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VOL. XI. No. 24

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Prize Day at St. Michael's

Celebration of Rev. Dr. Teefy's Silver Jubilee

Presentation of Addresses and Testimonials—Reply by the Jubilarian.

Rev. Dr. Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College, on Tuesday completed his 25th year in the priesthood. For 14 years of this period he had presided with ability and distinction over the leading Catholic educational institution of the Province, St. Michael's College, and his Silver Jubilee was therefore made the occasion of a fitting celebration, accompanied by many testimonials of esteem and affection in which he is held.

The ceremonies of the day opened at 10.30 a.m. when Dr. Teefy sang High Mass in St. Basil's Church, assisted by Rev. W. Doherty, of Syracuse, as deacon, and Rev. Geo. Doherty, of Toronto Junction, as sub-deacon. The Sanctuary was filled with visiting clergy from the archdiocese, and from neighboring dioceses in Ontario and the United States. A notable feature of the occasion was the presence of Dr. Teefy's aged father. The music was rendered by the pupils of the college, who sang Dumont's "Second Tone Mass," Father Murray, C. S. B., leading, and Father Rohleder, organist, at the organ. "Salve Domine" was sung by Mr. J. J. Costello at the offertory.

VICAR-GENERAL McCANN'S SERMON.

Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G., preached the Jubilee sermon from the text "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered unto me?" Ps. 115.

"We are gathered here to-day," he said, "to thank God for His blessings, to rejoice with the Superior of St. Michael's College, on the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and, along with him, to return thanks to God for the life so long preserved, and so richly blessed. What gratitude should be his! How fervently should he thank God at the end of twenty-five years of labor!"

"Let us see what God has done for man and for the priest; what claim He has to our gratitude. In the beginning He created the world in beauty. The result of His six days of labor was a great book containing the story of His omnipotence, a great painting that has portrayed His wisdom, and a great palace in which to dwell. But who was to read that great book, who was to gaze upon that painting, who was to dwell in that palace? Not angels. They already dwelt in the mansion of God, viewed His divine beauty, and read the word of wisdom. God said: 'Let us make man to our image and likeness,' and man was made, the golden link between the Creator and the lower creatures. God made him in beauty, endowed him with intelligence and put the mantle of justice and sanctity upon him. Man has memory, will and understanding to recognize the power and goodness of his Maker. The soul of man is wonderful. Nothing in

creation can compare with the human soul. The body is subject to change and death; the soul is not altered by time, and sickness may not destroy it. The body is limited to time and place. The soul lives in the present, past and future. It travels from pole to pole, sweeps over land and ocean, speeds down to the bosom of the deep and rises to Heaven and beyond to the very throne of God. How wonderful is the soul of man! Wonderful, too, is God's relation to it. The Father has created it; the Son has redeemed it, and the Holy Ghost has sanctified it. When we reflect we may well say, "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered to me?"

"What shall we say of the priest? All these gifts, all these relations to God and more are his. He is the ambassador of God, the representative of God, the distributor of all His heavenly goods. Christ was prophet, priest and king. A prophet under the Old Law revealed the secrets of the dark aisles in the great cathedral of time. Christ was a prophet, for He lifted the veil from over the thoughts of man and predicted the redemption of man in His own death. 'Behold a great prophet has risen up amongst us,' the Jews said, and in the presence of Moses and Elias, Peter, James and John, representatives of the Old Law and the New, the Father proclaimed Him, 'Behold this is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him.' Jesus has returned to the bosom of His Father. The priest has been left to take His place. It is true the priest cannot reveal the secrets of hearts, but men must reveal the secrets of hearts to him. 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven.' The prophets of old foretold that Jesus would come. The priest, like St. John the Baptist, points Him out: 'Ecce agnus Dei.' 'Behold the lamb of God.' The priest joins with Jesus Christ in the sacrifice of the Mass, the sacrifice of Calvary repeated. In that sacrifice the world is not redeemed, but all the blessings and benedictions of the redemption are showered upon the soul. In that sacrifice the priest cooperates with Christ, the High Priest. 'Do this for a commemoration of Me.' Our Lord is King—King in the order of nature, King in the order of grace and King in the order of glory. Christ is sole owner in the kingdom of nature, sole Master in the kingdom of grace, and He reveals His Kingship in the order of glory. He does say, indeed, that His Kingdom is not of this world, that it is spiritual. In this kingdom the priest is given power to rule. Unlike the kings of the world his power extends to the invisible. He overthrows the spirits of darkness in baptism, when he blots from the soul the claim of the king of evil, and in penance, when he snaps the bond that fetters the sinner. He makes Christ reign in hearts when he breaks the bread of life, and he opens up heaven with the sacrament of the dying.

"Such is the priest and such is his power. He has reason assuredly to rejoice in the favors God has conferred upon him, to cry out (with the Psalmist) 'Quid retribuam Domino. What shall I render to the Lord for all the things He has rendered unto me?' We, too my brethren, have cause for gratitude. If the power of the priest is great it is for us it is exercised. When God permits His servant to use this power for our good for a period of twenty-five years we do well to assemble in the church of God to return thanks. What more can I say. I am forbidden to touch upon anything personal in the life of Father Teefy. I shall only congratulate the Superior of St. Michael's College for the great and good work accomplished in the past, and on having won and retained the esteem of his fellow-priests throughout the archdiocese of Toronto. I join in the prayer that God may long preserve him to continue the good work he has been doing in St. Michael's College."

On the conclusion of the Mass the priests and students blended their voices in the beautiful canticle, "Te Deum Laudamus."

PRESENTED WITH ADDRESSES.
 At 12 o'clock the visiting clergy and students assembled in the large study hall. Father Teefy took his seat on the dais, accompanied by Very Rev. V. Matijon, C.S.B., Provincial; Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G.; Dean Egan Barrie, and Mr. Teefy. Here the program opened with a chorus by the College Glee Club.

The presentation of addresses of congratulation to Dr. Teefy then took place. The first was read by Rev. A. P. Dumouchel, on behalf of the faculty of the college, as follows:
 To the Very Rev. John Read Teefy, M.A., LL.D., C. S. B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto:
 Very Reverend and Dear Confere—On occasions that commemorate some glad or glorious event in the life of your general, the sub-officers of an army claim the privilege of being the first to do honor to their chief. We are the inferior officers of a little

army contending for the cause of truth in the campaign of education, and you are its commanding officer. More and higher than that, we are priests whose vocation it is to extend the kingdom of God's Church, and you are the directing spirit, and we are religious whose duty it is to walk in the perfect way, and you are our guide. To-day is that glad and glorious day in your career, completing, as it does, five and twenty years of faithful service in the sanctuary, five and twenty years in community life, and three-fifths of that period in the presidency of our college. Therefore do we, your brothers in the priesthood, your subjects in religion, and your assistants in education, rejoice to gather around you and say: Salve frater; salve pater; salve Superior!"

A quarter of a century a priest and religious! For a quarter of a century you have been a good priest and good religious. What higher tribute can we pay? This portion of any man's life comprises the longest and most important portion of his career. It is the period of greatest vigor, greatest energy and greatest effectiveness. In your life that long span has been devoted with self-sacrificing zeal to the service of God in His apostolate. All the power for good that rests with a talented, energetic, holy priest in the enjoyment of robust health you have called into exercise. By your labors the Catholic youth entrusted to your care has been most carefully nurtured. Their minds have been fed with Catholic doctrine; their hearts have been filled with love for Christian virtues; their ambitions directed to lofty aims. Your instructions have spiritualized them and made them love the religion you serve. Your conduct has edified them and made them devoted children of the Church. In witness to your priestly zeal we point to the fidelity with which your students always fulfill their religious obligations, not only during their stay in college but afterwards, when the advance into the world or into some higher institution.

During this long period you have been not less exact as a religious than devout as a priest. Your modesty might prefer that on this point nothing be said. We will respect your wishes in so far as we can, but you must permit us on this occasion to say that we have always been proud of you as a brother religious, because you have always lived as a religious should. Your manner of observing the rule has been pointed out by your seniors as a model for the junior members of the community. In your prime the regularity that has always characterized your daily life, coupled with your brilliant qualities of mind and your kindly disposition won for you the superiority. And for fourteen years you have been the honored head of St. Michael's College. This period has been marked by a wonderful progress in the material and educational phases of the institution. To the former we need not allude, for two months have elapsed since the attention of the citizens of Toronto and that of the Catholic hierarchy of Canada and of the priests of Ontario and the neighboring States, was focused on the new structure. What a share you had in the erection is known to all.

Upon the educational work of the college under your principalship we shall not dwell. For the excellent results accomplished in recent years, we leave it to the students, who have gathered the fruits, to thank you. But one remark would we make, and it must commend your course. The number of the students has been constantly growing, and the golden jubilee year of the college and the silver jubilee year of your priesthood has seen the roll list longer than it ever

was before. There is one matter, however, to which we feel bound to allude here. Your influence for good, that has been all-pervading within the college since 1889, has not been confined to St. Michael's. It has exerted itself in the University of Toronto. You have raised the banner of Catholicity in her halls and turned the eyes of her learned professors and fair-minded students to view it with respect. Your eloquence in society and lecture rooms dispersed the clouds of suspicion which for years had hung over everybody and everything Catholic. And your powerful utterances from public platforms on various occasions have won respect for the cause you serve and reverence for the priesthood to which you belong. The fame of your scholarly attainments has reflected glory on the college and established her renown far more than the affiliation with the University, which was secured by your efforts.

As you look back on this happy day over the past quarter of a century you may view with honest pride the services you have rendered to the Church in this country and to the Catholic youth of this country and the United States. Permit us to say your labors have been appreciated without and doubly so within St. Michael's College.

We ask you, then, to accept our warmest congratulations on this memorable anniversary; and with them are linked our earnest wishes that you may live in the golden age of your priesthood, and our fervent prayers that God may continue to bless your work and preserve you in health and happiness.

In conclusion, be pleased to receive the accompanying gift as a token of the esteem, gratitude and love of YOUR DEVOTED CONFRERES.

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Very Reverend and Dear Father—On this happy and memorable occasion when your many friends are tendering you their congratulations on having attained your Silver Jubilee in the priesthood of God's Church, it is but just that we, your old pupils of St. Michael's College, should also give expression to our feelings and unite with your other friends in felicitating you on the labors of the past years and in offering you at the same time our sincere wishes that Almighty God may be pleased to spare you for many years to come to work for your dear community and for the cause of Catholic education to which you have dedicated the warm zeal of your youthful manhood as well as the more vigorous energy of your priestly life.

Belonging as you do to a religious community, the members of which have endeared themselves to us by many ties of love and respect and for whom those sentiments as the years roll onward are still further strengthened as we dwell with gratitude on the beneficent influence that their lives and teaching had over us in the days of our youth, it is but natural, Reverend and Dear Father, that on this the occasion of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of your elevation to the priesthood, we should hasten to offer to yourself in person that tribute of many gratitude which we shall always entertain for the community itself.

A great man once said that if gratitude were launched from the hearts of the people it would still find a refuge in the breasts of kings. We today might reiterate with the necessary emendation that statement of Edmund Burke and say that if gratitude and love were ever launched from the hearts of your many other friends and the friends of St. Basil's Community, they would always find an abiding place in the hearts of your old pupils of St. Michael's College.

When the mantle of the gentle and sainted Father Vincent fell upon your young shoulders by the choice of your superiors in the community it was thought that the selection of his successor was a wise and prudent one; and although many years have elapsed since then with their varying vicissitudes, although many obstacles in the way of Catholic education have arisen, which could not have been foreseen, yet your success as President of our dear Alma Mater has more than ever ratified the wisdom of your superiors and has convinced us that you are worthy of an honorable place beside those venerable men who have so faithfully directed in the past the moral and intellectual life of St. Michael's College. If the glory of the father be the children then surely you on this the 25th anniversary of your ordination have reason to glory not only in the monuments of stone which are the imprint of your devoted zeal and earnest enthusiasm, but still more in the number and character of your former pupils who in many lands and in various walks of life look back with respect and gratitude to you as

DR. TREACY AND HIS OLD BOYS.
 Rev. Dr. Treacy at once arose and in the name of Dr. Teefy's Old Boys read:
 To the Very Rev. J. R. Teefy, D.D., M.A., President of St. Michael's College:

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to one at whose paternal knees they had early imbibed their first lessons in Catholic education and Christian morality.
 For these reasons you may rest assured, Reverend and dear Father, that the past students of your beloved college shall always look to you with reverence and gratitude; they shall always treasure in their hearts your gentle admonitions and fatherly counsels and wherever their lot in life is cast to-day they will turn towards you to breathe the prayer that God will continue to bless your labors in this life and reward you in the next with that imperishable crown which He has promised to those who like you shall have labored in the sacred cause of Catholic education.

"They who instruct others into justice, shall shine like stars in the firmament."
 Signed on behalf of your old pupils,
 J. TREACY,
 W. DOHERTY.

The last address was presented on behalf of the present students by Mr. P. Hopkins, the winner of the scholarship in metaphysics.

To the Very Rev. J. R. Teefy, C.S. B., M.A., LL.D., Superior:
 Very Reverend and Dear Father—it is with feelings of great pleasure that we offer you our respectful and affectionate congratulations on the completion of your twenty-fifth year in the priesthood. From an ordinary point of view a quarter of a century is not a very long period, but when spent in the ministry of God it is a time to look back upon with awe and gratitude. So many opportunities for doing good are offered to the zealous priest, and we feel certain that you, dear father, have not allowed any to pass unnoticed. We are grateful to you, for the share you have given us, in the good which you have wrought, for we know that as long as you have been superior of this college we have always held first place in your heart.

Many changes have taken place during the past twenty-five years, especially during the fourteen years of your presidency, but the aim of this institution has always remained the same, for the Basilian Fathers have ever continued faithful to the traditions of their Community. Under your direction, they have given the pupils of St. Michael's College a thorough Catholic education and if some have not gone forth to fight their way in the world as fully equipped as they should have been, we feel satisfied that the fault was their own, and does not rest with our zealous and prudent head. But if the aim of the institution has not been changed, the same cannot be said of the building itself. Year after year has witnessed improvements, and the crowning work the splendid new wing, will be your monument for future generations.

We feel sure, dear father, that you cannot doubt the sentiments of your present students. In their thoughts St. Michael's College and Father Teefy will always be inseparable. They will always speak your name and that of your college with affection and respect, and in so doing they will feel that they are only fulfilling their duty to you and to her.

Our address speaks only of a few of the years of your priesthood, but it deals with the period during which we have been under your guidance, and have learned to admire, respect and love you. We cannot go back as far as many of the familiar figures which surround you here to-day, nor do we remember the grand old men who have faded one by one from your sight, but we can assure you that though they have known you longer, and have been your companions in many a hard struggle, they have not learned to bear you a greater affection than we do.

In conclusion, dear father, allow us to express once more our most earnest congratulations. Other addresses may be read to you on this occasion, but none can find its origin in kinder feelings of the heart than that of your devoted children in Christ.

On behalf of the students,
 P. HOPKINS.

REPLY OF THE JUBILARIAN
 The purses or cheques accompanying the various addresses netted about \$1,500.
 Dr. Teefy, on rising to reply, was evidently deeply moved by the tributes of esteem he had just received. "H," he said, "I were to analyze the addresses as one analyzes arguments in logic, I should say, 'Causa pro non causa.' I do not deserve in the least measure the encomiums lavished upon me. The object of all these addresses, I feel sure, is to honor the priesthood, to honor the religious life and show devotion to the cause of education. When it was a question of observing this anniversary my one desire was to go home and spend the day quietly. I consented to a public recognition of the event only because I felt that it might aid the cause of

Catholic education. I was not prepared for the proportions the celebration has assumed. How, then, can I thank you for the kind words you have uttered, for the generous gifts you have given, and for the great sacrifices you have made to bestow these favors and to attend the jubilee. I thank the religious communities of the diocese for their prayers and donations. They are not present, but I cannot forget them. I thank old friends and old students from a distance, who cannot be here in person, but have written to say they are here in spirit. I thank the clergy of Toronto, especially the Vicar-General, for the sermon this morning and his kind words just now. It is the priests of Toronto Diocese I wish especially to thank. Their interests and the interests of St. Michael's College are one. It is here the youth of the diocese are educated, here the future priests are formed. I am proud to be a Basilian, and I am proud to be a priest in Toronto Diocese. I was born, educated, and have labored in the diocese. But education is not limited to one country, to one diocese. Its rays go forth to illumine other lands. Hence, I am proud to see here to-day priests from the States of Pennsylvania and New York. I cannot find words to thank them. Twenty-five years a priest and teacher and 14 years of superiorship are enough to make one grey and sad; but the gratitude and affection displayed to-day would make any burden light. I am sure I have every reason to believe that the future years will bring all the graces and favors you have asked Heaven to give. We have need of large floods of light and love when we cross the bar of 25 years in the ministry. We need consolation, but I am sure I can get it from your words and from your prayers; that God may bless your alma mater and its unworthy superior."

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor was unable to reach the college in time for the morning service, but did honor to Father Teefy's feast by his presence at the banquet which followed. He also remained for the distribution of prizes at 4 o'clock, when the following attractive programme was presented by the students:

- PART FIRST.
1. Overture, "Martha," (Flotow), Orchestra.
 2. Salutatory, Mr. E. Moriarty.
 3. Chorus, "Praise Ye the Father," (Gounod), College Glee Club.
 4. Recitation, "The Revue," (Tennyson), Mr. M. King.
 5. Selection, "Cocoanut Dance," (Hermann), Orchestra.
 6. Distribution of medals and scholarships.

- PART SECOND.
1. Waltz, "La Susanna," (Rosey), Orchestra.
 2. Speech, "Education," Mr. H. Boland.
 3. Duet, "Barber of Seville," (Rossini), Master J. Brady and Rev. E. F. Murray, C.S.B.
 4. Valedictory, Mr. A. McCaffrey.
 5. Distribution of prizes.
 God Save the King.

