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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

**Lord Elgin's Appointment as Governor-General of Canada—Was well received by the People at Large—The Draper-Vigor Administration Falls, and Baldwin and Lafontaine are Called Upon to Form a Cabinet—The French for the First Time Received Full Recognition—An Example is Set to All Other British Colonies—The Rebellion Losses in Parliament.**

I remember well the announcement of Lord Elgin's appointment to the Governor-Generalship of Canada and the diverse feelings it created. He had been a member of the British parliament and was known to be a Conservative in politics. His appointment, however, was made by a Liberal Government, with Lord John Russell at its head, and it was thought from that he would pursue a policy in accord with the advocates of responsible government in Canada. There was another circumstance, however, that the Liberal press drew hopeful omens from. The new governor, who had been a widower, had recently married Lady Mary Louisa Lambton, daughter of the Earl of Durham, who had a few years before drawn up that celebrated report which favored the attitude of Baldwin and Lafontaine in the government of the Province of Canada, and who was held in great esteem by the Reformers. The Conservatives did not have a bad opinion of him. He was an aristocrat, belonging to a high order of nobility, and it was capable of belief that he would be agreeable to the supercilious of a colonial province. The Scotch were pleased because he was a Bruce and the Irish were pleased that he was not a scion of any of those families that had oppressed their native land. Indeed the Bruces always stood well in the graces of the Irish people. They and the Irish had been allies of old and the last King crowned in Ireland was a Bruce. No governor that ever came to Canada had been more fully discussed and on the whole, more favorably considered.

Lord Elgin, accompanied by his wife and brother, Sir Frederick Bruce, arrived in Montreal at the end of January, 1847, and received a very cordial reception. Montreal was then the seat of government for the united provinces and the Draper Tory administration was still in power with some changes from its original construction, but still possessed of the same inherent weaknesses.

In answering an address presented to him in Montreal, he gave the first intimation of his policy. "I am sensible," he said, "that I shall best maintain the prerogative of the Crown and most effectually carry out the instructions with which Her Majesty has honored me, by manifesting a due regard for the wishes and feelings of the people and by seeking the advice and assistance of those who enjoy their confidence." He recognized the fact that the crucial weakness in the political situation was that a Conservative Government meant a government of Upper Canadians which was intolerable to the French, and a radical government of French, which was no less hateful to the British.

Lord Elgin possessed very graceful manners as well as a charming address, and Lady Elgin was very gracious to those that called upon her or that she had occasion to meet. They made a tour of the province that summer and fall and received royal receptions everywhere. I well remember seeing the vice-regal turnout in Hamilton in the Fall of 1847, when they opened the Provincial Fair in that city that year. I do

not remember the exact date, but it was in the wettest days I ever experienced. The crowd that met them in the streets was immense and never before nor since did I see so many umbrellas in use. I well remember Lord Elgin's round, cheerful face, as his cortege proceeded along James street, southward to the Gore, and his head bowing continuously to the right and to the left, while the cheers of the multitude were loud and hearty. There is no doubt but what Lord Elgin received a right, royal reception that day in the "Ambitious City," and that the people were well pleased with their new governor, notwithstanding the very unfavorable condition of the elements. I think the vice-regal party put up on that occasion at Young's Hotel, on the northeast corner of James and Main streets.

Lord Elgin was a man of rare tact and skill and those qualities were greatly needed in a population so diverse and so exacting. By no word did he give unnecessary offence. He came to reconcile differences, not to widen breaches; to establish the equality of all classes before the law, not to allow any class to feel that it was inferior; and to establish a sway that was mild and just. He did not want to see a British party nor a French party in the province, but two parties into which French Canadians and British Canadians would be equally split under the mild sway of a truly constitutional government.

1847 was the year of the great Irish immigration to Canada and of the terrible work of the ship fever along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and in this the new governor was given something horrible to contemplate. The British Government had done nothing, nor given a thought to mitigating the horrors of that awful plague. The poor people were allowed to flee from their native land without any direction or regulations whatever. They were allowed to embark in rotten hulks and crowd each other in thousands without regard to proper provisions, medicines, or sanitary regulations, and without any means to support themselves when they reached our shores. They were thrown on the charity of a people who were not prepared for so terrible a visitation, carrying pestilence and death in their tracks and spreading contagion broadcast.

Lord Elgin did not fail to point out to the Colonial Secretary the severe strain that this unwholesome exodus made not only upon charity, but upon the very loyalty of the people to a government which had shown such culpable negligence since the outbreaks of the famine and the exodus from the plague-stricken island. He expressed the emphatic opinion that all things considered a great deal of forbearance had been shown by the colonists under the severe trial of that day. He gave full expression to the general feeling that Great Britain must make good to the province the expenses entailed upon it by this visitation for which so little regard for consequences had been shown by those in power at home. He did full justice to the men and women who showed so extraordinary a spirit of self-sacrifice, a positive heroism, during this terrible crisis. "Nothing," he wrote, "can exceed the devotion of the nuns and priests of the Roman Catholic Church, and of the conduct of the clergy and many of the laity of other denominations. Many lives had been sacrificed in attending on the sick and administering to their temporal and spiritual needs." The Mayor of Montreal, a Mr. Mills, a very estimable man, who did much for the immigrants, and to whose firmness and philanthropy it was chiefly owing that the immigrants sheds were not tossed into the river, by the people of the city during the summer. He had fallen a victim to his great zeal on behalf of the poor, plague-stricken strangers, having died of ship-fever caught at the sheds. Among other victims, he pointed out, were Bishop Power, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto; Vicar-General Hudon, of the same church; Rev. Father Roy, cure of Charlesbourg; and Mr. Chadderton, a Protestant clergyman. Thirteen Catholic priests, if not more, had died from their devotion to the unhappy people thus suddenly thrown upon Christian charity.

When the season of navigation was nearly closed, a ship arrived with a large number of people from the

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Irish estates of one of Her Majesty's ministers, Lord Palmerston. The natural result of this incident was to increase the feeling of indignation already aroused by the criminal apathy of the British Government during this national calamity.

Happily Lord Elgin's appeals to the colonial secretary had effect, and the province was reimbursed eventually for the heavy expenses incurred by it in its effort to fight disease, misery and death. English statesmen, after those frightful experiences, recognized the necessity for enforcing strict regulations for the protection of emigrants crossing the ocean, against the greed of ship-owners. The sad story of 1847-48 fortunately cannot now be repeated in times when nations have awakened to their responsibilities towards the poor and distressed who are forced to leave their old homes for this new country which offers them well-paid work, political freedom and national protection. By the laws of the State of New York the ship-owners carrying emigrants were bound to enter into bonds which were forfeited when any of these emigrants became chargeable on the public, but no such law existed in Great Britain or Canada at that time.

In the months of April and May, 1847, the tottering Tory minority made desperate efforts to strengthen itself, but it could obtain no accessions from the French side of the House. Parliament was opened at Montreal on the 2nd of June by Lord Elgin. He announced among other things that the Imperial Government was prepared to surrender the control of the post office department to the provincial authorities. The Government had shown its weakness by various defeats in the House. Parliament was dissolved on the 10th of December, and a new election ordered in January, 1848. The Baldwinites swept everything before them. Hincks was returned for Oxford, Baldwin for the fourth riding of York; William Hume Blake for the third riding of York; Lafontaine and Holmes for Montreal, but Dominick Daly was not missed; he was elected for Megantic County in Lower Canada, which was ever faithful to him.

The new parliament met on the 25th of February, 1848. Immediately after the division on the address on March 14th, the Conservative Government tendered its resignation and Baldwin and Lafontaine were entrusted with the formation of a new administration, which was constituted as follows: Baldwin, Attorney-General West; Lafontaine, Attorney-General East; Blake, Sol.-Gen. West; Aylwin, Sol.-Gen. East; Sullivan, Provincial Secretary; Hincks, Inspector-General; James Lesslie, President of Council; Caron, Speaker of the Legislative Council; James Harvey Price, Com. Crown Lands; Vigor, Receiver General; Tache, Chief Com. Public Works; Malcolm Cameron, Asst. Com. Public Works. Morin was chosen speaker of the House. This was probably the strongest administration ever formed in Canada after Dominion days. The Irish element consisted of four members; the French were four members, with the Speaker, which made five; the Scotch numbered two, and the English—Aylwin and Price—two. As to the nationality of the two latter, I am only making a guess. Aylwin, I am aware, attracted a great deal of attention, and so far as my memory goes he was a spectacular personality. But he did not remain long in politics and was, I suppose, shelved by a judgeship.

It seems to me that the Governor and his new cabinet soon came to understand each other and worked in harmony. He was a great man and members of his cabinet were great men, broad-minded men, and such characters soon learn to appreciate each other and their motives. This was the Governor and the Government that made responsible govern-

ment a fact in Canada and led the way for a similar condition in all the other colonies of Her Majesty's dominions.

A few days after the change of ministry news reached Canada of the revolution in Paris by which Louis Philippe was dethroned. Lord Elgin had to congratulate himself that he had committed the charge of Canadian affairs to those who were supported by the large majority of the people of Canada.

When the Draper-Vigor Tory ministry first showed a disposition to take up the claims of the losers in Lower Canada during the rebellion by compensating them in the same manner that losers had been compensated in Upper Canada, they had doubtless been influenced not solely by the conviction that they had been called upon to perform an act of justice, but mainly by a desire to strengthen themselves in the French province. They did nothing more than to make provision for the payment of £9,000, which represented claims fully investigated and recognized as justifiable before the union of the provinces and left the general matter of indemnity for future consideration. One thing was quite certain; that ministry, weak as it was, Tory and ultra-Tory as it claimed to be, had recognized by the appointment of a commission, the justice of granting compensation to the sufferers in Lower Canada, on the principles which had governed the settlement of claims from Upper Canada.

The session of 1848 was not far advanced when Mr. Lafontaine brought forward a series of resolutions on which were subsequently based a bill, which set forth in the preamble that "in order to redeem the pledge given to the sufferers of such losses, it is necessary and just that the particulars of such losses not yet paid and satisfied should form the subject of more minute enquiry under legislative authority and that the same so far only as they may have arisen from the total, partially unjust, unnecessary or wanton destruction of dwellings, building property and effects, should be paid and satisfied." The act provided that no indemnity should be paid to persons who had been convicted of treason during the rebellion, or who having been taken into custody, had submitted to Her Majesty's will and been transported to Bermuda." Five commissioners were to be appointed to carry out the provisions of the act, which also provided the sum of \$400,000 for the payment of legal claims.

The proposition was violently attacked by Sir Allan MacNab and Mr. Henry Sherwood, who insulted the French Canadians, calling them aliens and rebels.

The second reading was on the 13th of February. A strong debate extending over several sittings, followed. Mr. Blake spoke with great force and warmth, as did others, and the second reading was carried by a large majority. On this occasion the Tory minority showed their disposition towards the new governor-general by attacking him in a most discourteous manner and called upon him to dissolve a parliament elected only a year before.

There was missed from the debate on this important occasion the voice of Sullivan, who had accepted a seat on the bench, but why a man like him, possessed of such power of mind and capacity for public affairs, should have withdrawn from the arena of politics in a field where there was so much to be done and a great reputation to be made, was a mystery to many.

This was the year of revolutions in Europe and the Irish population of America was in an excited condition. The indifference of the British Government to the condition of the people of Ireland, who had only the previous year suffered such terrible losses by famine and disease, the

## ENCYCLICAL OF PIUS X.

Venerable Brothers, Health and Apostolic Blessing.

The firm resolution we made at the outset of our Pontificate to consecrate to the work of restoring all things in Christ whatever strength the Lord in His goodness has pleased to grant us, awakens in our heart a great confidence in the powerful grace of God, without which it is not given to us here below to undertake anything great or fruitful for the salvation of souls. At the same time we feel more than ever the urgent need, in this noble enterprise, of your united and constant aid, Venerable Brothers, who have been called to a share in Our pastoral office; as also the need of the aid of each of the clergy and of the faithful entrusted to your care. For all of us in the Church of God have been called to form that one body whose head is Christ—that body which, as the Apostle Paul teaches (Eph. iv, 18) "is compacted and fully joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, making increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in Charity." In this edifying of the body of Christ (Eph. iv, 13), our first duty is to teach and point out the right method to be followed, to propose the means for doing this and to admonish and exhort paternally.

At the same time it is the duty of our dearly beloved children, scattered throughout the world, to receive our words and make them efficacious, first, in their own persons, and then afterwards to aid in making them efficacious among others, each one doing this according to the grace received from God, and in a manner befitting his station in life and the social duties he has to perform. All this according to the zeal that inflames his heart.

Here we wish to call attention only to those manifold works of zeal for the good of the Church, of society, and of individuals, usually classified under the name of the Catholic Social Movement. These works by the grace of God are flourishing in all places and abound in our own Italy. You, Venerable Brothers, will readily understand how dear they must be to us and how ardently we desire to see them strengthened and developed. On several occasions we have in personal conversation spoken to many of you about these works as well as to their principal promoters in Italy, when they have in person offered us the testimony of their devotedness and filial affection. In addition to this we have published, or caused to be published, by our authority, various decrees with which you are familiar. It is true that some of these decrees, owing to circumstances causing us much pain, dwell with the removal of obstacles in the way of the more rapid progress of the Catholic Social Movement, condemning at the same time certain undisciplined tendencies which were creeping in, to the great injury of the common cause. In the meantime we were eagerly awaiting the opportunity of addressing to all a word of fatherly comfort and exhortation, in order that the good work of building up might be continued and broadened on a foundation as free

manner in which one hundred thousand of them had been allowed to be thrown on Canadian shores, fanned, uncared for and reeking with the deadly ship fever, justified those of them in America in seeking a change of political conditions for their unfortunate native land. Great meetings were held in the United States for this purpose, but the Irish of Canada remained quiescent. There was one meeting held in Montreal of a revolutionary tendency, but it resulted in no violence nor attempted violence.

It was also the year of the discovery of gold in California. The revolution in France produced great changes in the political conditions of the world; the discovery of gold effected great changes in commercial and monetary conditions; while Canada was working out the problem of responsible government.

WILLIAM HALLEY.  
 (To be Continued.)

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from impediments as we could make it. It gives us great pleasure to be able to do this by this letter of ours, written for the consolation of all, as we are assured that our words will be received and obeyed by all in a spirit of docility.

The field opened up to the Catholic Social Movement is a vast one. There is absolutely nothing pertaining directly or indirectly to the Church's divine mission that is excluded from it. One can easily see the necessity for the co-operation of individuals in this great work for the sanctification of our souls as well as for the diffusion and the ever-increasing extension of the kingdom of God in individuals, in the family, and in society, each striving to procure, according to the measure of his capacity, the good of his neighbor by the propagation of revealed truth, by the exercise of Christian virtue, by works of charity and mercy, spiritual as well as corporal. This is that "walking worthy of God" to which St. Paul exhorts us, "in all things pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God" (Coloss. I, 10).

In addition to these benefits there are many others pertaining to the natural order which are not directly bound up with the mission of the Church, but which flow from that mission as a natural consequence.

Such is the light of Catholic revelation that it sheds itself brilliantly on every science; such the force of the maxims of the gospel that the precepts of the natural law are more firmly rooted and grow in strength; such, in fine, is the efficacy of the truth and the moral doctrine taught by Jesus Christ, that the material well being of the individual, of the family, and of human society is providentially supported and promoted.

The Church, even while preaching Jesus Christ crucified, a stumbling block and a folly in the eyes of the world, has become the chief inspiration and support of civilization, and has diffused it wherever her apostles have preached, preserving and perfecting all that was good in the ancient pagan civilizations, rescuing from barbarism and moulding in the forms of civil society the primitive people who flocked for refuge to her maternal bosom, and giving to the whole structure of society, gradually indeed but securely and with ever growing impetus, that marked impress which it possesses even still.

