

COWAN'S
CHOCOLATE
CAKE ICING
CREAM BARS
 etc.
 Absolutely Pure Goods
THE COWAN CO. Limited
TORONTO

The Catholic Register

SMOKERS
CIGARS Ten Cent Goods
 Sold for Five
 Cents Each.
MY OWN MANUFACTURE
ALIVE BOLLARD
 New Store 150 Yonge St.
 Old Store 150 Yonge St.

VOL. XII., No. 30

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IRELAND AND IMPERIAL POLITICS

Speech by Mr. John Redmond—Another Visit to America

Glasgow, July 11.—To-day Mr. John Redmond, M.P., addressed a splendid public meeting at the Wellington Hall, Commercial road. The anxiety to hear the Irish leader was so great that the audience not only crowded the spacious hall, but filled a second hall, where it was necessary to hold an overflow meeting. The chair was taken by that veteran in Irish politics, Bailie John Ferguson.

The chairman briefly introduced Mr. John Redmond, who received an enthusiastic and prolonged welcome.

Mr. Redmond said: I receive the League and enthusiastic welcome which you have given me with feelings of deep satisfaction and pride, because it proves to me that in the opinion of the Irishmen of Glasgow I have during the past few trying years, since last I stood in this city, done my best (applause) to cement the unity and promote the freedom and prosperity of Ireland (applause). During these four years since last I spoke here the Irish cause has been beset with almost unparalleled difficulties. When I had the honor of being elected as Chairman of the Irish Party I found on one side a solid unionist majority of 150—a majority opposed to my concession of the rights and liberties of Ireland—and I found upon the other side that the Liberal opposition consisted of gentlemen who were divided amongst themselves, a large section of whom had openly repudiated the principles and the policy of Gladstone. Under these circumstances you can readily understand the difficulties which beset our cause; but from the very first moment I conceived that it was the duty of Irishmen—the first duty of Irishmen—to re-organize their own movement (hear, hear), which had, for ten long and disastrous years, been rent by dissension. Organization in Ireland had practically ceased to exist, organization in America was dead, and even here in Great Britain, where I admit that the banner was held aloft with greater fidelity than elsewhere (hear, hear)—even here

THE DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES OF DISUNION.

were not united, and I was convinced that the first duty of Irishmen that must be fulfilled before we need hope to advance one single step on the road to the achievement of any of our rights and liberties—the first duty of Irishmen was that that state of things should be changed, that the organization of the people in Ireland should be renovated, that the organization in America should be renewed, and that here in Great Britain all sympathies with Irish Nationalist aspirations should once more be carried into the ranks of the Nationalist movement (applause). And to-day, looking back upon these years we can congratulate ourselves, and I think, without egotism, I can congratulate myself (cheers) that the Irish National movement has been revived, and the Irish National organization is once more strong and respected and powerful. I received the other day a silly statement—as so many of the statements made about our country and our movements in this country are silly—a silly statement to the effect that although there had been a revival of Irish National feeling, that that had ceased, and that our organization was declining in power. That statement is untrue (applause).

TO-DAY IN IRELAND THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE

is a powerful and widespread organization, with branches in every city and town and county in Ireland. At the great National Convention that I had the honor of presiding over last April there was represented every city and town in Ireland and every county in Ireland (applause), and I may go farther and say practically every parish in Ireland (hear, hear); and although I am the first to admit that our movement has received a serious set back by reason of the retirement—the temporary retirement as everyone who knows him believes—of Mr. William O'Brien (cheers), still, the great organization which

I freely admit he created (cheers) is to-day the dominant power in the public life of every part of Ireland (applause), and those who build their houses upon the decay or decline of the United Irish League in Ireland are building upon a very unsafe foundation, because they will find that, warned as the Irish people at home have been of the disastrous consequences of disunion, that never in our lifetime again will that curse appear in the political life of the country (applause). What is true of Ireland is true of America. When I took over the chairmanship of the Irish Party

THE IRISH MOVEMENT IN AMERICA

was dead; but in the year 1901, accompanied by two of my able and trusted colleagues, I went to America and I founded the United Irish League of America, and a year afterwards I attended the first National Convention of the United Irish League of America, and I found that inside of twelve months the movement had spread all over the continent, and from that day to this we have received a steady and most valuable stream both of material and moral support, and next month, as soon as my Parliamentary labors are over,

I AM GOING TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC AGAIN

(applause) to be at the second National Convention of the United Irish League of America (applause). And what shall I say of Great Britain? Why, it is an incontrovertible fact that never since the year 1865 has the movement in England and Scotland been as strong, as widespread, as powerful—aye, and as rich—as it is at the present moment (hear, hear). We have to-day in Great Britain more members enrolled in our organization than at any time for 20 years; we have at our disposal a larger fund than at any time for the last 20 years (hear, hear); and it is peculiarly agreeable to me to be able to make this statement at this moment, when we are rapidly approaching a period in which the future of the cause of Ireland will depend, not so much upon the Irishmen in Ireland or the Irishmen in America as upon the fidelity and the discipline of the Irishmen in Great Britain (applause).