- PRIZE AND HONOR LIST.
- The McEvay Scholarship for Mental Philosophy was awarded to Patrick Hopkins, Dupont, Pa. Honors—Henry Boland, Toronto.

- SPECIAL PRIZES.
- Good Conduct—Senior Division, Boarders, (Very Rev. Provincial)—Thomas Quinn; honors, P. Boyle, W. (Continued on page 4.)

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

On Sunday week last the Christian Brothers of Rome, whose success in the teaching of the young men of Rome that were in danger of falling into the hands of the proselytizers has been made so evident, gave an exhibition of the work they are achieving. His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli presided on the occasion, and the Most Rev. Father David Fleming, General of the Order of Friar Minors, with a number of the Irish clergy and laity of Rome, assisted at this display of young Romans expressing in clear and intelligible English and German and French, gems from the respective literatures of these languages. While there is still much to be done, the work achieved up to the present has been quite notable.

Within a few days the Very Rev. Monsignor F. X. Rooker, late Secretary of the Papal Delegation at Washington, D.C., and the Rev. Denis J. Dougherty, of St. Charles' Seminary, Doughty, Pennsylvania, will be consecrated in Rome as Bishops for the Philippines. Mr. Rooker is well known here, as for several years prior to his appointment as Secretary to the Washington Apostolic Delegation he filled the office of Vice Rector of the American College in Rome.

It is expected that a secret Consistory for the creation of Cardinals will be held on June 15th, and the Public Consistory will take place on the 18th. Amongst the names mentioned are: Mgrs. Noella, Cavichioni, Taliani and Ajuti; Mgr. Katschlatner, Bishop of Salzburg, and Mgr. Herrero, of Espinosa de los Monteros, Bishop of Valencia, in Spain; and Mgr. Hubert Anton Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne. Cardinals Noella and Cavichioni, being in Rome, will receive the red hat from the hands of the Pope in the Public Consistory of June 18th; the others will wait until the next Consistory. It has been calculated that after this Consistory the relation in the matter of numbers between the Italian and foreign Cardinals in the Sacred College will be that the Italians will number 39 and the foreigners 26.

ENGLAND

The Catholic Herald makes an announcement about Iona which, if it proves to be true, will give a thrill of pleasure to Catholics in every part of the world. The other day we referred to the report that the Duke of Argyll had decided to sell the Holy Island, which has been for many generations in the possession of his family; and the journal referred to states that the gentleman who was negotiating for the purchase "is acting in the interests of the French Carthusians, who were recently expelled from the monastery at Chartreuse by the French Government. It is understood," adds the writer, "that the recent visit of the Scottish Bishops to Rome was not unconnected with this matter, and we have it on excellent authority that the negotiations are now on the point of completion." Iona was the centre and headquarters of Christianity and civilization in Scotland for hundreds of years. After Armagh, Lismore and Bangor, it was perhaps the greatest glory of the Irish Church. On the little isle some of the most famous of Scottish kings and Irish chieftains are buried, and many of their memorials remain there to this day. The religious revolution in Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made a sad change in "Holy Hy." A strange religion took possession of Columba's grave, of the monuments, of the fine cathedral of later days, and from then till now no tinkling of the brass bell has been heard, no responses to the Rosary, no calls to Vespers. What a marvel if Catholic monks should once again take possession of the rock-bound shore, and if the religion of Columba and Adamnan should, after so many centuries of eclipse and persecution, once again blossom forth by the Sound of Mull and the fabled hills of Morven!

FRANCE

Pere Celestien Augier, O.M.I., in appearing, with several other Oblates, before the Marseilles Correctional Court to answer the charge of refusing to leave their house, delivered a remarkable address in defence of the religious life of Christianity, and of the rights of members of Orders. He reminded the Court that monks and missionaries would remain when those who tried to proscribe them would have passed away. The Oblates were condemned to fines, and on leaving the Court they were applauded by a large crowd. At Boulogne-sur-Mer the Superior of the Redemptorists, Father Montaigne, made one of the finest protests against the tyrannical decrees of the present Government ever heard. He showed that he and five of his brethren who had chosen to remain in the town were driven from a house that was given to them, that the Redemptorists had always paid their taxes, that they never did harm to anybody, but, on the contrary, assisted the poor and gave spiritual consolation to those requiring it. He also asked

why the Religious Congregations were singled out for harsh treatment, when absolutely nothing was done to the non-authorized congregations of Freemasons, nor to the Jewish, Protestant and Mussulman Societies throughout the territory of the Republic. An equally impressive protest was made before the same tribunal by Father Menard, a Capuchin, who is 75 years old.

M. Paul de Cassagnac, the famous Bonapartist editor, is now engaged in organizing funds for the relief of those members of the clergy who are suffering, or are liable to suffer from the effects of the Apostate's tyranny. M. de Cassagnac's appeal has been taken up by M. Arthur Meyer, editor of The Gaulois, and it is expected that not only Royalists and Imperialists, but also many Liberal Republicans, will back the projected scheme for the protection of the courageous priests who have dared to denounce or to criticize the acts of the autocrat who is now President of the Council.

In view of the new expulsions "en bloc" of the Congregations of nuns, who have vainly applied to the Apostolate for authorization, a French Religious has made some remarkable statements to a representative of The Patriote of Brussels. This lady advises all the secularized nuns to join her in founding a Society of Domestic Servants, or, as the Americans say, "helps." The Sisters would become general servants, cooks or nurses, not entering into competition with the ordinary "bonnes," but offering their services on the same terms and conditions as these, and joining the ranks of female servants, as they have every right to do. According to the rules to be prescribed for this new Order or Congregation, the secularized nuns would do their best to go to Mass every morning, and would meet together for an hour or two on Sundays for religious exercises. The Sisters employed as servants would, of course, wear suitable secular dress.

IS COMBES RIDING FOR A FALL?

There are evidences that the Combes Ministry in Paris is nearing its end. The public are becoming suspicious of a Prime Minister who, when definite accusations of corruption are made against his son, occupying a most important administrative post on his nomination, merely meets them with an indignant denial. The charge of attempting to blackmail the monks of the Grande Chartreuse was referred to inquiry by a magistrate of about the same amount of independence of the Executive as an Irish Removable. M. Combes' accusers demanded that the matter should be tried at the Assizes, but M. Combes refused the challenge. Of course the magistrate in the absence of the evidence of the accusers found that M. Combes' son was above suspicion. In the case of a later charge equally definite the Premier has contented himself with indignantly repudiating it. But it is to be pursued, and highly significant as the Senators that if they did not support him better he would throw up his office. The Senators are beginning to see the end of M. Combes apparently, and they do not anticipate that it will be a very savory one. Consequently they are beginning to weaken in their allegiance. The reaction from the persecution of Religious Orders seems about to come even sooner than was expected. It is said that enormous sums have found their way into the pockets of unauthorized persons connected with the Ministry by the consecration of the property of the monks.

DESPONDENCY TO JOY

Story of Rene Trudel who had Dyspepsia Till He Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. No better idea can be given of the depression and despondency produced by Dyspepsia than the story of Rene Trudel, of Three Rivers, Quebec. Mr. Trudel is a student, and like so many of his class he fell a victim to Dyspepsia. In telling his story he says: "Sometimes I had slight attacks of this malady, but for some weeks it made alarming progress to that point that I was discouraged, weak and almost in despair. I resolved to give up my studies." But at this point Mr. Trudel started to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and listen to the cheerful sequel to his story: "I began to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in the first days of January, 1903, and for a month and a half I regularly took one after each meal, sometimes two. After that I felt so much better I only took one after supper. To-day I have no headache, no weakness and no pain. I am cured. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have brought joy to a desperate heart, the rays of sunshine to a weary life." Prosperity leads often to ambition and ambition to disappointment.

RECEPTION TO THE HON. JOS. DEVLIN, M.P.

Great Irish Demonstration in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

A reunion and banquet of the branches of the United Irish League of Boston and vicinity were held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on June 2, and on the same occasion a well merited compliment was paid to Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., who was tendered a reception in recognition of the conclusion of his work of organization in the interest of the League in America, on the eve of his departure for Ireland. Mr. Devlin gave the following address:

I am most profoundly grateful to this splendid and representative gathering for the more than kind and warm welcome which has been accorded to me to-night, and I feel all the more indebted to those assembled in this historic hall, for the tribute which has been paid to me, because this meeting represents something more than the mere personal expression of appreciation.

It represents the triumphs of the organized workers of this movement during the period of the last eighteen months, who have seen one of the mighty principles conceded, and it represents the practical determination of every man who can claim some small share in that concession, to continue the work of the United-Irish League until England is compelled to grant to Ireland that greater principle, incorporated in the constitution of the League.

It is exactly twelve months ago since a somewhat smaller but equally patriotic and tenacious body of workers in New England gave me a message of good cheer and encouragement to carry to my fighting comrades who are doing their best on the soil of Ireland to maintain the light for land and liberty.

Then the organization in this country was practically new, composed of a small, though growing section of patriotic, and public-spirited Irishmen. The movement was then in a large degree confined to the people of New England. We have but to look to the record of the time that has come and gone since then to see how marvelously the movement has progressed and the deep rooted and powerful position it has taken to-day in every large and small centre of population throughout America.

I go back to Ireland with a message from a united race on the soil of the Republic; with branches of the United Irish League established everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, expressing the organized spirit and representing the auxiliary force of the Irish race planted everywhere under the tree banner of the Stars and Stripes. (Applause.)

This should be to you a night not only of festivity but one of inspiration and encouragement. When last we met under similar circumstances Ireland was engaged in a tremendous conflict with her old-time enemies. Our people were fighting a steadfast battle for the security of their lands against a powerful conspiracy of landlordism and British power. To-night we meet at the end of 12 months of this battle, and we see the landlords' capitulation to Irish union and Irish organization at home and abroad. (Applause.)

I say, therefore, that it must be comforting to you all who have pinned your faith to this new movement that such wonderful strides it has made and you should claim it as no small triumph for your judgment and your patriotism and your loyalty of heart and your untiring fidelity that you saw in that movement great possibilities of national achievement and you see these possibilities realized in the certainty of the complete destruction, in the coming year, of the iniquitous system of Irish landlordism.

There was never in the history of any movement so magnificent a vindication of the men who guided the movement and of the movement itself that is to be found in the record of the practical work which the United Irish League has done since it was established in Ireland a little over 3 years ago.

When Mr. William O'Brien commenced the great work of internal pacification, the Irish cause was steeped practically in the slough of despair. English ministries neither had the desire, nor did they deem it expedient to pay any attention to Irish claims for national concession. Disunion prevailed in Ireland and retrogression, as a consequence was the order of the day in the English Parliament.

This movement has evolved order out of chaos. It has established an organization where disorder prevailed before. It has brought on a common platform men who held diversified opinions on matters of personality and method in the conduct of the public movement. It has restored the Irish cause to its old position of prestige, it has strengthened Irish patriotism and it is responsible to-day for the opening up of a brighter and a happier era for our unfortunate country. This is the organization that we started here in this country a little over 12 months ago.

views through the Representative Chamber. There came, therefore, as the natural result the introduction of the lowered franchise, which at once gave the parliamentary representation of Ireland into the hands of men whom Ireland accepted and recognized as the exponents of her national claims. Up to that time the cause of Ireland had been represented in Parliament only by a formal motion brought on every session for Home Rule, and another motion introduced after the same fashion for the establishment of the principle of Tenant Right for Ireland. Each of these motions was the subject of a formal and merely ceremonial debate on the question involved, and then a division was taken which ended, of course, in an immense majority against the Irish demand, and the subject was quietly allowed to drop until the next session gave opportunity for a repetition of the same inane performance. Those were the days when "the three P's," representing sixty of tenure, fair rents, and free sale were commonly regarded even by advanced British Radicals as the full symbols of all that was needed for the complete settlement of the Irish Land Question.

Then there came the days of the policy commonly described by its opponents as that of Parliamentary Obstruction. The genius of Charles Stewart Parnell first discovered and applied this new and indomitable force to its proper destination. Isaac Butt had led for a long time the Home Rule Party in the House of Commons. But Isaac Butt had never dreamed that anything could be done for Ireland by so active and so original a policy. He was a sincere lover of his country and sympathized fully with her just claims, but he was essentially the advocate of strictly conventional proceedings in the House of Commons. He had a profound respect for the ways and forms of the House, and he did not understand that the need of Ireland's claims had utterly outgrown these antiquated forms, that the case was desperate, and that there was no choice left but that between Parliamentary and National Revolution. Parnell's was that the House of Commons must be compelled to listen to the claims of Ireland, and that such compulsion could only come from the policy of obstruction. The whole principle of his action was embodied in the declaration that if the House of Commons would not pay adequate attention to the vital business of Ireland it should not for the present be allowed to attend to any other business whatever. The situation was like that illustrated in a poem written by an Irishman, which tells of the widowed woman, who flung herself down on the ground before the Roman Emperor's charger and declared that if he would not listen to the grievances of her and hers she would with her own weak frame bear his progress, and he must either bear her or trample her to death. We can all remember how Parnell and his seven or eight followers carried out that policy of obstruction for session after session in despite of every effort, legal or extra-legal, which could be brought to bear against them. By this policy and by none other, was brought about that reduction of the franchise which put Parnell at the head of a large majority among the representatives of Ireland.

It must ever be among the brightest memories of my life that I had for many years the opportunity of serving under Parnell in the maintenance of his wise and successful policy. It is a pleasure to me also to remember that there were at least a few independent and enlightened British representatives, who acted generously and faithfully with Parnell's party in his endeavors to secure a hearing for the national voice of Ireland. One of these English members is now again in the House of Commons after an absence of some years—Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Another is Henry Labouchere, who has held his seat without interruption in the House. Then there came troubles to the Irish party into which it is not necessary to enter now, for they were but short-lived, and Ireland has once again a thoroughly united and national party, under a leader who holds the full confidence of the Irish people. In the meantime, and after a period of terrible trouble, often coming to the verge of civil war, and during which the whole constitutional system of Ireland was supplanted by a brutal despotism, the centre of which was in Dublin Castle, the Land League has been converted into a splendidly organized national body, representing in all its details the intelligence, the patriotism, and the just demands of the Irish people. Under the influence of this organization the old and disastrous differences between Ulster and the other Irish Provinces on the great question of Irish Land Tenure have disappeared, and Mr. T. W. Russell, once the representative of Ulster Unionism, now stands side by side on the Land Question with John Dillon and William O'Brien. The direct and immediate result of this new condition of things is the Land Bill so lately introduced by a Conservative Administration. That measure at the time when I am writing this article is still on its way through the House of Commons, but whatever may be its fate in Parliament, the very fact that it has been brought in, and by a Conservative Government, is enough to show that the Irish Land Tenure Question has come within sight of a full and final settlement. For the first time in the modern history of

what the fight we are making and who recognizes that in this movement there is the best guarantee for public progress and success in the days to come. (Applause.) Never was there a time of greater hope for Ireland. Twenty-three years ago, when Charles Stuart Parnell and Michael Davitt planted the banner of the Land League, they laid down the principle of the land of Ireland for the people of Ireland. Michael Davitt was then denounced as a dreamer and an idealist, not only in Ireland and in England, but even here in America.

But we see to-day Michael Davitt the dreamer and idealist sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons, and there witnessing his dreams brought to fruition, his ideals put into practical operation and the remarkable transformation of a British Ministry, responsible for the conduct of the government of Ireland, giving their names and asking the authority of Parliament to put into constitutional effect the principle of the land of Ireland for the people of Ireland, preached by Michael Davitt, whose services are still at the disposal of his countrymen, and whose name will be forever remembered, not only by the present generation but by their posterity, with pride and gratitude. (Great applause.)

What is the meaning of this wonderful change? There has been no lowering of the flag, and no critic can point to one single instance during the course of this movement, difficult and weary, where a single principle has been compromised or a single member of the Irish party has lowered the national flag. There have been many reasons given for the change, but the marvelous transformation it has brought in the conditions of Ireland, but whatever may be thought, in my humble judgment we owe the triumph to the unity of our people, to their splendid organization, to the fight they have made for Ireland in the English Parliament, to the growth of that sentiment in this country in favor of the fight of the Irish people which has been so splendidly exemplified by the existence of an organization to-day scattered all over the soil of America. (Applause.)

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S GAIN IN IRELAND

As Seen by Justin McCarthy. During the past quarter of a century what a distance we have traversed in Ireland! Just before that time we seemed to have fallen into a period of something like stagnation or reaction in the national condition of Ireland so far as the political and industrial interests of the country were concerned. Gladstone's Land Bill of 1870 appeared to have been the last word that British legislation was inclined to pronounce for the settlement of the whole Irish land question. That measure had just done enough to open the right path for a settlement, but according to the general view of what was regarded as English opinion, the path only brought us to the edge of a precipice, down which cautious and timid legislators did not venture even to look. Now, even in England, it is generally admitted that the path only brought us within sight of the bill, which has to be safely mounted in order to reach the level and expansive ground of Ireland's agricultural development and prosperity. Then at last the whole national feeling of the country—Irish men, of course, the whole national feeling of Ireland—was roused for the first time, to the conviction that Ireland and her people must act for themselves if the nation were ever to be made self-supporting and prosperous. The appeal was made to Ireland, and Ireland made splendid answer to that appeal. The heart of the country was stirred, and the Irish people were taught to think and act for themselves, and to convince their legislators that the Houses of Parliament must take counsel from Ireland as a nation, or must make up their minds to enter on a period of revolution. By the influence of the Land League and its leaders the whole mass of the Irish population was brought to act as one man and with one spirit.