The civilization of the world is Christian civilization. The more distinctively Christian it continues to be, the more real and lasting and fruitful will it be. The farther it removes itself from the Christian idea, the greater will be its decline to the immense injury of social welfare. Hence, from the very nature of things, the Church became in fact the guardian and defender of Christian civilization. In bygone ages this fact was recognized and admitted, and it still forms the enduring basis of civil legislation.

On this fact were based the relations between the Church and the different States, the public recognition of the authority of the Church in all matters that in any way relate to conscience, the subordination of all the laws of the gospel, the concord of the two powers, Church and State, in procuring the temporal welfare of the people in such a way that their eternal welfare should not be interfered with.

There is no need for us to tell you, Venerable Brothers, what prosperity and welfare, what peace and concord, what respectful subjection to authority and what excellent government would be obtained and maintained in the world were it possible to realize to the full the perfect ideal of Christian civilization. But, given the continual strife of the flesh against the spirit, of darkness against light, of Satan against God, this perfect ideal is not to be hoped for, at least in full measure. Hence continuous assaults are made upon the

(Continued on page eight.)

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER XXI.

It was for the moment an inexpressible relief to Dolly, to recognize in the person who forced himself into the path so abruptly, and now stood directly in her way, Hugh of the Maypole, whose name she uttered in a tone of delighted surprise that came from her heart. "Was it you?" she said, "how glad I am to see you! and how could you terrify me so!" In answer to her, he said nothing at all, but stood quite still, looking at her. "Did you come to meet me?" asked Dolly. Hugh nodded, and muttered something to the effect that he had been waiting for her, and had expected her sooner. "I thought it likely they would send," said Dolly, greatly reassured by this. "Nobody sent me," was his sullen answer. "I came of my own accord."

self with a stout stick, asked whether Hugh was in the stable. "He's lying asleep before the kitchen fire, sir," said Mr. Willet. "What do you want him for?" "I want him to come with me to look after this bracelet and letter," answered Joe. "Halloa, there! Hugh!" Dolly turned pale as death, and felt as if she must faint forthwith. After a few moments, Hugh came staggering in, stretching himself and yawning according to custom, and presenting every appearance of having been roused from a sound nap. "Here, sleepy-head," said Joe, giving him the letter. "Carry this, and bring the dog, and that small cudgel of yours. And woe betide the fellow if we come upon him."

for want of sustenance, and might have a decent halting-place or halfway house between dinner and supper—a few savory trifles in the shape of great rashers of broiled ham, which being well cured, done to a fu, and smoking hot, sent forth a tempting and delicious fragrance. Mrs. Varden was seldom very Protestant at meals, unless it happened that they were under-due, or over-done, or indeed that anything occurred to put her out of humor. Her spirits rose considerably on beholding these goodly preparations, and from the nothingness of good works, she passed to the somethingness of her and toast with great cheerfulness. Nay, under the influence of these wholesome stimulants, she sharply reproved her daughter for being low and unaccepting (which she considered an unacceptable frame of mind), and remarked, as she held her own plate for a fresh supply, that it would be well for Dolly who pinched over the loss of a toy and a sheet of paper, if she would reflect upon the voluntary sacrifices of the missionaries in foreign parts who lived chiefly on salads. The proceedings of such a day occasioned various fluctuations in the human thermometer, and especially in instruments so sensitively and delicately constructed as Mrs. Varden. Thus, at dinner Mrs. V. stood at summer heat; genial, smiling, and delightful. After dinner, in the sunshine of the wine, she went up at least half a dozen degrees, and was perfectly enchanting. As its effects subsided, she fell rapidly, went to sleep for an hour or so at temperate, and woke at something below freezing. Now she was at summer heat again, in the shade; and when tea was over, and old John, producing a bottle of cordial from one of the oaken cases, insisted on her sipping two glasses thereof in slow succession, she stood steadily at ninety for one hour and a quarter. Profiting by experience, the locksmith took advantage of this genial weather to smoke his pipe in the porch, and in consequence of this prudent management, he was fully prepared, when the glass went down again, to start homewards directly.

CHAPTER XXII. It was a fine bright night, and for all her lowliness of spirits Dolly kept looking up at the stars in a manner so bewitching (and she knew it) that Joe was clean out of his senses, and plainly showed that if ever a man were—not to say over head and ears, but over the Monument and the top of Saint Paul's in love, that man was himself. The road was a very good one; not at all a jolting road, or an uneven one; and yet Dolly held the side of the chaise with one little hand, all the way. If there had been an executioner behind him with an uplifted axe ready to chop off his head if he touched that hand, Joe couldn't have helped doing it. From putting his own hand upon it as if by chance and taking it away again after a minute or so, he got to riding along without taking it off at all; as if he, the escort, were bound to do that as an important part of his duty, and had come out for the purpose. The most curious circumstance about this little incident was that Dolly didn't seem to know of it. She looked so innocent and unconscious when she turned her eyes on Joe, that it was quite provoking. She talked thoughtfully about her fright, and about Joe's coming up to rescue her, and about her gratitude, and about her fear that she might not have thanked him enough and about their always being friends from that time forth—and about all that sort of thing. And when Joe said, not friends he hoped, Dolly was quite surprised, and said not enemies she hoped; and when Joe said, could not they be something much better than either, Dolly all of a sudden found out a star which was brighter than all the other stars, and begged to call his attention to the same, and was ten thousand times more innocent and unconscious than ever. In this manner they travelled along, talking very little above a whisper, and wishing the road could be stretched out to some dozen times its natural length—at least that was Joe's desire—when, as they were getting clear of the forest and emerging on the more frequented road, they heard behind them the sound of a horse's feet at a round trot, which growing rapidly louder as it drew nearer, elicited a scream from Mrs. Varden, and the cry "a friend!" from the rider, who now came panting up, and checked his horse beside them. "This man again!" cried Dolly, shuddering. "Hugh!" said Joe. "What errand are you upon?" "I come to ride back with you," he answered, glancing covertly at the locksmith's daughter. "He sent me."

positions Miggs assented freely. Poor Dolly, however, grew none the better for these restoratives, but rather the worse, indeed; and seeing that she was really ill, both Mrs. Varden and Miggs were moved to compassion, and tended her in earnest. But even then, their very kindness shaped itself into their usual course of policy, and though Dolly was in a swoon, it was rendered clear to the meanest capacity, that Mrs. Varden was the sufferer. Thus when Dolly began to get a little better, and passed into that stage in which matrons hold that remonstrance and argument may be successfully applied, her mother represented to her, with tears in her eyes, that if she had been must remember it was the common lot of humanity, and in especial of womankind, who through the whole of their existence must expect no less, and were bound to make up their minds to meek endurance and patient flurried and worried that day, she resignation. Mrs. Varden entreated her to remember that one of these days she would, in all probability, have to do violence to her feelings so far as to be married; and that marriage, as she might see every day of her life (and truly she did) was a state requiring great fortitude and forbearance. She represented to her in lively colors, that if she (Mrs. V.) had not, in steering her course through this vale of tears, been supported by a strong principle of duty which alone upheld and prevented her from dropping, she must have been in her grave many years ago; in which case she desired to know what would have become of that errant spirit (meaning the locksmith), of whose eyes she was the very apple, and in whose path she was, as it were, a shining light and guiding star? (To be Continued.)

Be Sensible Among the great army of malcontents in the world there is the sentimental wife who thinks that her husband has ceased to love her because he does not indulge in those billings and cooings which characterized his courtship days. Instead of taking her upon his knee after dinner and spending an hour or so in assuring her that he still loves her, that she is the dearest, sweetest little woman in all the world, that he doesn't know how he could ever get along without her, etc. etc., he takes his pipe, sinks into a big easy chair and proceeds to read the evening paper. Of course, this is certainly very annoying to his loving wife, I admit. But at the same time she should not call him a "selfish wretch," and come to the conclusion that he is going to develop into an indifferent husband. No reasoning could be more foolish. The man who does not appreciate tenderness from a woman has never yet existed. One may probably imagine he does not, or he may dislike a superabundance of attentions from the fair sex, however concealed he may be, but he will appreciate one woman's tenderness, and care as much as any woman likes being made to feel how her husband's every thought is for her happiness. Just as some men grow lax in their attentions to their young wives, so do too many young wives forget to keep ever burning the furnace of their loves upon the domestic hearth. A Benefactor to All.—The soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the farmer, the mechanic, and all who live lives of toil and spend their existence in the dull routine of tedious tasks and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil not do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

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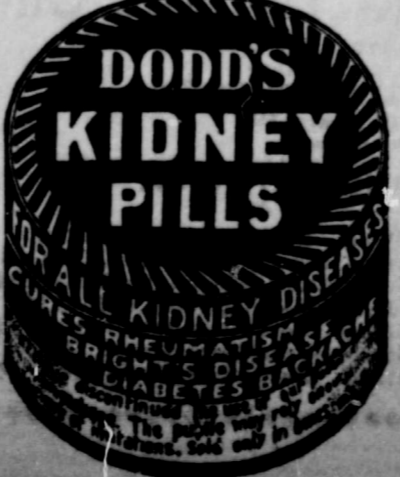
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.....The HOME CIRCLE

LAYING THE TABLE.

See to it first that the table linen has been laundered well and ironed smoothly, with only one crease. The dining table, of course, is covered with a table cloth, which is thick cotton flannel. Fold the napkins four times in ironing, and then make one more fold with the open hand to hold the bread, and place them at the left of the forks. Never use the family napkin rings when entertaining. At each place put one of your best dinner plates, in which the oyster plate is to be set. Place at the right of the service plate as many knives as will be required before the desert, each one with the sharp edge turned toward the plate and in the order in which they will be needed, beginning with the extreme right. At the right of the knives place the spoon for soup, which should be a tablespoon or soup spoon, with the inside of the bowl turned up; then the oyster fork at the extreme right. At the left place as many forks as will be needed and in the order in which they will be used; the fish fork at the extreme left and the entree fork next, then the fork for the roast, which, of course, should be the largest, then the fork for the salad, all of which the tines turned up, the last fork close to the plate. If you have not many courses the dessert spoon and fork may be on the table from the beginning, but if the meal be elaborate omit them until the desert is served. Too profuse a display of silver is apt to be vulgar. At the upper right hand of the plate near the centre place a tumbler or goblet of water; if wine is used the glass will take the place above the knives. Place the napkins, with a small piece of bread infolded, at the left of the forks or upon the service plate if prepared. Butter has absolutely no place at a well-appointed dinner table and individual butter plates should never be used at dinner. Bread is never passed, the only bread used being the roll or small square piece that is folded in the napkin. This is eaten dry with the soup.

The decorations of the table should be modest. Flowers in the centre or a growing plant are always in order. It is also in good taste to place a small bunch or a single flower at each place. One or two small silver or glass dishes containing bouquets or salted almonds are usually placed upon the table. Avoid using salt shakers, even if that should be your habit when alone. Place two small salt cellars and individual peppers, one black and one red, diagonally opposite each other on the table. The question of lighting the table is important, particularly if one lives in the country, where lamps must be used. Don't put one on the dining-room table, but place it on a small table in a corner and have it shaded. On the table place four tall candlesticks with fancy colored shades on the long candles; the light from these will be soft, without glare, and will be in much better taste than having too fierce or strong a light. Don't forget your finger bowls, which should be only one-half filled with water, and have some small flower floating on top, or even a geranium leaf. They can be filled with water and stand on the sideboard throughout the meal. Each finger bowl should be placed on a fruit plate, which has on it a small doily.

CARE OF THE TEETH.

If there is one part of their toilet women are apt to slur over it is seeming to think that if they brush their teeth morning and night that is all they should do. There can be no greater mistake than this, for one of the things that acts most injuriously to the enamel is acid, and this condition is likely to arise from particles of food remaining between the teeth after eating. Therefore these should always be removed, and it is a wise precaution before using a tooth brush to clean the teeth with dental floss. It does very little good to rub a brush across the teeth; to cleanse it must be rubbed up and down so that the bristles go into the crevices, as they cannot when the motion is across. Hold the brush firmly and rub it up and down, brushing carefully from the back teeth, that are too often neglected, to the front and then back to the other side. After brushing rinse the mouth with a fragrant wash. This will not only be strengthening to the gums, but will impart a pleasant odor to the breath.

Tooth powder should be carefully selected, and if bought already made a woman should experiment until she finds one suited to her. One kind that may be just the thing for one set of teeth may be entirely ineffective with another, as some require a powder with stronger cleansing properties. To make one's own powder is not difficult, and one knows then that it contains no injurious acids. It should always be remembered that liquid dentifrices are stronger than powders and should be used less often, not more than three times a week at most.

RECIPES.

To make strawberry tapioca, wash one cup of pearl tapioca and put to cook in a double boiler with one quart of boiling water and a half saltspoonful of salt. Cook until perfectly transparent, which will be in about an hour, then add a quart of ripe berries, sweetening to taste. Take from the fire, and as soon as cool set in the ice box. Serve very cold with sugar and cream or whipped cream. This will serve ten persons.

To make chicken salad, cut into small, neat pieces the meat of a cold boiled chicken. Cut half as much

celery as you have chicken into inch lengths. Pepper and salt to taste. Mix the chicken and celery, season and moisten with one tablespoonful of oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Line a salad bowl with lettuce, and on this heap your salad. Pour one cupful of thick mayonnaise dressing over the chicken and celery.

Cream of spinach soup makes an appetizing and attractive luncheon first course served in bouillon cups with whipped cream. To make it, wash and drain a quart of the vegetable, chop it and boil it with half a slice of onion in just water enough to keep it from burning—about half a cupful. When it is tender, turn in two cupfuls of milk and two half-pint bottles of cream and let it simmer very slowly until the mixture is thoroughly scalded through. Then strain, thicken with a level tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth with a tablespoonful of butter and season with salt and paprika. The onion may be omitted.

The new cabbage which is in market now is as delicate as cauliflower if it is first boiled for three or four minutes in water in which a small pinch of soda has been dissolved, is then rinsed and cooked in boiling salted water until it is tender. Wash and cut the cabbage in large sections before cooking. When it is done, cover it with white sauce.

TO LAUNDRER SUMMER DRESSES

White and figured organdies can be washed successfully through bran-water without using soap or starch. The bran-water is prepared by boiling two quarts of wheat bran in two gallons of water for half an hour, and then straining through a coarse cloth into enough cold water to wash one dress. The goods should not be rubbed, but cleaned by lifting up and down, and pressing and squeezing gently between the hands, and when the garments seem clean, rinse in cold water and hang over a sheet on the line. The bran-water cleans the fabric and will usually stiffen it sufficiently; white garments that have turned yellow from lying too long or from careless washing may often be restored to their original whiteness by dipping in boiling water in which some cream of tartar is dissolved; then they must be thoroughly rinsed, and several hours of strong sunshine will make them white and clean. In laundering lawns and thin muslins, gum arabic should be added to the starch. Get the fine, white gum arabic and dissolve it in boiling water and add a tablespoonful of it to starch made in the ordinary way. Great care should be taken in washing delicately tinted muslins to prevent fading, and a strong alum water is good for most of the tans, browns, and blues, but the goods should not remain in the water. Nice summer dresses should always be washed in a clean pearlina suds, prepared especially for them and white goods are improved by soaking in the suds, but colored goods should be washed, rinsed and dried as quickly as possible. Few colors can stand exposure to the sun while damp and the garments should be turned wrong side out and hung in a shady place to dry, but white waists and dresses should be dried in the hot sun, as the strong sunlight helps to whiten and bleach them.

Was Blinded By Eczema.

SUFFERED INTENSELY, FOR THREE YEARS AND WAS Horribly Disfigured.

SKIN NOW AS SMOOTH AS A BABY'S, THANKS TO DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

Such cures as the one described below are what have given Dr. Chase's Ointment a world-wide reputation as the standard ointment and the most satisfactory treatment ever devised as a cure for itching skin diseases.

