



TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Proposition for a Local Parliament for Scotland—Arguments in Favor Thereof Taken from Tate's Magazine for Dec., 1838—Many Points Still Hold Good—What Some Eminent Men Have Said About the Writings of Ireland Long Ago—Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, Dr. Johnson, Lord Byron, Francis I—The Position in Ireland To-day Calling for Home Rule—Nearly all the Offices Held by Protestants.

A proposition for a local parliament for Scotland has recently been made. In "Tate's Magazine" for December, 1838, was published a remarkable article, showing the disadvantages of the union system at that time, which I have pleasure in quoting here, as it applies equally well to Ireland and makes a good argument for home rule and the federal system:

"Repeal of the Union—Necessity of Local Legislation.—The preceding notice of the legislation affecting Scotland at a most important period, shows how little of the time of Parliament is dedicated to our peculiar concerns. Out of a huge folio there are not more than five acts, not exceeding twenty pages in all, in which the name of Scotland is to be found or its existence recognized. In the statute book of Scotland, the old Scotch acts—in three small octo-decimo volumes of 500 or 600 pages each—we find from forty to fifty printed or, as they would now be called, public acts, besides local and personal, passed in a session which lasted a month or six weeks only. And, if we look to these acts, we shall find that they are, at least, as important in every point of view, to Scotchmen as the modern legislation of the three kingdoms. To take, for example, the first year that turns up to us—1696—when the kingdom was in a state of quiet, we find that the Scotch parliament met at Edinburgh on the 8th of September, and adjourned on the 12th of October, during which forty-six acts were passed. What is not the least remarkable part of the matter is that the whole 48 acts are contained in 48 small octo-decimo pages. Nearly the whole of those relating to the law are, to this day, in force, the experience of a century and a half having been able to pass little or nothing to the efficiency of the provisions. And all of them have not given as much trouble in their interpretation to our courts of law, short as they are, as the Judiciary Act, the Cessio Act, or any act relative to the law which has been passed within the last quarter of a century.

"No one, we imagine, will be so absurd as to pretend that the affairs of Scotland can be as efficiently managed by a legislative body sitting hundreds of miles from her territory, and having the interests of an empire dispersed over the whole face of the earth, and containing more than 100,000,000 of human beings to attend to, as by a parliament meeting in Edinburgh. The Imperial Parliament is, in truth, unfitted for that department of legislation called local and personal. Such legislation is best conducted on the spot, or as near as possible to the spot, which is to be affected. Witnesses are then at hand, information can be got with expedition and with little expense; the members of a local parliament can be dismissed and called together with little inconvenience. The expense at present necessarily incurred for a road or harbor, or a railway bill for

Scotland, is intolerable. One thousand pounds a mile, even in long lines, is not an exaggerated estimate for the mere parliamentary expenses of obtaining the bill. The members of an Imperial Parliament, the great majority of whom must naturally feel indifferent regarding the failure or success of any such measure, can with the utmost difficulty be got to attend or even to remain in the House, when the matter is under discussion; and it is even not easily accomplished to get a quorum of the committee to whom the bill is remitted, to go through the routine duties. Then all matters relative to Scotland are slurred over in the reports of the debates—first, because the reporters think a Scotch bill, though vitally affecting Scotland, is of no public importance; secondly, because they cannot intelligibly report what they, in general, do not understand; and third, because Scotch business is generally put off till past midnight, an hour at which, except on extraordinary occasions, the reporters, by a well-organized combination—Whig, Tory and Radical reporters, agreeing on this point—retire from their labor. The consequence is that there is hardly a measure, however important, affecting Scotland, of the grounds for passing which her population are duly informed. All that they see of a long debate, on a subject in which they perhaps take the most intense interest, is a line or two, in which the very title of the bill is probably bungled, and its object misrepresented. We think it full time that this system should be remodelled. The Imperial Parliament has not time, in this age of specification and infinite gabble, were it otherwise qualified, to do anything like justice, or even to get through with decency the business before it. The sessions have, of late years, been lengthened more and more, and the daily period of sitting goes on increasing, till not only the faculties of the members are obviously obscured, but their health impaired and their lives themselves shortened. Besides, the non-residence of the member—the richest and most influential members in society—proves eminently prejudicial not only to Scotland, but to Ireland, and the parts of England itself remote from the metropolis. Hence all the evils of absenteeism. We have not, at this moment, out of eighty-nine Scotch nobility, one resident in Edinburgh, and very few of our considerable landed proprietors. Their visits, even to their estates, are short and far between, whereby the tenantry and peasants on their estates are deprived of their aid and countenance in useful schemes, and excluded from the consumption, in their own district, and among themselves, of those fruits which their own industry and labor have created. Of much, if not all, of these evils, an Imperial Parliament, sitting for three-fourths of the year in London, is the cause. One of the mischiefs attending the present lengthened sitting in Parliament, which ought not to be overlooked, is that it limits the choice of members, and confines it almost exclusively to the landed interest. No person engaged in any extensive business, except in London, can afford to represent a constituency. Nor is it certain that even the payment of members would extend the choice to eligible men, not in independent circumstances. Many fit persons would not choose to give up their business and go into Parliament although assured of £300 or £500 for one year. Were, however, our sessions as short as those of old Scotch parliaments, or of the United States, the encroachment upon the pursuits would be so inconsiderable as not to prevent the most able men, and the best men of business in the country, accepting the office of representative. What is meant by a Repeal of the Union with Ireland, we do not exactly understand; but if all that is intended is that the Irish should have the management of their own exclusive concerns, we heartily wish them success; and we hope that when the people of Scotland shall see the necessity of a legislature in Edinburgh, the Irish will assist them in obtaining it."

The foregoing was written and published after the Reform Bill was passed in 1832, when the "rotten boroughs" were done away with and many other abuses were abolished. It would have been of much more force before that period, but it still holds good in many cases. Ireland and Scotland have achieved a great deal of remedial legislation since 1838 but many points in the above complaint hold good and cannot be remedied until there is a total change in the system. Mixing up local and individual legislation with what belongs to a great empire is not in the

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line of good order and is without the force of reason. The present system is cumbersome and awkward. It is simply in the interest of the city of London and the desire of those who favor the monopoly of that great metropolitan corporation. Parliament is slow and uncertain and a vast amount of time and money is wasted by those who are waiting upon it. The progress is terribly annoying. It encourages absenteeism, which is one of the great and hoary abuses that have withstood the test of time and discussion. In the Imperial Parliament there is a constant congestion of business and local affairs have to give way to those of more pressing importance. Nor is the atmosphere of London favorable to the furtherance of legislation for Ireland, Scotland or Wales. The present system is one of centralization for one favored locality. After the passage of the Reform Bill there were still many abuses left, such as the immense cost of local legislation for private corporations such as railroads and the uncertainty of it on account of the precedence of legislation for the empire at large. The prevailing system is not wise, is not orderly nor is it economical. On the contrary, it is wasteful and expensive, and is not in the line of progress. In 1818 there was a great agitation in favor of further reform. The people in their petition to parliament for a reformed charter, demanded manhood suffrage, biennial parliaments, no property qualification for members of parliament, vote by ballot, equal constituencies and payment of members. With one exception—the payment of members—I believe all those demands in the course of time and the exigencies of ministers—have been granted; but why this exception? Because it is feared it would debase the character of the House by admitting poor men. The poor men are there now at any rate—the home rulers and the labor men especially—but it places an improper and exacting burden on the parties that sent them, as they have to be paid by their fellows for their time and services and it is a fact in the case of the home rulers that much of the money to pay for those services comes from the United States of America. One thing, however, is now certain: the landed aristocracy no longer control the seats and monopolize the legislation.