The Irish people had had since the Union no adequate representation in the House of Commons, and virtually no representation whatever in the House of Lords. Even Gladstone himself did not for a while understand how utterly inadequate was the Irish representation in the House of Commons to express the will of the Irish people. This I know to be a fact; for Gladstone himself once told me that he did not see how it was that while a very small number of Irish members in the House of Commons professed to speak for the Irish people, the immense majority of Irish members elected on the very same franchise declared that they alone had authority to announce the will of Ireland, and that Ireland wanted none of the Radical reforms in political and industrial life for which some half a dozen Irishmen in Parliament were pertinaciously calling. Gladstone, it need hardly be said, only wanted to learn the truth, and he was not long in discovering that the franchise as it then existed gave no opportunity to the Irish people to make known their

views through the Representative Chamber. There came, therefore, as the natural result the introduction of the lowered franchise, which at once gave the parliamentary representation of Ireland into the hands of men whom Ireland accepted and recognized as the exponents of her national claims. Up to that time the cause of Ireland had been represented in Parliament only by a formal motion brought on every session for Home Rule, and another motion introduced after the same fashion for the establishment of the principle of Tenant Right for Ireland. Each of these motions was the subject of a formal and merely ceremonial debate on the question involved, and then a division was taken which ended, of course, in an immense majority against the Irish demand, and the subject was quietly allowed to drop until the next session gave opportunity for a repetition of the same inane performance. Those were the days when "the three P's," representing sixty of tenure, fair rents, and free sale were commonly regarded even by advanced British Radicals as the full symbols of all that was needed for the complete settlement of the Irish Land Question.

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the king of the neighboring territory made him a present of the islet, and soon he had built a little village of oaken huts for himself and his companions. This was the origin of the famous school of Iona, to which for centuries the nobility of all the northern kingdoms were wont to send their children. From this little rocky isle all the monastic schools of northern Ireland and many in England were governed. This was the centre of the Catholic propaganda of the Celts from the end of the sixth century to the arrival of the cruel Danes. The abbots of Iona were the greatest ecclesiastics among the Celts. The monks of Iona were regarded throughout the Christian world much as we to-day look upon the Trappists or the Carthusians—as the models of the virtues of humility, abnegation and industry. Iona is the Holy Land of the Celtic race. Every inch of its soil is sacred by contact with generations of saints and scholars. On that rocky patch of soil, amid the boiling tides of the intellect, can occupy the attention. The school of Iona was soon famous for the industry and the splendid penmanship of its writers and transcribers. Columba himself was the choicest scribe in Ireland, and his last act was to finish a page of the gospels. His children improved the inheritance he left them. They became the writing-masters of Europe, and, centuries later, when France and Germany had not yet completely emerged from their barbarism, the scribes of Iona were welcomed in the monasteries and the cities of the continent as teachers of writing. The books written by them were eagerly sought after, just as in our day men pay great sums of money for some small printed book from the early presses of Venice or Amsterdam.—Donahoe's

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

our island we have had the representatives of the landlord class and the tenant class coming to a full agreement as to the basis of a settlement, and we have had a Conservative Government accepting those terms as the conditions of a legislative measure. "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," when that point has been reached.

Even a greater evidence of Ireland's progress is to be seen in the fact that we have now the whole nation thoroughly and adequately represented in its own national consulting body. The Dublin Convention was an Irish Parliament elected by Irishmen, discussing the measures best adapted for Ireland's welfare, listening attentively and considerably to every difference of opinion, and coming to a final and definite agreement. The Dublin Convention was the most important event in the history of our national progress. Even the Tory newspapers most pertinaciously opposed to Ireland's claims have recognized the forbearance, the perfect order, and the willingness to hear every individual opinion which marked the whole of these debates, and the complete sincerity of the decisions which were adopted. There, the, we have the authorized demand of the Irish people proclaimed in clear and commanding tones. The English Government, whether it be Liberal or Tory, which fails to recognize the authority of that proclamation must know that it has to deal not with any mere political organization, but with the embodied resolve of the Irish race at home and abroad. Thus for the first time united Ireland stands and presents her demands to the Imperial Parliament. This is the New Ireland which will henceforth have to be dealt with by the Imperial Government. The spirits of Grattan, of O'Connell, and of Parnell might well be invoked to sanctify that genuine union of Irishmen who love their country, who know her wants, are prepared to realize her aspirations, and have faith in her progress. All this has been done for us within the past quarter of a century—these are our gains. I am now but a mere overseer of the Irish National Movement, and perhaps for that very reason am the better able to judge from my remote and secluded position the actual import of these great changes which have lately taken place in our national conditions. Surveying the prospect in all its proportions and its lights, I am proud to be able to express my absolute conviction that the New Ireland has arisen, and that our dearest national hopes are on the eve of consummation. It is well for those Irishmen who have lived to see the coming of such a day.—New Ireland.

COLUMBA'S ARRIVAL AT IONA. The king of the neighboring territory made him a present of the islet, and soon he had built a little village of oaken huts for himself and his companions. This was the origin of the famous school of Iona, to which for centuries the nobility of all the northern kingdoms were wont to send their children. From this little rocky isle all the monastic schools of northern Ireland and many in England were governed. This was the centre of the Catholic propaganda of the Celts from the end of the sixth century to the arrival of the cruel Danes. The abbots of Iona were the greatest ecclesiastics among the Celts. The monks of Iona were regarded throughout the Christian world much as we to-day look upon the Trappists or the Carthusians—as the models of the virtues of humility, abnegation and industry. Iona is the Holy Land of the Celtic race. Every inch of its soil is sacred by contact with generations of saints and scholars. On that rocky patch of soil, amid the boiling tides of the intellect, can occupy the attention. The school of Iona was soon famous for the industry and the splendid penmanship of its writers and transcribers. Columba himself was the choicest scribe in Ireland, and his last act was to finish a page of the gospels. His children improved the inheritance he left them. They became the writing-masters of Europe, and, centuries later, when France and Germany had not yet completely emerged from their barbarism, the scribes of Iona were welcomed in the monasteries and the cities of the continent as teachers of writing. The books written by them were eagerly sought after, just as in our day men pay great sums of money for some small printed book from the early presses of Venice or Amsterdam.—Donahoe's

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Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ON. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information sent to uniform terms, &c., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

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Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED FIREPLACE GOODS. FENDERS GAS LOGS COAL YARDS FIRE IRONS SCREENS Etc. Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO. Discord is a sleepless hag who never dies.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for June 1903. Includes dates for Trinity Sunday, Second Sunday after Pentecost, and Third Sunday after Pentecost.

Advertisement for Dunlop Creeper Heels with the slogan 'Head over Heels. Not a tumble, but your head is always where it should be with Dunlop Creeper Heels.'

Children's Corner

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY. 'I've never had anything like that in all my life. Whatever is given me is something to use about the house,' said Mrs. Winship, as she hurried to the kitchen...

place and buy improved farm machinery. 'I'll get a ring soon's we're on our feet—your engagement ring,' Hiram had declared once, but the slender fingers had grown red and big-jointed, and the ring had not been bought...

remonstrated the little woman, positively. 'Who said so?' 'It couldn't be—a pump; besides, I've seen it.' 'The pump! Sarah, don't!' and over the face of her husband passed an expression of shame.

THE BIBLE AND THE SECTS

Concluding his long series of letters in The Catholic Times concerning the Holy Bible, Mgr. Canon Vaughan writes on the attitude of the sects towards the Sacred Scriptures. He says: Mr. W. H. Mallock is not a Catholic, but he is a shrewd observer, and often expresses Catholic doctrines, not only accurately, but in a manner to arrest attention, and almost to command assent.

bles by the conflicting character of its conclusions, which land us in a fog. The theory of the consensus of all the so-called Churches fails, because there is no consensus among the Churches that can ratify it. For instance, 'it starts with asserting that the English Church is a body forming an integral part of an undivided whole, of which the Church of Rome is another part, and that they share the guidance of some mystical consensus between them.'

Further, if we compare the three great Protestant criterions of religious truth, we shall find that they actually contradict each other. 'If (a) the primitive Church is really our sole authority, the (b) interior witness and the (c) consensus are not authorities at all; and if the (c) consensus of all the churches is the sole authority that is sufficient, the (a) primitive Church is an imperfect authority, and (b) the interior witness an untrustworthy one.'

WE MUST GO TO THE ROMAN CHURCH (p. 142). 'This principle is the assumption on the part of the teaching body, that, as a teaching body—as a corporation that never dies—it always has been, is, and always will be, infallible. Now the first fact which we shall realize, when we consider how this principle is applied, is that it gives us what is practically the Anglican theory of the consensus, changed only by being rendered logical, effective, and complete.'

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completes, vitalizes and united with this same theory those two other Anglican theories which, taken by themselves, are so inconsistent with it—the theory of the authority of the primitive Church, and the theory of the interior witness' (pp. 143-4).

WITH AN EVER-DEEPENING MEANING. 'Finally let us note that the Roman theory of infallibility—the Divinely-guided teaching power of the consensus of the entire (Catholic) Church—is the only theory of a consensus which starts with the advantage of being confirmed, instead of contradicted, by the very authority which it itself invokes' (p. 158).

MEDICAL ADVICE. The doctor looked serious. 'You should be very careful for at least a month,' he said. 'Is it as bad as all that?' asked the patient, anxiously. 'If the result is to be as satisfactory as I would like to have it, you cannot follow the rules that I lay down too carefully.'

A BENEFACTION 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 do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

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PATRICK F. CRONIN,
(Business Manager and Editor.)

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THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1903.

A SERBIAN EPISODE.

In the days of old Rome a regicide was seldom managed without the connivance of the army. Our civilization was thought to have outlived that particular prerogative of the military. But there has happened in Serbia within the past few days a palace butchery that might well have caused a sensation even in decadent Rome.

The Servians have been in the habit of making their own royalties to order. Their first constitutional Prince was Alexander, son of Kara (Black) George, who contended with the Turks in the early days of the last century and was executed in 1816.

Alexander thought the politicians were interfering in his private affairs when they objected to his marriage with Draga Maschin; but he has paid the penalty of his independence. He was the last of the Obrenovitchs, so that the Karageorge's are in possession of the throne now without serious opposition.

The Sovereign Servians are consummate assassins. The butchery in the palace was indescribably horrible. Afterwards an inquest was held, then the houses of parliament were assembled and everybody went to church.

The King is dead long live the King. This must of necessity be the law of the church in countries where religion is a national schismatic establishment and the King the head thereof.

Christian Doctrine and Church History—C. Costello and M. King; honors, J. Lucy, G. Howarth, Latin—J. Lucy; honors, G. King, S. McGrath and G. Howarth.

NEW BLOOD IN BRITAIN'S PARLIAMENT.
Since Hon. Edward Blake identified himself with Ireland's fortunes in the

British Parliament a great deal of new blood has gone into that old body from this side of the Atlantic. Canada has sent a contingent of half a dozen, soon to be further strengthened. It is said Mr. Tarte is going over to represent an English constituency, and Mr. Hamar Greenwood, an Oshawa boy, is a likely winner of Lord Charles Beresford's constituency in York. But the most interesting announcement is that concerning Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, of New York. Half a hundred Irish riders would gladly offer themselves to him. But he is likely to choose Sligo, his native county. Mr. Cockran is visiting the scenes of his childhood just now and is being received everywhere with the honor he so well deserves.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Father David Fleming, O.F.M., is no longer, says The London Tablet of the latest date to hand, at the helm of the great Franciscan Order. His term of office as Vicar-General expired a week ago, and last Saturday a General Chapter of the Order met in Rome, under the presidency of Cardinal Martinelli, to elect a General.

A Glasgow exchange reports two speeches delivered in that city by Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., one at Partick and the other at Fossilpark. Mr. Devlin in drawing comparisons between Ireland and Canada. Some people over there seem to have got hold of the idea that he is the author of the first of the Canadian Home Rule resolutions.

PRIZE DAY AT ST. MICHAEL'S

Heffron, Senior Division, Day Scholars, (Rev. Father Superior)—James Cunningham; honors, C. Costello. Junior Division, Boarders, (Mgr. Heenan)—John Hugot; honors, St. C. McEneaney, H. McNab. Junior Division, Day Scholars, (A friend)—Francis Kirkwood; honors, Basil Malone. St. Michael's Literary Association, (Dean Egan)—Patrick McGrath; honors, P. Hopkins. Elocution, (Rev. Father McMahon)—Seniors, Patrick McGrath; honors, J. Gibbons; Juniors, Martin King; honors, G. Gannon, F. English.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR PHILOSOPHY YEARS.

Natural Theology—A. McCaffrey; honors, P. Hopkins. Latin and English—P. Hopkins; honors, T. Redmond. Physics and Chemistry—A. McCaffrey; honors, H. Boland.

CLASS PRIZES.

Rhetoric—Excellence, (Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G.)—1, F. English; 2, W. Eagan; honors, E. Moriarty.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

Christian Doctrine and Church History, (Rev. Father Rohleder)—W. Eagan; honors, F. English, E. Moriarty, Latin—F. English; honors, E. Moriarty, W. Eagan. Greek—F. English; honors, E. Moriarty, T. Robinson. English—J. Dooley; honors, W. Maguire, F. English, T. Quinn, E. Moriarty. History—W. Maguire; honors, P. Jones, W. Eagan.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Excellence, (Rev. Father James Walsh)—1, J. Lucy; 2, M. King; honors, G. Howarth, S. McGrath.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

Christian Doctrine and Church History, (Rev. Father Phelan)—J. Cunningham, M. O'Neil; honors, W. Heydon, J. Sherry, Latin—N. Brady; honors, J. Cunningham, J. Coleman and J. McAuley. Greek—N. Brady; honors, J. Cunningham, J. Sherry. Eng-

lish—W. Heydon; honors, J. Cunningham, N. Brady. History—H. Reap; honors, J. Cunningham, N. Brady.

SECOND ACADEMIC.

Excellence, (Rev. Father Hand)—1, B. Malone; 2, M. Staley; 3, M. Ruddy; honors, E. Malone, C. Walsh.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

Christian Doctrine and Church History, (Rev. Father Collins)—M. Staley; honors, C. Walsh, W. Ruddy. Latin—W. Ruddy; honors, B. Malone, W. Brophy, E. Malone. Greek—B. Malone; honors, D. O'Connor, E. Malone. History and Geography—B. Malone; honors, M. Staley, E. Malone, W. Ruddy. English—B. Malone; honors, M. Staley, E. Malone.

FIRST ACADEMIC (First Year Classics).

Excellence, (In memory of Rev. Father Pat. Kennedy)—1, F. Hurley, T. Boylan; 2, H. McNab; 3, S. Malone; honors, A. McKinley, W. Kelly.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

Christian Doctrine and Church History, (Rev. Father Finnigan)—H. McNab, honors, T. Boylan, F. Hurley. Latin and Greek—T. Boylan; honors, H. McNab. English—F. Hurley; honors, A. McKinley, W. Kelly. History and Geography—S. Malone; honors, F. Hurley, T. Cunerty.

COMMERCIAL CLASS.

Excellence—1, D. Cassidy, J. Cassidy; honors, J. Greenan, J. McNab, J. McDonald, Christian Doctrine—D. Weadick; honors, J. Cassidy, J. Greenan. Correspondence—J. Cassidy; honors, J. McDonald, D. Weadick. Rhetoric—D. Weadick; honors, J. Greenan. Penmanship—J. Cassidy; honors, J. McDonald, D. Weadick. Commercial Law—J. Cassidy; honors, T. McDermott, E. Schweitzer. Book-keeping—D. Weadick; honors, J. Cassidy, H. Evans. Spelling—T. McDermott; honors, J. Greenan, D. Weadick. Rapid Calculation—J. Greenan; honors, J. McDonald, J. Cassidy. Practical English—J. Greenan; honors, D. Weadick, J. McNab. Typewriting—J. Cassidy; honors, D. Weadick, E. Schweitzer. Business Forms—D. Weadick; honors, J. Cassidy, T. McDermott.

ENTRANCE CLASS.

Excellence, (Rev. Father Jeffcott)—1, R. Mace; 2, B. Powers; 3, J. Buckley; honors, H. Sweeney, L. Cosgrave, W. Mitchell. Catechism and Bible History—B. Powers; honors, F. Carroll. Literature, Grammar and Composition—H. Sweeney; honors, R. Mace, L. Cosgrave. History and Geography—R. Mace; honors, W. Mitchell. Reading and Spelling—L. Cosgrave; honors, R. Mace. Drawing and Writing—M. McAteer; honors, F. Meagher. Physiology and Temperance—J. Buckley; honors, V. Callen.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Form IV., Junior, (M. Teety, Esq.)—Excellence, R. Miller; honors, J. Parkes. Catechism and Bible History—J. Parkes; honors, R. Miller. Reading and Writing—J. Parkes; honors, J. Packenham. Spelling—J. Packenham; honors, J. Parkes. Grammar—R. McKinnon; honors, R. Miller. History and Geography—R. Miller; honors, C. Ryan, J. Parkes. Form III., Junior—Excellence, G. Gore; honors, W. Wickett. Grammar—H. Davis; honors, G. Gore. Reading and Writing—G. Gore, W. Wickett; honors, H. Davis. Catechism and Bible History—P. Cunningham; honors, F. Kirkwood.

MATHEMATICS.

First Class, (Rev. Father O'Leary)—Algebra, M. King; honors, S. McGrath. Trigonometry—M. King; honors, W. Eagan.

Second Class—Algebra, J. Coleman; honors, J. Cunningham, G. Howarth. Geometry, G. Howarth; honors, J. Hailey, T. McCauley.

Third Class—Algebra, F. Hurley; honors, R. Burns, A. McKinley. Geometry—F. Hurley; honors, A. McKinley.

ARITHMETIC.

First Class—1, R. Mace; 2, P. O'Sullivan; honors, T. Cunerty, P. Boyle, F. Kelly. Second Class—J. Buckley; honors, B. Powers, W. Ware, A. Hummel. Third Class—1, G. Gore; 2, P. Cunningham; 3, Ward Martin; honors, F. McAteer, J. Parkes, J. McAllister.

