sloan, Rev. William F. Dougherty, Rev. D. J. Moore of East Syracuse, Rev. B. McLoughlin of Binghamton. The bearers were Martin Cadin, Thomas Murphy, Alexander McCall, John W. Welch, Michael Daley and Daniel Lee. Interment was made in St. Agnes' cemetery. R. I. P.

Death of Mrs. Harry Whelan, Peterboro The funeral of the late Mrs. Harry Whelan, wife of Ald. Phelan, took place from the family residence, Rubidge street, to St. Peter's Cathedral, and thence to the Roman Catholic cemetery. It was very largely attended, many prominent citizens turning out to pay their last tokens of respect to the memory of the deceased. The late Mrs. Whelan was highly esteemed by everyone, her many estimable qualities winning for her a host of friends. At the Cathedral Mass of Requiem was said by Rev. Father Phelan of Young's Point, brother-in-law of the deceased. Rev. Father Kelly acted as deacon and Mr. Vicar McFadden of Peterborough, who is studying for the priesthood, acted as sub-deacon. Rev. Dr. O'Brien was master of ceremonies. Rev. Fathers Bretherton and Galvin were also present. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor presided in the sanctuary. The pall-bearers were His Worship Mayor Rush, and Messrs. T. Fortye, R. H. Fortye, H. LeBrun, B. Morrow, and R. Sheehy. The floral tributes were very numerous and exceedingly beautiful. They included designs from the Mayor and Aldermen, the city engineering department, the city officials, the Conservative Association, the Young Conservative Club, Messrs. T. E. E. Bradburn, J. H. Burnham and James Kendry, the deceased's little son's playmates, Mr. and Mrs. H. LeBrun, Messrs. T. and R. H. Fortye, a pillow from Son Nage, and an anchor from Mr. Walter Phelan of Pittsburg, Pa. At the cemetery the last sad rites were performed by Rev. Father Phelan and Rev. Dr. O'Brien.

An Absolute Safe Investment THE SAFFORD Hot Water Boiler When you install a "SAFFORD" in your residence, you enhance the saleable value of your property very much in excess of the amount originally extended. It means dollars to you because the "SAFFORD" will absolutely maintain the temperature in your home in the coldest weather for eight hours on one firing. In other words it saves fuel and energy. We have the proofs and will be glad to show you. WRITE TO-DAY

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THE COMFORT LAWN CHAIR The most delightful way of spending the evening rest. Made in two styles MORRIS and SWING. LAWN BENCHES In wood and iron, painted and grained. HAMMOCKS In various sizes, with pillow and valance. THE APPLE TREE SWING.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED VICTORIA and KING STREETS - - - TORONTO

You'll Fancy Yourself in Berlin or Hamburg or Dresden when you drink O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager. It's our new brew—just like the famous light beers of Germany. Brewed of choicest hops and malt—and stored until fully aged. "Pilsener" is the newest of the O'Keefe's brews and it bids fair to be the most popular. Try it. O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER "THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"

Mr. Walter Phelan of Pittsburg, Pa., was unable to be present. One of the deceased's sisters, Mrs. H. J. Friel, of Ottawa, was here for the funeral but Mrs. Brophy was too ill to come. Others from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. P. L. McCauley, Trenton, and Mrs. J. Corkery of Harwood.

Forty Converts Fruit of Mission Early next month Bishop Coitton will confirm a class of forty converts at the Immaculate Conception church, Buffalo, N.Y. This class is the result of a mission given last March by the Cleveland Apostolate. The class has been instructed by Father Joseph Mountain.

Another in England Late London report says that Rev. P. W. Hemans late curate-in-charge of St. Nicholas', Blackwell, E., has been received into the Church.

At St. Peter Claver (colored) church, Baltimore, recently, three negro priests officiated at High Mass. The priests are Rev. John Henry Dorsey, of St. Joseph College, Montgomery, Ala., who was the celebrant; Rev. Randolph Uncles, of Epiphany College, Walbrook, who was deacon; and Rev. John Plaine, of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, who acted as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary was Rev. J. J. Nally, rector of the church. More than one hundred thousand Swiss ladies presented the Holy Father with an album containing their signatures and made their Holy Communion according to his intentions.