It would not be amiss in view of the present demand for home rule for Ireland to remind us what some eminent men have said with regard to the wrongs of Ireland in the past. Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighton, whom O'Connell described as the "Lion of the fold of Judea," said before a parliamentary committee:

"I am an Irishman, hating injustice, and abhorring with my whole soul the oppression of my country; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings. In decrying as I do, the tithes-system and the whole Church Establishment, in Ireland, I am actuated by no dislike to the respectable body of men who, in the midst of fear and hatred, gather its spoils. On the contrary, I esteem those men, notwithstanding their past, and still perhaps, existing hostility to the civil rights of their fellow subjects and countrymen. What I aspire to is the freedom of the people, which never can be effected till injustice, or the oppression of the many by the few, is taken away. And as to religion, what I wish is to see her freed from the slavery of the state and the bondage of mammon, her ministers laboring and receiving their hire from those for whom they labor; that their religion may be restored to her empire, which is not of this world, and men once more worship God in spirit and in truth."

Dr. Johnson said he had a kindness for the Irish nation, and thus generally expressed himself (in 1779) to a gentleman from that country, on the subject of a union, which artful politicians have often had in view. "Do not make a union with us, Sir; we should unite with you only to rob you."—Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Lord Byron said in the House of Lords, April 1st, 1812: "Adieu to that Union, so called, as 'lucus a non lucendo' a union from never uniting; which, in its first operation, gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called a union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland."

Memorandum found among the papers of Francis I., Emperor of Germany, after his death, August 18th, 1765: "The more Irish officers in the Austrian service the better. Our troops will always be disciplined. An Irish coward is an uncommon character; and what the natives of Ireland dislike even from principle, they generally perform through a desire for glory!"

Look at the position in Ireland today calling for Home Rule. Of the six great officers of state at the Dublin Castle, five are Protestants. There are sixteen Superior Court Judges and thirteen of them are Protestants. Of the host of highly paid officials in the Local Government Board, Land Commission and Agricultural Department, not one-fourth are Catholics. The Commissioners of Public Works are all Protestants. The resident magistrates and police officers are largely Protestants. In fact through the whole official hierarchy, the story is the same. Leaving salaried offices and coming to positions of trust, what do we find? The Privy Counsellors and Lord Lieutenants of counties and cities are almost exclusively Protestants. The predominance of Protestants in the magistracy is enormous. The office of Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary has always been filled by Protestants. Is it any wonder that Catholics complain and that the people of Ireland demand home rule?

The prospect for a change of all this is good. The Irish parliamentary party has a thorough understanding with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He has pledged his Government to a definite policy, and there is not the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of their intentions. As to how far toward Irish demands their views may go, it is impossible, of course, to say. But it is settled, and is a matter of public pledge, that the government next winter will undertake to deal with the Irish problems. Upon the details of the proposed bill the Irish members will be consulted, probably during the present summer. These conferences will be private. The fact that the Premier intends to submit his programme to them in advance is proof of his sincerity. The outlook is really inspiring. They have in power a government backed by a huge majority and thoroughly committed to give Ireland some measure of the justice for which she has fought during the last century.

WILLIAM HALLEY, Bishop Dowling Better

His Lordship Bishop Dowling returned to Hamilton on Monday from St. Joseph's Hospital at Guelph. Since undergoing the operation the eminent prelate has greatly improved in health and is now able to attend to his episcopal duties.

THE INSTANT OF DEATH

A Question that has an Important Bearing on the Administration of the Last Sacraments

(From the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.)

Rev. Dear Sir,—As the question, When does death supervene? is being much discussed at present, and has an important bearing on the administration of Extreme Unction, I shall feel much obliged if you will kindly state what should be done in case of a person who, to all external appearances, is dead?

SACREDOS.

The importance of the question raised by our correspondent is evident since the eternal salvation of many souls depends on the exact moment of death. When we remember that, leaving aside the case of martyrdom, baptism is absolutely necessary for the salvation of children who have not yet reached the use of reason, and also that sacramental efficacy is required for those adults who are in the state of mortal sin, and who have only imperfect contrition, we can realize the vast importance of knowing how long after life has apparently ceased the necessary sacraments can be conditionally administered. If the dying person can hold converse with the priest, or even if he, though unconscious, still clearly lives, the duty of the priest presents no difficulty which we need delay to consider. But what is his duty when all external appearances of life have disappeared?

That latent life remains for some time is now the opinion of medical science; how long it remains no one can definitely tell. There is a period beyond which latent life does not continue, but it is impossible to point out the exact moment within that period when life finally ebbs away. It is evidently the duty of the priest to conditionally confer the appropriate sacraments until it is certain that death has supervened.

In regard to a newly-born foetus it is held generally by medical experts that death is not certain till putrefaction, not in its incipient, but in its somewhat advanced stages, has appeared. Cases have been known when, after many hours, even after a day or two, infants that were left for dead revived.

It is more difficult to determine the time when death has certainly taken place in the case of adults. Death is a gradual process, and, undoubtedly, life may remain for a more or less lengthened period after its external appearances have ceased. Latent life, according to expert testimony, remains much longer in the case of those who are stricken down suddenly than in the case of those whose death follows a lingering illness, when the constant waste which has already taken place quenches the vital spark at a comparatively early time. Yet life often remains, even in such cases, for more than half an hour.

Whether death is sudden or arises from protracted sickness, it is not certain, even in adults, till putrefaction has appeared in its advanced stages.

The apparent cessation of respiration and of the beating of the heart is not a certain sign of death. Doctors generally hold that when the heart has certainly ceased to beat life is extinct, but it is practically impossible to tell when that has occurred; and, moreover, there are some experts who hold that even after the complete cessation of the heart-beats the soul may still remain to perform the lesser vital functions. It is evident, then, that in this cessation there is no certain sign of death. Congealed blood cannot be looked on as affording a sure indication of death, because there are some who still live, choleric for instance, and whose blood will not flow when a vein is pierced.

Cadaveric rigidity is generally regarded as a certain sign of death, but it is not always easy for the inexperienced to know when that is present, since rigidity coming on after spasms, asphyxia, etc., is often mistaken for the rigor mortis by those who are not experts. There remains putrefaction, which must be considered as the only certain sign of death—not the incipient mortification which sometimes takes place in gangrene for example, but the

more or less advanced putrefaction which is present usually after 24 or 26 hours have elapsed from the moment when, to all external appearance, death has taken place.