GERMAN.

First Class—J. Carey; honors, J. Rosier. Second Class—H. McNab, W. Ruddy; honors, E. Buckle, A. Michaud, R. Groom.

FRENCH.

First Class—A. McCaffrey; honors, H. Richard. Second Class—G. Howarth; honors, J. Doyle. Third Class—N. Brady; honors, E. Cassidy, J. Coleman. Fourth Class—T. Dixon, E. Malone; honors, G. Gannon, J. McCauley, T. McCauley, R. Burns, D. O'Connor.

MUSIC.

Pianoforte—First Class, J. Brady. Second Class—J. McDonald. Vocal Music—Seniors, G. Forster. Juniors—J. Packenham. Violin—Prize, St. Clair McEneaney; honors, Jas. Eagan. Plain Chant—Prize, H. Giradot; honors, E. Cryne, E. Moriarty.

After the distribution of prizes His Grace spoke kind words of congratulation to the prize winners. He had also words of sympathy for those who had not the good fortune to win distinction, assuring them their position showed only that others had done better, but not that they had not done well. To the graduates His Grace said that they had an educa-

tion that would enable them to succeed in life, but their success was not assured for that. Let them be faithful to the Christian training they had received and work hard and regularly. Then they would do honor to themselves and to the professors they were leaving. The younger pupils were exhorted to spend the vacation in a way that would profit them and to return promptly to school. In closing His Grace wished one and all a holy and happy holiday. With this exercise the celebration for visiting clergy and students terminated.

During the day Dr. Teety received telegrams of congratulation from Bishop Dowling, Hamilton; Bishop McEvay, London, and a number of fellow-priests.

Among the visiting out-of-town clergymen present at the exercises were: Father McMahon, Thornhill; Father O'Donnell, Father L. Minehan, Father J. Minehan, Father J. Hand, city; Father Phalen, Young's Point; Father Finnegan, Grimsby; Father Jeffcott, Stayner; Father Whitney, Newmarket; Father Doody, Utica; Father Gilloon, Colgateville, N.Y.; Dean Egan, Barrie; Father W. McCann, Father Ryan, Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., city; Father Gallagher, Toronto Junction; Father Bench, St. Catharines; Father McEntee, city; Father Killeen, Adjuia; Father McDonough, Kingston; Father Lamarche, city; Father McGrand, Father Walsh, Father Cruise, city, and Father Rohleder, city.

LAY FRIE'DS GAVE A PURSE.

At 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening a number of Father Teety's friends, representing every religious denomination, waited upon him to present an address, accompanied by a purse of \$500. Mr. J. J. Foy, K.C., LL.D., M.P.P., was chairman and Mr. L. J. Cosgrave treasurer.

Mr. J. J. Foy, K.C., M.P.P., read the following address:

Dear Dr. Teety: The announcement of your Sacredotal Silver Jubilee in the press has afforded us an opportunity of adding a word of personal regard to the expressions of congratulation which it has been your happiness to receive to-day from your brothers in the participation of the priesthood. We had but a few days' notice of your celebration, so that notice is beyond power to offer these friendly greetings in more than an informal way. Many whose respect for you is not less hearty and sincere than ours, were not notified in the time available, whilst several who have joined in this address are absent this evening through necessity. However, our desire one and all is to say that we look upon the record of your priesthood in this city with pride and satisfaction; that we are witnesses of the spirit of good will and charity which your influence has constantly promoted in the community, and that our fellow-citizens of all shades of religious opinion, by reason of the generous activity which you have exerted beyond the college over which you preside and outside of the ministry to which you are devoted, can with unfeigned pleasure wish you upon this occasion a long and happy life.

We who now have the pleasure of addressing you include in our number a few of your old class-mates in St. Michael's College as well as students of more recent date, some whose acquaintance began while you were still an undergraduate at the University of Toronto, and others whose observation of your manhood has inspired reverence alike for your sacred calling and for your character as a representative Canadian; and whether we have known you for a year or for a lifetime, it is our united wish to be counted always in the circle of your friends.

Toronto, June 16, 1903.

Mr. P. F. Cronin presented the following list of signatories and letters of regret from those who were unable to be present: Hon. George W. Ross, (Premier of Ontario); Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, (Minister of Justice); Hon. W. G. Falconbridge, (Chief Justice); Hon. Charles Moss, (Chief Justice); Hon. J. M. Gibson, (Attorney-General); Hon. Richard Harcourt, (Minister of Education); Hon. J. R. Stratton, (Provincial Secretary); Mr. George Plunkett Magann, Mr. Thomas Gibbs Blackstock, Mr. John Hanrahan, Prof. W. J. Alexander, (University College); President London, (President University of Toronto); Prof. Alfred Baker, (University of Toronto); Prof. J. Galbraith, (School of Practical Science); Mr. Peter Ryan, Mr. George Crawford, Dr. George Dickson, (St. Margaret's College); Hon. F. R. Latchford, (Commissioner of Public Works); Mr. John L. Coffey, Mr. P. F. Cronin, Mr. Peter Small, Mr. E. R. R. Clarkson, Mr. W. T. Kernahan, Dr. Hamilton Evans, Mr. J. J. Murphy, Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. S. Charles Graham, Mr. F. A. Moore, Mr. J. J. Seitz, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mr. M. J. McNamara, Dr. J. J. Cassidy, Dr. A. J. McDonagh, Mr. J. P. Murray, Mr. C. J. McCabe, Mr. A. Cottam, Mr. J. W. Mallon, Mr. John L. Lee, Mr. P. Lee, Mr. Frank Slattery, Mr. E. J. Hearn, Mr. A. W. Anglin, Mr. L. V. McBrady, Dr. Walter McKeown, Mr. W. J. Boland, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Prof. Fletcher.

Mr. L. J. Cosgrave presented a purse of \$500, after which a reception was held and informal speeches made by Rev. Father Doody, of Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. Father Doherty, of Utica, N. Y., Mr. Peter Ryan, Prof. Baker, Prof. Galbraith, Mr. Foy, Dr. Cassidy, Very Rev. Father Marjion and others. All spoke in glowing terms of the reverend jubilarian.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

Sixth Provincial Convention at Peterborough

Peterborough, June 6.—From all over the Province of Ontario members of the Catholic Order of Foresters have come to the sixth annual convention, which opened in Peterborough this morning, and their first act was to attend Pontifical High Mass in St. Peter's Cathedral at 9 o'clock. There must have been 200 Foresters in the gathering, fully one-half of whom were delegates from outside places, and the remainder represented St. Peter's Court, Peterborough. The Mas was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, assisted by Rev. Father Myraud, Ottawa, as deacon, and Rev. Father John O'Brien, as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Feeney, of Acton, was assistant priest. Rev. Father McCloskey, of Campbellford, and Rev. Father Collins, of Bracebridge, assisted His Lordship Bishop O'Connor.

CHARITY.

An exceedingly appropriate address was that delivered by Rev. Father Collins, who spoke from St. John, 15, 12: "This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you." When a man travels in a far country, said the speaker, and meets strange faces and hears a strange language, it delights him when he meets with one of his own country and hears his own language. Hence it is, my beloved brethren of the Catholic Order of Foresters, that I come to you to speak to you in your own language, the language of charity. I have had much to do with the Catholic Order of Foresters and have concluded that the framework of your society, the fundamental principles on which you depend is that language—the charity of one brother towards another.

The first consideration that the speaker impressed was the brotherhood of man—all were members of the same family, sat at the one table, partook of the same sustenance, drank of the one cup. All were Catholic, and the great Creator who cherished all had made no distinction between the King and the beggar. As we enjoy the same blessings, so also must we have the same miseries, sickness and death. We all carry our crosses in this world. No man should rejoice in the afflictions or troubles of his brother. There should be charity in all hearts. All were sons of the same fallen Adam, born in the same sin, subject to the same passions, guilty of the same sins, and therefore, asked the speaker, should we not obtain mercy and pardon and forgiveness for our offences? On all sides we are surrounded by reasons that exist for evil between man and man, and for these same reasons we should forgive.

The speaker pointed to the redemption effected by the death of Christ for all mankind as the greatest reason for charity between man and man. How can one Catholic bear ill-will against his fellow-Catholic? Did he not know that the priest of God ennobled the Immaculate Lamb for the welfare of the Church in general, and for the congregation present and for the individual present in question. How can he partake in that sacrifice if he does not love him? Hence you see the reason why we cannot assist in the sacrifice of the Mass if enmity exist towards our neighbor. How can we go into the tribunal of penance, or expect forgiveness if we have not charity towards our brother? Over the enmity that was found among members of the same family the speaker chose to draw the veil of charity. We should, he said, imitate our blessed Lord's example, and then we will perform acts of charity.

HIS LORDSHIP'S REMARKS.

On the conclusion of the Mass, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor expressed his pleasure at welcoming the brethren who had assembled from all parts of the Province, to meet, as custom was, in convention, that they might make whatever improvements or changes that were necessary in their truly Catholic society. As Bishop of the Diocese, he said it was a pleasure to welcome them as a society Catholic in constitution and in the manner in which it had been carried out. We find it very useful, he said, and we consider it our duty to encourage Catholic young men to join one or other of our societies established throughout Canada and the United States, because we know that there are many dangers and temptations from other societies not Catholic—some anti-Catholic—in their purposes and objects, and for that reason we consider it our duty and privilege to cause Catholic young men to keep aloof from these forbidden societies. Hence where there are no Catholic societies organized, we ask young men to make the sacrifice necessary and to go to distances and attend courts where they do exist.

I am pleased to know the great good your society has done throughout the various districts in Canada and the United States. Your membership in Canada numbers thousands and the priests as well as the bishops recognize the great help and strength it is doing for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the members.

I wish you God speed and God's blessing, that you may increase in

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THE MAYOR'S WELCOME.

The brethren then assembled at their lodge-room on Hunter street, where His Worship Mayor Roger extended a cordial welcome on behalf of the town and Mr. J. M. Maher, Chief Ranger on behalf of St. Peter's Court. The hall was prettily decorated with patriotic colors and there was every evidence of the fraternity which makes for smooth-running cooperation. The Provincial Chief Ranger, Mr. C. S. O. Boudreaux, Ottawa, was in the chair and his announcement of the purpose of the Mayor and Chief Ranger was received with applause.

Mayor Roger said he was glad to have the opportunity of extending to the Catholic Order of Foresters a cordial welcome to Peterborough. It was an honor to have them visit here. We are, he said, naturally proud of our town, and we are always delighted to show its beauties and attraction to all strangers who happen to come here. Many of us who will not allow ourselves to be called old men remember when Peterborough was but a small village, but we are firm in the belief to-day that it is the first town in the Province. (Applause.) And what has been her experience in the past is but an earnest of what is still to follow. We have great faith in the future of Peterborough, and by the time you again hold a convention here you will see even greater growth and improvement. I hope your meeting will be a profitable one, devoted to wise and true ends and that you will ever look back with pleasant remembrance to your visit here. (Applause.)

ST. PETER'S COURT.

Mr. Maher then read the following address of welcome from St. Peter's Court, Peterborough: Mr. Chief Ranger, Delegates and Members, Catholic Order of Foresters: It is with great pleasure and utmost cordiality, that St. Peter's Court, 225, whose voice it is my privilege to express at this time, bids you welcome to our city, a welcome alike for yourselves personally and for the Catholic Order you represent.

The Order is by no means strangers to our city, for we have long had one of its most flourishing and vigorous Courts established in our midst, with a membership of about 180 good Catholic Foresters. We are proud you are Catholics and glad you are Foresters, and that your power will be felt in our midst and bring good results to Catholic Forestry in our city and also in the province.

Our Order, being a fraternal one, we address each other as brother and we can therefore assure you of your brother Foresters of the City of Peterborough feel honored by your presence here to-day.

We desire to express our hope that your Convention will be entirely successful and satisfactory to our noble Order in the Province. Brothers, you have come to our city to discuss questions that doubtless are of great importance to our Order, and we pray that God may preside over your convention, may animate your deliberations, and keep you during those days, according to the principle laid down in our motto, so that when your work is over and you have effected much good for Faith and Catholic Forestry, you may leave us in the same spirit of Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity.

Brothers, you have come from the east and west of the province to discuss affairs of our Order. You are members of an organization that is exclusively and entirely Catholic. Our Mother Church expects much from you. Our Order expects great things from you. We live in an age of organization, the world around us is organized, men and women, too, form great trusts that rule the commerce of the world, from the societies that try to rule the Governments and hoodlacks on the street, everything is organized. Here and there the individual counts for little—he becomes a spoke in the great wheel.

To effect any good we must be formed into a mass and organized. Hence the Catholic Order of Foresters is organized under the banner of Catholic teaching, for the social and intellectual guidance of man, for the protection of the widow and the orphan, to comfort them in their hour of distress, and to provide for them when we cannot be any longer with them, and our earthly mission is ended, and we have been called to give an account of our stewardship.

Peterborough's Catholic Order of Foresters opens her heart and her hand and her home to you, and we ask you to take advantage of whatever little hostility we may have been able to prepare for you, so when you go back to your various courts, you can say Catholic Forestry is strong in heart, strong in muscle and strong in sentiment, (but strongly opposed to strong drink) in our city.

All we ask of you when you are gone is to say, so far as we are concerned, that we have done the very best that we know, according to our means and ability, and to-day on behalf of this committee and Catholic Foresters of the City of Peterborough, we extend to you this welcome. We ask you to be with us, not alone in this convention, but outside in your various Courts, in our social intercourse, and in everything that makes for the best of this order.

We give you this invitation, we give you this welcome. It comes from our hearts.

Brother Foresters, be governed in your debates by honesty and justice. As we said in the beginning, the Church watches; our Order watches you; the world is looking on and we hope and pray to-day that from on high the Spirit of Truth and Wisdom will descend on you, guide you in your deliberations, imbue your hearts with the true spirit of faith, hope and charity, so that you may be true and loyal to your holy religion, and the world will learn that a good Catholic and a true Forester is the highest type of a Christian.

THE REPLY. Mr. Boudreaux, the Provincial Chief Ranger, in replying, said: I am sure I voice the feelings of the numerous delegates to this convention in saying that we deeply appreciate the cordiality of welcome and most generous treatment extended to us not only by the civic officials, but by the local officers, in this, one of the most progressive cities we have yet visited. (Applause.) We knew before what Peterborough was, and being one of the fraternal societies that claims to be progressive, naturally we selected Peterborough as one place of meeting.

Mr. Mayor, we have visited a great many cities, but I must say that, in so far as the progressiveness of Peterborough is concerned, you have surpassed the progress noticed by me in other cities. We have visited cities in Ontario, cities across the line, where Standard time prevails, but in this particular Peterborough outshines them all, because there is no time at all prevailing here. (Laughter and applause.) The speaker said he had been impressed with the beauty of Peterborough, the architectural grace of its buildings, its very fine manufacturing centres and stores, all speaking of progressiveness. He had been reading a few days ago a

(Continued on page 5.)

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CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

(Continued from page 4.)

descriptive article on "Progressive Peterborough," and he had felt it was overdone, but since having practical evidence of it and having visited the numerous places of industry and that great achievement, the life-lock, all were one in acknowledging that the citizens had much to boast of. (Applause.)

So far as the Foresters are concerned, said the speaker, we accept your cordial welcome, but you need not strengthen your police force, for our conduct will be such as to reflect credit upon your city and upon our order. Our discipline and rules, however, may not be strong enough to prevent some of our bachelors from capturing some of your fair maidens. (Laughter.) And it is to be hoped that they will not be denied that association.

I scarcely know how to find expression adequate in thanking Court St. Peter's and its members. We have been met on all hands by courtesy and generous treatment and that interest which St. Peter's Court invariably manifests. We will be very grateful for and thoroughly appreciate the many kindnesses shown to us as far as our Order is concerned, it is one of the most progressive fraternal organizations in Canada or America. Our deliberations are guided by wisdom, and we always confer benefits not only in the line of uplifting men, but also in creating a better citizenry and in benevolent work as well. (Applause.)

Mr. Mayor and Chief Ranger, I thank you for your cordial welcome and felicitations, and I have not the slightest doubt but that the delegates will thoroughly enjoy their stay. (Applause.)

After a short session this morning there was an adjournment until two o'clock, at which hour the delegates were taken upon a drive throughout town. They will be banquetted this evening in the T.A.S. hall at 9.30.

THE DELEGATES.