Mrs. Robert Clendening, Welland Station, Ont., writes: "For three years my daughter, Fanny, was afflicted with eczema in an intense and persistent form, and for nine days she was totally blind. The burning, itching and disfigurement were horrible, her entire face being completely raw for months, and the distress so great that she could not sleep.

"The best efforts of two eminent physicians failed to even mitigate her awful suffering. One day when I was low-spirited over my daughter's condition Dr. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me and to our surprise Fanny was helped with the first box and she has since been entirely cured by this treatment.

"Her face is now as smooth as a baby's and she is in splendid health. The credit for this cure is entirely due to Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I cheerfully give you permission to state my daughter's case, hoping that it will lead many others to secure the same good results."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is recommended and sold by all dealers at 60 cents a box or sent post paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Coffee is a good air purifier. A little burned on hot coals will purify a sick room and abolish bad smells. Many physicians think highly of the bracing effects of coffee, taken before they visit cases of infectious disease.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE BOY INSIDE THE CLOTHES.

"My boy, come here a moment, I want to see how you look." Ralph stepped into the library, where his aunt was sitting. He was generally rather afraid of her keen eyes, but just now he was ready for school, and knew that, for once, his tie was straight, his shoes tied, and his clothes were above reproach.

Aunt Anna held him off at arm's length, and looked him over carefully. "Well, you really are beautifully neat!" she exclaimed, laughing, "but oh, dear! it won't last long. I know you'll come home looking like a little scarecrow."

The keeping of his clothes tidy was the problem of Ralph's life. "I can't help it," he said, desperately, "things just get dirty themselves."

Aunt Anna laughed again. "Run and show yourself to your mother," she said, "she won't know you."

Ralph found his mother in the sewing room. "Good-by, dearie," she said, "keep your clothes tidy, son."

"Oh, dear, that's what everybody's always saying to me," groaned Ralph. "I don't know why I always get things into a muss."

His mother looked up into the boy's troubled face. She knew he did try sometimes to keep himself tidy.

"Well, dear," she said, gently, "you know I would like very much if you could learn to be more careful, but there's something far more important. Keep the boy inside the clothes clean and honest, and mother won't mind so very much."

Ralph ran off, feeling much comforted. He really intended to make a special effort this time to come home from school looking respectable. But, as usual, he forgot all about his clothes before he reached the school-house. They were called to his mind very suddenly, however, just before recess.

Ralph's geography was torn, his books, like his clothes, were generally out of repair. Ted Hammond, who sat opposite, offered him his book, and in reaching for it Ralph upset Ted's ink bottle. He did not notice the fact at the moment, and swept his arm through the black stream, sending it spluttering over his spotless suit.

Ralph hung his head in shame, as the giggles up and down the rows of spectators. He was thinking that Aunt Anna would say it was just as she expected, and his mother would be disappointed again.

But he forgot all about his trouble at recess and his condition was not at all improved by the playtime. Ralph lived some distance from the school, and did not go home at noon, so by the time the hour for closing school drew near, the tidy, spotless boy who had set out from home, was quite what his Aunt Anna would have called "a little scarecrow."

In the middle of the afternoon the room received a joyful surprise. Mr. Evans, the principal, walked unexpectedly into their midst. Mr. Evans had a big sailing yacht on the river, and had long been promising the boys of Ralph's grade a trip. Everyone sat up very straight as he entered; the time had surely come.

"Well, boys," he said, his eyes twinkling at the sight of their eager faces, "I think it's time for that sail down the river, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," came like one great voice from twenty throats. Mr. Evans laughed. "The breeze is just favorable to-day, and Miss Wilson says you may come at half-past three, so you see that will give you a little holiday, too. You have a grammar lesson yet, and your teacher says all those who are perfect may come with me, and all those who are not must stay and study. Now, do your best, because I want every one of you."

Ralph's heart sank as the principal left the room, and he could not join the joyful applause. Next to keeping himself tidy, grammar was his worst difficulty. He felt there would be very little chance for him, then.

Miss Wilson was already assigning the lesson; there were four rules to be written out. He sat and chewed his pen in despair. Try as he would, only one rule would come into his head, and he sat staring fiercely at his blank sheet of paper.

Ted Hammond was watching him. Grammar was as easy for Ted as playing football, and he finished his four rules in about four minutes, and handed them to Miss Wilson. Suddenly he seized another piece of paper, and scribbled upon it rapidly. Miss Wilson passed down the aisle, collecting papers. When her back was turned Ted shoved the sheet upon Ralph's desk. Ralph opened it. There were the four rules written in Ted's sprawling hand, and underneath was written, "Copy these quick or you'll miss the sail." Ralph's heart leaped. What a chance! He had almost given up hope; now he reached for his pen; but, as he did so, his eye caught sight of the ink streaks on his sleeve. He looked down on his soiled clothes, and his mother's parting words came to him, "Keep the boy inside the clothes clean and honest." Certainly he was a disreputable-looking object on the outside, and now he was going to make matters far worse by soiling his character. It wouldn't be "clean and honest" to copy those rules, and yet, oh, how he did want to go on that sail!

FATHER'S OWN FREE A VALID BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES... Koenig Med. Co.

He struggled for just a moment; then he took his pen and wrote across the paper, "No, thanks, it would be sneaky." When Ted received the paper, he stared. "You're a big silly," he whispered, as the bell rang, and the successful ones passed out.

As they clattered joyfully down the stairs poor Ralph sat struggling with his lesson, and thinking how much better the breezy sail would be than the hot school-room. He was beginning to feel that doing right was a very hard thing.

Matters did not improve when he reached home. "Oh, Ralph Rogers!" Aunt Anna gasped, "was there ever such an untidy boy? Just look at him!" she cried to Ralph's mother, who had just entered.

Mrs. Rogers looked down at her ink, muddy son gravely. She had hoped that Ralph would really try to be tidy this time.

"Perhaps the boy inside the clothes is all right, though," she said, encouragingly. Ralph looked up at her gratefully; he did not tell of his honest deed, but he felt a thrill of gladness that he was not ashamed to look into his mother's eyes.

But a wonderful surprise awaited him next morning. As he ran downstairs neat and tidy once more, he found his mother and aunt waiting for him in the hall. Mrs. Rogers held in her hand a piece of paper that somehow looked familiar to Ralph. She kissed him with tears in her eyes. "Look, dear," she said, "Miss Wilson called with this. She found it on the schoolroom floor. I am very proud of you, Ralph."

Ralph's face grew hot, but his heart swelled with happiness. What a good thing it was to be honest, after all! There was his written refusal to do wrong.

"And, Ralphie," cried his aunt, "Miss Wilson told Mr. Evans you had lost the sail for the sake of your honor, and he is going to take you on the yacht this afternoon. And you may come home looking like a little tramp if you like," she added, laughing, "and Aunt Anna won't scold you one little bit; but be honest, Ralph, whether you are ever rewarded by men or not. God, who notes every act, will see to the reward by and by."

TWO LITTLE TALKERS.

Johnny was a little boy, and they were trying to teach him to talk.

Polly was a little parrot, and they were trying to teach him to talk.

Polly belonged to Uncle Tom, and Uncle Tom was proud of him.

But Johnny belonged to mamma and papa, and you may be sure that they were very, very proud of him.

"Oh," Uncle Tom used to say, "you wait and see. My parrot will talk before your baby will."

But, "Oh," mamma and papa would then say, "wait and see. Johnny will talk before your parrot will." And they waited.

But all Polly said was "Craw, crawl, crawl!" And all Johnny said was "Agoo, agoo, agoo!"

One day Uncle Tom went to Polly's cage.

"Polly," he said, "say 'Pretty Polly!'"

And what do you think?

Polly did! He said "Pretty Polly!"

Uncle Tom ran to mamma and told her what Polly said.

"Oh, ho!" said mamma, "Johnny has been talking all morning."

But Johnny did not say "Pretty Polly!" Johnny said "Mam-ma" over and over again.

Now Johnny has grown to a big boy; he can say a great many things. But Polly can say only "Pretty Polly!"—St. Nicholas.

A FELLOW FEELING.

Marjo sat on the upper stair, listening. Every time a fresh wail reached her ears she groaned softly in loving sympathy. She had her little handkerchief squeezed together in one hand, and it was quite damp.

"Oh, dear me! I wish he's been a good boy; then mamma wouldn't have put him to bed, and he wouldn't be feeling so dreadfully," Marjo murmured. "I wish he had been good. Poor Bobby! It hurts in my heart when he cries so."

New wails drifted out to the stairway. Marjo's handkerchief got still damper.

"Marjorie! Marjorie!" mamma called, "why don't you come down and play, dear?"

"I guess I can't, mamma; I feel so sorry for Bobby," Marjorie called back.

"You mustn't feel too bad, dear. Bobby was naughty, and ought to cry."

"Yes'm, I know it," the sweet, shabby little voice called down to mamma; "but—but—you see I have to feel bad. You can't do it well's I can, for I've been there, and know how it feels."

Suffer no More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

It Reaches the Spot.—There are few remedies before the public to-day as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances and a large number of testimonials as to its great value as a medicine could be got were there occasion for it. It is for sale everywhere.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLOWS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 211 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.

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CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acids; no inconspicuous. Write for book.

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TORONTO, JULY 13, 1905.

IMPERIALISM AND CANADIAN CREDIT.

Statesmen who for a generation have been trying to grasp the complexities of the British fiscal question, must have felt greatly refreshed last week by the breezy exhortations of Mr. George of Toronto, Ont., not to forget the empire. Let them forget, Mr. George adds, that Canada will remember herself, and make her tariffs for "Canada first," which, of course, means Canadian manufacturers first. There is no doubt that Canada will never sink her own interests; and there is absolute certainty that John Bull will make an impartial guinea in the most profitable market whether it be inside or outside the empire. Mr. George, who has never had an hour's opportunity to study the economic conditions of the British people, lays down the law to the legislators of England with all the assurance of the original Butinsky. But the selfish currents of trade and finance flow on undisturbed by the Toronto hot air merchant who has had the opportunity of his life to hob nob with Joseph Chamberlain. The Japanese loan, for instance, is over subscribed in England; but Ontario cannot borrow a beggarly \$5,000,000 upon the credit of this rich province. Canada may well ask herself the question: Has Imperialism made you rich?

DEATH OF MONSIGNOR NUGENT.

The death of the veteran priest, Monsignor Nugent, removes a figure known and admired in at least two continents, one whose work was versatile and comprehensive, one, too, whose memory shall serve as an incentive to future generations of men to work arduously for the glory of God by the reclamation of souls. Three score years and more were devoted by him to the service of others and the results he accomplished along any one line of work which he attempted, would have been considered sufficient for the life-time of any one man. His broad sympathy for the ills and frailties of humanity were the keynote to his success. As the saviour of the boys, as a preacher and orator, as a temperance advocate and founder of the League of the Cross, as the supporter and financial aid to the Catholic press, and as the friend of poor and unfortunate women and girls, the memory of Father Nugent shall live in the hearts of generations yet unborn. The great priest has gone to the reward of the faithful steward, and his requiem is sung by the tongues and hearts of thousands of grateful souls.

ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY INVESTED WITH THE PALLIUM.

The ceremony of the investing of Archbishop Howley of Newfoundland with the Pallium, was made the occasion of a magnificent demonstration of the fealty and love of the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese, and of the surrounding priests and prelates within a very wide area. The ceremony took place on Friday, June 23rd, in the grand cathedral of St. John the Baptist, before a great concourse of people, and the event will live in the history of Newfoundland as one of the most imposing that has ever taken place in the Island. The ceremony of investiture was performed by his Lordship Bishop McDonald of Harbor Grace, and addresses from priests and people, together with purses amounting in all to \$4,000, were presented. The whole country was en fête, the schools, colleges, and other academic institutions joining with the citizens of all classes and creeds to honor the occasion. It is not, however, as a demonstration of a people towards their bishop, nor as a picturesque spectacle alone that the event is re-

the great growth of the Church in the territory over which Archbishop Howley rules, that the event is particularly notable. The progressive and earnest spirit of the Archbishop were manifested on the occasion by the many proofs presented in the address, of his vigor and alertness in the direction of all tending to the advancement of the Church, an advancement testified to by the numerous churches and religious institutions rising everywhere round, and by the generally healthy spiritual condition of the large diocese. That His Grace of Newfoundland may yet have many years of health and service in his diocese, is the wish of his priests and people everywhere, a wish in which the Catholic Register most sincerely joins.

GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE IRISH

Mr. Goldwin Smith in The Weekly Sun alludes to "the low Irish of New York" as "the most insolent oppressors of the negro." Mr. Smith also makes a fine protest against the cruelty with which the negro was brought to America. In reference to the negro traffic we heartily agree with him; but we ask him whether he himself is not cruel in his allusion to the "low Irish." It is an expression commonly heard in the United States and especially in New York, the "low Irish," the "low Italians," the "low Germans" and so on. The expression suits the habitual insolence of the American pretty well; but what he really means is the "poor Irish," the "poor Germans," etc. The notion prevailing there is that immigration in its early stages brought into America only the poorest of the people of British and European countries, and that as the advantages of America become more widely known, the more well to do decided to better their lot also in the new world. But the distinctions are to a very great extent erroneous. The early emigrants were not all poor, and many who were poor when they came beat the Americans themselves at the game of getting rich quick. The expression which Mr. Smith uses is, in fact, not only insolent and intolerant of poverty, but is also unbecoming a man of Mr. Smith's broadness of mind, placing him on the level of the negro-contemning southerner.

WHITNEY GOVERNMENT AND THE NEWS.

It is not with any view of atonement in Mr. R. L. Borden's behalf that The Mail and Empire repudiates The News and its editor. The idea of the Conservative morning organ is to make the Whitney Government appear irresponsible for The News. Does The Mail and Empire imagine for a moment that the people have forgotten the "Purity Fund" and the "persons and papers," to borrow The Mail's own expression, that subscribed to it? Does any one who watches the Ontario Administration doubt for a moment that Mr. Flavelle has a lien upon it that he will never allow Mr. Whitney to pay off?

Editorial Notes

The autonomy bills have yet to pass the Senate, where Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Senator Landry will fight the Borden-Monk duel over again. Then, according to Mr. Whitney's organ, The News, the new provinces should rebel against the school clauses. Thus saith the oracle: "The educational clauses of the autonomy bills, being enacted in violation of the constitution, have no moral force or obligation, and the West will be justified in getting rid of them as soon as it is strong enough to do so. This is only a question of time. Ontario won all along the line in its fight against the central authority. Manitoba abolished the separate schools which the Ottawa politicians fondly imagined they had fastened upon it in 1871."

"I Found The Master There"

Guizot it was, we believe, who called the Catholic Church a great school of reverence. The Rev. Roland D. Grant, of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, seems to have discovered proof that Guizot was right. Recently, in a sermon, the Rev. Mr. Grant deplored the irreverence of many Protestants at the present day and said: "I once went into a grove, a little church underground in Florence, where the poor and humble worshipped according to the Catholic faith. And I was struck by the spirit of reverence which pervaded. The people came in silently and knelt down in silence to their devotions. I tiptoed in and knelt down in silence myself, and I found the Master there. On the other hand, I have been into Protestant churches where the people came and went and acted as if it was a store or a public hall." Of course Catholics are reverent in church because Jesus Christ Himself is there in the Blessed Sacrament. When Protestants come back to the Blessed Sacrament they will come back to reverence and re-

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

The regular quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Monday, the 10th inst. Mr. Matthew O'Connor occupied the chair, and among those present were Messrs. Remy Elmsley, A. J. Cottam, J. J. Seitz, J. Murphy, J. Lydon and Inspector Wm. O'Connor of the Neglected Children's Department. The report of the agent, Mr. P. Hynes, showed that 96 cases, involving the interests of 117 children, had been investigated by him. Of these cases 43 were from the Children's Court and 53 were privately reported to the agent at his office. Six children were made wards of the society; four were placed in foster homes, and two were placed on wages. Of the remainder six boys were committed to St. John's Industrial School and one girl to St. Mary's Industrial School.