If proof of these statements we refer our readers to the many authorities which are quoted by Antonelli: "Medicina Pastoralis," pp. 255-282; Sanford, "Pastoral Medicine," appendix, pp. 223-235; Ferreres, in "American Ecclesiastical Review," August, 1905, January, 1906. Father Ferreres asked the Catholic Medical Society "Academia de los Santos Sosme y Damian," of Barcelona, to express an opinion on the differences between real and apparent death. For our purpose it will be sufficient if we quote some of the conclusions at which the Academy of SS. Cosmas and Damian arrived:

"Resolved 7.—The opinion of Brouardel, which maintains that we possess no sign, or combination of signs, to determine with scientific certitude the moment of death, is correct.

"Resolved 10.—The so-called cadaveric rigor commences at a time more or less removed from the instant of what is commonly called death, as its appearance is influenced by the disease or lesions that caused death, by the surrounding temperature, etc. A statistic study by Niederkorn has shown that in two-thirds of the cases examined rigidity set in from two to six hours after the so-called instant of death; after twenty-five hours it is completely established, and after thirty-six or forty-eight hours it disappears.

"Resolved 11.—Before the appearance of putrefaction, no indication or combination of indications exists that will establish with absolute certainty the presence of death.

"Resolved 13.—The greenish hue of the abdomen, which as a rule appears as the initial mark of mortification, presents itself more or less promptly, according to the medium surrounding the body, and the external temperature, and in the case of newly-born infants, according to their actual previous breathing capacity.

"Resolved 14.—Generally, after twenty-four or twenty-six hours have elapsed from the so-called moment of death the signs of mortification become unmistakable, and putrefactions appear more quickly during the summer." ("American Ecclesiastical Review," November, 1905, p. 491.)

The practical conclusion to be drawn from what has been said is that both in the case of newly-born infants and in that of adults who are apparently dead, the sacraments ought to be conferred conditionally till putrefaction has set in. Conditional absolution can always be given to baptized adults without scandal. As for baptism of children and unbaptized adults and Extreme Unction of baptized adults, there sometimes arises a danger of bringing religious rites into contempt, since people who are present may be in complete ignorance of the medical opinions which warrant the administration of the sacraments in the circumstances. This danger can be averted generally by a few words of explanation at the time, and by the instructions which a priest gives when, on Sundays and holidays, he teaches his flock the doctrine of the sacraments which Christ left for the salvation of men.

J. M. HARTY.

New Head For St. Michael's

Rev. Nicholas Roche has been appointed President of St. Michael's College, in succession to Rev. Father Cushing, who has been obliged by ill-health to relinquish the position. The appointment was made at the retreat for the community of St. Basil's last week, and Father Roche enters on his duties at once.

The new President is a graduate of St. Michael's of about twelve years' standing, and is the youngest to ever occupy that place, being only about 36 years of age. His appointment, however, gives general satisfaction, for he is both popular with his fellow-priests and known as an able speaker. He was born at Wexford, Ireland, but came when still a boy to Canada with his parents, who reside on Dupont street in this city. Since his graduation he has been Superior of St. Thomas' College, Houston, Texas. The position there thus left vacant has been filled by the appointment of Rev. Father Gignac, formerly on the staff of St. Michael's.



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Old Claverel's Daughter

(By Helen Francis Huntington.)

John Evard checked his horses' brisk gait a little just as a straight young calicoed figure stepped from the mill trail into the open road, leading an old gray mule with a bag of meal hanging over his back like paniers. Evard recognized the mule at first glimpse for he had often seen old Pete Claverel's slouching figure on its back.

"So that's the girl Halsey wants to marry," said he under his breath. The girl led her mule to the far side of the road and approached Evard with head erect and eyes gazing straight before her down the green canopied road, but a moment later the old man drew rein and accosted her pleasantly, after the custom of the country.

"Howdy, Miss Lola," he said, with a keen look at her flushed, handsome face. "Why don't you let your men folks go to mill for you? I was just thinking of your folks as I come along. Do you know that Tate got caught up with just a bit ago?"

The riotous color died out of the girl's face, giving it a creamy pallor of a magnolia petal. "Shorely not!" she exclaimed. "What will be done with him?" "He'll be sent to the chain-gang, sure as his case goes to court," Evard answered grimly.

"My Lord!" she breathed. "Ain't there no way to get him off?" "Yes, there is," Evard replied impressively, "and it rests with you to get him off. Benson can be bribed before the case goes to court and I'll do the bribing if you say the word. It's got to be your word of honor, Lola Claverel, recollect that."

A glow succeeded the ivory pallor of the girl's face and her bright dark eyes narrowed to pools of liquid fire, as the sudden realization of Evard's meaning crashed in upon her strained nerves. The price of her brother's release was the relinquishment of her dearest hopes of her own dull, poverty-stricken life.

"I ain't saying that you're not as good as Halsey when it comes to real worth, Lola," said Evard, in a very kind voice, "for in spite of your pa's doings I've never heard as much as a whisper against you. But there's your folks—they'd always be a drawback to Halsey, who will be a rich man and a notable one, too, if indications count for anything, for he stands the best kind of a chance of getting into politics. He's my only son, you know, Lola, and my heart's set on a good, suitable match for him. Now don't get mad, but look at it sensibly. For your promise to give Halsey the go-by I'll drive right back to town and set Tate free. You see, I set a good deal of confidence in your word, Lola."

She hesitated only because she could not force her shaking voice to utter the thoughts that scorched her throat with shame and anguish, knowing that she must save her brother, at any cost to herself, from the life-long stigma of chain-gang imprisonment.

"Well, Lola, what's got to be done must be done quickly, for every hour counts with Tate. What do you say to my proposition?" "Go back an' set Tate free!" she said in a husky voice.

"You promise to give up Halsey?" "Yes, I promise! If you think I would push myself in where my folks is looked down on like the dirt under your feet, you're terribly mistaken," she flung out indignantly. "An' I'll show you that even a daughter of Pete Claverel can keep her promise."

"All right, Lola. I'm mighty sorry if I hurt your feelin's in any way," Evard apologized. "I didn't see any other way of settin' things straight. No offense intended. I hope you'll do well in the future. Good-bye."

Lola did not answer, but stood quite still staring at Evard's receding figure with the old grey mule nibbling at the tender grass at her feet, until the shiny top buggy glinted out of sight under the leafy canopy of early spring. Then she sank down among the sweet shrubs of the roadside and abandoned herself to a passionate outbreak of grief.

Half an hour later when Lola turned in at the broken gate that led to her father's ramshackle domicile, a gaunt, slack-looking woman called to her from the upper fence corner where she stood peering up the road under her yellow, cupped hand.

"They come after Tate jest about the time you left for the mill, honey," said the woman in an anxious voice. "I'm dreadful afraid they've found out about the still. Your pa went to town to see about Tate an' he ain't got back, nuther."

"Don't worry, ma. Tate's safe," the girl announced in a joyous voice. "He'll be home directy."

As she spoke two lurching figures appeared at the bend in the road, the one tall and loosely jointed, the other spare and round shouldered with a fringe of white hair surrounding the rim of his wool hat.

"That's them!" Mrs. Claverel exclaimed in a relieved voice, as she straightened up and fumbled among the folds of her dingy dress for her tobacco. "The Lord be thanked!"

It is not an uncommon thing for a young "Cracker" to set a private distillery along some lonely mountain stream and supply the cautious community with whiskey at a price far below that of the taxed article, thus serving his neighbors and making money for himself at the same time. The ethics of the country do not forbid this phase of law-breaking, on the curious grounds that as the Government taxation system oppresses the poor in many ways, there can be no actual harm in evading the law in this particular instance which is almost the only way to a certain class of mountaineers to make a little money.