The following delegates were present: P. J. Howland, Kingston; M. Adam, Westport; Andrew Kerr, Toronto; Wm. Troy, M.D., Ottawa; M. H. O'Connor, Ottawa; J. M. Tobin, Sarnia; John O'Brien, Peterborough; John A. Chisholm, L.L.B., Cornwall; J. P. Dunn, Chatham; Jacob J. Guitard, Windsor; Henry Boyd, Brockville; Daniel J. McConnell, Ingersoll; B. G. Connolly, M.D., Renfrew; Geo. Beauregard, Ottawa; Daniel Douhey, Wilfrid Blais, Hintonburg; L. F. Des Lauriers, Jos. Nevin, Wilfrid Lafelle, Ottawa; Edward Phillip, Woodstock; J. G. Foley, Ottawa; W. J. O'Brien, James Quinn, Tweed; R. J. Spoor, Wolfe Island; L. V. McBrady, Toronto; Denis Harbic, Rev. A. Allard, Hawkesbury; W. J. Kane, Ottawa; Wm. C. O'Meara, Pembroke; A. E. Monaghan, C. Streith, Sault Ste. Marie; Z. Sabourin, Casselman; Jos. Labrosse, Moose Creek; R. J. Slatery, L.L.B., Arnprior; P. Marier, Cummings' Bridge; Charles Erney, Billings' Bridge; J. N. Matte, Van-kleeck Hill; W. P. Barry, London; Joe. T. Herriem, Marmora; Oscar, Cole, Massey; Horace Rivet, Smith's Falls; Angus Cameron, Alexandria; Jos. M. Lewis, Mattawa; George L. Poult, J. W. Langrois, Rockland; I. Gouin, Raymond Jacques, Tecumseh; B. J. Asselin, Brantford; D. St. Pierre, North Bay; Joseph Martineau, Clarence Creek; A. T. Montreuil, Walkerville; Daniel Delaney, Manotick; J. E. Chevier, Cornwall; John Fahey, Toronto; Thos. Hurley, Belleville; J. E. Dooner, Osceola; Stephen Conroy, Maidstone; Cross, Martin O'Meara, Fallowfield; B. J. Thornton, Orillia; Philip Mohan, London; Rev. G. D. Prudhomme, Metcalfe; J. T. Chauvin, Chevalier; M. Beaudoin, Lafontaine; D. J. McDonnell, Glen Nevis; Joseph Bezaire, Canard River; Alfred Doherty, Copper Cliff; J. H. Cardinal, Rat Portage; John Reidel, St. Clements; Patrick J. Hussey, Mt. St. Louis; T. J. Quaalley, Egansville; William J. Fischer, Berlin; L. J. Labrosse, J. A. Raizehne, St. Eugene; Jos. Laframboise, Ste. Anne de Prescott; N. Longtin, J.P., The Brook; O. J. Taillon, Fort William; John Flaherty, Toronto; E. S. Bishop Chrysler; Alcide Bornais, Tilbury; H. T. Noonan, Perth; Leo F. Lemay, Bracebridge; Thos. B. Caron, Dover South; H. S. Goulet, Victoria Harbor; Jno. P. Mallon, Toronto; Thos. Moore, Midland; Rev. G. A. Williams, W. E. Blake, L. V. Dussault, Toronto; Thos. Powers, Oshawa; Robt. Markie, Thessalon; Louis Gignac, Penetanguishene; M. J. Amyot, M.D., Woodville; Rev. Father Newman, Richmond; T. H. Gallagher, Kearney.

Why They're Kept In so Many Homes.

The following were the results of the annual election of officers: Provincial Chief Ranger—C. S. O. Boudreau, Ottawa. Provincial Vice-Chief Ranger—Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Chrysler. Provincial Secretary—Vincent Webb, Ottawa. Provincial Treasurer—G. W. Seguin, Ottawa. Provincial Trustees—Rev. J. J. Feeney, Arnprior; M. F. Rogan, Toronto.

D. P. SHEERIN WHOLESALE Rubber Goods Garden Hose Bicycle Tires Etc., Etc. 28 Wellington St. West, Toronto

to; O. A. Roque, Orleans; D. Staley, Aton; B. G. Connolly, M.D., Renfrew. Delegates to International Convention at Dubuque, Ia.—J. A. Chisholm, Cornwall; Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Chrysler; C. S. O. Boudreau, Ottawa; W. T. J. Lee, Toronto; G. W. Seguin, North Bay; L. V. McBrady, Toronto; L. Gignac, Penetang; D. St. Pierre, North Bay; V. Webb, Ottawa; M. H. O'Connor, Ottawa; Dr. Connolly, Renfrew; J. G. Foley, Ottawa; R. J. Slatery, Arnprior; H. T. Noonan, Perth.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI ISSUES APPEAL FOR ST. HYACINTHE SUFFERERS.

A special circular from Archbishop Bruchesi, was read in all the Catholic churches of Montreal on Sunday morning last during High Mass. In the first part of the circular His Grace makes appeal to the Catholics of the city for funds for the sufferers of the late St. Hyacinthe fire. He praises the inhabitants of the city for the large amount of \$14,000 subscribed to aid the sufferers in the Hull disaster, and asks that a special collection be taken up next Sunday in all the churches and chapels of the Archdiocese. In the second part of the circular he asks for special prayers for the cessation of the drought and authorizes the priests to say a special prayer at Mass for rain, and families to recite the rosary every evening.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, BATHURST STREET

On Tuesday afternoon, the 9th inst., one of the most successful piano recitals in the history of the Academy was presented by the pupils in the presence of Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Rev. Father O'Leary, Rev. Father Williams, and others. Many of the selections were executed in a manner manifesting no little natural ability and very careful training. Following is the programme rendered with so much promptitude as to occupy but one hour and a quarter: Part I. Waltz—Four hands, three pianos (Durand), Misses Brennan, Brady, Jameson, Meegan, Sneath and Bredy. Wanda—Maugentra, (Bohn), Miss F. Murphy. March—(Chasseur), Master Leo Brady. Twilight Reverie—Three pianos, (Baker), Misses Newman, Ayerst and Blake. Tarantelle—(Beaumont), Miss Lenore Fulton. Waltz—(Weber), Master Eddie Smith Wanderer—(Jensen), Miss May Galop—Three pianos, (Streabag), Gayheart. Mazurka—(Heins), Master F. Walsh, Miss Davis, Mullen and Norris. Serenade—(S. Smith), Miss Fletcher. Life's Lullaby—Vocal solo, (Lane), Miss C. Meegan. Part II. Intermezzo—Four hands, three pianos, (Hoffmann), Misses M. Meegan, J. Fletcher, O'Reilly, Henry Smith and Hylander. Novellette—(Gurlett), Master Leo Ryan. Voices from Hillside—(Rockstro), Miss Cussack. Recollections of Ireland—(Freeman), Master Eddie Foley. March Militaire—Four hands, (Konstki), the Misses Carroll. Two Flowers—(Helmund), Miss M. Crowley. Nocturne—Miss Helen Hanson. Evening Calm—Three pianos, (Ganschals), Miss Vahey, Racomdea and Cathcart. Palacca Brillante—(Weber), Miss Mawhinney. Scherzo—Six hands, three pianos, (Spindler), Misses Hays, Hanson, E. Murphy, Irene Brennan, Irwin, Maginnis, Fulton, Emmons and Tremble. Hymn to the Sacred Heart.

General Statement.

LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC. Notes of the Bank in circulation \$1,816,536 00. Deposits bearing interest \$12,023,227 08. Deposits not bearing interest 3,187,551 73. Amount reserved for interest due depositors 104,301 20. Balances due to other banks in Canada and the United States 25,155 14. Balances due to agents of the Bank in Great Britain 322,783 75. Dividend No. 61, payable June 1, 1903 100,000 00. Former dividends unpaid 119 00. \$21,950,596 54.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS. Capital stock paid-up \$2,000,000 00. Reserve fund 1,700,000 00. Amount reserved for interest due depositors 104,301 20. Discounted 60,000 00. Balance of profits carried forward 70,122 04. \$3,830,122 24. \$21,950,596 54.

ASSETS

Gold and silver coin \$42,102 33. Dominion Government notes 1,211,475 00. Deposit with the Dominion Government as security for note circulation 100,000 00. Notes of other banks in circulation 494,940 57. Balances due from other banks in Canada and the United States 738,186 19. Canadian and British Government, Municipal, Railway, and other securities 2,138,344 06. Loans at call, or short call, on negotiable securities 2,262,308 57. 13,741,653 32. Notes discounted and advances current 54,429 08. Bank premises, office furniture, safes, etc. 508,094 01. Real estate (other than bank premises), mortgages, etc. 42,091 29. Other assets not included under foregoing heads 45,930 12. \$21,950,596 54.

Bank of Hamilton, J. TURNBULL, General Manager. Hamilton, May 30, 1903.

In moving the adoption of the Report, Mr. Ramsay pointed out that the profits of the year have been of a very gratifying and satisfactory character, considerably exceeding those of the previous year, as well as those of any preceding similar period. He pointed out that the increase in deposits during the year, showing the increase of confidence on the part of the public in the Bank. He also referred with great regret to the retirement from the Board of Mr. John Stuart, after a continuous efficient service upon it since the organization of the Bank in 1874, and called to the fact that at a later stage a resolution bearing on the subject would be submitted. Mr. Ramsay concluded by moving the adoption of the Report, which was seconded by Mr. George Roach, and carried. Mr. Ramsay then asked Mr. Turnbull to read the agreement entered into between the Bank and Mr. John Stuart, which provides for a retiring allowance of \$5,000 a year, payable monthly in advance, for life, and then moved that the agreement be confirmed by the Shareholders. Mr. William Hendrie, as an original and perhaps the largest Shareholder, seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. It was moved by Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., seconded by Mr. Edward Martin, K.C., that the thanks of this meeting be given to the Directors of the Bank for their services during the year. The motion carried unanimously, and Mr. Ramsay returned thanks for himself and the Board. Moved by Mr. William Hendrie, seconded by Mr. David Kidd,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager, Inspectors, Agents and other officers of the Bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties. Mr. Hendrie, in moving the resolution, referred to the necessity for an efficient staff of officers, and thought that they should be well paid. The motion was carried unanimously. Mr. Turnbull, in reply, said:—I am glad, on every occasion, to have the opportunity of returning thanks, on behalf of my brother officers and myself, for the kind and hearty vote of thanks which has again been offered to us. It is a special gratification that a more than usually prosperous year has, perhaps, added zest to it. The Bank has done very well indeed, and it is reasonable to wish it to do nothing ahead to indicate a cessation. The large immigration presently existing, especially in the North-West, must bring a good deal of money into the country, and what is worth more than money, a good class of settlers, prepared and destined to take the land, and to develop the country in the rapid and permanent upbuilding of this great country. Manufacturing is becoming more and more extended, and we are becoming less and less dependent upon foreign goods. On the other hand, our exports keep increasing as to quantity and improving as to quality. We keep learning, year by year, better methods of manufacturing, packing and shipping, and the result of course, cannot fail to bring not only largely increased returns, but much more profitable ones. A danger to be guarded against, of course, in a rapidly growing country like this, is the tendency to become over-enthusiastic and over-speculative. The banks and other large institutions can do a good deal to discourage this tendency, and for our part, we have done, and will continue to try to do, our best in this direction. There is no doubt that there is a real danger in this characteristic of ours, and it is the part of all prudent persons and those who have the best interests of the country at heart, to view the country with a sober and sane eye, and to try, by precept and example, to confine all over whom they have an influence within the paths of moderate simplicity, careful living and good sense. The Shareholders may pardon me on this occasion if I detain them for a few moments in an effort to give a little retrospect of what has passed during the fifteen years in which I have been in the Bank's service. The time is not unfruitful, and the number of years I have named represents, perhaps, a period sufficient to justify a review of the business which has been conducted. It is understood, however, that I desire to join my co-officers in anything I have to say, as no one can be more sensible than I am of the co-operation I have received, and the impossibility of accomplishing what has been accomplished without their ready assistance. In 1888, when I joined the service, the Bank's deposits were about two millions and a half, its total assets under five millions, its capital one million, and its rest three hundred and sixty thousand, the dividend being 8 per cent. Today, as you will see from the Report, the deposits are nearly sixteen millions, the total assets nearly twenty-two millions, the capital two millions and the rest one million seven hundred thousand, or, with undivided profits, one million seven hundred and seventy thousand. Of the additions to reserve, the Shareholders have, at the times of the various new stock issues, contributed five hundred and ninety-seven thousand, which leaves eight hundred and thirty thousand earned out of surplus profits, or an average during the fifteen years—good years and bad years—of between fifty-four and fifty-five thousand a year. It may be of some interest to say that the average earnings during those fifteen years are 12.41. The experience, therefore, of the last few years indicates that the Bank's business is becoming more and more profitable, even allowing for the effect produced in our favor by the rapidly accumulating reserve. When I came to the Bank in 1888, the business was mostly confined to Hamilton and a few points on lines of railway directly identified with this city. The number of branches at that date were ten. I could not help being impressed with the possibilities which Hamilton presented, nor could I see any reason why the business of the Bank should be confined within the comparatively narrow limits which had been customary. I resolved, therefore, with the consent of the Directors, to widen out its scope, and to make the most of the inherent importance of this city and the possibilities of the place and neighborhood, combined with the general opportunities which the condition of the country presented, to make the concern a more important factor in the financial affairs of the country than it had been before. One of the first steps was the opening of an office in Toronto, where, I may say, we have almost from the very first done a profitable and satisfactory business, not only adding considerably to the revenue of the Bank but materially to its importance and reputation. 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It is quite well known that in Manitoba the name of the Bank of Hamilton stands high, and it is recognized

BANK OF HAMILTON.

In the Head-Office of the institution in Hamilton, the thirty-first annual meeting of the Bank of Hamilton was held on Monday. On motion, Mr. A. G. Ramsay, Vice-President, took the chair, and Mr. J. Turnbull, General Manager, acted as Secretary.

On behalf of the Directors, Mr. Ramsay submitted the following Report:—The Directors beg to submit their annual report to the Shareholders for the year ended 31st May, 1903.

The Balance as credit of Profit and Loss Account, 31st May, 1902, was \$44,732 84. The profits for the year ended May 30th, 1903, after deducting charges of management, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are \$35,889 20.

From which have been declared: Dividend 5 per cent, payable 1st June, 1903 \$100,000 00. Carried to Reserve Fund from Profits \$100,000 00. Carried to rebate on current bills discounted 5,000 00. Annual amount written off Bank Premises, etc., Account 5,000 00. \$210,000 00.

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward \$70,122 04.

The Directors have to report, with great regret the death of Hon. A. T. Wood, for long a valued and efficient member of the Board. John S. Hendrie, Esq., M.L.A., was chosen to fill the vacancy thus created. This report is my last official act as President of the Bank, as it is to be followed by my resignation as a director, a position which I have occupied since the organization of the Bank, filling the office, first of Vice-President and then of President, over a period of over thirty years. I have watched with much care and interest the rise and progress of the Bank from its small beginning, through its whole career of uninterrupted prosperity, to its present large and important position. I feel proud to be able to leave the affairs of the Bank in the satisfactory condition disclosed by the report.

Hamilton, June 6th, 1903. JOHN STUART, President.

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Mr. Ramsay then asked Mr. Turnbull to read the agreement entered into between the Bank and Mr. John Stuart, which provides for a retiring allowance of \$5,000 a year, payable monthly in advance, for life, and then moved that the agreement be confirmed by the Shareholders. Mr. William Hendrie, as an original and perhaps the largest Shareholder, seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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HOW TO LIVE IN JUNE

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

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—the invention which put new life into wheeling, that made the "Massey-Harris" "the Pullman" of bicycling. Showrooms—34 KING ST. WEST. Open Evenings

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Have you noticed the "red fellow" on the pavement? That is the "Moller"—the best automobile yet manufactured for all-around comfort and work. It is the best hill climber we know of, and that's a recommendation worth considering. Showrooms—34 KING ST. WEST. Open evenings

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as a substantial and important part of the financial system of that district. Three or four years ago we added British Columbia to our field of operations, and while we have only two offices there so far, enough has been done to show that we have made no mistake in going, and that we have just made a beginning of what may ultimately be an important field of usefulness and profit.

The general result of the above has been that instead of the ten agencies which we had when I joined the Bank in 1888, we have now fifty-six, and while some of them have admittedly not been such decided successes as we had hoped for, none has been unsuccessful, and nearly all have been highly successful. It is necessary to repeat that these results have been accomplished by the heartiest co-operation on the part of the staff, and all have been effected with the consent of the Directors.

I have the strongest faith in the position and prospects of this city. The Hamilton merchants, manufacturers and other financial interests are spreading themselves all over the country, and making their mark wherever they go, and it would be out of all reason if the Bank of Hamilton did not take its full part. I hope, therefore, that we shall continue the policy of judicious and energetic extension, and that with the next and all future Boards of Directors there will be the heartiest co-operation in the carrying out and elaborating of this policy, and that the Bank of Hamilton will continue to hold that important relative place among the financial institutions of the country to which, in my judgment, it has attained now.

Mr. Ramsay took the opportunity now to say that, as had been already announced, he was, after twenty years' service as a Director, desirous of retiring from the duties of that position, and warmly thanked the Shareholders for the confidence that had been placed in him by continuous election as a Director during those years.

Alexander Erace moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Ramsay, which was seconded by Hon. William Gibson, and was carried unanimously. The Scrutineers reported the election of the following Directors:—George Roach, John Proctor, Hon. William Gibson, A. B. Lee, John S. Hendrie, George Rutherford, J. Turnbull.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Hon. William Gibson was elected President, and J. Turnbull Vice-President.

TO BE ARCHBISHOP SETON.

Despatches received at Seton Hall and by several priests of New York announced that the Pope has conferred the title of titular Archbishop upon Mgr. Robert Seton, who for a quarter of a century was rector of St. Joseph's Church in Jersey City, but who in the last years has been residing in Rome.

Mgr. Seton was suggested as successor to Bishop O'Connell, when that prelate resigned the rectorship of the American College at Rome. The newly appointed Archbishop is well known as a scholar and has a reputation as a speaker on theological subjects.

Mgr. Seton is intensely patriotic. He was once reported as saying that next to Heaven comes the United States. He always caused the Stars and Stripes to be unfurled from all Catholic buildings on holidays. He caused comment in the Spanish-American War, by having the flag raised from the steeple of his church and by keeping it there until peace was declared.

The new Archbishop comes from one of the best known Catholic families of America. His mother was the founder of Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey, and established the order of Sisters of Charity in the United States.

Mgr. Seton will be consecrated in Rome. It is expected that the ceremony will occur about the middle of July.

DEATH OF MRS. THOS. MULVEY.

The wife of Thomas Mulvey, K.C., died suddenly on the morning of Thursday last at Lorne Park, from a severe attack of nervous prostration. She had been ailing for some months. She leaves, besides her husband, five children. Manager Launcelot Bolster, of the Sovereign Bank, is a brother. Other brothers are George and Gerald of New York. Sisters left to mourn are Mrs. Murphy, wife of the superintendent of the Brockville Asylum, Mrs. Scully, of Owen Sound and Mrs. J. F. Mallon, of the Home Savings & Loan Company. Mr. Mulvey has the sympathy of a wide circle in his bereavement.