THE IRISHMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN

are organized. They are more than organized—they thoroughly know their own mind. Now it is necessary for me, speaking to a gathering of this kind, to emphasize the enormous importance of the action in the coming elections of the Irishmen of Great Britain. It probably depends upon how they cast their votes what government will next be elected to parliament (hear, hear), and if either of the English parties—either one or the other—were able to be assured of the Irish support, the power of the Irish people to help the cause of their country would be absolutely gone. Your power depends upon being able to act as one man (applause), upon being willing to act as one man at the word of command from your leaders (renewed applause). Sir, I have not come here to-day to lay down in advance what the policy of the Irishmen of Great Britain ought to be when the election comes. Politics change very rapidly in these countries, and it would be amusing for any Irish leader to say six months ahead—or a month ahead, or a week ahead—what would be the wisest course for the Irishmen of Great Britain to take; and, therefore, I am not here to tell you what the policy of the moment will be (applause). I am here to tell you that no man living knows the moment when the crisis will arise. We hear brave words from the Prime Minister and others about the intentions of the Government to remain in office the rest of this session and even next session; but of course he does not imagine that anybody, not even the simplest child, pays any attention to that kind of talk (laughter). Neither he nor I know the day or the hour (laughter). I am here to-day not to tell you what policy you will be asked to pursue, but to urge you to be ready and to warn you that when the hour comes it will come suddenly, without notice, and that you then will be called upon to act loyally and unitedly at the word of command (applause). But while I am not here to tell you what the policy of the moment will be, I am free to tell you that there is one advice that under no circumstances your leaders will ask you to follow. No Irishman in Great Britain at the next election will be asked to vote for any candidate representing the indefinite postponement of Home Rule (loud and prolonged applause) on the predominant partner principle of Lord Rosebery. Whenever any man appears as the standard bearer of

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER POLICY OF LORD ROSEBERY

(hisses), whatever the general policy recommended to our countrymen may be, that man we will hit (applause); and I fancy you and I know a few places in Scotland—some of them not very far from Dalmeny (laughter)—where the Irish vote counts for a good deal (applause). Ladies and Gentlemen, I notice that Lord Rosebery has recently been taking pains to remind us that he still remains rooted in his dishonorable repudiation of the policy and principles of Gladstone (hear, hear). Well, I am very glad that on the eve of the general election he has taken the trouble to jog our memory, for, to tell the truth, we had nearly forgotten all about him (laughter). I don't think for my part we need seriously regard Lord Rosebery or his pronouncement (hear, hear). For my part I regard him in the present political situation as a negligible quantity (hear, hear). I want to know whom he speaks for—
 "A Voice"—For the "Daily Record" (laughter and applause).

(Continued on page 8.)

SAVINGS Accounts of small sums receive our special attention. One dollar and upwards taken on deposit.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
 Toronto Street, TORONTO

Interest allowed at 3% PER CENT. PER ANNUM, paid or compounded half-yearly. Prompt and courteous attention to large or small.

ACCOUNTS

C. M. B. A. INTERESTS

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—A little over a year ago an editorial appears in The Register on the Catholic Order of Foresters, and referred to the lack of interest by members in C.M.B.A. affairs as evidenced by the re-election at each convention of the same set of men, to fill the Grand Council offices. Your editorial had the right ring and should have been read by every member of the association. The C.M.B.A. certainly needs a shaking up. And if the delegates to the forthcoming convention do their duty younger members with more progressive ideas will be given an opportunity to manage the affairs of the association for the next three years. About the time your editorial appeared a few communications also appeared from anonymous correspondents, who seemed to have a vague idea that there was something wrong with the management but unable to diagnose the case, then turned to the subject nearest their own hearts and accused the Grand Officers of political intrigue. Bro. Carlton of St. John's took the anonymous scribbles across the paternal knee and admonished them of the treasonable nature of their productions, but he failed to dispel the phantom that reference to that "Special Audit" had brought before the minds of the members. I fully agree with Bro. Carlton that the Canadian is the proper medium in which to discuss C.M.B.A. matters, but he may not be aware that only articles that are considered harmless or are intended to tickle the vanity of the Grand Council officers find their way into the columns of the official organ. And so long as it is controlled, directly or indirectly, by an officer who has the handling of funds of the association, constructive criticism, when necessary, will not be a feature of the organ.

If it had been the visits of Memphis, that were made possible through the incompetence of the finance committee, might have been averted. It may not seem like good christian charity to refer to this matter outside of the Association, but its advancement and efficiency, and the interests of the eighteen or nineteen thousand members must be held paramount to the reputations of a few officers.

The sinister motives imputed by some of the Grand Council officers of using their positions to promote their own or their party's political ends will receive little credence from the thinking members of the Association. During the Dominion elections of 1896 the same unjust charge was made against Bro. O. K. Fraser, then Grand President. Previous to the Grand Council Convention of 1894 the prosperity of a society like the C.M.B.A. bestowing some mark of appreciation upon Catholics in public life who had rendered valuable services in the interests of their co-religionists, was pretty thoroughly discussed by many of the prominent members. Amongst the members were Bro. O. K. Fraser and Grand President Hackett. The name of Hon. C. F. Fraser was put forward for honorary membership in the Grand Council. Bro. Fraser strongly opposed the proposed innovation on the ground that it might lead to the introduction of politics into the Association. Bro. Hackett held that only merit should be considered. I take the liberty of quoting a paragraph from a letter of his, in reference to this matter, written on the 23rd of May, 1894, in which he says: "No question should be asked as to his politics, nor should politics be allowed, or tolerated by the members of our Association, who have their interests at heart. And although I know of the Hon. C. F. Fraser is through the press, I most heartily approve of the idea of his being made an honorary member of our Association, not on political grounds, rest assured, but because I consider him a most fearless and

faithful defender of the principles our Association stands for. And as such merits the favorable consideration and approbation of all members of our association regardless of their political proclivities."