"Oh, Tate, was it the still?" the mother whispered as her son drew near.

"Yes, ma, it was. If I ever ketch up with whoever it was that told, I tell you there'll be somethin' doin'." "I've a notion it was them mean-spirited Debbses 'that up an' told."

"How come you to set off?" the mother wanted to know, as the three ambled up the path toward the house.

Tate looked up at the girl in the doorway, whose dark, handsome face glowed with a strange light. "I reckon Lola can tell you more about that than I can," said the young man, with a certain embarrassed warmth. "Old man Evard said he let me off on her account."

"Evard!" the mother exclaimed, "Why, I thought he was down on us all on account of Lola an' Halsey." The speaker paused as her daughter fled from the doorway down the garden path toward the friendly seclusion of the thicket where she could cry out her heart in solitude.

"There ain't but one thing that would make old Evard do the like of this for any of us," said Pete Claverel with conviction, "an' that's Lola's promise to give up Halsey. I know in reason that's what she done."

"Did the old man say so, Tate?" asked Mrs. Claverel in an awed voice. "No, but he might as well 'a' said it. He did say I could thank Lola for gettin' me outen a year at the chain-gang, an' for me to try an' make it up to her in some way."

"Yes," said Pete gloomily, "this business o' yourn has cost your ma an' me terrible dear. If Lola had 'a' married Halsey we'd 'a' had a fine home the rest of our lives instid o' workin' our fingers off in our old age. Now it's either slave like niggers or go to the poor house. All on your account!"

"You was willin' enough for me to run the still," Tate observed sullenly.

"If you'd been smart you wouldn't 'a' got found out, an' when you got ketcht up with you oughter been smart enough to throw over the old man's offer, knowin' Halsey would 'a' got you off on Lola's account. But no, you jest jumped at the first chance of getting free, and here we are, as bad off as we ever was!"

"I don't believe but that it'll come out all right," Mrs. Claverel comforted, "cause Halsey won't ax his pa no odds when it comes to marryin'."

"But Lola won't have him if she's done give the old man her promise," said Pete gloomily. "She's just like her grandad Deane, stubborn as a

broke in ardently. "She won't listen to me as long as you hold her to her promise."

"Then," said the father deliberately, "I shall hold her to it till doomsday."

A hard look settled over the son's face and his strong young hands clutched until the knuckles stood out in pale, tense ridges. "If you do, you and I will never be friends again!" he said in a dreadful voice.

"Halsey!" the old man's voice was sharp as steel. He rose and faced his son in tumultuous silence, afraid to trust his violent emotions to take outlet in speech.

"I mean just what I say," Halsey went on in a low, constrained voice. "I'm not a boy to be dictated to in the most important step of my life, but a man able to judge for myself. I want to marry Lola Claverel because I love and honor her above every woman I have ever known."

"Don't you understand that I am doing this for your own good, my boy?" the father broke out in a shaking voice. "I'd willingly give you anything that would make you truly happy, but that miserable marriage would wreck your future completely. You'll be one of the leading men of the country some day. I expect you to take your place in the Legislature. You will meet the best men in the state. Your home will be open to the brainiest men and the loveliest women in Georgia who will expect of your wife all that Lola Claverel lacks. Don't you realize what a dead future Lola Claverel would make of your life?"

"You don't know Lola as I do," said Halsey with ardor. "Even if she is old Pete Claverel's daughter, she's worthy of a place with the best of us. I'll promise you this, father—wait until she has been educated to fill the requirements of my position, then I will make her my wife."

Bitterly disappointed as the father was, he realized unerringly that his son's happiness was at stake, and perhaps also his prospects, for he understood then, for the first time, how deeply Halsey loved the daughter of old Claverel. He hesitated only for a moment. "Very well, my boy," said he submissively. "I will release her from her promise on condition that you persuade her to fit herself to become your wife, in every sense of the word."

That afternoon John Evard stopped at the Claverel hut to interview Lola, who listened to all that he had to say

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of any kind. She had heard that his school was the best. Would he make a place for her on trial?

The president detected, under the girl's crude yet gentle demeanor, the fine instincts of some forgotten ancestor, and he believed that association with the young women of his institution, many of them daughters of the finest blood and breeding in Georgia, would do for Lola what many books could not effect, so he made up his mind to make room for her in some way.

"You will have to work very hard, both physically and mentally," he told her warningly.

"I am willin' to do any honest kind of work," was Lola's grave answer.

"Very well. I will send you to the head matron, who will assign you to your duties. You shall begin studies to-morrow morning. I wish you great success, my friend."

Pete Claverel's daughter worked her way from a primary class to the preparatory department in ten months, by dint of marvelous industry. A few of the most unsubstantial students made her feel her mental position until the others proved their fine breeding and blood by making Lola their constant associate when she



COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM, '05-'06

rock. She'll stick to her word, come what will."

In this surmise Pete was correct, for Lola not only rejected Halsey's suit, but declined to receive any further attentions from him. Astonished and bitterly hurt, the young man withdrew and threw himself into his father's ambitious plans with feverish zeal that delighted the old man. But Pete Claverel had no intention of losing his chance of an affluent old age without a struggle at least; he managed to obtain an interview with Halsey Evard in which he explained his daughter's conduct very painstakingly.

"She never in the world would 'a' give you the go-by if it hadn't been for her promise to your daddy," Pete declared fervently, for she's the kind that keeps her word whether or no, jest like her grandad's folks. Them Deanes was terrible stubborn folks that way. I jest thought I'd tell you the truth so's to give you a chance to git around yer pa in some way," he added confidentially.

Halsey Evard's keen wits discovered the old man's real motive on the instant, and a sudden violent loathing filled his being for the moment. He wondered how he could endure to live in close association with old Pete Claverel with his slack manners and loafing ways, but the thought of Lola put the lover's disgust to rout almost at the same instant. He could not give her up at any cost!

"Thank you for telling me," said Halsey as he rose and field the office door open. "Good-bye."

Halsey locked his office and hurried across the town square to the big store where his father sat balancing his books in the dull private office. "Father I want you to release Lola Claverel from her promise to you," he announced precipitately.

in proud silence, while her mother sat in a back room dipping snuff with a slatternly neighbor. When Evard told her that she was to forsake her people when she should become Halsey's wife, the girl's head went back superbly and her splendid eyes took flame.

"Anyone that looks down on my folks ain't good enough for me," she answered proudly. "That's my answer, Mr. Evard. You can tell your son, so's to save him the trouble of comin' here for his answer."

Three days later old Pete Claverel lost his drunken balance, just as his mule stepped over the creek bank to ford the stream, and was drowned. His widow declared that she could not endure to live in the old house without him, so she sold the miserable place for the sorry sum of less than two hundred dollars, which she divided equally among her seven shiftless, good natured children, and went to live with a married daughter. Lola's portion of the legacy was exactly twenty dollars. She spent two dollars for a pair of shoes and a gingham bonnet, then she laundered her two calico dresses and what underwear she possessed, and set out upon what was to her a long journey, from Dahlonega to Gainesville, a beautiful little mountain resort in North Georgia, where she had heard, through John Evard, of a very fine seminary for young women.