The agent's report called attention to the fact that in many cases a warning notice sent to the parents of children, said to be neglected, brought about a decided improvement in their conduct. The report of the treasurer, Mr. D. Miller, showed that the current receipts for the past quarter had fallen short of the current expenditures, but there yet remained a portion of the balance which was in hand at the end of the previous quarter. The president informed those present that two meetings of the Management Committee had been held and it had been decided with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop to ask the co-operation of the parish priests of the city in the appointment of collectors for the different parishes. These collectors are to try to revive subscriptions of old members who have become delinquent and to solicit new subscriptions. The president wishes the society to have a good representative membership in each parish so that all Catholics may know of it and also know where to report cases of child neglect that may come under their notice. Mr. Cottam in moving the adoption of the agent's report, spoke approvingly of the work carried on by the Christian Brothers at St. John's Industrial School. He referred to the fact that the boys there were not in uniform and also said that the school had no appearance of a place of restraint.

A member of the society referred to the report for 1904 on the neglected and dependent children of the province, and asked if the children spoken of in that report as French-Canadians were Catholics, and had they been placed under Catholic auspices. Mr. O'Connor of the Children's Department explained that the children mentioned specially in the report had been inmates of the Reformatory for Boys at Penetanguishene, and on the closing of that institution they had been provided for by the department. Some had been returned to their own homes; some had been placed with relatives and quite a number had been provided with situations. The French-Canadian boys, who were all Catholics, had been dealt with in the same way as all the other Catholic boys who were in the Reformatory. Mr. O'Connor himself had something to do with their placement. After a general discussion of the work of the society, participated in by several members, who spoke approvingly of the work. The meeting adjourned at an early hour.

Winners of Honors at St. Joseph's Academy, St. Catharines

The annual closing exercises of St. Joseph's Academy, St. Catharines, were held on Tuesday, June 27th. The following is a list of the medals, diplomas, and certificates awarded: Silver Medal, presented by the Very Rev. Dean Morris, competed for by the pupils of Form V., obtained by Miss Nellie Sheahan. Silver Medal, presented by the Community of St. Joseph, competed for by the pupils of Form IV., Senior, obtained by Miss Julie Carl. Silver Medal, presented by the Very Rev. Dean Morris, competed for by the pupils of the Junior Pianoforte Grade obtained by Miss Lulu Loneragan. Prize, presented by W. P. Blair, Esq., competed for by the pupils of the Primary Pianoforte Grade, obtained by Miss Edna Hartnett. Prize, competed for by the pupils of Form IV., Junior, obtained by Miss Marguerite Begy. Prize for regular attendance at Sunday School, obtained by Miss Julie Carl. Diplomas in Stenography and Typewriting, awarded to Miss N. Sheehan, Miss A. Nihan, Miss E. Rowdon, Miss T. Purdy, Miss A. Flaherty. Certificates in Music, awarded by the University of Toronto, Junior Theory, first class honors, Miss Edna Hartnett. Junior Theory, pass, Miss M. Poirier. Primary Pianoforte, second class honors, Miss J. Carl, Miss B. Bennett, Miss E. Hartnett; pass, Miss Ten Broeck, Miss M. Begy. Junior Pianoforte, second class honors, Miss L. Loneragan, pass, Miss M. Hynes. Senior Pianoforte, pass, Miss A. Brennan. Promoted to Form V., Misses J. Carl, A. Meyer, M. Crowley, E. Bromley. Promoted to Form IV., Senior, Misses M. Begy, L. Meyer, B. Boyle, A. Canavan, and L. Voisard.

NOT SAFE.

"Here, here, Tommy!" exclaimed Miss May Dupp, "I wouldn't cry that way." "Boo-hoo! No," replied Tommy, "that's because it would wash your complexion all off."—Philadelphia Press

MGR. NUGENT DEAD

Venerable Philanthropist of Liverpool Who Recently Visited this Country

Cablegrams from Liverpool, England, announce the death on Tuesday last of Right Rev. Mgr. James Nugent, the venerable philanthropist, whose zeal and self-sacrifice in behalf of orphans and outcasts, have made his name a household word throughout Great Britain for nearly half a century. Mgr. Nugent, who was in his eighty-fourth year, recently visited this country in company with Dom Gasquet, abbot-president of the English Benedictines. He visited many Western cities, and was about to begin his return journey when he suffered a severe rheumatic attack. After several months of rest and careful nursing he sailed for Liverpool, where he landed May 17. During the voyage he sustained a serious fall, caused by a sudden lurch of the vessel, and though recent reports were to the effect that he was slowly regaining his strength, the accident is supposed to have been the indirect cause of his death.

In the great Mersey seaport Mgr. Nugent, or plain Father Nugent, as he was more familiarly known, had for many years been the most prominent and most popular citizen beloved by all classes and creeds. He first attracted public notice when he established a "Boys' Refuge," which he maintained out of his own private means, and when these were exhausted he raised the necessary funds by delivering sermons and lectures, the keynote of which was contained in the motto which he chose for this excellent institution, "Save the Boys!" A very forcible and eloquent orator, he drew large congregations and audiences at the sermons and lectures, and the results that have followed his great work in this direction have been most successful—refuge after refuge has been established, and thousands of homeless and friendless boys have been rescued from the dangerous life of the streets and slums, educated, taught useful trades and fitted to become, as the vast majority of them have become and are yearly becoming, honest, industrious and upright citizens, a credit to themselves and a glory to Mgr. Nugent.

But the boys' refuges were but a small portion of the lifework of this octogenarian priest. To do justice to his long career of practical charity and benevolence a bulky volume would have to be written. The founder of the League of the Cross, a total abstinence organization which has spread from Liverpool all over the United Kingdom, he spent the best years of his prolonged life in the ardent championship of the principles of temperance. Tens of thousands owe to his fervid advocacy of total abstinence their liberation from the thralldom of drink, and their consequent reconciliation with the Church, the resumption of the practice of their religion and the betterment of their social position. In the cause of Catholic journalism he spent many a toilsome year and many a thousand dollars, until at last he placed the Catholic Times (formerly of Liverpool, but now of London) on the excellent financial footing which it now occupies as one of the most widely read and influential Catholic newspapers in the world.

But the labors in which he spent the closing years of his fruitful apostolic life were perhaps the most important of those that occupied his attention throughout his lengthy existence. They had for their most praiseworthy object—the attainment of which they have been successful—the establishment of night shelters and other houses for outcast and destitute women and girls, and of a home for those of them about to become mothers. His great sympathetic Irish heart was touched with tender compassion for these unfortunate people, many of them more sinned against than sinning. The initial expenses of founding and equipping this institution at West Dingle, Liverpool, were borne by himself. Mgr. Nugent was one of the very few public men who have been honored with public monuments during their lifetime. On a prominent site in Liverpool is a statue of Mgr. Nugent, erected with money subscribed by citizens of all creeds and classes.

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Messrs. J. and A. Aziz, who have for some years conducted a large wholesale fancy goods, dry goods and jewellery establishment at 110 and 112 York street, are among our new advertisers.

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We must not be deterred by either the love or fear of riches, but accept what God places in our way, in a spirit of gratitude and with a determination to employ His gifts in accordance with what we know to be His will, seeking wealth, not as an object of selfish desire, but as a means to increase the merit of a useful life.

No one need fear cholera or any other summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

A Brilliant Speech Revived

The Catholic Register has just come across an article published in 1859, telling of the occasion of a festival held in Kerby Hall, Brantford, for the purpose of raising funds to provide an organ for St. Basil's church of that city. Mr. N. Murphy, K.C., now of Toronto, was the speaker of the occasion, and his father, the late Mr. W. Murphy, also addressed the assemblage. Mr. N. Murphy had for his theme, "The Bell and the Belfry," and in developing his subject, spoke in brilliant and highly poetic terms of the functions and achievements of the bell. The bell, said Mr. Murphy, is the voice of the people and of humanity; its sonorous voice announces births, marriages, burials, feasts of the country and of religion. It is perhaps the first sound we hear, as guided by a mother's hand we first enter the house of God. We hear it daily through the pilgrimage of life summoning us to our day of toil, or at evening to leave aside the thoughts and schemes of a busy world, and seek repose in the bosom of our families. We hear it break out in tones of joy, when a nation rejoices in the prowess of its arms, and we hear it mourning over some fellow creature, who arriving at the end of his mortal pilgrimage, has launched his bark upon the shores of eternity to seek its unknown shores. Who can describe the emotions which the sound of the bell produces in the man and in the Christian? The above is but a sample of the eloquence of the speaker, an eloquence which called forth loud plaudits of appreciation, and an eloquence likewise that could doubtless again be evoked even after a period of more than forty years should a similar occasion require it.

Dicken's Popularity

Writing in "The Dickensian," Mr. J. W. T. Ley says: We have been told several times lately that Dickens' popularity is on the wane. In compliance with a request from the editor of the "Bristol Evening Times," the Librarian of Bristol has just compiled a list of the twenty-four most popular novels in the Bristol free libraries. In that list two of Dickens' books appear. The most popular novel in Bristol is "David Copperfield," and next comes "A Tale of Two Cities," while two of Scott's books occupy third and fourth places, and one of Thackeray's fifth. Lytton, however, is not represented. This may be fairly taken as an answer, even if there were no corroborative evidence. But the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" has just taken a poll of its readers with a view to ascertaining the twelve most popular novelists in that town, and here again Dickens easily heads the list, while Scott is second, Thackeray fifth, and Lytton seventh. Further, "Household Words" has just taken a vote among its readers in order to ascertain the six most popular characters in Dickens' works. No fewer than one hundred and thirteen characters received votes and these were representative of eighteen books, which is evidence, I think, that the readers of "Household Words" read their Dickens thoroughly. One of the Melbourne newspapers has this year taken a poll of its readers, with the result that "David Copperfield" has been found to be the most popular novel, while "A Tale of Two Cities" appears tenth on the list, and "Pickwick" eleven's. Here, again, "Vanity Fair" came second, and "Ivanhoe" third, but Lytton was not represented.

Catholics and Jews

There is nothing surprising or novel in the fact that Manhattan College, a well-known Catholic institution of learning, has bestowed the degree of LL.D. on Edward Lauterbach, says the New York News.

The recipient of the honor is an eminent Jewish lawyer, and the Catholic Church, as such, has always been tolerant toward the Jews. When they were persecuted in nearly every country of Europe they were safe in Rome—under the protection of the Popes—a fact which shows that so-called religious persecutions in medieval and modern times have been prompted by motives and prejudices not grounded in religion. The persecutions of the Christians in ancient Rome were undoubtedly political, and inspired by reasons of state, and the same is true of similar episodes under Christian rule.

While religion has no firmer hold on mind and heart in any part of the world than in America, racial and creed intolerance are disappearing under the influence of free institutions. The Jew was never persecuted here, and in New Netherlands, now New York, he was not only tolerated, but encouraged to take his place among the settlers of the colony, in which he has continued to be increasingly prominent under every subsequent rule. Mr. Lauterbach is in all respects an excellent type of his race and of American citizenship, and the degree of LL.D. bestowed on him by Manhattan College is well merited.

Funeral of Chas. McCaffrey of Montreal

The funeral of Mr. Charles McCaffrey of Montreal, which took place from the cathedral to the cemetery at Nicolet, was one of the largest that ever took place in the province, and the great esteem in which the deceased was held was evidenced by the large number of religious and laity who attended the obsequies and by the numerous telegrams and messages of condolence to his bereaved family.

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ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

To St. Anne de Beaupre—Itinerary of Special Trains

The Ontario Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre will take place (this year) on Tuesday, July 25th, and will reach the shrine on Wednesday, 26th, the Feast day of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. Excursion rates will prevail at all stations of the G.T.R. from Whitby, Lindsay, Peterboro, Haliburton, Mariposa and all points east thereof, as far as Aultsville; and at all stations of the C.P.R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof, including Peterboro, Perth, Manotick, Stittsville, Carleton Place, Brockville, Prescott, Smith's Falls, as far as Chesterville, included. Passengers from Lindsay, Haliburton, etc., will take regular morning train and connect with special at Port Hope, and those from Mariposa, etc., will board special at Whitby Junction. Pilgrims from Toronto, London, Hamilton and other points in Western Ontario will leave Toronto on Tuesday morning by regular Montreal express trains, procure regular tickets as far as Whitby or Myrtle stations on the main lines of the G.T.R. and C.P.R. a short distance east of Toronto, purchase pilgrimage tickets at either of these stations at a cost of \$8.00 from Myrtle, and \$8.05 from Whitby, and then take special trains which will be awaiting them and proceed to St. Anne de Beaupre, which shall be reached at 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Exceptionally low rates will prevail at all stations throughout the Eastern part of the province, and tickets will be good only on the special train going, but valid on any regular train returning up to and including Tuesday, August 1st. This means that pilgrims can leave Quebec city by the night trains of Tuesday, August 1st, and Montreal by the morning trains of August 2nd; but if a stop-over at Quebec or Montreal be desired, it must be so timed as to leave Montreal for a continuous journey home, not later than the morning of Wednesday, August 2nd. The pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. D. A. Twomey of Belleville, Ont., who will send posters to intending pilgrims. Dining cars will be attached to the C.P.R. special, in which meals may be procured on the journey, and whilst at St. Anne's, for the nominal sum of 25 cents per meal.

Pilgrims from Toronto via Grand Trunk must take the 7.45 Montreal express and await pilgrimage special at Whitby Junction until 1 p.m.

The 9.15 a.m. C.P.R. Montreal Express will make immediate connection with the C.P.R. Pilgrimage special at Myrtle.

Bishop of St. Hyacinthe Dead

Bishop Decelles of the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe died at 1 a.m. on Friday, July 7th. The deceased prelate had suffered during the last two years from Bright's Disease, but the end was somewhat unexpected until a short time previous, and Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, who left on the midnight train to attend the stricken bishop, arrived a few minutes too late to see him alive. Bishop Decelles was born in 1849 and was in his 57th year. He was educated at the College of St. Hyacinthe, ordained priest in 1872, and consecrated bishop in 1893, when his services to the diocese were recognized by his appointment as coadjutor to Bishop Moreau with the title of Bishop of Druzpara and the right of succession to the bishopric of St. Hyacinthe.

Rev. Father Zilles, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Father Zilles, C.S.S.R., of Saratoga, N.Y., is giving the Retreat to the priests at St. Michael's College.

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### A VERY PAINFUL PICTURE

The Departure of Emigrants the Most Sad Feature of Ireland's Every-Day Life

In the Dublin Freeman's Journal of recent date Mr. William Redmond, M.P., writes as follows on the sad effects of emigration:

To those people who travel constantly over the Irish railway lines the sight is familiar enough, for it is a sight witnessed every day at almost every station, particularly in the west of the country. And it is but the simple truth to say that there is not—there cannot be—a more miserable, a more heart-breaking sight than the departure of the emigrant. It is a more agonizing scene than the scene by the bed of death, for death is inevitable, and being inevitable may be met with resignation. But emigration is not at all inevitable—it is something unnatural. The tearing and wrenching away from Ireland of the youngest and best of the men and women is something in many cases worse than death.

The old people who see the children who played around their knees laid to rest in a quiet corner of the churchyard may, and often no doubt do, feel happier than the fathers and mothers whose boys and girls drift out of their sight, and are swallowed up in the great world over the ocean, where God alone knows what fate may await them.

### A PAINFUL PICTURE.

I have been in a good many cabin homes where the angel of death has passed by, calling away some loved life, and I have seen many a coffin lowered into the grave upon which the tears fell fast; but no graveside scene could ever be more wretched or moving than the scenes at the Irish railway station when the emigrants take their departure, and when it is a common thing at the last moment to see the young girls dragged forcibly from the arms of their fainting mothers. There is in the wide world no sight more horrible than this, and there is nothing more terrible than the wailing which fills the air as the train steams off, carrying its most precious freight, the youth of the land.