But my object, Mr. Editor, in trespassing on your indulgence at this time is not so much to criticize or defend the Grand Council officers, as to enlist your pen in the direction of having the act of incorporation and the Constitution amended so that women would be eligible for membership. About five years ago I undertook to get an expression from the members on this subject, but they could not be drawn out. About that time I had an opportunity to get some information as to the number of Catholic women who were members of societies that were neither condemned nor approved by the Church. I was informed that the number was quite large, that as a rule they were initiated in their own homes, paid their assessments there and were not required to attend meetings. If Catholic women are good risks for societies in which the name of the Mother of Christ would not be mentioned, why are they not good risks for the C.M.B.A.? So far as the risk is concerned the Association would not be doing anything very generous in opening the door for them. Statistics show that the average life of the native born woman is thirty-seven years and three months, and the average life of the native born man is only thirty-four years and nine months. To my mind the success of the C.M.B.A. depends upon the admission to membership of Catholic women. It should be a society for the family. The family should not be divided. There are many good works that could be carried on by a society like the C.M.B.A. if women were members. In nearly every diocese in this province there is a scarcity of priests. Few young men of the well-to-do class discover that they have a vocation for the priesthood, and the young men in the families of the more humble walks of life, who have a vocation seldom have the means to continue their studies until they could participate in the ecclesiastical fund. It seems to me something could be done by a society like the C.M.B.A. to assist these young men. Most of the priests who have been members and those who are members, have designated some charitable institution as their beneficiaries. What more charitable object could they leave their insurance to than that of educating young men to take their places when they are called away.

Then there is the establishing of Catholic libraries. The works of Catholic authors should be placed within the reach of every Catholic family.

I feel quite safe in saying there are good Catholic women in the city of Toronto who would willingly identify themselves with a movement of this kind if they were assured it would meet with the approval of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor. The next convention to be held in Toronto during the latter part of August would be a favorable opportunity to move in the matter.

Respectfully,
 J. C. O'NEIL,
 Brantford, July, 1904.

New Houses Being Erected

Mr. J. B. LeRoy is building four substantial houses on Broadway Ave. The total cost to be about \$8,000. It is expected that the houses will be completed by the end of October.

School Renovated

The school on Bolton avenue is being cleaned and renovated generally. The work will be completed this week.

BIRTH

On Saturday morning, the 22nd inst., the wife of John F. McGarry, 56 Adelaide street east, a son.

.....and so I decided to start at once." He's here with us now, booked for a six months' course. Thought, before he got our letter, that schools fizzle out in June—closed up entirely in July and August.

Not ours. This is a business school. Ready to serve its patrons every month in the year. If you have a business, shorthand, or telegraphy course in view don't defer till September. Write now and get our terms.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
 Yonge and Gerrard Sts.
 W. H. SHAW,
 President.

A CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE

Hon. R. W. Scott on the Status of Religious Teachers

Ottawa, July 23.—The attention of Mr. Scott, the Secretary of State, having been called to the judgment given a few days ago in the case of Gratton v. the Ottawa Roman Catholic separate school trustees, he gave to your correspondent the following opinion: The decision recently given by Mr. Justice MacMahon, which declares the Christian Brothers from accepting positions as teachers in the Catholic separate schools in Ontario without first undergoing an examination, would, if upheld, be a violation of the British North America Act. Opinions may differ as to their qualifications. As, however, the members of the order have from a religious motive adopted the vocation of teaching, and are educated for that special purpose, it may be presumed that they are qualified up to the particular grade they assume to teach.

It would, no doubt, meet with more general approval if the members of the order submitted to the examination prescribed by the Department of Education. One of the questions before the learned judge was: Have the trustees of Catholic separate schools the right to engage as teachers members of the Order of Christian Brothers? It is conceded that the Christian Brothers had the right before and at the time of confederation to teach in the public schools of Quebec without first passing an examination.

THE ORIGINAL LAW.

Section 13 of the separate schools act, 1863, reads as follows: "The teachers of separate schools under this act shall be subject to the same examination and receive their certificates of qualifications in the same manner as common school teachers generally, provided that persons qualified by law as teachers either in Upper or Lower Canada shall be considered qualified teachers for the purposes of this act."

That was the law at the time of confederation, and the rights and privileges then enjoyed by the minorities in Upper and Lower Canada cannot be withdrawn, as the following clauses in the British North America Act clearly show:

"In and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:—

(1) Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the union.

(2) All powers, privileges and duties at the union, by law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the separate schools and school trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects, shall be and the same are hereby extended to the dissentient schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec."

Christian Brothers undoubtedly belong to a "class of persons" who, at the time of the union, had the privilege of teaching in Catholic separate (denominational) schools without previous examination. The trustees of Catholic separate schools at the time of the union had certainly the privilege of engaging Christian Brothers as teachers.

QUESTION WAS CONSIDERED.