The teamsters along the road were very kindly disposed toward the lonely traveler, so Lola reached her destination at noon of the second day, very tired and dusty and bewildered, but desperately determined to obtain what she had set out for. As she walked through the seminary grounds in her limp calico dress and dusty brogan shoes, she noticed the pitiful contrast between her threadbare appearance and that of the daintily dressed girls who sauntered about arm-in-arm; but she kept up her courage, and finally she found the president of the institution, who was a big-hearted, fine-grained man of wide experience, and who listened with great interest to the girl's simple story. She wanted ardently to earn an education through honorable work

was not employed; consequently she soon acquired a grace of bearing that made her a noticeable figure. During the second year, Lola received word of her mother's death from fever, which grieved her terribly, because she had been absent when the dying woman spoke of wishing to see her; but she kept her trouble to herself, and studied all the harder. At the end of the fourth year she was graduated, with all the honors that her benefactor had prophesied for her, and was immediately offered a position of trust in the seminary.

Now and then, during those busy resourceful years, Lola had heard of Halsey Evard, who had fulfilled his father's hopes in the fullest measure, and had become a man of mark. Although he had attended several important conferences in Gainesville, Lola had never seen him since the day she refused to marry him in accordance with her promise to his father. Nor did she ever expect to see him again, for, although she still loved him in the secret of her heart, her renunciation had been complete. Occasionally she heard his name coupled with that of a very brilliant young woman whose father was prominent among Georgia politicians, who rumor prophesied would presently become Mrs. Halsey Evard. At such times the future looked very stark and empty for Lola, in spite of her own promising career.

Suddenly Gainesville's serene quietude was shaken by an outbreak of smallpox, brought by negro trainmen from an infected district of North Carolina. The doctors, unable to cope with such an unlooked-for exigency, ordered their patients isolated in frame houses, that were to be burned afterward to prevent the spread of the dreaded disease, but in spite of their vigilance the contagion was carried beyond the confines of the isolated district and yellow flags became more and more frequent.

One morning the seminary doctor told of a distinguished visitor who had fallen victim of the pest.

"It is young Halsey Evard, and they say his is the very worst case on record," said he. "They put him (Concluded on page 7.)"

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and the names of saints and feast days for August 1906. Includes entries for St. Peter's Chains, St. Stephen I, Pope, and various feast days like Ninth Sunday After Pentecost.

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out in the old Freely house with one
of the convalescent negroes to look
after him, which was the best they
could do.

Lola Claverel called at the doctor's
office that afternoon to inquire after
Halsey Evard and was told that he
was very dangerously ill.

"You!" the doctor cried in blank
amazement. "Why, my dear young
lady, do you want to endanger your
own life for the sake of a stranger?"

"I am going to try to save his
life," she answered simply. "Tell me
what to do for him."

"I can't allow you to make that
tremendous sacrifice," he protested
grimly. "I admire your heroism, but
I refuse to accept it, at least until
the need has become more urgent."

"A lady!" the old man exclaimed
in astonishment. "Who is she?"

"A Miss Claverel, from the seminary.
Splendid girl! Why do you suppose
she risked so much for your son's
sake?"

Halsey, with youth and hope and
love on his side, defeated horrors of
the pestilence, and rose from his sick
bed with hardly a mark of the scourge
that had brought him to the very
brink of death.

"You consider your son did well,
then," said a man who had long
evidently been in secret for the honors
that seemed to be in store for him.

"I do indeed," the old man answered
ardently. "Halsey has made a
great match in the finest sense of the
term, because his wife is one of the
noblest women in Georgia."

"Old Pete Claverel's daughter?"
mused the other man under his
breath.—Watson's Magazine for July.

"A Small Pill, but Powerful—They
that judge of the powers of a pill by
its size, would consider Parmelee's
Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is
a little wonder among pills. What
it lacks in size it makes up in po-
tency. The remedies which it carries
are put up in these small doses,
because they are so powerful that only
small doses are required. The full
strength of the extracts is secured
in this form and do their work
thoroughly."

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"is golden." "Yes, when it isn't
ironical," added the Simple Mug.

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SEASIDE

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Legion of Sierra Enchantada

(By Athene Douglas.)
It was toward the close of a fine,
summer's day, when I at last put
away my sketches and started for the
city of San Luis Potosi, which I
knew must be some leagues distant.

"Once more they started down the
mountain; as they did so, they heard
voices chanting the evening prayers.
They were surprised at this, as they
had seen no one in the church, but
they crossed themselves and went on
towards the city, for it was thither
they had started, hoping to find work
for they were very poor. They
traveled all that night, and the next
day they came to San Luis Potosi.
There they went to the house of one
Ramon Sanchez, a friend, who received
them kindly."

"After they had had food, Juan and
Maria showed their friends the orange
and asked what it could be. Now
Ramon was full of knowledge, for he
had seen the great world; he had even
at one time seen the Capital. He
examined the orange and weighed it
in his hands by holding his arm
straight out with the orange in his
palm." And the old woman illustrat-
ed the action.

"It is very heavy," he said to
them. "I think it is pure gold; but
come, we will take it to the silver-
smith and see." This they did, and,
sure enough! the silversmith said it
was pure gold, and offered them a
princely price for it. They took the
money and returned to the house of
Ramon, and had a big feast that
night; for they were very happy, hav-
ing money enough to last them all
their lives.

"Early the next morning the silver-
smith knocked loudly at the door, say-
ing in an angry voice that the golden
orange was gone from the little box
in which he had put it the night be-
fore. He declared they had stolen
it back, saying that no one knew of
it besides themselves, and he was
sure they had taken it. They all pro-
tested their innocence, but it was in-
possible to quiet his anger.

"Finally Juan and Maria told him
they would take him to the place
where they found it and he could find
one for himself. This he agreed to
do, and so, procuring burros they
started the next day. After a three-
some journey, they reached the place,
but there was no church to be seen—
nothing but jagged cliffs and chap-
eral. They looked and looked but
saw nothing of which the old couple
had spoken.

"Now the silversmith became more
enraged than ever, for he was sure
he had been duped. He began to
curse and abuse them, and declared
he would have them put in prison.
While he was saying these cruel words
a storm that had long been gathering
burst over the peak, and rain began
to fall in torrents, so that they were
forced to seek shelter somewhere.
After looking vainly, for a time, for a
refuge, they came to an overhanging
cliff, beneath which was a sheltered
place. They quickly availed them-
selves of the protection of the cliff,
but not before they were drenched
thoroughly.

"By and by the rain ceased, but
they were very wet and cold. Juan
suggested that they hunt some sticks
and build a fire. All went in search
of some pieces of wood, when pres-
ently Maria gave a great cry, and, on
running to her side, the men found
her holding in her hand a golden
orange.

"I found it in the bush," she said,
as she handed it to the silversmith.
"Have you seen this?" "It is
the one I lost," he said.

"Before she could reply they were
startled by the sound of a bell, and
looking up they saw, just a little
above them, a church. Juan and
Maria shouted joyously, and started
toward it, the silversmith following,
as soon as he recovered from his as-
tonishment. They reached the door,
and looking in, saw a beautiful altar,
lighted by many candles. At the
foot of this altar was a large basket
filled with golden oranges. They en-
tered the doorway, but before they
had gone many steps, the altar and
the walls of the church faded away
before their very eyes, and they found
themselves in the open air on the
lonely mountain side.