These heartrending scenes at the railway station are familiar to us in Ireland; their frequency has to some extent blunted our sense of feeling, for even to misery it is easy to get accustomed, but I have seen strangers burst into tears at witnessing the bitter grief at the parting between the young people and the old parents whom they may never see again. Of course, all this is well-known in Ireland.

### A SCENE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

I left a town in the west by an early train. The morning was perfect, the sun lighting up the surrounding country so brightly that everything looked beautiful, and the waters of the bay close by were as blue as the Mediterranean. The scene was one of peace and splendor, but inside the railroad station was being enacted one of those miserable scenes of emigration which are enough to pierce the heart of any Irishman. Before I got inside the station I heard the wailing. A crowd of people, very poor apparently, had assembled round a third-class carriage to see some young women off to America. Fine types of strong and healthy womanhood they were, but their faces were all discolored and swollen with weeping. Till the last moment they remained locked in the arms of their mothers, and had to be by force separated from them just as the train moved. I never want to see such a sight any more, and I hope such despairing cries may never again assail my ears.

As the trains slowly passed along the platform where the old people were standing, I shall never forget the picture of misery that was pre-

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sented. There were several old women with shawls over their heads; one lay fainting in the arms of a man, and on the faces of the whole group, men and women alike, there was a look of agony which even death itself could hardly call up. And the wailing from those left behind was echoed by the emigrant girls in the railway carriage, and the train steamed off through the sunlit, beautiful country to the sound of crying. A lady, a stranger to the land, burst into tears, and no wonder.

Similar scenes are of daily occurrence and form really the most sad feature of Ireland's every-day life. Some of the immigrants start out with the light heartedness and cheeriness of youth, but for the most parting from Ireland is like the bursting of the strings of the heart. When is this fearful stream of emigration to be stayed, and unless it is stayed, and that soon, what is to become of the nation? And what becomes of the emigrants? I may speak on this matter with, perhaps, some little authority, for I have been on five separate occasions in the United States, and in almost every part, from San Francisco to New York, and I have naturally with deep interest looked into the position of our people in the great republic.

That millions of our race have done well in every walk of life across the sea it is a pride and glory to us to know. At the same time it may be questioned whether the most successful Irishman in America would not have had a happier life at home in Ireland had a fair opportunity been offered him. It is true many of our race have done nobly and well abroad. With hardly any advantages in the way of education or capital they have surmounted all obstacles and by sheer pluck and force of character have carved their way to fortune and success.

### THE LIFE OF AN EMIGRANT.

But let the truth be said, many of those who left the old land with high hopes have lived to rue the day that they ever crossed the sea. The struggle for life is hard, and the slums of many a place hold Irish men and women who would rather barter a portion of their lives to be at home once more. Even those who do get good employment have to work in so wearing a way that health soon gives out. I have seen in big hotels of America our emigrant girls at work, and have spoken to many of them of their lives. They earn good money, but how hard and at what sacrifice of health and happiness they alone know. It is the same way with the men. They may, if they are lucky, get well paid work, but the life in the big centres of labor is not healthy, and as for the money, though it may seem considerable, when the cost of living is counted, it will be found that a man may be better off on half the amount at home. The fact the leaders of the Irish race in America are doing their best to discourage emigration from Ireland is eloquent of what they think best for our people.

In Australia it is the same. Labor is not easy to get, and I have never met an Irishman from Australia who failed to advise Irishmen to remain at home, if possible, much as they would be welcome if circumstances drove them abroad. I say here, as one who has been fortunate in having opportunities of seeing the chances of our people in almost every part of the world, that if the young people of Ireland can earn a fair living at home that it would be madness for them to drift abroad, where hardships and troubles which they little dream of may await them, and where they will be, after all, strangers in a strange land, no matter how many friends they may make. The organization for staying emigration is doing a splendid work, and of this no man can be more assured than one who has visited the fields of emigration, as I have done.

The English contention, that Ireland is over populated, we all know to be a part of a deliberate design to drive or induce the Catholic Irish from the country so as to Anglicize the old soil and that way conquer the land more effectually than persecution ever could do. That this will happen if the tide of emigration is not stayed is as certain as anything that can be in this world. Hence it is not the first duty of all Irishmen to do something, no matter how little, to keep the people at home? It is the most important thing we have before us, and it is a work in which patriotic men of all parties and creeds may join in a common platform.

### Month's Mind for the Right Rev. Alexander MacDonnell, D.D.

The month's Mind for the late Right Rev. Alexander Macdonnell, D.D., was held in St. Finnan's Cathedral on Wednesday of last week. The mass was sung by Bishop O'Connor, Peterboro, assisted by Rev. D. R. McDonald as deacon, and Rev. D. C. McRae as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Campbell, a young and effective speaker. Amongst those present were Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, Bishop O'Connor, Peterboro, and Bishop Scollard of Saint Ste. Marie.

### ST. MARY'S CHURCH, MONTREAL

Restored to Its Former Beauty

"Jubilate Deo" was the keynote of the important celebration which took place on Wednesday evening in the beautiful little temple in the east end of Montreal, and dedicated to God under the title of Our Lady of Good Counsel. It was the closing scene of restoration after the destructive fire of three years ago. The church had been rebuilt, fitted with electric lights, new pews, new stations of the Cross, yet one thing remained, it was the furnishing of a new organ.

At last pastor and people had seen their devotedness crowned with success. And now the last act of their tireless labors was about to take place, the blessing of the new instrument. At 8 o'clock Rev. Canon Emile Ray, Chancellor of the Archdiocese performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kiernan, P.P., St. Michael's, and Rioux, P.P.C.S.S., R., St. Anne's. Rev. Father Brady, P.P., St. Mary's, was master of ceremonies. After the blessing Prof. J. D. Dussault, organist of Notre Dame church, gave an organ recital in three parts, and brought out the many fine tones of the new instrument in the different selections played.

### (1st Part)

- (a) Nuptial March ... De la Tombelle
- (b) Chanson d'Ete ... Ed. Lemarre
- (c) Caprice ... Anonymous
- (d) Grand Chorus E flat ... Guillemant

### (2nd Part)

- (a) Allegro—From 6th Symphony.
- (b) Andante Cantabile 4th Symphony
- (c) Intermezzo—6th Symphony.
- (d) Pontifical March—1st Symphony. —Widor.

### (3rd Part)

- (a) Prelude and Fugue A. Min. J. S. Bach.
- (b) Reminiscences of Irish Melodies.
- (c) Idylle (from 14th Sonata). West
- (d) Finale E. flat ... Grison

After the sermon, the 2nd Part was performed, and at the close of Benediction the 3rd Part was rendered.

Rev. Father J. C. Brophy, Professor of Theology at St. John's Seminary, Boston, preached an eloquent sermon. He took for his text: "Praise the Lord with psaltery and harp; praise Him with timbrel and choir; praise Him with strings and organs." (Psalm 150 vs. 3 and 4.)

The Church, in her zeal for the honor of God, lays incessant claim to everything that can contribute to His service and worship. If anything be expressive of beauty, she dedicates it to Him; if anything be expressive of noble sentiments, she offers it to Him. In the house of God where He dwells, where His children gather to pay Him homage, she reunites all that the arts possess and genius can devise, to make His dwelling place worthy of His holy presence. She bids architecture rear massive walls and lofty dome; lift up column and arch, and hail the eye, and through the eye the soul, up to the very doors of heaven. She bids sculpture and painting adorn her walls with scenes from the life of her Saviour, of His Mother, of His Saints, or fix the glimpses and vision of paradise to inspire us and console us in our efforts. She takes from the arts whatever they have of the beautiful to give it to God. But there is one art her own, which she has not borrowed, but has given birth to the art of music.

Bishops, priests and monks labored with the masters to perfect church music. The organ is the divine instrument of the Church for chosen praises. The Church with its accompanying tones chants its psalms, glorifying and magnifying God, imploring mercy. It is the voice of worship. We leave the voice of the world, of earth—all that is human and baser ambitions, to enter the hallowed walls of the Church which takes us to her bosom. She speaks to us of our Father, our Redeemer, our Saviour, the glories of Paradise. All the chanting of the Kyrie Eleison is our voice crying for mercy. At the Gloria it is our voice rejoicing, and at the Credo it is our voice making open profession of our faith. It is thus that we lift our souls on high, above the sordid ideas of this world, an echo of the heavenly court of the city of God, where peace, joy and happiness dwell. This instrument is the voice of the parish. It will be heard on Sundays and holidays. It will be heard in joy and in anguish. It will be heard proclaiming the glories of some great feast. It will be heard at our Requiem, and the sad lament becomes the voice of our soul crying for pity, love and benediction. There was need of a voice to present the prayers and petitions of her children to God and the utmost interior sentiments should be outwardly expressed, and mankind should unite when they gather together with a voice strong and powerful to raise up the prayers and petitions to God on high. The preacher congratulated pastor and people on their noble work amidst trials and difficulties innumerable in seeing their parish restored to health and vigor, and the last link of restoration was concluded to-night when the dulcet tones resounded throughout the restored temple, now grander, now brighter than ever. After the 2nd part of the organ recital solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by Rev. Father Corbeil, P.P., St. Joseph's, assisted by Rev. Fathers Casey, P.P., St. Agnes, and White. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Wilson and T. C. Emblem, rendered the following programme in excellent style:

### Chorus—Cor Jesu (Wilson).

Sanctus and Benedictus—Wilson's 2nd Mass.  
Tantum Ergo—Baritone solo and chorus. Soloist, Mr. T. Emblem.  
Laudate Dominum—Wilson.  
In the Sanctuary were several priests, skilled musicians, who were loud in their praise of the new instrument, including Rev. Fathers Sauve, Winnipeg; Legace, St. Joseph's; Cotter, S.J., Immaculate Conception; Jas. White, formerly of

the Archdiocese of St. John's, Nfld., but now attached to the Archdiocese of Montreal. Rev. Fathers Cullinan, McCroly, Connolly, S.J., and Elliot, Montreal Seminary. The church was tastefully decorated with flags and banners for the occasion.

### New Mother General of the Order of the Good Shepherd.

In view of the fact that we have a house of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Toronto, the following account of the election of the Mother General of the Community will be of interest:

The election of the Mother General of the order of the Good Shepherd took place on June 30, feast of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, and according to a cablegram despatched immediately after the event to all the houses, Mother Mary of St. Domatilla Larose has been chosen for this high and responsible office. She is a native of Canada, and entered the Order at the Provincial house in Montreal at the age of eighteen. After her profession she proved an earnest and efficient worker in her arduous vocation and filled important positions in various houses of the Order in the Dominion. She was finally sent in charge of a foundation to Lima, South America, and was very successful in her work in this field, so distant from her native land, and in such contrast to it. After some years she was summoned to France, and here her excellent qualities of soul and mind so deeply impressed the authorities of the Order that she was made first assistant to the Mother General. In this capacity Mother Domatilla made an almost world-wide tour of the convents of the Good Shepherd under the Generalate, going from France to India, thence to the Pacific Coast, and finally to the more important houses in the rest of the United States and Canada.

She comes, therefore, to her office peculiarly well equipped, with direct personal knowledge of the work of her Order in many lands, and its especial and varying needs in countries widely different in government, climate, customs, etc. She is a woman of good education, ripe experience and much tact and judgment; strong and steadfast, but kindly and lovable withal. She is fluent in at least three languages—French, Spanish and English—a desirable quality in one whose spiritual family is represented in practically every country in the world. There have been professions in the Convent at Angers whence, as a rule, the nuns are missioned to distant lands, where the vows were uttered in five languages. There are about 6,000 nuns of the Good Shepherd dispersed throughout the world. Among the countries in which the Order is strong are France, Germany, Spain, Italy, England, Ireland and Scotland, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. There are houses in Malta, Algiers, Egypt, Hamana, Syria and other parts of Asia, South Africa and Oceania.

The Order seems unlikely to suffer in France, since it came safely through the infamous administration of Combes, and the present ministry is far less radical. Indeed, a newspaper which some time ago libelled one of the Convents was compelled by legal decision to pay damages and print exemplary retraction. The French Government needs the aid of these marvelous reformers, and practically admits it; even if it is not wise enough yet to realize the preventive value of the teaching institutes which it is scattering throughout the world, but whose return it will yet desire and promote.

There is much satisfaction in all the convents of the Good Shepherd at the result of the election, and general prayer that Mother Domatilla, who is a vigorous woman of about fifty-seven years, will long be spared to her great charge.

### Bishop Scollard Enthusiastic

Bishop Scollard of Sault Ste. Marie, who is visiting in Montreal, is enthusiastic over the possibilities of his new diocese. In an interview his Lordship gives a detailed account of the natural advantages embraced in the 140,000 square miles which form his dominion, and of the industrial conditions therein existing. The minuteness with which Bishop Scollard enters into the subject shows the grasp he already has on the things in the midst of which he lives, and his eagerness to induce the young men from the east to avail themselves of the opportunities offered them by the west is evident from the following quotation: "When I have had time to study my territory thoroughly and to obtain quite accurate information of its natural resources, I shall do all I can to make the young men of Eastern Canada realize what opportunities New Ontario offers them."



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"By Reason of the Law"

(Mary T. Waggaman.)

The roses were in bloom—Sister Angela's roses. It was but a scant clutch of garden that edged the stone-paved court of Saint Luke's, but Sister Angela and the roses made the best of it.

"We will clear this way," the doctor's young assistant had said, laying a destroying hand on the budding bough.

"No!" Dr. Thorpe had answered hastily, thinking of the white roses that had wreathed the porch of his boyhood's home.

And now the roses were in bloom, and all the harsh protest of antiseptic anaesthetics could not stay the triumph of their fragrance.

It stole through yard and corridor, and sick room; filled the little chapel whose altar Sister Angela heaped with her fairest blooms; breathed hope and cheer to the white-faced patients entering the portals of peril and pain.

"I am sorry to detain you, Doctor," she said, "but young Delaplane, on whom you are to operate to-morrow, is the greatest terror and distress. He begs to see you, to speak to you before you leave."

"If you think it wise," the doctor said, thoughtfully, "he was to be kept very quiet, you know, Dr. Osborne said."

"I know—but—I—I cannot quiet him. He insists upon seeing you; a few words, perhaps, may soothe and compose him—allow his anodyne to take effect."

Doctor and nurse entered noiselessly. On the narrow, white bed beneath the window lay the wreck of a man still young in years, but wan, hopeless, haggard; every feature stamped with the lines that mark a wild and wasted life.

"This is Dr. Thorpe," began Sister Angela, quietly. "What can I do for you?" asked the doctor in a low voice of sympathy.

"I want to see you, to talk to you," he gasped; "you—you are to do the cutting to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, but don't talk, don't think of that now!" was the soothing reply. "You must try to be calm, cheerful, for your own sake. Be assured that we will do all we can for you."

"Will you?" asked the sick man, hoarsely. "If I were sure of that, but there's no pay in my case—no one to see or know or care."

"Your word on that, Doctor; your grip—the sick man held out a shaking hand. "It will be something to hold to through the horror, the darkness, the icy fear. My God, when I think! When I think of what is before me. I shake like a woman. I once boasted athlete of my class. A woman! bah, I am weaker than a woman, for she knows how to suffer and—die!"

He stopped for a moment, gasping, and then lifted his burning eyes to Thorpe's face. "Will it come to that to-morrow with me, Doctor?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Not if human skill can avert it," was the grave answer, and then the speaker paused. Since the day, now fully twenty years ago, when he had taken his diploma from a loved and revered hand, he had held his profession as a noble and sacred trust—as a ministry—not of the soul indeed, but of the body, a ministry holy and far-reaching from the faint cry of the new-born to the last shuddering breath of departing life.

"That the operation is a dangerous one I cannot deny," he added, seriously. "What are my chances—even?"

"No," was the reluctant answer. The patient ground out a fierce oath between his clenched teeth. The doctor's pitying face grew stern. "Is this the way to meet what lies before us all?" he asked. "It is not my part to preach, but this good Sister can show you, as she has shown many a poor fellow, light in the way."