DIED ON WAY TO IRELAND.

Rev. William J. Croke, of New Zealand, died in Philadelphia last week on his way home to Ireland.

EXAMINE either the interior or exterior of a

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is spoken of words of praise are always used. Our catalogue and easy payment system for the asking. Best possible prices allowed for old pianos in exchange.

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NIAGARA RIVER LINE

On and after May 14th STEAMER CHICORA Will leave Yonge Street Dock (East 40) at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. (daily except Sunday) for

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Connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R., International Ry. (Can. Div.), Niagara Gorge Ry., and Michigan Central R.R. Arrive in Toronto 1.15 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. Family book ticket now on sale at General Office, 64 King St. East. W. B. FOLGER, Manager.

Bells 100 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. McShane's

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After Many Years

I had made arrangements with a friend to produce a book on 'Homes'—he to do the writing, I the illustrations. We were to travel as we would, if the pictures were done first, the writing would be fashioned accordingly, if the writing were first, the pictures should illustrate. In pursuance of this plan we had wandered along the Maine coast, we had camped in the Adirondacks, spent Christmas at home and had dined a little in New York. But January found me restless, and leaving Harry to follow, I once more set out, this time traveling down the Atlantic coast, hunting for places where neither war nor progress had laid a devastating hand. Such spots were few, but they existed, and I was determined to find them. In February I reached a town that must once have been a centre of wealth, for although all was simple, the houses were spacious and the garden enclosures extensive. These old homes were mostly turned into lodging houses, or if lived in by the owners, they occupied a few rooms as possible. The hotel, which was filled with excursionists from the cold hill country or by Mile tourists. The town, however, was pathetic in its decay, and country was level monotonous. The long grass that grew in the open spaces, the dense swamps that even an intruding railway could not render commonplace and the long roads of white sand leading back interminably into the dark reaches of the pine barrens! Not even the lovely yellow-jasmine, nor the wild azaleas, nor the pale wild violets that covered all the low places could, with all their profuse effort, render it cheerful. Sad it remained, but appealing, and I determined to stop and indulge my vagrant fancy by exploring in every direction. It was an exquisite morning, with just enough cool crispness in the air to stimulate one, and arming myself with lunch, as well as with my tools for work, I mounted a patient beast I had hired, and following a Negro servant's advice, took my way along the least used of all the roads that led from the town. "Des you go 'long, sub," the man said, "tay you come to de fust road 'at t'uns to de left, den you go 'long dat road tay you come to de fust road 'at t'uns to de right, en dat's de oldest place I know. My mammy on my daddy used to b'long to de dem people, en de house ent been tech, no, sub, kase my mammy claim de house en hole it tay de wah is de stone en de mawra is come home. Dey ent rich ne, no, sub, but de house ent been tech." To the left, then to the right; but I had no idea of the distance between these turns. On I jogged, the road seeming to grow longer, the woods thicker, until the tall pines leaning toward each other left only a strip of golden-blue sky far above me. On I went, meeting no soul—nothing. How lonely it was, and how did these people endure it! At last the turn to the left—a duplicate road that seemed to stretch interminably. What if it did? I had all time before me, and that in a rural county, where people did not rush. Presently in the distance I saw an object emerging from the woods. As it was the first moving thing I had met, I stopped to look—a male, with some kind of vehicle, and walking beside it a person. They came nearer, a load of wood and a white boy, slight and tall with rapid growth, young and very blond. His clothes were whole, but outgrown everywhere, his hat was aged, his shoes of the commonest; but his clear eyes, as blue as the sky, met mine serenely and without trace in them of interest and curiosity. Meeting in this wilderness, I had a wish to break the silence, to speak to this first bit of humanity; but he did not pause a moment, and as my greeting returned only a quiet bow, absolutely civil, but one that put an immense distance between us, and although I watched him until he became one with the shadows, he turned backward glance. I decided at once that the boy did not belong to the "poor whites," even if his clothes were shabby and his occupation necessitous. Interested and curiously attracted, I rode on to find that where he had come into view was the road turning to the right, the last turn before I should reach the fence, and presumably the house. Another long stretch of wilderness intervened, however; then I was rewarded by the sight of the fence crossing the road at right angles, beyond which the light was strong, promising a clearing. As I drew near I saw a well with an old-fashioned pole and bucket and a negro drawing water. She stopped to look as I rode up to the fence—there was no gate—and returned a "Mornin', sub!" to my greeting. "This is Mr. Heath's?" I asked, pointing to a house some distance away that hid behind it as it was by trees, filled me with joy. "Will any one object if I draw it?" "I dunno, sub. Mas' Percy is gone to town, en missus en mawra neber sees nobody." "I don't wish to see any one," I answered. "Only to sit out here and make a picture."

"You woun' hu't nuttin', sub?" "Of course not—no. What is your name?" "Tenah, sub. I live yer. I do de cookin' en washin'," she went on, as if pleased to talk, "en my husband, he he's Mas' Percy wid he work, en Mas' Percy let we hab house en big patch fur plantin'. We's doin' berry well, en Mas' Percy is doin' berry well. Two mo' niggers is teck lan' Mas' Percy dis spring. Dat's de house, en dey use to be berry rich." "And I may make a picture?" "I t'ink so, sub. I doan' like to 'sturve missi, en Peter is 'way down in de fiel'—ef you woun' hu't nuttin'?" Renewing my promise, I tied my horse and, making no motion to cross the fence, followed it toward the front of the house. A "tabby" house, as they are called, that once had been washed yellow, with wide-spreading piazzas all about its two stories, with many windows looking out in all directions, and brick steps flaring broadly as they descended to what had once been a shelled walk. Oleanders grew on each side of the steps, and there were signs of an old garden. Near the house some roses were cared for, yellow jasmine climbed up the tapering round pillars of the piazzas, and from the front, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the level marshes, with here and there a glint of water. The house was not grand, but it had a large simplicity, a dignified solidity, and its broad piazzas seemed a mute assurance of the open-hearted hospitality. Besides this it possessed a repose I had not met elsewhere, and that delighted me. Tenah still stood by the well watching that I did not "hu't nuttin'," and so stood until, finding an advantageous view, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and began work. I made two sketches, eating my lunch between times, then packed up, determining that I would come again and do it in color. Tenah came to the fence as I untied my horse, and I told her that I would return. "Yes, sub," she answered, "en I'll tell Mas' Percy say you ent hu't nuttin'." Very near town I passed the fair-haired boy. This time he was riding; he had sold his wood and the packages in his wagon looked like provisions. The next morning I was eager for my work. The memory of the delightful color of the house, golden in some spots and in some spots green with dampness, the dark shingles, the blue sky, the deep hue of the live oaks, the rich background of the pines, the wonderful distances across the marshes! What a picture it would make if into it I could put the spirit of the place that seemed to look at me from every window, that seemed to whisper to me in every movement of the leaves. Knowing the way made it seem shorter, and I found everything undisturbed, save that Tenah was not at the well. I heard faint cries of "Gee-haw!" and supposed that "Mas' Percy" was in the fields, and as there was no warning against trespassers, I took position on the fence and began to work. I was soon absorbed and heeded nothing until the creaking of the well-pole disturbed me. I looked and saw the fair-haired boy of the road. So he lived here. Was he Mas' Percy? He did not turn in my direction and I stopped work to observe him. He was worth drawing, his manner and bearing were remarkable and he was barefoot. Presently a Negro man came up and took off his hat, then I knew the boy was Mas' Percy. I returned to my work, but the old house was no longer so interesting. The boy, so poor that he could wear his shoes only when going to town, had shooed the first place. He went into the house and after some time came out again. I caught a glimpse of a slight woman who followed him to the piazza. He made a gesture of protest, and the woman, glancing in my direction, retreated. Then the boy, crossing to the other side of the enclosure, jumped the fence and disappeared. I felt sure that the next day I should be warned off, but I was not. Twice again I met the boy on the road, and each time he gave me the same serene look, the same quiet bow and each time I became more desirous of knowing him. One morning a telegram came; my father was coming down, would join me, probably that evening. This would put an end to my romance of the old house; but this last day I would go again to take a last look and make up, perhaps, one more story about these unknown people; also I would make a drawing of the well. I had nearly finished the sketch when I saw the boy approaching. It was ridiculous how pleased I was and how excited. He should speak to me, and as he laid his hand on the pole I rose. "I wish to thank you," I began, "for allowing me to make these pictures. My name is Branston." At the mention of my name he let the pole go. "Branstou?" he repeated. "Have you ever heard of Brockley Branstou?" "My father's name," I answered, "and mine." Without another word he walked away quickly to the house, leaving me amazed. This was really romantic. Would he come back? It was all I could do not to jump the fence and follow him, but in a few moments he came back and began to let down the rails. "My father wishes to see you," he said, "and will you come in?" In a moment I was over the partly lower-

ed fence and following him. Round to the front of the house we took our way, up the front steps, across the broad piazza and in at the most lovely of doors. In the wide hall we stopped, and I was asked to sit down, the boy disappearing farther down the hall. I looked about me at the broad stairway, at the old furniture, simple, fine, dilapidated, at the bits of silver on the enormous sideboard—for the hall was evidently both dining-room and drawing-room—at the fire on the hearth at one side, and felt my wishes realized. It was all I had expected. A door opened and I rose. The lady of whom I had caught a glimpse was coming down the hall. She suited the house—she was worn, but she was fine. "I am Mrs. Heath," she said, giving me her hand, "and I am glad to welcome you. In a moment my husband will come and tell you the story. It is singular." "I shall be—" I began. Then a rolling sound made me turn, and I saw a most extraordinary contrivance—an armchair mounted on a pair of carriage wheels that looked absurdly large for their work, the back legs of the chair being lengthened to rest on the floor when not moving. In the chair sat a gentleman, and pushing it was the boy, who now had put on his shoes and coat and had brushed back his wavy yellow hair. "This is my father," he said, quietly, and there was a light of beautiful love and pride in his eyes. The gentleman held out a white hand to me. "Your father's son," he said, "if you are the son of my Brockley Branstou—" "He was a colonel in Grant's army—" I began. Instantly he put his other hand over mine that he still held. "Does he still live? Sit down, my boy. You must stop and break bread with us. I have much to say. My wife and son are as glad to see you as I am." I took my seat between him and Mrs. Heath, Percy still standing behind his father's chair, watching him as if filled with a great pride in every word he said. "You have a look of your father," Mr. Heath went on, "who was so good to me. On a battlefield we met. I was wounded in the back and left for dead; he lay beside me, unconscious. Numbered by suffering, I watched his white face idly. Presently he opened his eyes. 'What's happened?' he said, vaguely. 'We are left for dead,' I answered. 'You look dead,' he said. 'So do you,' I returned. 'But I'm not,' and he sat up and began to feel himself. 'Good as new,' he went on, 'but you—' turning to me again. 'I'm done for!' and trying to move, I lost consciousness. When I came to myself I was in a tent. Your father stood over me. 'Not done for yet,' he said, laughing. 'You are good!' I answered. 'Not a bit,' he returned. 'I've adopted you as my thank offering. Now go to sleep.' 'That was only the beginning,' Mr. Heath went on. 'Everything was done for me that kindness and skill could compass, and after a long time I reached a point where I could walk and had begun to wonder when I should leave the hospital for a prison, when one day your father came to me with a strange look on his face. I rose quickly to meet him. 'The war is done,' he said, gently, and laid his arm about my shoulder, 'and, Heath, old fellow, try to believe that it's all right.' Instead, I sobbed on his shoulder like a woman, and he stood there holding me like a woman. 'He was not rich, but at once he made arrangements for sending me South, delaying his own return home to do it, and when at last all was settled, he put me into the train with a basket of food and a military pass. I looked the last on him—God bless him! Then, like a boy, I began to investigate the pockets of my new suit. Suddenly I stopped. I felt myself a thief. I owned no purse, yet here was one! I drew it out guiltily—hesitated. Fifty dollars and a scrap of writing—I wish I could double it, old fellow!" Mr. Heath paused a moment, then went on: "I reached home—a devastated country, a beggared people and so many missing! It was a cruel time, but my wife and little daughter were well and my faithful old nurse had claimed this place for me, and as I had freedom had not come, lived with us to her death. My strength came back to me, and with that fifty dollars as capital, I hired a mule and began to sell wood. We came near to starvation, but we did not quite reach it. At last things began to pick up. I was able to mortgage the place and with the money I fenced in land for planting and began to feel safe, when my daughter died and my back gave out—the old wood, you see. Since then—" he turned and looked up at the boy. "We have not starved," the boy answered, smiling down on his father, "and now once more are prospering." Then the boy turned away, going down the hall, and Mrs. Heath followed. "He was only ten," Mr. Heath went on, "when I gave out, and he and his mother kept things going. He built this chair," touching the wheels that supported him, "and has done everything." "He is a beautiful boy," I said.

Mr. Heath nodded. "And has but two ambitions—to pay off the mortgage on the place, the deeds of which go back to the crown, and to return this." He held out an old-fashioned purse. I started back. "Mr. Heath!" I cried. "My boy is right," he said. "He was radiant when he discovered you. I have not known where to find your father, but indeed, the last addition to the amount has just been made. Percy has had it turned into gold. You must take it." "Never!" I said. "I cannot!" "Your father would." "Then let him!" I answered, sharply. "He comes to-morrow." "Your father?" and Mr. Heath's face seemed to lose ten years. "You will bring him out at once?" Then Mrs. Heath and the boy came back, but I was too much upset to enjoy the little luncheon that Tenah brought in, and I left as soon as possible. It seemed to me the most heart-rending story, that poor fifty dollars gathered through all these years of toil! Impossible! I would lay the case before my father, and of course he would not take the money. I was so full of the story that I hardly greeted him when he came that night. "So you've found Heath," he said. "Of course, I'll go there. As to the money—" "You cannot take it!" "The only thing to do is to take it. Wait!" He raised his hand. "I'll take the mortgage, too. It will never be foreclosed; and having come down to lease land for a hunting club, I'll lease from Heath. Is it not better to gratify the boy's ambition? And you shall have the gold to hang up in your studio—or round your neck—anywhere you like, only I must take it." We drove out the next day. The meeting between the men was beautiful, and Percy, who had held me at such a distance, kept close to my father, seeming to hang on his words. The old times were talked over, the purse presented and my father put his arm round Percy's shoulders. "This is fine," he said, his voice breaking a little, "and I shall give it to my boy, so that looking on it he may realize what real work means." Then, with a little laugh, he added: "I wish you were a girl, Percy. I'd take you for a daughter-in-law!" So it was all arranged. The mortgage was secured and rapidly paid off, as the land for the club was leased on the most liberal terms possible. By the next autumn, when we came down to open the club house, I had the satisfaction of seeing Percy clothed like other people, and when spring came again all of the great tract that was not leased to the club was once more put under cultivation. Standing looking out over the marshes, Percy said slowly: "I love every stalk of marsh, every inch of earth, every tree and stump on this old place, and only God knows how glad I am to feel secure in it!" "And all of it out of your own hard work," I answered. He shook his head. "Say rather out of your father's heart, and," smiling at me, "out of your book on 'Homes.'" "Good for me!" I cried, and I turned to greet Mrs. Heath, feeling happier about my great book than I could possibly have done even if the wonderful plan had been carried out; but my friend Harry having decided on matrimony, the book had died without a struggle.—Youth's Companion.

Episcopal 82,000,000 By the natural increase of value, and certainly not by any improvement in the character of church architecture, the average of value of church property has risen in the last fifty years as follows: Average value of church property in 1850: Catholic \$7,500 Methodist 1,000 Baptist 1,200 In 1900: Catholic \$14,000 Methodist 3,000 Baptist 2,500 The high value of Catholic Church property is, of course, accounted for by the fact that the bulk of churches is located in the cities. The amount spent by all the denominations annually in salaries for their ministers is estimated as follows: 1850 \$11,000,000 1900 58,000,000 If the 17 Methodist bodies, the 13 Baptist bodies and the various other sects that are now divided into innumerable sub sects, could unite, so that there would be only one Methodist body and one of each of the other sects, a saving of \$12,000,000 in salaries to ministers and of \$25,000,000 in church building could be effected each year. If this union of denominations could have taken place in 1850 the aggregate saving to 1900 would have been close to \$300,000,000 in salaries and \$12,000,000 in church buildings, all of which goes to demonstrate that disunion has been an expensive business to our Protestant brethren. Although the sums spent by Protestants are vast, they are distributed among so many sects and support so large a number of ministers, that their good effect is very much dissipated, and the salaries that can be offered are not calculated to bring very good material into the field of religious labor. However this may be, the conviction is forced upon all who have given this subject serious consideration that Protestants are ardently devoted to their religion and to the innumerable creeds which are offered them for acceptance, and although they are contending for the idea that in disunion there is strength—a proposition that has never been advanced in regard to any other human institution—they fill us with wonder and admiration at the zeal with which they enter into their church work and the unbounded liberality with which they pay the bills. Protestantism is losing ground in the United States, not absolutely as yet, but relatively, and certainly not through a lack of zeal and devotion of its members, but rather on account of its inherent characteristics and chiefly its negativity. To become a member of a Protestant church it is not necessary to receive any instruction, as is the case when a Protestant wishes to become a Catholic. For instance, in order to become a Methodist one need only subscribe to the five "don'ts," which seem to be basic principles of their religion, viz.: DON'T drink, DON'T swear, DON'T gamble, DON'T dance and DON'T smoke. A report has lately appeared in the press that a Catholic Archbishop had predicted that in a short time Catholics would control the great West. This report was false as to the author, and was also false as to the prediction. The States in which Catholics will soon have a majority are in the East, and include Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Three causes are tending to this result: A greater natural increase, immigration and conversions, the last being far from being the least.—E. L. Scharf.