"The storm being over, they started
for home, resolving to tell no one
of their good fortune in finding the
golden orange. But the silversmith
could not keep his secret, and told
it to a few friends, who in turn,
told it to a few more, so that, in a
few days, several persons knew of it.
These men then came to the silver-
smith and asked him to conduct them
to the place where the golden oranges
were found. This he consented to do,
so a great number went up to the
mountain.

"But no church was to be seen, nor
could they find any golden oranges.
They searched all of one day, but, as
they found nothing, they began to sus-
pect that the silversmith had deceiv-

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ed them, and brought them on a
fool's errand. They accused him of
this, but he declared that all he told
them was true. All he could say,
however, could not quiet the anger
of the disappointed men, and they
soon began to threaten his life.

"While they were quarreling, the
sun began to sink farther and farther
behind the mountain, and the Vesper
hour drew near. Presently the sound
of a bell was heard, and, looking up,
they all saw before them a beautiful
city, with a great church standing in
its midst. They ran toward it eagerly,
but at each step, instead of drawing
nearer, they seemed farther and
farther away, so that, try as they
would, they could not reach it.

"Finally they realized that it would
be useless to go any farther, so they
again turned on the silversmith and
cursed him. They declared that he
had bewitched them and caused them
to see something that was not really
there. They now resolved to kill him.

"While they were debating in what
manner to do this terrible deed, a
violent storm burst upon them. The
wind blew so fiercely that great trees
were torn up by the roots and hurled
down the mountain side. Many of
these wicked men were blown down
the cliffs, and others were killed by
fallen trees. Many were badly injur-

"The next day, those who survived
went to the silversmith's shop, and
were surprised to find him unhurt, at-
tending to his business as usual. They
asked him how he managed to escape;
he told them that, after the storm
commenced, he had started down the
mountain, when he saw a strange
man with two horses, going towards
San Luis Potosi. The man offered
to let him ride one of the horses, and
he was glad to accept the offer; thus
it was that he came safely to his
home.

"It was his time now to make
threats, and he told them he would
go to the law with them for the way
they had threatened him on the moun-
tain. They begged him not to do so,
pointing out to him that their lead-
ers were killed and most of the others
more or less injured. Finally the
silversmith agreed not to go before
the judge, for after all, he had come
out the best, as he had the golden
orange and could live in riches all his
life. He made the men promise that
they would never trouble him again,
and they never did." The old woman
stopped and nodded her head several
times. She was quite out of breath
with this recital, but seemed quite
happy in that she had found so pa-
tient a listener.

"But old Juan and Maria," I asked,
"and the wise old Ramon,—what be-
came of them?"

"They all lived together, rich and
happy," she made answer, then con-
tinued slowly, and with a sigh, "till
they grew old and died."

"And is this story true, Madre?"
I asked.

"Ah, si, Senor," she cried, eagerly,
raising her two old hands in a ges-
ture characteristic of her race. "It
is all true—everyone in the country
knows that."

She paused a moment, then contin-
ued in a lower voice, indicating with
her hand the distant peak, beyond
which the sun had now quite vanish-
ed.

"The mountain is still enchanted,
and every evening, if you are near
there at the vesper-hour, you can
hear the bells ring. I never went
there myself—I have always been
afraid, but my father heard them
once when he was a young man, and
he searched for the church and the
city for many days, for he was very
brave, Senor, but he never found
them, nor a golden orange," she
ended with a sigh, as she rose and
replaced the olla on her head.

"Thank you for your story, Ma-
dre," I said, as I slipped a silver
piece into the wrinkled hand. "Per-
haps I may go and search for the
golden oranges some day, if I find
any, I shall bring you one."

"Thank you, Senor, and God bless
you," she answered, gratefully. "Yes,
the story is true, Senor. This is the
hour for the ringing of the bells; the
children are always in the house at
this time. One or two people say
that, on a still evening, the bells
can be heard even thus far away. Per-
haps you, Senor, may hear them, but
I am too old and deaf."

With an "Adios, Senor," she hob-
bled feebly toward the jacals nestling
in the green valley, within sight of
the enchanted mountain with its in-
visible church and city.

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RETREAT AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

The first annual Retreat of the Sisters of St. Joseph's is now being held, the Sisters entering upon this yearly work on Tuesday evening. Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's, is conducting the exercises.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST.

The General Intention for the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart for the present month is the fortification of what is technically called the "Propagation of the Faith." To most of us the name has a far-away sound. It savors of India, Africa, Japan and other distant territories, but as was explained by one of our Rev. directors when speaking to his branch of the League, the matter may come much nearer home, everyone having it in his power to be an apostle to those around him. The force of example on those we are connected with in our daily life, is over a potent factor, and in this way every member of the League has it within himself to help in the inculcation of the month by living in such a manner as to be a lever for good to all with whom one is associated.

ORDINATIONS AT ST. BASIL'S.

On Sunday morning, the 5th inst., ordinations took place at St. Basil's church, when Rev. Emile Plourde and Rev. Thomas Moylan were ordained to the priesthood. Rev. Arthur Morley was made deacon and Messrs. Theophile Bezair, and Cyril Costello received tonsure. All are members of the Basilian Community. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor officiated and was assisted by Very Rev. Father Marjot, C.S.B., and Rev. Father Dumouchel, C.S.B.; Rev. V. Murphy, C.S.B., was master of ceremonies. The ordinations took place at the 9 o'clock Mass, a large congregation witnessing the solemn ceremonies. At the close of the Mass the newly ordained priests gave their blessing to all present. Rev. Father Plourde, C.S.B., who made his Philosophical and Theological course at St. Michael's College and at Sandwich, said his first Mass at his home, Riviere Rouge, near Detroit, Mich., on Tuesday morning, and after spending a short vacation he will begin work in Texas, to which place he will be accompanied by the prayers and good wishes of his former classmates. The ordination of Rev. Father Thomas Moylan, C.S.B., was an event of special interest to the people of St. Basil's, as to quote the words of Rev. Father Kelly, P.P., when on the Sunday previous referring to the coming ordinations he spoke of Father Moylan as a "child of the parish," one whom all had known when he attended the parochial school and afterwards at St. Michael's College, and again when they had followed him in spirit to Sandwich. His fine scholastic career is now crowned by his admission to Holy Orders, and the same church that witnessed his Baptism, first Holy Communion, and Confirmation, was witness also to the consummation of many years of preparation, when the young Levite was received into the ranks of the priesthood. Father Moylan is a member of a highly esteemed family of St. Basil's, his mother a brother and three sisters all being present on the happy occasion. The first Mass of Father Moylan was said at St. Joseph's Convent on Monday morning, and his first High Mass will be sung at St. Basil's on Sunday next at 10.30 a.m. After a short vacation Father Moylan will renew his labors at the college, Sandwich, where he taught and studied previous to ordination. The prayers and good wishes of many friends will be with him.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER LOUISE.