He turned to Sister Angela, who stood at the foot of the bed, but she only shook her head hopelessly. "I want no woman's talk," said her patient fiercely. "White, soft, sheltered, coddled creatures, what do they know of lives like mine? Bah! I had a wife once, one of your angel kind. We were as far apart as Heaven and Hell."

"Let me say a man's word to you, then," said Thorpe. "Were I here lying in your place, life wasted, misused, as you say yours has been, I would turn to my Maker and ask for pardon, forgiveness for the abuse of so noble and precious a gift. And if it should be restored to me, as I pray God it may be to-morrow—"

"I will be another man," the speaker's voice broke into a hoarse sob. "I swear to you I will, Doctor. Do your best for me. I am a wretched hulk, I know, and not worth the saving. But give me back my life, and I will be another man indeed."

"After Nelly turned from me—I don't blame her—I drove her to it—after she gave me up—nothing mattered much. I took the shortest road to the devil and kept it at full pace. But now—now—if I could turn back, Doctor—I am not thirty yet. If—if I could turn back. If—if you will save me." Again he stopped, panting, gasping, and Thorpe could only murmur a few more kind and cheering words, and turn sadly from the piteous scene.

The breath of the roses met him again as he passed out of the room—the soft swell of the organ came through the sunlit corridor. "We can only pray," said Sister Angela's low voice in his ear. "We have benediction this evening, will you come in?"

Greater, richer, better equipped institutions sought his skill; he stood leader and teacher in crowded lecture-rooms where men hung breathless on his word and work, but only in St. Luke's could he feel the pulse of the spirit throbbing in sweet rhythm beneath the discordant struggle of life and death.

And as the great doctor passed into the little chapel where the sunset trembled through an oriel window that showed the Divine Physician raising the daughter of Jairus, and knelt before the rows of white-coiled heroines who had given up love and home, and all that the heart of woman craves, for their Master's sake, he blessed God for the Light of Faith kindled in his soul, in that old rose-wreathed home of long ago, the light beside which the torch of science he upheld burned cold, and pale, and dim.

The "burden of the day" seemed lifted from the Doctor in St. Luke's little chapel, and with springing, eager step he took his homeward way. He stopped at the French florist near his corner.

"Violets this evening, monsieur?" said the bright-eyed little madame, smiling at a well-known customer.

"No, roses," he answered. "White roses." The little madame grew grave.

"It is not, I hope, that monsieur has lost a friend?" she asked.

"No, no," he answered quickly. "Do you mean white roses are for the dead only?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, no. For that we have La Vierge rose, all pale, all pure. But there are others; perhaps it is the bride roses monsieur wishes?" A flush that was almost boyish rose to the bronzed cheek.

"Yes," he answered, "bride roses to-day."

"Oh, good, good," said the little woman brightly, and she took the card on which he had scribbled the address with a cheering smile and nod. "They shall be sent, monsieur—the bride roses—at once."

"Miss Elinor Maitland," she read aloud, as her customer turned from the door. "It is always the same. Two dozen bride roses for Miss Elinor Maitland, Antoine!" she called to the inner room, where her crippled husband was busy among his blossoms.

"Bride roses, bien? there are none left, they have all gone to the La-salle wedding to-night," was the reply.

"Stupid," said the little madame impatiently. "Am I to disappoint my best customer?"

"We have Les Vierges—cut for the funeral wreaths," Antoine's cracked voice suggested.

"Ah, what a sweet saint of a nun, if she had only the faith!" But, though neither Faith nor Hope seemed to shed their blessed rays upon Elinor Maitland's path, another light was breaking upon it slowly, silently, almost unconsciously; a light that shone in Doctor Thorpe's eyes as he clasped her hand, when she stepped forward to meet him in the old madame's drawing room to-night.

She was dressed in black, soft clinging black, that made her pale face with its violet eyes almost luminous by contrast, and she wore his roses on her breast and in her hair.

The quaint room, with its old French furnishing, dimly lit by shaded lamps (Madame Crevecoeur held gas light an American barbarism), seemed a fitting setting for the graceful figure.

Long casement windows opened into the dim fragrance of a garden, musical with the splash of falling water—altogether the scene was one to fill the doctor with a sense of deep content.

"How are my patients to-night?" he asked, as the slender, white hand rested for a moment in his own.

"Marraine—the friendly old Frenchwoman had insisted upon being called "god-mother" instead of "Marraine" by her "petite Bonne"—"Marraine is asleep and declared she must not be awakened if the stars should fall. She has had a hard day, poor Marraine."

"Which means you have had a hard day, too."

"Not at all, except that it is hard to see poor Marraine suffer. But she is so patient, so gentle. There are no hard days for me now, and your roses came to brighten this for me—your beautiful roses."

"Do you like them? I am glad," he said. "The white rose has an especial charm for me. And Sister Angela's garden is full of them now. They have been whispering to me all day as I worked."

"Whispering. Of what?" she asked with a little forced laugh. "They learn no secrets in Sister Angela's garden, I am sure."

"I think they do," he answered in a low voice. "Beautiful secrets of heroism, of self-sacrifice, that neither Sister Angela nor her roses will ever tell. But they were simply recalling to me a boy who used to dream and wonder in a rose-wreathed country home long ago."

"And did the dreams come true?" she asked softly.

"He had to brush them aside like morning mists—to wake and to work in fields where dreams have no place. Sometimes, in the whisper of the roses, the music of old songs, the gleam of starlight, they come back even now," and he paused abruptly. "Let us go into the garden," he said; "it is too beautiful to be within walls to-night."

She flung the black lace scarf that she wore lightly about her shoulders over her head, and followed him down the grass-grown steps of the stone terrace to a rustic bench beside the fountain. Only the musical fall of the waters broke the stillness; all was sweet and dim, save for the clear light of the summer stars, and a ruddy glow from an upper window that faintly outlined a cross in the darkness.

"The red lamp burns in her oratory night and day. It seems to comfort her in her pain to see it. Why, I do not know. But there are many things in this wonderful faith of Marraine's I cannot understand."

"Perhaps you do not try," he answered gently. "And yet I have heard you say that it draws you, fascinates you inexpressibly."

"Yes," she continued, "it is so wise, so strong so tender and yet withal, so stern and pitiless in its demands."

"Pitiless!" he exclaimed; "surely you must misapprehend our faith's teachings. Pitiless! How?"

"Think of the men, the women, it dooms to barren, loveless lives," she went on passionately. "Could they not serve as well on lighter chains, with natural ties of home and fireside?"

"No," was Thorpe's answer; "emphatically no. And I give you the testimony of all who work among the sinful and abandoned, when I speak thus. There is no service given to poor humanity so pure and perfect as these lives of absolute self-sacrifice, a self-sacrifice that brings freedom, joy, triumph, which you and I indeed can never know. As for home and fireside, the Mother Church guards them, too."

"Aye, by laws, stern, unyielding as the rest," she cried sharply. "Oh, I know, I know, how wills must bend and hearts must break at her command; how the marriage bond, however hateful, must hold until death—until death!"

"Yes," said Thorpe, and his low voice thrilled with earnestness. "Until death. And would human love, even in its truth and purity, give or accept a lesser vow? 'Until death!' It is the law of God and must stand against all time, all change. Until death! It is the law that sanctifies, and consecrates, and protects the home, the fireside—that gives to wifehood its highest dignity, its noblest crown. Until death!" He repeated the words softly, as if they made music in his ears—"Until death!"

There was a moment's pause, filled only by the music of the fountain, the twitter of a waking bird in the bough above. Then a strange hoarse sob fell on Thorpe's startled ear.

how he had hoped and dreamed. "Oh, I should have told you before," she was murmuring brokenly; "should have told you before."

"Yes," he answered, and his voice sounded strange and far away to his own ear—"you should have told me before."

"But it was so hard to speak to me of the past. It hurts me so. I wanted to turn from it forever, to bury it out of sight, like the dead thing it had become. Oh, it was wrong, I know; it was wrong; you have been so good, so kind, so generous to me. I should have trusted you with all."

"Do not despise me utterly," she continued; "do not think me false, deceitful, ungrateful. You have been such a friend to me in my sore need; such a light in my darkness; you have lifted me from death to life, and I bless you for it all; bless and thank you from the depths of my woman's heart."

"Do not say any more," he said huskily. "Do not tell me anything more. It—it hurts you too much."

"No, no," she answered eagerly. "I must speak to-night. I must tell you all, that you may know, that you may judge, perhaps guide me. You are so wise, so strong."

"Strong! Strong!" he could not trust himself to speak. No—not yet. A stifling darkness seemed to have fallen on the summer night, a darkness through which the stars could not reach. They were so pale, so far, so high. How could they guide through earth's lower gloom. But one ray tumbled through the shadow; the red light of Marraine's altar lamp burning before a Bleeding Heart.

She was telling her pitiful story in a voice of broken music. "I was married young. I was scarcely eighteen. We had been little playmates, sweethearts always, and I thought I loved him, oh, I thought so, indeed. We were too young, perhaps, to know."

"We went to live at his home. His father was a rich, strong, stern man, who had always kept a strict rein on his household—an elder in his church who held every natural and innocent amusement to be wrong. He, my husband, was guided and governed like a child, a weak, unthinking child. Ah, no man should be kept in leading strings at twenty-one. Yet we were both young and untried together, and we were happy for awhile even in our gilded cage, very happy. Then his father died suddenly and Arthur found himself rich and free from all the old dull restraint."

"Arthur!" The name fell in harsh dissonance on the listener's ear, as if it struck painfully on some vague, half-forgotten cord.

"And then—then all that the stern force of his father's will, the glowing laws of his creed, had suppressed in him broke loose, he ran wild without guide or rein. I had no wisdom, no strength to hold him. He flung his fortune like chaff to the wind; his home, his lands were lost at the gaming table. He roistered in saloons and at race-courses, to the horror of all who had known him in his model youth."

"Twice I left him, and went back to my own home, and he came to me with prayers and promises and I was weak enough to pity and forgive, until at last—at last, I had grown older, stronger, wiser; all that I had thought was loved died in my heart, died into contempt, repulsion. I went into the divorce court and was freed."

There was a triumphant ring in the word like the clank of a broken chain, but the doctor did not hear. The red light burned low in the darkness, a guiding star.

"Poor child," he said huskily, "poor child!"

"Then—then I left all that had grown hateful to me; home and friends, and name even. I came here a stranger among strangers, to earn my bread. I trust the past from me with all my strength. I tried to forget it had ever been, to bury it out of thought and memory forever—forever. But—but its ghost has risen to-day, and I do not know how—how to meet it. He who was my husband is ill, dying, and has sent for me. What must I do? What is it right to do?"

"Do not ask me," he said in a harsh, strained voice. "Go to someone else—to Marraine."

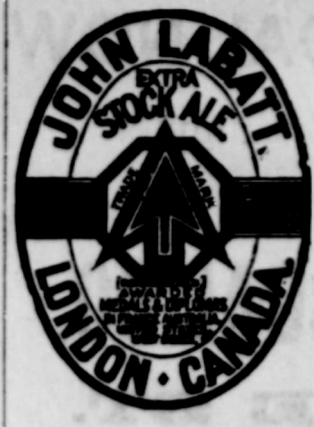
"No," she said slowly. "I look to you for guidance, I trust and honor you more than anyone else on earth. I will be guided by your word alone. Love, the old love, is dead in my heart. But you, Marraine, the good Sisters at St. Luke's have taught me that there is a higher law than human love."

"There is," he answered, as she paused—"a higher law than love."

"And it holds me?" she asked with a long-drawn breath. "You think, by this law, the law of God, I am still Arthur's wife?"

"You are still his wife," was the low, steady answer. "The bond holds in God's sight until death."

"Then I should go to him in his dying hour. I should go to him. Ah, you are right, you are always right. I will go. He is at Saint Luke's, so I heard this evening, in Dr. Osborne's ward. Perhaps you have heard of Arthur Delaplane."



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The Memory of St. Boniface His Grace Archbishop Poirne is on his way to Fulda, where he will join with members of the German Hierarchy in honoring the memory of St. Boniface. Englishmen of every class and creed should rejoice that England is thus represented. St. Boniface was one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived—a man whose name to-day, after the lapse of 1,150 years, is a wonderful power amongst Germans. And yet because he was a Catholic there are multitudes of Englishmen who are unacquainted with his work; yea, multitudes of them who do not even know his name. Boniface was born at Crediton or Kirtton in Devonshire about the year 680, and received at baptism the name Winfrid. It was a time when missionaries from Ireland and England were carrying the cross through many of the Continental countries. Winfrid joined St. Willibrord in Friseland; then passed into Hesse and Saxony, whence converts, destroying the temples of idolaters, and building Christian churches. Pope Gregory III. commanded him to repair to Rome, confirmed the evangelist's change of name from Winfrid to Boniface, and gave him a general commission as a legate of St. Peter. Then the saint went forth and earned the title of the Apostle of the Germans, fixing the constitution of the Church in Germany. He was martyred by infidels in East Friseland at the age of seventy-five. When Englishmen read year after year of the German Bishops holding conferences at Fulda how few of them are aware that the Bishops meet there because of the association of their countryman St. Boniface, and of his memory and remains with the city. In 746 he laid at Fulda the foundation of a great abbey which long remained a renowned centre of piety and learning. The Abbot became a prince of the Empire and lord of a very extensive territory. He obtained the title of Primate of all the Abbots in Germany and Chancellor to the Empress. When making use of the privilege which Pope Zachary had granted him, he chose as his successor and consecrated as Archbishop of Meutz, St. Lullus, an Englishman, formerly a monk at Malmesbury. The church at Fulda was one of the sacred buildings which he charged him to finish. After the death of St. Boniface, his body was carried to Utrecht, thence to Meutz, and lastly to Fulda, where it was laid by Lullus, as the saint himself had desired. The Bonifidians have given a long record of miracles wrought by God at Fulda through the intercession of the saint who did so much to plant the faith amongst the Germans—Catholic Times.

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Optimism grows with knowledge. There is enough visible good in the world to put the gloomiest in good heart, and the invisible good is greater than can be seen through the most rose coloured glasses. It is a blessed thing to remember that the motives of men are seldom wholly bad, and that if the human vision could penetrate beneath the surface of life, it would see much to lessen the evil which offends a more superficial scrutiny. The world looks worse than it is, and it is those who see most clearly into the tangled impulses at the root of deeds who judge that out-growth most kindly. Justice compels a leniency hardly less than that of mercy. In many cases, indeed, mercy is merely justice, since the merciful are those who forgive much because they understand much.

The largest animal of the cat species to be found in the United States is the puma, which 7 times attains a length of six feet.

"Leave to-night," she echoed tremulously. "Not-for long?"

"I cannot say," he answered slowly, as he rose from her side. "A doctor's time is not his own, and I may be detained some days."

Say that you are not angry with me before you go, that you forgive my silence, that you do not think me false, deceitful, ungrateful," she pleaded. "Say that you are my friend still."

"Your friend, always, ever," he answered, and there was a tremor in the low voice that all his strength could not steady. "Good night," and as he held out his hand to her she felt it was icy cold as the hand of the dead. "God bless and keep you until we meet again."

It was close to midnight when Dr. Mark Osborne, stretched out in as much ease in his big leather chair as a bandaged arm would allow, heard his office bell ring sharply. "Can't go out to the President himself to-night," he called to his boy when a tall, stalwart figure pushed into the room without ceremony. "Thorpe! My dear fellow this is good of you. I was just wishing for someone to whom I could swear out in safety. Mrs. Osborne has a prejudice against profanity—even under such trying circumstances as mine just now. There I am at our busiest season laid up like a log."

"Laid up," exclaimed his visitor, breathlessly, dropping into a chair. "For God's sake don't say that Osborne. I came to ask you to take my place in the operating room to-morrow."

"Your place to-morrow! My dear man, I couldn't cut a baby's gown. My old enemy, muscular rheumatism, struck me this evening, and my right arm is powerless."