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CATHOLICS WILL OUTNUMBER PROTESTANTS IN THE UNITED STATES IN TWENTY YEARS. Washington, June 8.—In overlooking the field of religious activity in the last fifty years we are confronted by an array of magnificent figures, which to do it, and when at last all was settled, he put me into the train with a basket of food and a military pass. I looked the last on him—God bless him! Then, like a boy, I began to investigate the pockets of my new suit. Suddenly I stopped. I felt myself a thief. I owned no purse, yet here was one! I drew it out guiltily—hesitated. Fifty dollars and a scrap of writing—I wish I could double it, old fellow!"

Protestants 6,900,000 Catholics 1,500,000 1900. Protestants 18,000,000 Catholics 10,000,000 In 1850 the population of the United States was 23,000,000, in 1900 76,000,000. The proportionate number of members of all churches to the whole population was: All churches in 1850 36 p.c. Protestants in 1850 30 p.c. Catholics in 1850 6 p.c. All churches in 1900 36 p.c. Protestants in 1900 23 p.c. Catholics in 1900 13 p.c. It will be noted that these would have been a smaller proportion of church members to the whole population in 1900, if the Protestant losses had not been offset by equal Catholic gains. If this rate of loss and gain should be maintained, Catholics will outnumber the Protestant denominations in twenty years, and in five if the Filipinos and Porto Ricans are included, and will have a majority of the whole population in the year 1970. In 1850 the value of church property stood: Methodist \$14,000,000 Presbyterian 14,000,000 Baptist 11,000,000 Episcopal 11,000,000 Catholic 9,000,000 In 1900: Catholic \$140,000,000 Methodist 132,000,000 Presbyterian 4,000,000 Baptist 82,000,000

The Greater Claim

A Story of The Far West

The door of Miss Mandy's hotel was slammed shut with a bang against the fierce onslaughts of an icy blast that raged up and down the little canyon like some mad thing.

A Montana blizzard was in progress and the trip over the divide had been a wild one. Theophilus Willard was the only passenger in the caboose, and the exigencies of the occasion, together with the frank unceremoniousness that characterizes the average Westerner, soon involved passenger and crew in relations more or less familiar, in which a common interest in a stopping place for the night played a conspicuous part.

At the end of the journey the stranger was guided to the hotel by the trainmen, to whom he was none the less interesting when it was learned that he was an exponent of the science of palmistry.

Strangers were neither so common nor uncommon at Miss Mandy's as to interfere with the attitude of good-fellowship that prevailed among her boarders.

The through passenger trains rarely stopped at Wolf Creek, but freight trains changed crews at that point, and it followed that Miss Mandy's patrons were confined to those few whose occupation made them frequenters of the town.

The dining-room, with its big fireplace, was an alluring sitting-room after supper, and the men deemed it a special favor when Miss Mandy came in after the dishes were washed, to ask the news from either end of the division.

To-night the advent of a "fortune-teller" promised an unusual diversion, and the proprietress was the object of numerous importunings.

"Come in and have your fortune told, Miss Mandy," called Billy King, when the meal was over, the table cleared, and chairs were drawn up before the fire.

"Nonsense!" said a voice from the kitchen, where the clatter of dishes spoke for itself.

"Aw! Come on, Miss Mandy," urged Legs, "this feller'll tell you anything you want to know, from when you were born to who your fate's goin' to be."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Miss Mandy, "either one's soubin'—I wouldn't want told in public."

"Well, then, he'll tell you you're goin' to be a rich widdo' and when you're goin' to see the man," interposed Billy.

Miss Mandy appeared in the doorway, wiping a huge, thick crockery plate.

"Now, Billy King, you knows well's I do here ain't a man in Montana 'ud have me, even s'posin' I was willing to risk takin' one, which I ain't. When a woman gits 's old's me, the best thing she c'n do is to warn the young ones against making fools o' themselves."

"Now, Miss Mandy! Don't be too hard on us. But come and let his nob's, here, see how many lies he c'n tell."

"Oh, well! For the sake of a little amusement, maybe, when I'm done with the dishes," she disappeared again. If anyone had hinted to Miss Mandy that she was superstitious, she would have denied the implication with spirit.

She, Mandy Hodge, a sensible spinster of forty-nine, whose indefinitely great grandfather had been a Puritan of the strictest type—she, who had been a God-fearing woman, doing her duty as she found it, and being, among other things, eminently practical—she superstitious? Never!

Miss Mandy probably had no suspicion that that same Puritanical influence, the germs of which had been planted in her heart almost three hundred years ago, might have been at work when she reluctantly consented to have her palm read. If asked her ideas concerning the doctrine of predestination, she would in all probability, have said she did not believe in it.

Twenty-five years of pioneer life with its vicissitudes of fortune had taught her to believe man to be alone responsible for his own destiny. Yet there still existed within her a suggestion of a doubt concerning the subject. It had not yet been proved false. Consequently the elements of superstition and curiosity which the suggestion of the palmist had awakened aided in setting aside her rational opinions, and she yielded.

When she came in a little later, there was a general movement among the boarders toward comfortable positions, in anticipation of a little amusement.

"Now, tell 'er a good one," cautioned Billy, from his corner, where he sat with seat tipped back and a pipe in his mouth.

"You can't come any half-way tactics with Miss Mandy," remarked Bob Wells, who had straddled a chair with the back in front of him, while Legs lay flat on the floor before the fireplace.

"If I just tell her about her character, it's bound to be a good one," said the palmist, gallantly, as he looked into the upturned palm.

"There ain't no use o' your tellin' me my character," interposed Miss

Mandy, "I know that 'bout's well 's it can be known. What I want t' know is what's in store for me."

"All right, but I must tell you a little about what you know to be true, or you won't believe me." Theophilus manner could be very smooth upon occasions. Just now he seemed to be musing over what he saw in Miss Mandy's palm.

"You have a very interesting hand," he remarked, as he spread out the fingers one by one, bent them backward and turned the hand over, "a well-marked hand, and an easy one to read. In the first place, you were born in New England."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Mandy.

"The palm is an open book," the scientific palmist replied. "That dialect don't often deceive me," he thought. "You came West some time ago."

"Yes, with father," vouchsafed Miss Mandy.

"Don't tell me anything," said Theophilus, deprecatingly, "I must do this alone. You've been West perhaps—twenty years." Theophilus had seen something of the world, and was from necessity, a good judge of character. He had sized up Miss Mandy with the eye of a professional and he was good at guessing.

"You have never been home since you came, though you have relatives still in your native town—near relatives."

Miss Mandy thought of her sister and the nieces and nephews she had never seen, and she was a little surprised that he had come so near the truth.

"Your father has been dead about two years, I would say. He was some-where near eighty years old." Miss Mandy wore black and the rest was easy. "I see the sign of a love affair here—some twenty-five years ago—an unsuccessful one."

The amused, somewhat tolerant smile with which Miss Mandy had listened heretofore was gone now, and in its turn was a look of perplexity.

"Does he guess all this?" she asked herself. At the mention of the love affair, the blood pulsed in her faded cheek for a moment, but was gone again by the time she recovered enough to laugh sceptically. But the crew of '54' saw it and were touched. She was so little and so alone.

The "exponent" was proceeding in an even voice, only interrupted by the occasional crackling of the fire and the whistle of the wind around the corners of the house.

"Your fate line is somewhat uneven. Let me see your other hand, please! Hm! Still more broken. You began your existence in fairly favorable surroundings and had you remained in your birthplace your life would have been comparatively easy. You lived on a farm," and he looked at her quickly. She nodded, and he went on. "But you came into a strange country of your own will and your life has been one of ups and downs. However, you have been fairly content and prosperous, particularly in the last five years."

"Now, as to your character, your will power is well developed and you are decidedly practical, though your imagination and a more or less mystical tendency balance that quality. Your heart line is very even and pronounced, denoting sympathy, generosity and the faculty of feeling intensely. Your domestic qualities are marked. The head line is not so long nor so deep as that of the heart, but it is, nevertheless, the sign of a good, clear intellect. Your appreciation of the arts is somewhat limited, though your love of the beautiful is quite evident. You are something of a philosopher and not given to worrying. Your talents are along the industrial line." Theophilus thought this rather neat, as he smoothed his shiny black hair caressingly. His stock phrases were running nimbly off his tongue now, his manner as professional as possible.

By this time Miss Mandy was observing him intently. She was wondering how he could know her so well. She glanced suspiciously at Bob Wells, at Billy King and at Legs. But the expression of interest on the faces of all three convinced her that they were as impressed as she by this exhibition of power.

Billy's cigar had gone out and was being held tightly between his teeth. Legs was staring hard into the fireplace, and the conductor was leaning over the back of his chair with his eyes fixed on the palmist. They all knew Miss Mandy so well—had known her for five years, and here was an utter stranger telling her things they didn't know at all!

"With the exception of a few unimportant details," continued the palmist, "that is—about all I see concerning your past and your character. Now we'll find what the future has for you." A slight hitching of his chair as a preliminary induced a trifle more interest from his audience.

"I see a journey of some length in prospect for you, and—yes, here is the indication of a change of some kind—soon. Your health will always be fairly good, and financially, the rest of your life will be comfortable." He could not know of the earnings of five years sewed up in the lining of Miss Mandy's old alpaca, thought the spinster. "From now on your line of fate is quite smooth and even, though it has been very irregular heretofore. However—ah!" and he bent lower over her hand. For a few moments the sharp crackle of the sleety wind against the panes was the only sound.

Then—

"This is quite peculiar," vouchsafed

the palmist, slowly and impressively. Again there was silence—a silence that seemed interminable, while the reader continued to study intently. When several moments had elapsed and no word was spoken, Miss Mandy moved a little in her chair. She was growing a trifle nervous.

At length, after a close scrutiny, the prophet seemed to have solved the riddle to his own satisfaction, and lifting his head, spoke to the company in general.

"I find an unusual combination here," he said. "The fate line, after running smoothly for perhaps an inch, suddenly shoots into the life line."

At that point both—end abruptly." He paused impressively. The conductor and brakeman glanced at each other. The fireman took his eyes from the bed of hot embers and looked at Miss Mandy. Miss Mandy regarded the palmist curiously and the palmist dropped his eyes to the puzzling lines in the hand.

"You are about forty-nine years of age," he volunteered, at last.

"Yes," said Miss Mandy, simply. She was not ashamed of it.

"These lines—end—at the point—which represent—your fiftieth birthday." The Delphian oracle could not have spoken more ominously. Miss Mandy began to understand.

"I see also the sign of a quadruped—evidently significant when near the indication of an accident, as in this case."

"On my fiftieth birthday," mused Miss Mandy. There was another eloquent silence. The wind whistled dimly down the chimney, and added to the intensity of the moment—an intensity that was its own undoing, for Miss Mandy, growing unconscious of it all at once, seemed to recover herself. "Well," she said philosophically, as she rose, "my time's got to come some day, so it may's well come then," and she laughed a little.

The spell was broken. Billy King's chair came to the floor with a thump, and as he walked to the stairway, he observed in a tone that was not altogether amiable, that the palmist would never suffer for lack of imagination. Legs got slowly to his feet and shuffled towards the door, but as he passed Bob Wells he remarked succinctly, "That feller's a damn fool to tell her all that rot."

The palmist rose with the others. He seemed to realize that he had said too much, but it would not do to go back on his reading. So he attempted to conciliate matters a little by saying jocularly, "There's a chance that I was mistaken on that last, Miss Mandy. If I had a magnifying glass to see the smaller lines with I could tell you better. Sorry I left mine in Helena. But I'd advise you to look out for quadrupeds, all the same, on your fiftieth birthday."

"Well, my life has taught me one thing," responded Miss Mandy. "I've 'em all in all, most quadrupeds. I've seen have a heap more trust-worthy than lots o' bipeds I've encountered." There was a general laugh at this sally, as the crew of '54' and the Exponent of Scientific Palmistry after a hearty good-night to Miss Mandy, tramped upstairs to bed.

But the little figure in black sat by the fire for a long time that night. The wind moaned outside and the snow drifted in through the cracks around the door. The chunks in the fireplace sank, one by one, into a bed of trembling red coals. The glow grew less and less bright, and slowly a white ash formed where the flickering flames had been. The chill from the blizzard began to pervade the room.

At last Miss Mandy started. "What's getting into you, anyway, Mandy Hodge? Gather together your scattered old senses and go to bed. I'm ashamed of ye." And she locked the door, took up the lamp and went to her room.

The next morning, after the crew of '54' had gone east on its run and Theophilus had taken a west-bound freight, Miss Mandy stood in her front door and surveyed the scene before and around her. The blizzard had spent its force in the night, and the air was marvellously clear and sparkling. It fairly tinkled with the cold. The snow, dry as powder, had drifted in wave-like undulations around the corners of the building, and against the station platform. The track was submerged in some places and swept perfectly bare in others.

Wolf Creek boasted ten buildings—Miss Mandy's hotel, the store, two saloons, five dwelling shacks and the station house. A street ran through the town, separating the railroad apartments from the other buildings, which were scattered here and there in defiance of order or system.

The hotel, store and saloons were modeled after the same style of architecture, the former differing from the other two in the matter of a second story. The front wall, the bald-faced appearance of which was relieved by two windows and a door, continued upward beyond the pointed roof like a very erect pompadour. The store used this superfluous space, as a means of informing the public that this was the property of Davis Bros., "dealers in hardware, groceries, boots and shoes, flour, feed, dry goods, notions and general merchandise." A board tacked above the entrance announced that it was also the post-office. The one word "hotel" adorned the space above Miss Mandy's door the size of the letters rivalled only those over two saloons. All save the station house and its belongings were devoid of paint. But these were adorned with a coat of dark red set

off by green trimmings, the trademark of the company. This was Wolf Creek, Montana, thirty-five miles west of the Rocky Mountain tunnel, on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Miss Mandy stood there surveying it with eyes that seemed suddenly open to things she had never seen before. How pitifully small, how desperately monotonous it was, this little way station on the road to Somewhere, dignified only by the tin-test of dots on the official time-tables. Passenger trains fled past it with a shriek, as if the mere suggestion of a stop there was maddening. The only glimpse Miss Mandy had of the world was that afforded by the tired, listless faces in the windows as the express swung into view and was gone in a whirl of snow. But she thought of those faces all day, till they became her friends, and she imagined she knew the story of every one.

Her eyes wandered to the mountains around and above her, their sides covered with needle-pointed pines outlined sharply against the background of snow, with here and there bare, jagged rocks jutting out boldly in relief from the sinuous slopes. She looked long and lovingly at them, and drew a slow, deep breath. "Ah! but they are magnificent!" she thought.

Then she gazed eastward beyond where the track narrowed to a point and was lost in a bend; father and farther beyond, where the craggy, snow-capped peaks of a divide rose majestically into the incomparable blue of a Montana sky. Something of their grandeur and immensity seemed to envelope her, and made her suddenly conscious of her own insignificance. She became all at once aware of an overpowering sense of helplessness, of an impulse to seek protection from someone, and with the realization of her impotence came a flood of loneliness that she had never experienced before. She thought of what lay beyond those peaks—the desolate, undulating plains of eastern Montana and Dakota, on through the weird horrors of the Bad Lands to the Middle West, with its immense fields of waving grain; then the thickly settled East, with its great cities, and finally, New England, her New England, and its rolling green hills, its woods, its spacious old farm-houses and picturesque meadows! Twenty-five years was a long time to have stayed away from it.

Her fiftieth birthday—a journey—to Ellen and the children—why not? An accident! Her fiftieth birthday! The thoughts came crowding and jostling one another, and in sudden bewilderment she sat down on the door-step to think a little more clearly.

Suppose it should come true, what the palmist had said. Suppose she should die, on her fiftieth birthday. She pictured to herself what it would be like here. Bob Wells and Billy King and Legs would be there, of course, and the engineer's wife would take charge of things. The two or three other women whose lot had been cast at Wolf Creek along with their husband's would come and do what they could. And that would be all. There would be a little procession and another mound over there at the foot of the mountain among the pines. Yes, she'd like to rest over there—it weren't so lonely. Even her father was not there for she had sent him home. Home! The tears welled to Miss Mandy's eyes.

There was no real reason why she never had gone. She had lingered because she had come to love this great, boundless, big-hearted West—because there had never seemed any plausible reason why she should go. She called herself a Westerner now, she had been a part of it for so long, and experienced so much.

As she sat there, every detail of her life came before her vividly. She saw herself as a girl on the farm in Massachusetts until her sister's marriage and her mother's death left her in charge of everything and changed her in a year to a woman whose last thought was of herself. Then came her father's determination to come West, and she could not let him go alone, she who was all he had left. And finally, there had been the heart-breaking good-bye to him. Now there spread before her imagination a panorama of events—the long journey across the continent; the rush to the mines, from Utah to Colorado, from Colorado to Wyoming and Montana, now here, now there; the Indian wars, when she had been huddled in a building for days, together with women and children, waiting with bated breath for the terror to come, while the men stood guard without. And afterward there was more drifting. From Virginia City they had gone to Helena, at that time Last Chance Gulch, and thence to Butte, winning and losing, enjoying and suffering. At length when the fever had burned out to some degree and her father had become too old to wander any more, they had somehow settled down here at Wolf Creek, where she had kept the hotel and earned a living for the two of them. Two years before she had closed her father's eyes—and yet she stayed on. Ellen had always seemed so far away. And now in six months it would be her fiftieth birthday.

Of a sudden she stood up, and looking at the pine-covered sides of the great mound opposite, she spoke as if in defiance of it.

"I will! I go! And if I'm killed on my fiftieth birthday, I'll at least be at home." There was a relief in expressing it in words.

She almost expected a denunciation to be hurled back at her from the

mountain, for she stood there some moments, staring at it. Then drying her eyes hurriedly on her gingham apron, she went into the house.