By reference to the debate on the third reading of the separate school bill it will be noted that this very question was discussed. The opposition to the clause in the bill which gives trustees the right to engage the Brothers as teachers was led by the late John Hillyard Cameron, then the leader of the Upper Canada Bar, who pointed out the effect of the proviso, moving an amendment that would require all teachers to take out certificates. The late Sir John A. Macdonald pointed out that Mr. Cameron's amendment would preclude ladies gentlemen belonging to religious orders from teaching in separate schools. The following extract of the debate appears in The Globe of the 13th and 14th March, 1863: "Mr. Scott moved the third reading of the separate school bill. He said the committee went through the bill, clause by clause, with Dr. Ryerson, and, as determined upon, it met the approbation of all the members of the committee. He thought this assurance should content the Eppur Canadian members, who might be sure that Dr. Ryerson had no Popish proclivities. He thought the effects of the bill were magnified by its opponents. There were men in the House who made political capital out of it, and who would be very sorry when it was removed from the arena. The separate schools of Upper Canada would by it receive only \$7,000 out of \$152,000 expended for educational purposes. This paltry sum was all. The agitation was unwor-

thy of the House. He understood amendments were to be offered. He should have to resist them and to call upon his friends to resist. A seemingly fair amendment would come from gentlemen desiring to amend the bill by striking out the first and last clauses. He would move the third reading, reserving the right to comment on the amendments.

Mr. J. H. Cameron then moved an other amendment: "That it shall be the duty of the Council of Public Instruction from time to time to name such persons as they may think fit, in the respective cities and counties of Upper Canada, to grant certificates of qualifications to teachers in separate schools, who are to be employed unless and until such certificate has been obtained."

Mr. Scott moved in amendment: "That teachers of separate schools under this act shall be subject to the same examination and obtain the same certificates of qualification in the same manner as common school teachers generally; provided that persons qualified by law as teachers, either in Upper or Lower Canada, shall be considered qualified teachers for the purposes of this act."

Mr. J. H. Cameron objected to the proviso in "Lower Canada." Gentlemen in holy orders, and ladies under vows were qualified teachers in Lower Canada, but not in Upper Canada, without examination. Under this proviso they could teach without examination.

SIR JOHN ACCEPTED.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald would accept Mr. Scott's amendment. It yielded half, and the House ought to yield the other half. Mr. Cameron's amendment would preclude gentlemen and ladies in orders teaching in separate schools, because the vows or regulations of the order might preclude their submitting to the necessary examination. He saw no reason to deprive the Catholics of Upper Canada of teachers such as they desired. Mr. Scott's amendment was carried on a division, and inserted in committee.

The subject was fully discussed not only in the Legislature but also in the press, as the following extract from the Globe of the 14th March, 1863, conclusively proves:—

"The aim of the hierarchy is brought out very clearly by the amendment. They evidently mean to use our money for the purpose of placing their semiclerical teachers, trained in Lower Canada, throughout every section of the Upper Province. These people can live on a pittance on which an ordinary teacher would starve."

See also Toronto Leader, 14th March, 1863.

"The bill as reprinted with the amendments made by the Select Committee, gives power to the trustees of these schools to grant certificates of qualifications to teachers to be employed therein, to which provision Mr. J. H. Cameron moved an amendment on Thursday night, but the House adjourned without taking a vote upon it, and last night it was thrown out on a division of 44 against 66."

THE MANIFEST INTENTION.

Mr. Scott referred to the practice of the courts in often giving too strict an interpretation to the language used in the statutes instead of being guided by the manifest object the Legislature had in view. From the time the separate school act was passed—now over forty years ago—up till the recent decision the right of the trustees of separate schools to appoint Christian Brothers and nuns who are members of the teaching orders as teachers has never been challenged, and it does seem rather regrettable that at this late date the question should have now to be seriously considered by the courts.

A complimentary dinner to Mr. E. Blake by his colleagues in the Irish Party, in recognition of his great services and sacrifices for the Irish cause, took place at the House of Commons on Wednesday, when the chair was taken by Mr. J. Redmond. The idea was only mooted a couple of days before and it was taken up with a cordiality that might have been expected in view of the immense esteem and respect in which Mr. Blake is held by his colleagues.

IN BELL ART PIANOS
 One Finds The Fine Qualities That Musicians Desire
 The Delightful Touch Imparted by the Illimitable Repeating Action has made them Popular in Musical Institutions, among which Moulton College Toronto and Hamilton Conservatory of Music use them exclusively.—Send for Descriptive Catalogue No. 64. (free)

HEINTZMAN & CO.
 Concert Grand, Baby Grand and Upright Pianos
 Rests in the fact that they possess a distinct Heintzman & Co. individuality. They are a new creation in piano building.
 YE OLD FIRM OF
Heintzman & Co. Limited
 115-117 King St. W., Toronto.

BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO. LIMITED
 FACTORIES, QUELPH
 TORONTO WAREHOUSES
 146 Yonge Street.

DINGEN'S FURRIERS
OUR STRAW HATS
 ARE THE LATEST
SAILORS
 IN SMOOTH AND NOTCHED STRAW
STRAW ALPINES
 It will pay you to write or call in and see us.
The W. & D. DINGEN CO. Limited
 108 YONGE & TEMPERANCE STS. TORONTO

The Sectional Idea
 Do you remember the building blocks of boyhood days?
 How each little block was a perfect multiple of some bigger block?
 And how each block FITTED IN SOMEWHERE, no matter what its size?
 That's the Sectional Idea—Filing Cabinets built on the multiple plan. They are interchangeable. They always FIT IN. They give you more illumination.
The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd.
 35 Yonge St. Factories Newark, N.J.

TOLSTOI AND IRELAND

Mr. Davitt Visits the Great Russian Novelist—His Views on the War, the Irish Land Question, and Irish Nationalism.

Toula is the capital of the government of that name, and lies about one hundred and fifty miles south-east of Moscow, in the centre of a well-cultivated country. It has four or five large foundries, a vodka distillery, and some other industries, which give employment to the workers of a population of some 20,000 people.