"Then I must go to see Bolin," said Thorpe, rising hurriedly.

"No use, not a bit. He is out of town for two days; called imperatively to his brother's dying bed. He phoned me an hour ago to look out for his patients—no surgical cases, of course. He won't be back before Friday."

"Friday," Thorpe echoed hopelessly "the case—young Delaplane—can't wait another day."

"Not another unnecessary hour," answered Osborne. "So we agreed this afternoon. Of course, if you take the responsibility. But in my judgment a day's delay will be perilous, if not fatal."

"In other words," Thorpe's voice was strained and harsh, "the man's life is in my hands."

"It seems so," answered the other. "I don't see exactly—"

"How I can shirk," continued Thorpe in the same dry tone. "Nor I, nor I. Though I don't—don't feel equal to it. I have had a shock—a personal matter—that has unnerved me greatly. I thought if I could get off for a few days until I could rally—"

"My dear Thorpe, no one would ever assure you of shirking duty," said his friend kindly. "If you can't operate, you can't, and there is an end of it. I'll telegraph to Bolton, and, well! Delaplane will simply have another chance against him—the odds are desperate as it is."

"No," said Thorpe. "No, there must be no unnecessary risk. I will do my best. I—I will save him if it is in my power."

There were no mortal eyes to see the struggle that Vance Thorpe passed through that night in the long hours of darkness. No mortal ears to catch the cry for help and strength that went up beyond the pale, pitying stars.

And help and strength were given to him.

White as the senseless form over which he bent, he stood in the operating room next morning, the breath of Sister Angela's roses stealing through the open window and the balance of life and death trembling to his touch.

Never in all the brilliant years that had given him name and fame had his eye been so keen, his hand so steady, his touch on quivering flesh and nerve so delicate, so skillful, so wonderfully successful.

As the low murmur of applause from the lookers-on told him, his work was done, he staggered back into a chair spent and shaken.

"Mrs. Delaplane is waiting without," said one of the doctors to an attendant. "Let her know that all is well." And Thorpe heard no more. He had fainted away.

He was ill for days and then went abroad for rest, as his doctors advised. It was a year before he returned. Old Madame Crevecoeur had died during his absence, and her home had been sold. Sister Angela, too, had been sent away on another mission. They were building an addition to Saint Luke's, where her roses had bloomed. All things had changed.

Thorpe, himself, as his friends noticed wonderingly, though bronzed and healthy from travel, looked old and gray. But he took up his life-work with renewed vigor, broadening the field of his beneficence every year. Brusque and abrupt sometimes in manner to the fortunate, he seemed to have a new tenderness and pity for all sorrow and weakness and sin.

Children, always all, loved him, and there were always half a dozen small patients in his own house getting well under his eyes and care.

And many a little sufferer passed through the Dark Valley cradled lovingly in the good doctor's arms.

It was several years after his return from abroad when a visitor was admitted to his office whose dark eyes and delicate, handsome features seemed in some dim, half-remembered way, familiar to him.

"You do not recognize me, Doctor Thorpe?" he said.

"Vaguely," replied the doctor, "though when or where I saw you last, I do not know."

"It was from the Gates of Death, from which you drew me," said the man in a moved tone. "Doctor, I am Arthur Delaplane!"

Thorpe started, paled, almost recoiled, but in the warmth and eager-

ness of his gratitude his visitor did not see. He went on: "I have come to thank you, not for the life your skill gave me back, for God knows it was a worthless wreck, scarce worth the saying, but for all—all that life has brought to me since—the new faith, the new hope, the new love. Nellie told me of your goodness to her, of the strong, true, noble friend you were to her in her darkest hours; that it was your voice, your words of Christian counsel that sent her back to me, to pity, to forgive. I know the cost at which you saved me, Doctor."

"You know," said Thorpe, huskily, "you know—"

"That you were ill, broken, unfit for the effort you made that morning. Dr. Osborne told me how you came to him the night before and told him you felt unfit to operate, and yet—yet for my sake, for a stranger, a mere wreck of humanity, drifting between life and death, you nerved yourself for an ordeal that brought you serious illness. We know all that you have done for us, Doctor, and we bless you for all the happiness of our reunited life; we will bless and thank you in our grateful hearts as long as we live."

"She is happy, then, your wife; well and happy."

"Very well, and I think happy, too," answered the other earnestly. "I try to make her so; I try to atone for the past. I was a wild, reckless fellow, who had been held in too tight a rein, but I loved her at my worst—loved her and her alone. We both were young, untaught, untried. But you, the good Sister Angela, who nursed me back to health, the kind old Frenchwoman, who was Nellie's friend and second mother, guided us to the light, the light and truth that has brightened our lives ever since. Ah, yes, I think Nellie is happy again, happy in her children, in her home, even in her husband, all unworthy as he is to her. But you know the old text, Doctor. There is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth, and we thought, Nellie and I, that it might please you to hear—"

"It does, it does," said Thorpe, in a deep, earnest tone. "I am glad to know what you tell me. I have often thought, wondered, ah, I am glad indeed to know that all—all is well."

"And," Nellie's husband went on in the frank, earnest, manly tone that told all earnest was well with him, "our boy is your namesake, Doctor. His mother tells him he is called after the best and noblest man in the world, and already he is proud of his name. Perhaps you would like to see his picture." The proud father drew a photograph from his pocket, and again the violet eyes of Elinor Maitland looked out at Thorpe from a round, roguish, cherub face framed in a tangle of baby curls. Below, in a graceful, once familiar hand, was written "Thorpe Delaplane," and the old pain that had wakened in the doctor's heart died forever at the sight. "God bless him," he said, in a cheery voice that had an odd break in it. "Send him to me when he is big enough and I'll make a doctor of him—a doctor that will do credit to his name."

NOR AT ALL DIFFICULT.

"Pat!" said little Tommy.

"Yes, dear," replied the fond parent.

"I can't do this sum, pa," continued the bright hopeful.

"Let me look at it," said pa, taking the book in his hand.

"Why, Tommy, that's not difficult," he went on, after reading the problem his offspring pointed out: "A cistern has two supply pipes and one waste pipe. One of the supply pipes can fill it in twenty minutes, the other can fill it in fifteen minutes, and the waste pipe can empty it in forty minutes. If all three pipes are in operation at once, how long will it take for the cistern to fill?"

"Ah—hum! Let me see, now. One pipe fills it in twenty minutes, the other in fifteen. Naturally, then, the two together will do it in thirty-five minutes. No, stay; that not right. One in fifteen and other in twenty. Then, together they'll do it in seventeen and a half. No, by Jove, they won't though!"

"Ah, of course"—brightening up—"if one can do it in less than fifteen. I thought you were wrong somewhere! Let's start again. Fifteen from twenty leaves five.

"But stay; that can't be right, for two at fifteen would only give seven and a half minutes and one of these is at twenty. Wait a moment! I've got it! Simply a matter of proportion. As fifteen is to twenty, so is—time? Half-past eight, sir! Off to bed at once! How often must I tell you that eight o'clock's your bedtime? The sum? Oh, never mind the sum. Do it in the morning before breakfast. It's easy enough."

AFRAID.

Who's afraid in the dark?  
"Oh, not I," said the owl,  
And he gave a great scowl,  
And he wiped his eye  
And fluffed his jowl—"To whoo!"  
Said the dog, "I bark  
Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!"  
Said the cat, "Miew!"  
I'll scratch anyone who  
Dares say that I do  
Feel afraid—Miew!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,  
"Of dark in the house?"  
Hear me scatter,  
Whatever's the matter—  
Squawk!"

Then the toad in the hole,  
And the bug in the ground,  
They both shook their heads  
And passed the word round.  
And the bird in the tree,  
And the fish and the bee,  
They declared, all three,  
That you never did see  
One of them afraid  
In the dark!

FOR SAFE KEEPING.

Grandma—Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?  
Bobby—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.—Tid-Bits.

A REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

Fill a small cup with boiling vinegar. Dip a piece of cotton wool into the vinegar, and rub the gum; let the vinegar be as hot as you can endure. Stop the aching tooth with some wool. In five minutes the pain will have ceased. Sometimes, however, two applications must be made.

THE PROPER WAY TO PACK.

Everyone can pack after a fashion, but it is not everyone who knows how to set about packing methodically and in the right way. Twice the number of things can be got into a trunk, without crushing (as they will be when packed anyhow), if the packing is done about properly. Clothes should be folded neatly by the seams, boots and shoes and the heavier things placed at the bottom, and such things as are likely to be crushed at the top, whence they should be taken up and shaken at the journey's end. The sleeves of blouses and bodices should be stuffed with tissue paper.

In packing luggage numbered lists should be made in order that, if any special article is wanted, it may be known where it is. When packing hats, it is a good plan to pin them down, and to put a few linen collars neatly round the crown to prevent its being crushed in. Feathers and hairbrushes are best taken out and placed flat.

Travellers should always put a few necessary articles, that will be wanted immediately on arrival, in a small bag, so that they can be laid hands on at once, and the large boxes left for a convenient opportunity; or in case the larger luggage should go wrong on the journey.

NOT THE OLDEST.

There is a representative in Congress from the West whose special pride it is to recount the quaint observations of his nine-year-old daughter.

Not long ago, according to the proud father, little Ethel came to him one afternoon and informed him that she had just seen the President's wife walking with one of the ladies of the Cabinet circle. "And, papa," said Ethel, "she isn't anything like as old as grandma!"

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the Congressman, "of course she isn't. Mrs. Roosevelt is a young woman. How in the world did you get any other idea?"

"Well, papa," replied the youngster, "you yourself told me once that she was the first lady in the land!"

WHEN BABY SAYS GOOD-NIGHT.

Her little feet so white and bare  
Trip down the wide and winding stair,  
Arrayed in simple gown of white  
She comes to bid me sweet good-night.

The rosy cheeks, the chubby arms—  
I worship all the baby charms,  
And kiss the lips that prattle so  
Of childish joy and childish woe,  
And then I breathe a silent prayer  
For little feet so white and bare.

For tired heart and brows that ache,  
There's balm that follows in her wake;  
No greater blessing joy commands  
Than soothing stroke of childish hands.

What greater boon of helpful bliss  
Than dimpled cheeks to press and kiss?  
I seem to part from ways of men  
And cling the more to heaven, when  
She trips down the winding stair  
With little feet so white and bare.

A last good-night and then she's gone  
To tread the shores that love grows on,  
The dreamland isle where roses meet  
And tangle up the childish feet  
That pass that way. I grow resigned  
To Fate which seemed to me unkind  
And cruel in its every task,  
And now no earthly boon I ask,  
I only laugh at sordid care,  
And bless the feet so white and bare.

A WOMAN.

You say that you are but a woman—  
You who are so very wonderful to me.  
You tell me there is little you can do,  
Little indeed that all the world can see.

There are no battles on the open plain  
That you can fight, as I, a man,  
can fight;  
But who shall say your life is lived in vain  
If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh, little woman-heart, be glad, be glad  
That you are what God made you!  
Well I know  
How you have served me when the day was sad,  
And made me better—yea, and kept me so!

Be very glad that you, in your white place,  
Your little home, with folded hands can be  
A silent influence to whose source I trace  
The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more  
That you have need to be from day to day?  
How wonderful to have your heart, your store,  
Of purity and goodness, and to say:  
"One that I love is nobler since I came,  
One that loves me is better for my sake."  
A woman. Oh, there is no greater name  
That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

FOR SAFE KEEPING.

Grandma—Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?  
Bobby—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.—Tid-Bits.

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**In and Around Toronto**

**ANNUAL RETREAT.**  
 The annual retreat of the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto is now being held. During this week sick calls throughout the city are attended from St. Michael's Cathedral.

**AT THE HOSPITAL.**  
 Rev. Father Laboureaux, P.P., of Penetanguishene, is a patient at St. Michael's Hospital. It is hoped that in a short time Father Laboureaux will be able to return to his charge.

**EXCURSION TO ST. CATHARINES**  
 The I.C.B.U. will hold an excursion to St. Catharines on Monday, July 17th. The steamers Garden City and Lakeside are chartered for the occasion, boats to leave Yonge street wharf at 8 and 11 a.m. An orchestra will accompany and a base-ball match and other attractions are arranged for. The committee in charge are R. Flanagan, chairman; W. Oster, secretary; N. Davis, treasurer; P. Cassidy, F. Oster, T. Byrnes, C. O'Donnell.

**KELLY-DUGGAN.**  
 The marriage of Miss Annie (Nan) Duggan, the youngest daughter of Mr. John Duggan, to William J. Kelly, youngest son of the late Captain M. Kelly, took place at St. Mary's church on Saturday, July 8th, Rev. Father T. O'Donnell officiating.

**GREAT PICTURE COMING TO TORONTO.**

Abbey's now world-famed painting of the coronation of King Edward VII, and his gracious Queen will be seen at the coming exhibition to be opened in Toronto on August 26th. The painting is a masterpiece of life-like figures so realistic in the portrayal of those they represent, and so exact in the presentation of the great scene enacted in Westminster Abbey, at the moment when our present sovereign ruler became king, that to view the picture is to live and breathe in the beauty and spirit of the great occasion. The royalty of the English and many foreign courts are all here; robes of state and the ancient and speaking symbols denoting the powers and functions of the British monarch are here gathered together, ecclesiastics, peers of the realm, soldiers of the empire—amongst them Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener—stand before the spectator, all forming part of the magnificent pageant of which the peace-making king and his always loved consort, are the chief figures. The Duke of Norfolk, the Premier Duke of England and first Catholic of the land, is also a prominent figure. To him through his office of High Marshal of the Empire, belonged the task of arranging all the details and ordering of the great day, a task which engaged his attention for months, during which time he was supreme at the famous Abbey. The attractions of the wonderful picture are so numerous that no lover of the historical or beautiful will miss seeing it at the coming exhibition.

**DEATH OF MISS A. F. MCGANN.**

A most esteemed and popular young lady of St. Patrick's parish, Annie Frances, daughter of the late captain John McGann, died at her home on Thursday, July 6th. Miss McGann was ill only about four weeks when the end came and her calling away thus early in life is mourned by a large circle of friends, testimony of which was given by the large number of floral offerings which surrounded the bier. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place from the residence of her mother, 112 St. Patrick street, to St. Patrick's church on Saturday morning, the pall-bearers being three brothers and Mr. Robert Thompson, brother-in-law of deceased. The interment was at St. Michael's Cemetery. Miss McGann is survived by four brothers and five sisters, all of Toronto, R.I.P.

**OBSEQUIES OF REV. FATHER GUINANE**

On Thursday morning last at 9 o'clock the funeral of Rev. Father Guinane, C.S.B., took place from St. Basil's church, a large number witnessing the last sad rites. On Wednesday evening the casket was borne to the church and the office for the dead recited, and on Thursday morning Masses were said previous to the solemn mass of requiem. The church was heavily draped, the chancel rails, pulpit, altar and vaulted groins being all covered with the sombre emblems of woe. His Grace the Archbishop pontificated and the sanctuary was filled with the priests of the diocese and from a distance. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., an old friend of the dead priest and his family. Rev. Father Meach of Detroit was deacon, and Rev. J. Luckley, C.S.B., of Owen Sound, sub-deacon. Rev. Father V. Murphy performed the office of master of ceremonies, and Rev. Fathers Ferguson and Cushing assisted his Grace. The acolytes were Rev. Mr. Carr and Rev. Mr. Pickett. At the close of the mass Rev. Father M. J. Ferguson, C.S.B., of Sandwich Col-

lege, ascended the pulpit and spoke briefly on death and on the occasion of the gathering. Death as described was but the beginning of life, it is not the old heathen symbol of the skeleton with the scythe that properly typifies death, but rather the handsome youth filled with beauty and vitality and holding in his hands the golden keys, for to the Christian soul death opens the door to eternal happiness. Father Ferguson paid an eloquent tribute to Father Guinane when in strong and simple words he spoke of him as a "grand specimen of a man and a most lovable companion, one who never was known to join in any conversation which tended to hurt another; he was one filled with sunshine sufficient to brighten any assemblage no matter how large. In the great suffering with which he had been afflicted, Father Guinane never murmured; he rather strove to cheer those who came to sympathize. We who have known him long, said the speaker, will live much longer before we forget him. Speaking of his spiritual qualities, Father Guinane was described as "a man of magnificent faith, high hope—aye, and charity," and the slight pause which preceded the word "aye" and the little word itself, were more effective than many long adjectives, and as the words fell upon the listeners, the great charity of the soul that had already stood before its maker, seemed to fill the church and ascend until it enveloped the departed priest, covering him with a mantle, in the brightness of which no stain was visible, and entitling the one who wore it to a place amongst God's own elect.