A golden harvest is the highest reward of the husbandman, the workers in any and every clime seek nothing higher. For the days of the great Beyond imagination can picture nothing more beautiful than eternal sunshine in the opalescent courts entered through the great golden gates of the everlasting homes of the blessed. So likewise on earth. The highest happiness seems to find its fittest type through the golden symbol and the climax of a great and joyous event we represent to ourselves by the euphonious name of a Golden Jubilee. And so it happened at the House of Providence on Saturday, the 4th inst., when the grand ending of fifty years passed in generous and loving ministrations to "God's little ones" was attained by the everywhere loved Superioress, Mother Louise. For twenty-two years Mother Louise has governed this institution which shelters and has sheltered the old and young, the aged and infirm, not alone of the city, but of the province, till under her kind and progressive management the House of Providence has become to many a literal realization of what its name signifies, a real House of God. To mark the event the institution and its inmates were on fete, and from early dawn and on throughout the entire day a festival was observed. The house was everywhere decorated, flowers, scrolls and the Jubilee colors of yellow and white being plentifully displayed. The chapel and community room were special centres for the hand of the artist, the altars were erections of choice and elaborate design, and the community room with its artistic scrolls and stappings was a bright and fitting receptacle for the gifts, which came from far and near to honor the festi-

ve day of the loved and esteemed Jubilarian. The day began with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at six o'clock. Here Rev. Father Doherty was celebrant, and as a reminder of the ceremony of a half century previous, the Profession Hymn was sung by the Sisters choir. At nine o'clock the Solemn High Mass of the day was sung by Rev. Father Hand, assisted by Rev. Father Frachon, C.S.B., as deacon and Rev. Father Cline as sub-deacon, with Rev. Father McCabe as master of ceremonies. The music of Gounod's Solemn Mass and Ave Maria were beautifully sung by the Sisters of the Community, and the people of the House assisted at the Mass and offered prayers many and fervent for their benefactress. Amongst those in the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Coyle, Murray, C.S.B., Ablin, C.S.B., Ryan, Stuhl, C.S.S.R., Dodsforth, C.S.S.R., Kean, Rohleder, Cruise, Canning, O'Donnell, McEharen, Minehan, McGrand, Doherty and O'Sullivan of Peterborough. The Te Deum was sung at the close of Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the afternoon. Gifts and felicitations arrived from all over the province, bishops, priests and laity being all mindful of the Golden Day which had come to one who during a long career under many and varied vicissitudes had often seen the grey uppermost. The people of the House shared in the enjoyment prepared by the Sisters for their dear Mother, and many from outside who had at other times shared in her hospitality and kindness, remembered her and came to offer congratulations and gratitude.

Previous to taking charge of the House of Providence, Mother Louise had spent fifteen years at St. Nicholas Home for Boys. Both of these institutions prospered under the benign care and executive ability of Mother Louise, and the large work upon which she is about to enter, that of building a new Infants' Home in connection with the House of Providence, speaks of her yet earnest zeal and vigor in the cause of her life's work—the succoring of God's poor and afflicted. That she may live to see its accomplishment and results for many years is the wish of the Catholic Register, which joins with the many everywhere who wish Mother Louise many more and happy years.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS.

In the late Toronto list of those who passed the examinations as kindergarten teachers are found the names of Miss T. Roesler, Miss T. Lalor, Miss D. Dorien and Miss Day of Guelph, who took honors in the work of the second year.

DEATH OF MR. HENRY BROWN.

The late Mr. Henry Brown of 12 Ivy avenue, whose sad death, due to a fall from a thirty-foot ladder, occurred last week, was the son of Mr. George Brown of 11 Maple Grove. Ten years ago deceased, who was a native of Banff, Scotland, came to this country, and at the time of his death he was a member of St. Joseph's parish and choir. He was one of a musical family of fourteen. His sad death was a real sorrow to the people of St. Joseph, amongst whom he was highly respected and admired. He was a member of the 48th Highlanders and of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and for the last eight years of his life had been in the employ of the Consumers Gas Company. The funeral took place on Thursday morning from St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Father Canning, P.P., saying the Mass of Requiem and referring in touching terms to the many virtues of the deceased. A large congregation was present, testifying to the common regret of the community. Mr. Brown is survived by a widow and two children, for whom much sympathy is felt. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MR. J. J. BOYLAN.

Early on Saturday morning, the 28th ult., the spirit of John Joseph Boylan, of South Keele street, Toronto Junction, passed peacefully away to the great beyond. The deceased, who was only 21 years of age, was one of the most popular young men of the town and his early death leaves a sad gap among a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Boylan had not been in robust health for the past few years, following a very severe attack of typhoid fever some five years ago. He had spent the last winter and spring in the West, hoping that the bracing air might prove beneficial. He had been home only about six weeks when the end came, notwithstanding the untiring care of a loving mother and the unvarying kindness of friends and neighbors. Deceased was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Boylan of South Keele street, Toronto Junction, and leaves besides his sorrowing parents, a large family of brothers and sisters to mourn his untimely death, at an age when he should have been enjoying to the full life's pleasures and promises. He was attended during his last illness and at the hour of death by the Rev. Father Walsh, and seldom does it fall to our lot to witness a more edifying death-bed scene. Surrounded by the members of his family, fortified by the rites of his Holy Church, and resigned in all his sufferings to the Holy Will of God, he passed away peacefully as a child, just as the dawn broke, and the birds without carolled a parting hymn. The funeral Mass on Monday morning was sung by Rev. Fr. Gallagher at St. Cecilia's church, on whose altar the deceased had served faithfully for many years. He was laid to rest

in Mount Hope cemetery after a short but impressive service by Father Gallagher at the grave. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, showing what a general favorite the late young man was in the community. The pall-bearers were six young men, chosen from amongst the closest friends and school-mates of deceased. A number of friends from a distance attended the funeral. Let us hope that our young friend now reaps the reward of his patience and resignation during his long illness, and that his immortal soul is enjoying eternal rest. Requiescat in pace. COM.

MOTION OF CONDOLENCE.

Toronto, August 6, 1906.

Mrs. Kelly: Dear Sister,—At the last regular meeting of Ladies' Auxiliary A.O.H., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: Whereas our Heavenly Father, who doth all things for the best, has in His infinite wisdom and justice, seen fit to remove from this world of sorrow to bliss eternal, your beloved husband, therefore be it resolved that while we deeply sympathize with you and your family in the loss you have sustained of so loving a husband and tender father, we hope and pray that God will give you grace and strength to bear it with Christian fortitude. May God have mercy on his soul. Signed on behalf of the Ladies' Auxiliary: MRS. WM. RICHARDSON, Pres. MARY E. MALLON, Secy.

DEATH OF MR. MICHAEL DWAN.