Several trains conveying troops pass through Toula every day, and so accustomed have the residents here become to this traffic that I was the only person on the platform to whom "the military special" was an interesting novelty. The men and horses looked very fit; the animals being under cover and well provided with provender. I was permitted to distribute some cigarettes among the soldiers before the signal for starting was given.

My purpose in coming here from Moscow was to visit Count Tolstol, who resides at Yasnia, beyond the little town of Poliana, a distance of some ten or twelve miles from here. It is a cross-country drive, and this is the nearest railway station at which fast trains stop.

The Russian izvoschek, or driver, seldom used his whip. He has the Russian love of a horse too strong in his nature for any such treatment of the best of all animals. In fact there is no country I have travelled in where domestic animals are more kindly dealt with than in Russia.

Between Poliana and Yasnia, at the edge of a wood, my attention was called to a school attended by about seventy children. The structure was of timber, substantially built, and painted in deep yellow color, with an exercise room in the centre, flanked by a refectory and dormitory.

The pupils were the children of the business community of Toula, and of the better-paid workers of this town. They boarded at this school during two months each summer, combining a most healthy residence in a beautiful situation with continued studies. The majority of the children were girls, averaging an age of ten years, and in noticing their healthy and happy looks it was impossible not to admire the enlightened spirit which had devised this "village-school" life for these little ones.

Parents and friends come out on Sundays and holidays to spend the day with the children at their retreat in the woods, and they turn the visit into an occasion for a family picnic. On my return, in the afternoon, I found some of the boys engaged in fishing at a little river close by, while the girls were wandering about in couples, picking wild flowers and otherwise enjoying themselves in ways which made me wish that in countries less autocratic than this we could have such summer schools away from the centres of factory and other industrial life for the combined recreation and training of children.

Count Tolstol's residence at Yasnia has been described and photographed so often by admiring visitors that its appearance and features are widely known. The house resembles that of a gentleman farmer in Ireland or England, and stands in grounds in keeping with the modest pretensions of the mansion. Hospitality is so general in this country, and is so natural a trait in Russian character, that no ceremony stands in the way of a stranger, and my horses were taken charge of at once, and attended to just as if I had alighted at a country hotel.

I was informed that "the Graf" was out in the woods, with his dogs, enjoying the lovely day, and that if I went along a certain path I would be sure to meet him. In a few moments the illustrious novelist and reformer was met, in his usual simple garb, walking slowly towards the house. He received me very graciously, but had evidently not opened the letters sent on from Moscow, which contained my introductions from friends abroad. He had not learned of my coming, and his first question was: "You are English?"

"Oh, no. I am Irish, not English, in any sense." "But," he added, stopping in his walk, "why do you say that in such a tone? Surely it is a privilege to be English?" "Not in my view, sir. I know nothing in English character, and, certainly, nothing in English methods of Government, that should make me wish to be of that nationality."

All mankind are of one human family, and the higher patriotism exists in that belief and in the actions which ought to sustain it.

Here we were interrupted by two young peasants, who had been waiting near the house to see the Count on some personal business. He greeted them very graciously, and after a few moments rejoined me, and said:

"These young men came to consult me about the war. They say they have an objection to fight, and they want my advice on the matter. They are religious men, and it is on that ground they desired to consult me. I told them that if they really felt in their inmost consciences a repugnance to the shedding of blood in warfare they would be doing right in refusing to go to the front. This, however, would bring severe punishment upon them, and unless they would inflict a greater suffering on their souls by acting contrary to their consciences they would be wise in avoiding this greater penalty by obeying the law and consenting to go."

We entered the house and I was invited to take a cup of coffee in the dining room, where I was introduced to lady relatives. The Count searched for my letters from Moscow, and while thus employed I had an opportunity of studying at very close quarters the man who, probably, possesses a wider circle of readers than any man in the world of literature or politics.

Tolstol is not as large in body as he has generally been represented in pictures, though allowance must be made for the wear and tear of age. I observed that he read his letters without the aid of glasses, notwithstanding his 75 years. He is about five feet ten in height, and very little stooped in the shoulders.

The build of the body is strong and athletic and in fine proportion. The head is large, the forehead broad and deep, the eyes deep-set and over-arched with brows which impart strong character to the face. The eyes are very small, but here again age has asserted its contracting effects, and takes away some of the strength of former years. They are a light blue in color, and possess a keenly penetrating power, which, however, is held in the control of a most kindly and humane nature.

They are eyes such as one rarely meets with anywhere—full of faith and devotion to a great ideal; eyes that suggest a kind of daily faith at the hands of the paragon English ruler. All this was manifestly new and unexpected to my illustrious auditor, and the author of "Resurrection" began to comprehend why I was so wanting in racial taste as to decline the intended compliment conveyed in the first greeting.

"All governments are alike in their legal cruelties," he observed, after listening to the recital he had invited. "Yes, sir, and in most other respects, too. What essential difference is there, for instance, between the rule of the British Empire by some five hundred Englishmen of the autocratic and capitalist orders, for the advantage of a class through the forms but in mockery of the principles of democracy, and a rule by a recognized autocracy in Russia for a somewhat similar end?"

"Well," he said, "my reply is this: There is a better chance of finding a more just and good man among the five hundred than in one man, is there not?" "Granted. But is there not also the chance of finding 499 per cent. more of qualities that are not honest? It is an open question as to how much, if any, virtue there is in a form of government. The essential thing is the happiness and welfare of the people, and how far these can be promoted or secured under a rule peculiar to or evolved from themselves is more of an experiment to-day than of a fixed doctrine or conviction."