After the sermon the Absolution was given by his Grace, the assembled ecclesiastics meantime surrounding the bier and taking a last look at their departed confrere, soon to be hidden from sight. The Libra was then sung and the casket borne down the aisle, Rev. Fathers Roach, McGrand, Vaschalde, Ryan, Staley and Burke acting as pall-bearers. The chief mourners were the Basilian Community and the three brothers of deceased, John, William and Joachim. The Gregorian music of the mass was finely sung under the direction of Rev. Father Plomer, C.S.B., the director, and Rev. Father Staley singing the solos and Mr. Moore presiding at the organ in his usual masterly style. A large number took part in the cortege to St. Michael's Cemetery, amongst them being Rev. Fathers Coyle, Hand, McCabe, Minehan, McCann, Gallagher, Whelan, Murray, O'Donnell, Doherty, Stuhl, C.S.S.R., Doyle, C.S.S.R., Ryan, Kelly, Walsh, McEntee, Dr. Teely, C.S.B., of Toronto, Tracey of Dixie, O'Malley of Oshawa, McColl of the cathedral, Peterboro, Cherrier, of London; Carberry of Schomberg, McColl of St. Catharines, Mahoney of the cathedral, Hamilton, Kraemer of Hamilton, also Hon. J. J. Foy, Hon. Dr. Reaume, R. Elmsley, D. Miller, H. V. Kelly, Dr. J. J. Cassidy, John Laxton, J. J. Murphy, F. A. Moore, and many others. May he rest in peace.

**AT THE CATHEDRAL.**

The dedication of St. Michael's Cathedral was commemorated on Sunday last. Solemn High Mass was sung at the Cathedral church and a sermon on the day was preached by His Grace the Archbishop.

**OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.**

Next Sunday is the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and a day of special devotion for all who wear the Brown Scapular.

**ST. JOSEPH'S TABLE.**

A mistake was inadvertently made in the list of figures handed in to The Catholic Register, giving estimates of amount made at the House of Providence picnic. St. Joseph's table should have been credited with \$388 instead of \$188. This is excellent showing for St. Joseph's, and every credit is due its people for their good work.

**NEW LAUNDRY FOR WEST LODGE.**

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have received a permit from the city to build a new laundry to cost \$15,000.

**SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. F. O'CONNOR HIGGINS.**

The sudden death of Mr. Frank O'Connor Higgins occurred on Sunday last at the home of his brother-in-law, Dr. J. Sheahan of St. Catharines. Mr. Higgins had been for twenty-seven years in the railway mail service, but during the past year owing to his health was in the superintendent's office at the General Post Office. The funeral took place yesterday (Wednesday) from the home of his brother-in-law, J. D. Ward, 396 Markham street, Toronto, to St. Peter's church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

**DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.**

Sister Mary St. Teresa of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, West Lodge avenue, died during the past week. R.I.P.

**ST. BASIL'S SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTING.**

The children of St. Basil's Sunday School, accompanied by their teachers, had an outing to High Park on Tuesday. Special cars were chartered, and the ride out and the pleasant pastimes provided were thoroughly enjoyed by the children.

**THE TORONTO NATIONAL EXHIBITION.**

The twenty-seventh annual exhibition, which has developed into the Canadian National Exhibition, which opens on Saturday, Aug. 26th, promises to be the most successful and interesting in the history of the institution. In addition to the usual routine of exhibits and other attractions, there will this year be a collection of the richest art treasures in the world, loaned by the South Kensington Museum, Abbey's

## To Make Pure

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While the Royal Baking Powder is reported absolutely pure and healthful, the official reports show most other baking powders, as well as the cream of tartar of the market depended upon by many housekeepers for raising biscuit and cake, to contain either alum, ammonia or sulphuric acid,

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great picture of the Coronation, the daily concerts of the Irish Band and a special and separate department for the work of women and children. Such a programme leaves nothing to be desired and speaks loudly for the committees who have the arrangements in charge.

**LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF FR. DOLLARD'S NEW CHURCH**

It is expected that a large gathering will witness the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Church of St. Columbkille at Uptergrove, of which Rev. Father Dollard is pastor. Father Dollard has many friends in Toronto who will doubtless be present on the occasion. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor will perform the ceremony, which will take place on Wednesday, July 19th.

**BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS.**

The Band of the Irish Guards, which comes to Canada for the Canadian National Exhibition, is said to be the favorite musical organization of His Majesty, who selects it to play on many private and state occasions. It will be remembered that the corps of the Guards was raised in the memory of the enthusiastic reception given to Queen Victoria during her last visit to Ireland. No one is admitted to the corps who is not Irish either by birth or parentage. By musical authorities the Band is esteemed the most excellent of the military bands of the British Isles.

**FOUNDRESS OF COMMUNITY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD DEAD.**

The members of the Community of the Precious Blood, Toronto, in common with the numerous members in different parts of Canada and the United States are in profound grief at the loss of their foundress and Superior General, the Very Rev. Mother Catherine Aurelie, who died at the Convent of the Precious Blood, St. Hyacinthe, on the 6th inst. The deceased Sister was one to whom it was not necessary that death should come to make her name remarkable. For years she had been known for extraordinary piety and for the rare privileges received by her from the hands of her Creator. Mother Catherine was born at St. Hyacinthe seventy-two years ago. There she was educated, and there too, some twenty-eight years later, she founded the first House of her Order, marking an epoch when doing so, for the Community of the Precious Blood was the first contemplative order in Canada. Mother Catherine was ill since March last, and on the Sunday before her death was visited by Bishop Decelles of St. Hyacinthe, and always the first friend to the Community. The Bishop promised to see Mother Catherine again shortly, but the benign prelate himself was summoned by death, and on the same day the Palace and Convent of St. Hyacinthe were plunged in grief, each mourning the loss of its head. Of the four Sisters who formed the beginning of the Community at St. Hyacinthe forty-four years ago, only one remains, namely, Mother St. Joseph, Superioress of the House in Toronto, and a cousin of the late Mother Catherine. From such a small beginning, surrounded, too, by many difficulties, the members branched out until now they have eleven houses scattered throughout America, amongst them a house in Cuba. Mother Catherine was several times stationed at Toronto, the last occasion being three years ago. The funeral took place on Monday morning, Mother St. Joseph of Toronto being amongst those who went to St. Hyacinthe to attend. Here in Toronto the dead Mother is remembered; prayers in her behalf are continually recited and on Tuesday morning the little chapel, draped and speaking loudly of its loss, was the scene of a solemn high mass of requiem, at which the Community and many outsiders assisted. May she rest in peace.

**Death of Rev. P. J. Donovan, Springfield, Vt.**

Rev. Patrick J. Donovan of Springfield, Vt., a one-time student of St. Michael's College, Toronto, died on the 10th June, at Springfield, at the age of thirty-one years.

**ENCYCLICAL OF PIUS X.**

(Continued from page one.)

**Players Must Keep Within Bounds**

The late action of the mayor of Ottawa, whose interest had been roused in the matter by repeated rumors of rough play, is a warning to all, both amateurs and professionals. The mayor caused a lacrosse game to be played under police surveillance, and during it several players were on the point of arrest. Representations of friends prevailed, however, for the time being. The mayor, however, addressed the players with a decided warning; his words are worthy of note by all players, even those of our schools and colleges. This, said the mayor, is not a question of sport; it is a question of the keeping of the law of the country, and I shall see that so far as Ottawa is concerned the law shall be observed.

**Meeting of Separate School Board**

Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., presided at the meeting of the Separate School Board. Other members present were: Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Hand, Lamarche and Walsh, and Messrs. J. L. Woods, M. Powers, T. F. Callaghan, A. J. Cottam, Jos. Cadaret, J. J. O'Hearn and D. A. Carey.

On the recommendation of the Committee on Sites and Buildings, the following tenders were accepted for repairs: T. Sullivan, carpenter work on repairs, \$182.40; Madden Brothers, carpenter work re St. Helen's, \$273.00; John Dee, painting, re St. Helen's, \$60.00; J. E. Gray, plumbing, re St. Helen's, \$69.00; W. Keane, mason, brick, re St. Helen's, \$165.00; J. J. Flynn, galv. iron, re St. Helen's, \$139.00; Wm. Menton, fencing, 45 feet plank, \$7.65 square; A. Richard, kalsomine and painting, re repairs, \$745.00; E. Eldridge, painting, brick work re repairs, \$335.00; F. J. Bradley, plastering, repairs, \$50.00; J. J. Knowlton, re-slating blackboards, 33 cents per square yard; Jas. J. Gaston, 14 wire guards at \$1.50 each; E. N. Moyer & Co., slate boards, 48 inches wide, 27 cents per square foot, and 42 inches wide at 26 cents per square foot.

The report of the management and supplies committee, recommending that 109 new desks be purchased, and that two new furnaces be placed in St. Helen's new school at a cost of \$244, was adopted. The same committee awarded the tender for cleaning furnaces and repairing stoves to J. Halley, at a cost of \$135.

The architect was instructed to prepare a plan for improving the ventilation of St. Basil's school. The Finance Committee's report recommending the payment of amounts amounting to \$215, was passed. The board adjourned until the first Tuesday in September.

**For the Conversion of England**

A scheme for a lay organization having as its object the promotion of the conversion of England, has been drawn up. It has, we believe, received the approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, and when practical work begins, no doubt, the sanction of the local ecclesiastical authorities will also be obtained. The principal aim of the association, of which Mr. Leonard Smith, Birmingham, is secretary, will be to remove misunderstandings and prejudices by the circulation of Catholic controversial literature and the support of the Catholic press. Unquestionably immense good can be done in this way. It is surprising to what silly and stupid misrepresentations of Catholics and Catholic doctrines some Protestants will give credence. The only remedy is the constant iteration of the truth. We must repeat in circular, leaflet, newspaper, pamphlet, and book what Catholics believe, and show how ridiculous are the views and doctrines attributed to them by many Protestant writers. If this is done so effectually that ignorance of the cardinal principles of the Catholic faith will be removed from the minds of the great masses of the people a large accession of converts may be expected.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

**Death of Rev. P. J. Donovan, Springfield, Vt.**

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**ENCYCLICAL OF PIUS X.**

(Continued from page one.)

peace conquests of the Church. These are the more lamentable and fatal to the more human society tends to base itself on principles opposed to the Christian idea and even tends to apostatise entirely from God.

But this must not make us lose courage. The Church knows that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. She knows also that she shall be straitened in this world, that her apostles have been sent as sheep into the midst of wolves, that her followers shall ever be covered with hatred and contempt, even as hatred and contempt were heaped upon her Divine Founder.

The Church therefore pursues her way undaunted, and while she extends the Kingdom of God where it has not yet been preached, she strives in every way to repair her losses in the Kingdom already won. To restore all things in Christ has ever been the

device of the Church, and it is in a special way our device during the perilous days through which we are passing; to restore all things, not in any and every way, but as the apostle adds, "to establish all things in Christ that are in heaven and on earth" (Eph. i. 10); to restore in Christ not only what belongs properly to the divine mission of the Church in leading souls to God, but also that which, as we have explained, spontaneously flows from that divine mission, namely, Christian civilization, in all the elements which constitute it.

Confining attention exclusively to this part of the desired restoration, you will recognize at once, venerable brothers, of what help to the Church are those elect bodies of Catholics who have determined to unite all their active forces in order to combat by all just and legal means anti-Christian civilization; to repair by every means in their power those very serious disorders which flow from this anti-Christian civilization; to bring back Jesus Christ to the family, to the school, to society; to re-establish the principle that legitimate human authority represents the authority of God; to take deeply to heart the interests of the people and especially of the working and agricultural classes, not only instilling into all hearts the religious principle, which is the only true fount of consolation amid the trials of life, but seeking to dry the tears of the sorrowful, to alleviate suffering, to better economical conditions by well-planned measures; to labor to have public laws grounded on justice, and to correct or suppress those which are opposed to justice—in short, to defend and maintain with a truly Catholic spirit the rights of God in all things and the not less sacred rights of the Church. All such works, maintained by the Catholic laity, and carried out in various ways according to special needs of the different nations and the circumstances of different countries, constitute what is known under the social and truly noble title of the Catholic Social Movement or the Social Movement of Catholics. It has at all times aided the Church and the Church has always welcomed and blessed it, however different may have been the forms it assumed to meet the needs of the times in which it has existed.

Let us here note that on account of the radical changes which in the course of time have been introduced into society and public life as also on account of the needs which the changes in conditions are continually begetting, it is impossible to-day to restore completely what in by-gone centuries was useful and even absolutely necessary.

But the Church in the course of her long history has always and in every case clearly demonstrated that she possesses a wonderful power of adapting herself to the varying conditions of human society, so that while preserving unimpaired and unchanged the truths of faith and morals, and while defending her own sacred rights, she easily bends and accommodates herself to all that is contingent and incidental to the vicissitudes of the time and the new requirements of society. Godliness, says St. Paul, is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. Pietas autem ad omnia utilis est, promissionem habens vite, quae nunc est et futura. (1 Tim. iv. 8), and so Catholic action also, while it changes opportunely in its external forms and in the means it adopts, always remains the same in the principles that guide it and in the noble aim it sets before itself. In order, therefore, that it may be truly efficacious, it will do well to study carefully the conditions imposed upon it, both by its nature and its end.

At the outset this truth must be deeply felt—that an instrument not properly adapted for the work it has to do is defective. From what has been said already it is evident that the Catholic Social Movement, proposing as it does to restore all things in Christ, constitutes a true apostolate for the honor and glory of Christ Himself. To fulfil this apostolate the grace of God is necessary. Now the grace of God is not given to an apostle who is not united with Christ. It is only when we shall have formed Christ in us that we shall be able to restore Him more easily to the family and to society. Hence all who are called to direct or who dedicate themselves to the task of promoting the Catholic movement must be Catholics to the very core of their being, convinced of their faith, soundly instructed in their religion, sincerely obedient to the Church, and especially to this supreme Apostolic Chair and to the Vicar of Christ on earth; they must have true piety, many virtues, good morals and lead a life so pure that they will be an efficacious example to all. If the spirit be not thus tempered not only will it be difficult to promote good in others, but it will be almost impossible to act with a good intention. Strength will be lacking to bear with perseverance the annoyances that every apostolate brings with it, the calumnies of adversaries, the coldness and the want of interest of even the well-intentioned, and at times even those jealousies of friends and companions in arms, which, while they are perhaps excusable on account of the weakness of human nature, are greatly prejudicial, as they are the cause of discords, disagreements and intestine troubles. It is only virtue which is patient and sturdy in well-doing and at the same time gentle and delicate, that can remove or diminish these difficulties, so that the weak to whom the Catholic forces are dedicated may not be compromised. "For so is the will of God," says St. Peter, "that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: Sic est voluntas Dei ut bene facientes obtutescere aciatis imprudentium hominum ignorantiam (1 Pet. ii. 15). (Continued in Next Issue.)

**The Canadian North-West**

**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

**ENTRY**

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

**HOMESTEAD DUTIES**

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Land Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
- (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

**APPLICATION FOR PATENT**

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

**INFORMATION**

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

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B. In addition to Free Grant Land, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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