On Monday of last week the death occurred of Mr. Michael Dwan, said to have been the oldest coal and wood merchant in Toronto. Deceased, who was 76 years of age, was a man of great vitality and had attended to the business at his office as late as Thursday of the previous week, when pneumonia set in and death intervened in a few days. Mr. Dwan, who was an Irishman by birth, came to Canada about 65 years ago and had been a resident of Toronto from that time until the time of his death. In his earlier years he had been employed as purser on the boats running between Montreal and Toronto. This and his long career as a coal and wood merchant, made him widely known. Mr. Dwan leaves three sons and three daughters. The sons are Joseph of Chicago, Frank and Peter J. of Toronto, and the daughters, Sister Rosaria, Sister Celestine and Sister Anastasia, all members of Loretto Community. The funeral took place on Thursday morning from No. 7 Maitland street, the residence of a son, to St. Paul's church, thence to St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

The Secret of the Confessional

The following correspondence to the Rev. Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal gives a pathetic yet heroic story which adds one more proof to the many already current of the fidelity of the priesthood to the secrecy of the Confessional:

Blessington, Wicklow, Ireland, July 15, 1906. Dear Father Lambert,—Some months ago I read in the Freeman an article about the secrets of the Confessional where reference was made to a case in Russia. You regretted you had not the exact statement. I had it, but was unable to put my hand on it until to-day. I clipped it from the London Tablet some twenty years ago (March 6, 1880). Enclosed is the clipping.

Very truly yours,
T. CURRAN, P.P.

THE SECRET OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

In the year 1853 the cathedral church of Zitimir, in Russia Volhynia, was the scene of the most mournful of all Church ceremonies, the degradation of a priest. The church was filled to overflowing by persons who lamented aloud; the Bishop whose painful duty it was to perform the sad rite, Mgr. Borowski, could not restrain his grief, all the more because the priest who was subject to it was universally known and, hitherto, universally respected. His name was Kobzlowicz, and he was Catholic priest at Oratov, in the Ukraine. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was greatly esteemed as a confessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The chief piece of evidence against him was a double-barreled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, and was proved to belong to him, and one barrel of which had been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him to penal servitude for life in Siberia.

Conformably to canonical rules, he was degraded from the priesthood before his sentence was carried out, and then his hair was cut off, and he clad in convict apparel, and then incorporated in the chained gang of criminals who made their march to Siberia. Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the church of Oratov, finding himself at the point of death, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he had done so in the hope of being able to marry his widow. After committing the crime, he took the gun with which he had shot the unfortunate man, and hid it where, upon

his suggestion, the police found it, and he ingeniously managed to direct suspicion on the priest. But, the strangest part of his story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn with remorse he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him, and he allowed things to proceed on their false course.

Thus the poor priest, Kobzlowicz, knew well who was the genuine murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible charge. But this would have broken the seal of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo degradation and penal servitude for life, and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal. The confession of the organist was subsequently taken in regular legal form, and then the Government sent directions to have the priest sought out and set at liberty, his innocence being publicly proclaimed. But he was beyond the reach of human compensation, and had gone before a tribunal where error is impossible, and where ample justice will have been done to his heroic virtue. He died without ever having let the slightest sign transpire of the real condition of things.

Reading For Catholics

"Tell me your company and I will tell you who you are." This oft repeated old proverb applies as much to our books as to our companions, for after all our greatest companions are our books, and while our associates in life have certainly a great influence upon us, our books have a far greater one, hence the necessity for good books and good reading of all kinds in the homes. Just how much our character building is based upon what we read is beyond the realization of most of us, yet when we come in contact with other intelligent people we would be surprised how they can judge of what we read by our conversation and demeanor.

No Catholic can afford to say that he has no time to read anything but the daily papers. Of course he must read the daily paper—he must keep himself posted on what is going on in his town or city, but to confine himself to this at once stamps him as illiterate and unintelligent. This reading must be supplemented by something higher and more elevating and where can more elevating, interesting, as well as instructive literature, be found than in our Catholic books and newspapers.

It is easy enough to say read good books, but it is a different matter to procure a sufficient supply of these, especially in homes where money is an important factor and indeed the mighty dollar is an important factor with all of us and to make it go as far as possible is one of our chief aims and duties in life. Still we must have good books and how are we going to get them, especially good Catholic books? Other books are quite inexpensive, yet they cost just as much to bind, print and publish. It is simply that the demand is greater, hence the greater and cheaper supply. At times the best authors, the best classics, both fiction and poetry, are to be had for a mere cipher, thus giving people of limited means an opportunity to supply themselves and families with the best literature of the day, but when do we have this opportunity of procuring our Catholic works? The fault is our own. We all know what it is to go into one of our large stores and ask for the latest Catholic book. We are simply told they have not got it in stock. One remedy for this is to keep ourselves posted on the latest Catholic books and keep asking for them until the demand is supplied. The bookseller is anxious enough for our money to make it worth his while to keep them in stock if we would only unite in making the demand for them. This clean, healthy, elevating literature would do away in a measure with the reading of silly, sensational papers and novels and the equally silly, although cloaked in a more solemn mein, books on atheism and other foolish isms of which there is so much reading in the present day.

While speaking of good reading for Catholics it will not be amiss to include our Catholic newspapers. While not as expensive as the books, they are quite as effectual a means of elevating the standard of our literature and encouraging the loftier aims of life and while there is no chance of having too many Catholic newspapers let us remember the old saw, "charity begins at home," and apply it in this instance, and after our own paper, like our own parish, has been well looked after, and supported, then let us include as many other Catholic papers as possible.

M. J.

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Stage People as Catholics

In spite of the ban put upon them by the ancient Puritan prejudice, united with French superstition, the dramatic fraternity, which embraces actors, have a deep and abiding respect for the Catholic Church and for religion in general. They are simple folk, like all craftsmen who live apart from the world. They see only the picturesque and the beautiful in the Church and in religion, are not given to close study of modern books, have little concern for other interests, and are therefore easier to please than most people.

It is an immense pleasure to contrast the simple and vigorous faith of a man like Frank Keenan, leading man in The Girl of the Golden West, with the sneering spirit of the late Lord Acton for example; the latter had all the opportunities for the development of a sublime faith, and the former belongs to the despised and supposedly immortal stage; yet Frank Keenan diffuses among all his acquaintance love and respect for the Church, is a real missionary of Christ, while the humble Catholics who read Lord Acton suffer tremendous temptations against the faith.

This contrast was made more emphatic for me the other day after listening one hour to Keenan and the next to an insufferable creature, who reminded me that the Catholic body was made up of the poor chiefly, that the Catholic colleges graduated a crude set of impossible men, that history had a good case against the Church, and that the clergy lacked the culture required of good leaders. It was needless to remind him that the world's majority is of the poor, and that from their soil spring the powers that keep society going; useless to tell him that he knew nothing whatever about the Catholic colleges; or, that history is being rewritten; or, that the American clergy are the superiors of any American class in the knowledge of logic, philosophy and theology, and the most in-

fluent leaders of the time. He had been brought up in the shadow of the Church, close to the sacraments, and this was the result of the fondlest care that could be bestowed on a human being. Frank Keenan had endured thirty years of stage life, which is supposed by the virtuous to be highly demoralizing, yet confessed the faith more firmly than at the beginning of his career. The other burned with the carping spirit of Lord Acton.—Rev. John Talbot Smith, in Donohoe's for June.

Respect For Old Age

It is often said that American people are lacking in reverence for the aged. If this be true, it is, indeed, a flagrant fault. It is to the old we look for wisdom, gained by the years. Fortunate is the young person who has close personal relation with those who have had long life and varied experiences. The advice of the latter is worth more than gold. Old people do not rush into extravagances. They think before they act. They counsel reflection. They give stability.

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