Englishmen boast of their liberties, their free speech, and all the rest. But one out of every three English workmen dies a pauper. A feudal land system, a State Church, and a House of Lords still proclaim the ascendancy of class interests and power. In India English rule is as autocratic as Russian rule is here, and the source of widespread pauperism and ignorance. In Ireland it is government by officials and denationalized Irishmen independent of the people, with discontent and poverty as results. There is no governing democracy in Great Britain. You find it in Canada and in the Australias, where Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, and others borrowed its principles from the United States, and not from England.

The democracy of England is privileged to shoot for freedom, to get drunk, and to die as paupers, but not to govern their own country or to take part in ruling the British Empire.

This was listened to with more surprise than assent. Like many cultured Russians I have met, Tolstol has a very favorable estimate of England and Englishmen, believing that the English authors read by most Russians who learn that language give an impartial view of their country's political institutions, and of its rule of subject races. He appeared somewhat reluctant to concur in my opinions, and being too courteous to contend for his preconceived notions, he smilingly selected a common ground of agreement by saying: "Henry George's proposals would remedy the evil of property among the English working classes had they been adopted by British statesmen. I am glad you knew him so intimately. His 'Progress and Poverty' was a truly great work. It impressed me so much with its convincing force and fine religious and humane spirit that I wrote a letter to the late Emperor urging him to apply the plan advocated by George to the social and economic advantage of the Russian laboring people. It would, in my belief, abolish poverty and discontent and create a new Russia. George wrote me some beautiful letters. I regret I did not meet him. He was an eloquent apostle of humanity."

He then requested information about the Irish land question, the condition of Ireland generally, its population, and industries, and asked if the peasantry were not very poor. I gave him a brief account of the land movement since Parnell's time, and of the reforms that have been won from the reluctant assent of the British Parliament. "That is a great work," he exclaimed; "80,000 peasants—or, as you say, one-fifth of the whole—rescued from the conditions you have described, and placed in their present state of security, is a very hopeful prospect for the future of your country. But they have paid too much for their deliverance. How will they and the others bear the burden of such payments for the long years to come? Henry George was right. Compensation to landlords is morally wrong. It is rewarding a class for the successful robbery of the people."

Yes, I urged. But how were we to enforce that theory of abstract justice with forty millions of British at the back of the Irish landlords and against four millions of an unarmed people? "That is, of course, true," he rejoined. "A policy is necessarily opportunistic, if reforms such as these are to be won in that way; but George's doctrine remains morally unassailable all the same. Compensation to any class for the use of what rightly belongs to all is a sanction of the law of force, and a premium upon its application to the working out of injustice. George's doctrine should be affirmed and proclaimed in every European country and in America, for it contains the gospel of the delivery of the people from poverty and discontent."

A reference to the Boer war elicited a strong condemnation of "that great crime." He spoke of the British expedition to Tibet as "another crime," and expressed astonishment that Englishmen should sanction it. "I know many Englishmen, and they impress me very much with their love of freedom and sympathy with oppressed peoples. But acts like this are a disgrace. It is making war on a peaceful people, who are not capable of doing injury to the English. When the war with Japan broke out a New York paper sent me a proposal for thirty words, in which message I was asked to say with which side I sympathized. I replied that my sympathies were with both the Russians and Japanese people, who would be the sufferers, and not with either of the Governments responsible for the war."

It was easy to note in his speech and manner how intensely interested he was in the conflict now proceeding in the Far East, and though the above sentiment voices his opinions as a consistent opponent of wars and of the coercion of autocratic and class laws, his Russian nature must influence his feelings in favor of his own race and country. He rides into Toula frequently to learn the latest news from the front, and the contest between his philosophy and his racial patriotism for the mastery of his views must incline him to wish success for the Russian arms. This, however, is only my own deduction, and may possibly be erroneous. I cannot conceive a nature so fine as his being turned by any philosophic leanings into siding with the Anglo-Japanese policy which provoked this war against Russia. He has been a Russian soldier in his youth, and he is the greatest living Russian of to-day. He dislikes Russia's government and laws, but he would be incapable of taking sides with the enemies of the Russian nation, who are actuated solely by the sordid selfishness of commercial rivalry in forcing Russia into the present conflict.

He asked numerous questions about America, its industries and problems, politics and statesmen, and was specially interested in the part which Mr. W. J. Bryan was likely to play in the Presidential contest. A visit to the United States would give him much satisfaction, he observed, "but I am too old now, and the journey would be very long." I ventured to say that he would receive an unprecedented welcome, owing to his universal popularity, when he remarked, "I agree with Marcus Aurelius that to be popular is not the way to be happy."

Referring to the Australias and to the advent into office of the Commonwealth Labor Party, he spoke of New Zealand as being the best ruled state in the matter of progressive laws that he was acquainted with in his studies of other nations. He praised its land system, and when I told him that it was an Irishman, James Balmain, who began the reform which led to the adoption of the existing land laws, he smiled, and said, "You Irishmen appear to be everywhere." He then added, half in inquiry and half in retort upon my introduction of Ireland so often into our talk, "Is it not true that the majority of Irishmen are reconciled to English rule in Ireland? I would infer this from the fact that a large number of Irish soldiers fought against the Boers, while none fought on their side."