For six months Miss Mandy made and executed plans with scrupulous regard to details. She consulted time tables and decided to leave Wolf Creek five days before her birthday, so that her arrival home would come upon that date. She would go in the day coach and take a supply of eatables in a basket. She would mend up her old, but best, dress, and send to Butte for some nice cashmere to make a new one. She would fix herself a neat little bonnet out of some old velvet she had, and make a few other little necessities. And as she sat sewing she grew into the habit of picturing the whole scene as it would occur when she reached Fernside. John would meet her at the station with the buckboard and they would drive out to the farm. The thought sent a little thrill of fear through her. A buckboard presupposed a horse, a horse was a quadruped, and the palmist had said—but nonsense! Why should she pay so much attention to what the palmist had said? If her time was to come then it would come, and that's all there was to it. Besides, John's meeting her with the buckboard would give her the chance to prove the truth or fallacy of the palmist's words. The desire to satisfy her curiosity was almost as potent a factor in forming her decisions as was her anxiety to be home. So from a little superstitious feeling of dread, her attitude changed to one of eagerness and she looked forward to the arrival with less fear than joy.

Billy King thought Miss Mandy seemed preoccupied, or absent-minded, or something. He didn't know just what it was, but he felt a difference. Bob said he believed she was worrying over that fool fortune-teller's nonsense, but Legs remarked that he'd seen her smile to herself once, so he guessed she didn't feel very much cut up. It was not till Miss Mandy told them of the intended visit, a week before the time of her departure, that they understood.

She could not tell them before. It was her own little secret that she guarded almost jealously. She wanted to think about it and nurse it and plan for it without any rude interference, however well meant it might be. She was too selfish to share it with even her best friends—too wise, perhaps. But at length she felt they ought to know it, now that the time was so near, she owed it to them, and when she told her plan, with her little wrinkled face almost youthful in its eager anticipation, she expected something different from her listeners than the silence that fell upon them. She looked from one to the other for a word of approval or encouragement, but none came. Bob Wells gazed intently at the toe of his shoe. Billy King and Legs would be there, of course, and the engineer's wife would take charge of things. The two or three other women whose lot had been cast at Wolf Creek along with their husband's would come and do what they could. And that would be all. There would be a little procession and another mound over there at the foot of the mountain among the pines. Yes, she'd like to rest over there—it weren't so lonely. Even her father was not there for she had sent him home. Home! The tears welled to Miss Mandy's eyes.

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The Greater Claim

A Story of The Far West

(Continued from page 7.)

her hand-bag, so she could not possibly make a mistake. She would go as far as Garrison with the crew of "54." There she would buy her ticket to St. Paul and board the Atlantic Express.

Just before she went to bed the night before starting she sat down and made her will. It was not confused with aforesaid, herby's, where-for and subsequently, but it enumerated all of Miss Mandy's possessions from the hotel to her hand-bag, and directed that they be given to her sister and her sister's children. When this was done, Miss Mandy gave a little sigh of relief and crept into bed.

She was up with the sun the next morning and passed about excitedly, taking out and putting back things in her hand-bag, running up and down stairs and into every room to see that all was in order, and when the new manager came over about six to take charge, Miss Mandy showed her over the hotel a dozen times, in spite of the woman's assurances that she already knew it as well as Miss Mandy. She took a delight in this last inspection of her possessions. If she wanted to impress the picture of it upon her memory so she could never forget it, for it was all she would have, now.

Billy and Bob came after the trunk about 6.30 and hoisted it over the rear platform of the caboose. After that Miss Mandy out on her bonnet and cane, took her slouch and basket and made a last tour of the house, straightening a chair here and rearranging a pillow there. At the front door she spread the rag-carpet mat about carefully and walked over it, then turned to shake hands with the new manager. Her throat pained her with the lump that was there and she spoke no word of good-bye, but hurried away across the road, up the station platform and into the caboose.

"54," too confused to notice whether it was Billy or the station master who helped her in. She set her bag and basket down, and after a moment went out on the platform of the car. In a little group near the step stood the engineer's wife, with two or three other women, Mr. Davis of the store, the station agent and Bob Wells, and when Miss Mandy saw them all there, her best and only friends, her courage all at once gave away. With a sudden rush of tears she retreated into the caboose.

For a few minutes she sobbed softly, and with her tears came a repent-up and half understood misery that had been aching her heart these last six months. She realized now all that she meant to her, and for the first time she knew that she really expected to end her life in five days. She was looking her last upon her friends, Wolf Creek, the mountains, the West—this frank, free-handed, easy-going West, that had sustained her for twenty-five years.

Presently there was a jolt, a whistle shrieked somewhere ahead, a bell rang warningly, and in a moment the red and green station was slipping past the windows. With quivering lips Miss Mandy stood in the door. The little group on the platform were waving handkerchiefs and hats, and were trying to smile reassuringly. Miss Mandy nervously took her tear-dampened little piece of cotton, her lips drawn in a forced smile and the tears streaming down her cheeks. And just before the corner of the station house came between her and the hotel, she caught a glimpse of the huge red and blue lettering of the sign, while in the door beneath stood the new manager waving a friendly good-bye. A fierce wave of resentment swept over Miss Mandy that moment that any one but herself should stand there as proprietor. That hotel was hers! It had been hers from the beginning. No one else had any right to it.

By this time the click of the rails was sounding quicker and quicker, and Wolf Creek was receding into a mere cluster of characterless houses. The track grew narrower and narrower as she looked backward, till the two rails came together in a point at the station. The little group on the platform had merged into a dark blotch relieved only by the glimmer of the handkerchiefs as they were waved to and fro. The mountains on either side seemed to be sinking lower and lower. Then of a sudden the train had reached the curve. With a lurch the caboose swayed around it, the gap closed and Wolf Creek was lost to view.

With a start Miss Mandy drew a quick, sharp breath. What was she doing? What had she been thinking of? Home? This was home! This life that she had known for twenty-five years, this existence among others of her kind who had lived and suffered as she had, this was where she

belonged. And she was leaving it! What place but this could claim her? What people but these cared for her? Her own relations loved her less than these. The home of her girlhood knew her no longer, but she was a part of this. She had helped to make it. It was hers.

Ka-chug! Ka-chug! The rails beat time with her heart, and as she watched the ties glide away from under the caboose and mingle with those behind, a half-formed impulse took definite shape in her mind. With each lurch of the train it acquired strength, and with every beat of the pulse a new life seemed infused into her veins. In half an hour they would be at Garrison. Garrison, Garrison, sang the rails and the song found echo in her heart.

The conductor came in from the other end of the car. "Garrison's only a little way now, Miss Mandy. You'll have to wait a little for the express, she's late."

"I'm goin' back, Bob," said Miss Mandy quietly.

"Goin' back!"

"Yes, I am. I ain't got any business tralpsin' off at my time o' life. I'm goin' back to Wolf Creek and settle down like I ought to."

"Well!" exclaimed Bob. Then after a moment, "I'm darned glad of it, Miss Mandy," and he took her little, old hand in his big strong one.

When the east-bound freight drew up at the Garrison platform, a little old lady, one trunk, a basket and a hand-bag were transferred to "51," west-bound, as she lay puffing on a side-track waiting for the other train to go by. The "So-long!" from Billy and the "See you to-morrow!" of Bob, accompanied by a waving of caps from the occupants of the engine, were the only approach to the good-byes that had been expected and dreaded an hour earlier. And in the caboose of "51" a little figure in black smiled softly to herself because of a great peace in her heart—a peace that had grown out of a battle bravely fought and won, in which the East had sought to regain a possession that was lost, and the West had claimed its own.—Katherine Wilson in Short Stories.

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"Make and keep the Kidneys sound by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and there can be no Bright's Disease."

BANK OF HAMILTON.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Hamilton, which has just been held, marked an important event in the history of that successful institution. Messrs. John Stuart and A. G. Ramsay, two of the oldest directors, and for many years president and vice-president, respectively, of the bank, announced their retirement, and their positions were filled by Mr. George Rutherford and the general manager of the bank, Mr. James Turnbull, two gentlemen in whom the business community can repose every confidence. Senator William Gibson was appointed president and Mr. Turnbull vice-president, and the various changes have already been received with the greatest of satisfaction, not only in Hamilton, but wherever the bank does business.

The reports presented at the meeting disclosed a highly gratifying state of affairs, and the prospects for future business were never brighter.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

There is a great grace hidden in a sweet command.

ORDINATION SERVICES AT ALEXANDRIA.

Alexandria, June 12.—To the delight of his many relatives and friends, Mr. Archibald Macdougald, who was forced last autumn to discontinue his theological studies on account of ill-health, was ordained sub-deacon Saturday morning. The ceremony was impressive; it commenced by His Lordship admonishing Mr. Macdougald of the gravity of the step he was about to take, warning him against advancing unless he were willing to assume the obligations of the order. These are perpetual chastity, and the daily recital of the Divine Office. Mr. Macdougald, willing to assume these obligations, advanced and prostrated himself on the floor of the sanctuary while the attending ministers read the Litany of the Saints over him. After this, he was given the right to handle the sacred vessels and linens used in the Holy Sacrifice, and to assist the deacon, which the word sub-deacon signifies.

On Sunday, Mr. Macdougald's privileges were increased. He was ordained deacon, and now he has the right to expose for adoration, to carry in procession and to distribute to the faithful the Blessed Eucharist; to administer Baptism solemnly, and to preach the word of God.

His Lordship has called Mr. Macdougald to the priesthood and will ordain him Sunday, the 14th inst., at 7.15 a. m.

It is a source of much pleasure to know that the ardent wishes of our young townsman are soon to be realized, and all join in the wish that he may be long spared to labor in his chosen vocation.

WYNDHAM REFUSES.

London, June 16.—The deadlock which has arisen between Chief Irish Secretary Wyndham and the Irish leader, John Redmond, as a result of to-day's debate in the House of Commons, in which John Redmond's amendment to the Land Bill, abolishing the minimum price at which the land may be sold, was opposed by Mr. Wyndham and rejected by the House, threatens to imperil not only the Irish Land Bill, but the existence of the Government.

STEPS FORWARD.

It is always a pleasure to The Register to record any progress made in this province in matters ecclesiastical and in this regard must be noted the many new improvements pertaining to the interior decorations of our churches and chapels in this Diocese. Within the past few months it has been both a duty and a pleasure to The Register to note the building and furnishing of the new Catholic chapel in the Central Prison and the refurbishing of the chapel in the Mercer Reformatory, and also the building of St. Francis' Church. The interior decorations of all these Sanctuaries are beautiful and artistic and a pleasurable feature of this work is that it has all been entrusted to the hands of one of our local Catholic business houses. We refer to the well-known firm of "Blake's Catholic Supply House." The altar supplies and decorations reflect great credit upon this institution. The Church in Ontario can be congratulated upon the fact that the very newest and latest designs in interior decorations imported direct from the marts of the Old World can be had in this Capital City. We must not forget to mention the placing of a new set of Stations in the Church of the Holy Rosary in this city. The subjects are worked out in bas-relief and the artistic and harmonious coloring of the figures of this set of Stations are of the finest in the Diocese. It is well to add something of the magnificent Chalice presented to Rev. Dr. Teely by the members of his family on the completion of his Silver Jubilee, and which was imported by this firm. The Chalice in itself is a perfect work of art. The size of the chalice is 10 1/2 inches over all, the bowl being set in an elaborate setting of ornate filigree work. The stem is also covered with the same class of design. Around the bowl are inserted and etched in sterling metal engravings of six of the Apostles, whilst around the base of the chalice in the same material are the other six Apostles. Those who have had the privilege of seeing this handsome Altar Vessel characterize it as one of the most beautiful in the Diocese. We beg to congratulate Blake's Catholic Book Store upon their success and their enterprise.

IT REACHES THE SPOT.—There are few remedies before the public today 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.

Who purposely cheats his friend would cheat his God.

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself.

IF YOUR PHYSICIAN

prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility it will be well to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food, perfectly sterilized, according to latest sanitary methods. For general household uses. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

5 NEW... PUBLICATIONS

INTERCOLONIAL "Fishing and Hunting."

INTERCOLONIAL "Tours to Summer Haunts."

INTERCOLONIAL "Maritime Express."

INTERCOLONIAL "Salmon Fishing."

Via the INTERCOLONIAL for "A Week in the Woods."

Write: GENERAL Passenger Department, (MONCTON, N. B.) For Free Copies.



PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES

SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspectors of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," will be received until Monday, 23rd June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies for the fiscal year 1903-1904, for the following institutions, namely: Kingston Penitentiary, St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Dorchester Penitentiary, Manitoba Penitentiary, British Columbia Penitentiary, Regina Jail, Prince Albert Jail.

- Separate tenders will be received for each of the following classes of supplies:
1. Flour (Canadian Strong Baker's).
 2. Beef and mutton (fresh).
 3. Forage.
 4. Coal (anthracite and bituminous).
 5. Cordwood.
 6. Groceries.
 7. Coal oil (in barrels).
 8. Dry Goods.
 9. Leather and Medicines.
 10. Leather and Findings.
 11. Hardware, Tinware, Paints, etc.
 12. Lumber.
 13. Tea.

Details of information as to form of contract, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions.

All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden or Jailor. All tenders submitted must specify clearly the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsement of at least two responsible sureties.

Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor.

DOUGLAS STEWART, GEO. W. DAWSON, Inspector of Penitentiaries. Department of Justice, Ottawa, May 29, 1903.



WILL be sold at the Kingston Penitentiary to farmers at the following prices per pound, f.o.b. Kingston:

Pure Manila, 600 ft. to the lb. 10c
Kingston Special, 500 ft. to the lb. 9 1/2c
2c per lb. less on ton lots.
Terms cash with the order.

Address all communications to the Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary, Kingston, Ont.

Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor.

J. M. PLATT, Warden. Kingston, June 5th, 1903.

Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants; novelties cease to excite surprise.

The gates of hell are open night and day; smooth the descent, and easy the way.

The Book of Life is the tabernacle wherein the treasure of wisdom is to be found.

Angelo of Fiesole, whenever he was at work on the head of Christ, painted on bended knees.

NEVER IS TIME more precious than when some member of the family is attacked by colic, dysentery or any bowel trouble. The doctor is distant but if Perry Davis' Painkiller is near all danger is soon ended.

Cool, Refreshing, Delicious & Healthful

"SALADA"

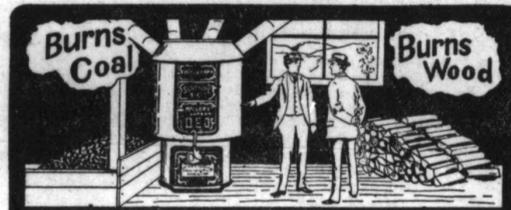
CEYLON TEA ICED. Sold only in sealed lead packets. Black, Mixed or Natural Green. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. By all Grocers.

Sample Our Bread

The best bread in many different varieties can be sampled by telephoning us to send you a sample for 5c.

Our Phone is Park 553

The Toronto Bakery, 420, 422, 424, 426 & 428 Bathurst St.



Sunshine Furnace

No need to worry about coal strikes if your home is heated with a "Sunshine" Furnace.

By placing our patented wood grate over the coal grate it will burn wood or coke and give as perfect satisfaction as with coal—also saves starting a coal fire in spring and fall when a wood fire will take the chill of the house in a few minutes.

Feed-doors are double and extra large—will admit rough chunks. Radiator is made of heavy steel plate and encircles the dome in such a way that it leaves a wide space between the two for the circulation of air and gives an immense radiating surface.

The "Sunshine" is the only Canadian heater which will burn coal, coke or wood with entire satisfaction.

Sold by all Enterprising Dealers. Booklet Free.

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BLESSING A NEW BELL.

Ottawa, June 8.—At the parish church of the Holy Family, Ottawa East, in charge of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, the beautiful and impressive ceremony of blessing the fine new bell took place yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, in the presence of a large congregation.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Seguin of the Palace. When the bell was christened, receiving the name "Mary Immaculate," the following ladies and gentlemen stood sponsors: Hon. Sir Eleazar and Lady Tachereau, Hon. F. R. and Mrs. Latchford, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Belcourt, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Davis, Mr. James O'Gara and Mrs. O'Gara, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Statter, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Patenaude, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lemay.

Rev. Wm. J. Murphy, O.M.I., pastor of St. Joseph's parish, to which the English-speaking members of the Holy Family congregation formerly belonged, delivered a sermon.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the clergy present and the sponsors were invited to ring the bell, which they did, and then retired to the Scholasticate, where a banquet was

spread. The congregation also, one by one, approached the Sanctuary and struck the bell.

The bell, which cost \$475, is the gift of the ladies who, under the direction of Rev. E. J. Cornell, organized a uchré party, with splendid results. They are: Mrs. Bernard Statter, president; Misses M. McClary, E. McClary, K. McClary, K. Higginerty, T. Cleary, M. Cleary, G. Statter, K. Kavanagh, N. Kiely, D. Tighe, R. Donnelly, M. Donnelly, A. Montreuil, A. Casey, E. McKeown, S. Mulrooney, M. McEvoy and L. Waterson. It was manufactured in Hancey-le-Vieux, Haute, Lavoie, France, by Messrs. George and Francois Paccard, the makers of the famous Montmartre Cathedral bell, one of the largest in the world.

MARRIED.

PHILPOTT—MONAHAN — On Wednesday morning, June 10th, at St. Basil's Church, by the Rev. Father Brennan, assisted by Rev. Dr. Teely, Josephine Mary, eldest daughter of the late J. Stephen Monahan Esq., Toronto, and granddaughter of the late Thomas Louis Monahan, M.D., Dublin, Ireland, to Frederick William Vaughan, eldest son of Frederick V. Philpott, Esq., Toronto.

Dublin and Cork, Ireland, papers please copy.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest 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

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART,

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

W. E. A. FANNON

Optical Doctor

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