This last thrust was difficult to parry, for the everlasting shame of the fact that thousands of mere mercenaries bearing Irish names had shared in the crime and disgrace of that infamous war is impossible to deny. I tried to explain how it was that this had occurred, and how contrary to the mass of Irish feeling all over the world was the action of the wretched elements of Irish life that are fit only for the moral level of the British army. I instanced the action of the Irish Party in the House of Commons as against this conduct of hired soldiers, and made him acquainted with the universal pro-Boer

and against four millions of an unarmed people? "That is, of course, true," he rejoined. "A policy is necessarily opportunistic, if reforms such as these are to be won in that way; but George's doctrine remains morally unassailable all the same. Compensation to any class for the use of what rightly belongs to all is a sanction of the law of force, and a premium upon its application to the working out of injustice. George's doctrine should be affirmed and proclaimed in every European country and in America, for it contains the gospel of the delivery of the people from poverty and discontent."

sentiment of the millions of Irish in the United States. He appeared to be unaware of the extent to which the Celtic race had asserted itself in America. The number of millions of our people in the great Republic as founded him, and on learning how the New England States were now more the large families reared by Irish mothers, he exclaimed, "You are a strong race, and you are bound to win your right position in the world!" I then sketched for him the struggle we had made for National freedom in Ireland for several hundred years, and the steady perseverance of the conflict until the present time, pointing out that we were over twenty millions of a distinct race in America and with-in the British Empire, and ended by appealing to him, as one who held the world's claim to nationhood whenever an opportunity should offer. "I am an old man now," he answered, "and not able for much more work, but I shall willingly do what you ask me when I find an opportunity. Your case is a just one, and your people have bravely upheld it for many generations. Englishmen will come round to the views of your leaders on Home Rule, as they did on the land question, for it seems to me that what the Irish people are asking for would relieve England of all her difficulties in Ireland."

He was not acquainted with Ireland's past history, and was greatly surprised on hearing of the Celtic Ireland of the early centuries, and of its civilizations, laws and culture. He expressed a wish to read Professor Joyce's Social History of Ancient Ireland, and I feel sure that

and against four millions of an unarmed people? "That is, of course, true," he rejoined. "A policy is necessarily opportunistic, if reforms such as these are to be won in that way; but George's doctrine remains morally unassailable all the same. Compensation to any class for the use of what rightly belongs to all is a sanction of the law of force, and a premium upon its application to the working out of injustice. George's doctrine should be affirmed and proclaimed in every European country and in America, for it contains the gospel of the delivery of the people from poverty and discontent."

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT." Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Educational St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year, \$150 Day Pupils, \$30 For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine Institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and is 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 as to uniform terms, &c., may be had by addressing: LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1875

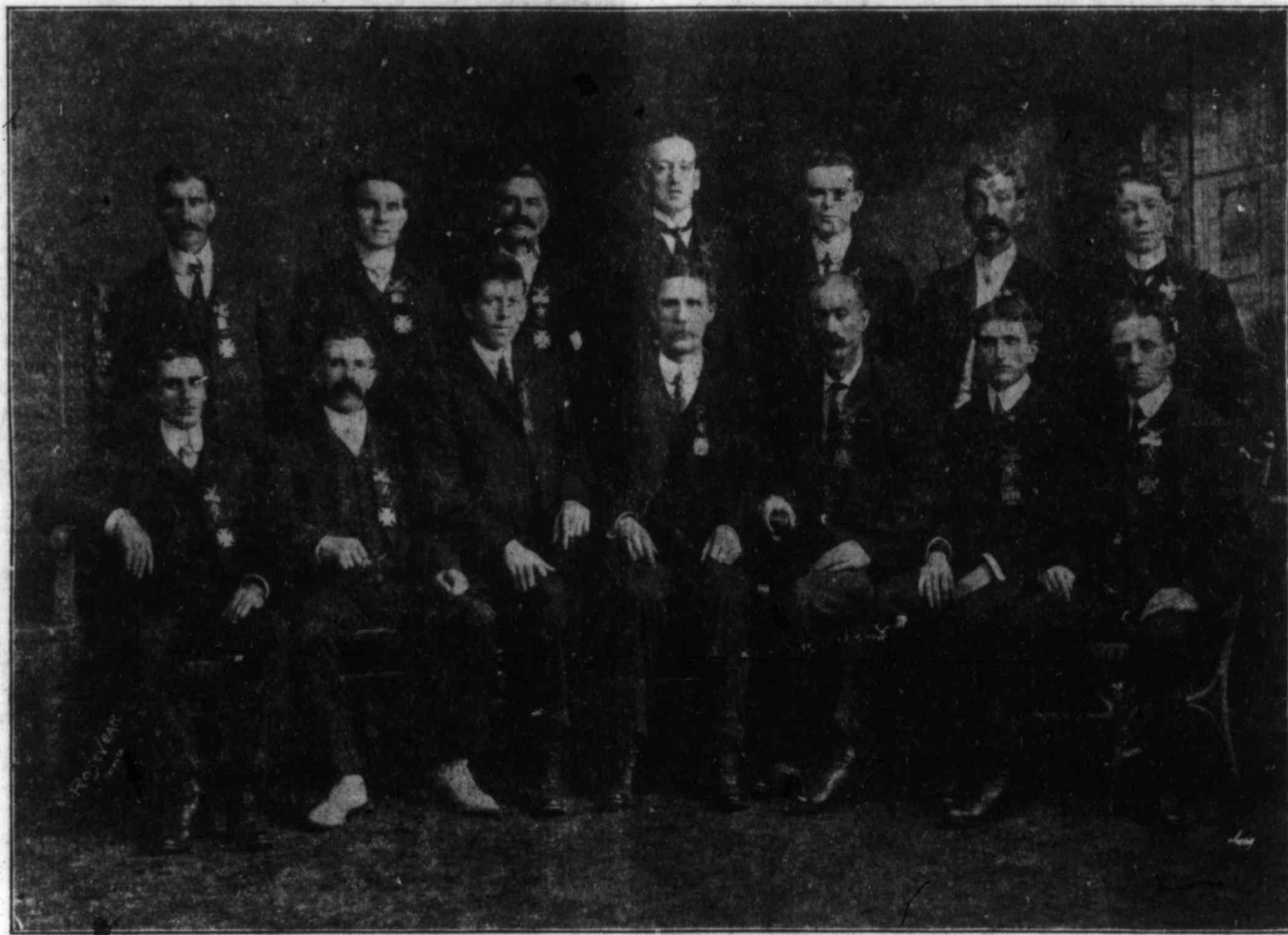
School of Practical Science TORONTO The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing. Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of Young Ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN AND FANCY SEWING. Pupils on completing the MEDICAL COURSE and passing a successful EXAMINATION, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas in this department, and are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, also for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus address: MOTHER SUPERIOR.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED CUTLERY We have a large stock of the latest patterns in table cutlery. CARRYERS IN CASES, DESSERT SETS, FISHERIES, Etc. TORONTO

confesses (issue of December 31, 1903) that, despite its most earnest warnings, the Catholic women of New South Wales "failed lamentably when their day of power came." "Their absence from the polls was, in fact, a feature of an election which was otherwise remarkable for the heavy female vote recorded. They stood aside, while the women of their enemies went forth in thousands to form religious discord and tread upon Catholic rights and Catholic liberty. They allowed their men folk to go out alone to combat a power which boasted that it would reduce the Catholics of this country to a condition approaching serfdom, and would set up a reign of bloody anti-Catholic anarchy. . . . What silly sentiment kept them at home we do not care to examine. . . . It would be thought that our women would have gladly delivered a blow in defence of their principles and their homes, instead of sitting with their hands in their laps while the other women of their street decked themselves with party ribbons and went off enthusiastically to plump for a bigot. If they persevere in this attitude, the country has a black future before it. Our enemy's power is doubled, and to hold them in check ours must be doubled too. Put our Catholic women have apparently so little interest in communal peace or the material welfare of their bread-winners that they will not walk across the street to exercise a political right which they should regard as a priceless boon."—M. C. M., in Catholic World.

Do Not Delay.—Do not let a cold or a cough fasten upon you, as it will if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will break up a cold and cure a cough, and should be resorted to at once when the first symptoms appear. It can be disguised so that any unpleasant taste it may have will be imperceptible to the delicate. Try it and be convinced.



OFFICERS OF ST. HELEN'S COURT, No. 1181, CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

- JAS. DELORY, J. J. TRACHY, M. J. CROTTIE, W. J. MAHAR, F. A. O'DONNELL, J. STRICKLAND, R. J. FORD, 1st. Trustee, Trustee, Trustee, Vice Chief Ranger, Treasurer, Past Chief Ranger, Sentinel. M. J. COLOTON, JAS. HOWELL, JAS. KESHEL, JOHN T. LOFTUS, L. J. GUERIN, THOS. W. FULLAN, JAS. R. GORE, Conductor, Fin. Sec'y, Sentinel, Chief Ranger, Sentinel, Rec. Sec'y, Conductor.

therly concern for a wrong-headed humanity whose innate goodness might, if rightly directed, redeem the world from wars and suffering and poverty—the evil trinity of Tolstolain philosophy — but whose moral weakness and unreasoning mental apathy make manking the tools of governments and the victims of exploiting systems and laws. The nose is strong and regular, the mouth large, and the lower face very narrow, thus bringing into prominence the disproportionate expansiveness of the upper part, with its massive forehead towering over the strange, searching, pitying eyes that win your confidence at once, while acting with the power of an X-rays in probing your nature in search of your character, purpose, and aim. He wore a white linen tunic, strapped round the waist with a leather belt, in the manner of the ordinary moujik, but beyond this there was nothing in his dress or manner or attitude that bore the remotest resemblance to the average Russian peasant. He has all the courteous manner and ease of the educated Russian noble; above all that incomparable faculty of making you feel at home which is so marked a feature of the social life of the educated classes in this country. It is the spirit of racial hospitality born in an Eastern people and developed in an education which carefully conserves this habit and equips it with all the qualities of cultured amiability. The hair and beard of the venerable author are dark grey, and are not as bushy in quantity or arrangement as most of the Tolstol pictures would suggest. The portrait by Kramnoi in the Tretiakoff Gallery in Moscow, though painted some thirty years ago, is the truest likeness I have seen of the greatest living Russian. After reading the letters, he held out his hand and welcomed me anew, adding, "I congratulate you on having been in prison for the cause of the people. It is a great privilege to suffer and to make sacrifice in a struggle against injustice."

ment and laws, but he would be incapable of taking sides with the enemies of the Russian nation, who are actuated solely by the sordid selfishness of commercial rivalry in forcing Russia into the present conflict. He asked numerous questions about America, its industries and problems, politics and statesmen, and was specially interested in the part which Mr. W. J. Bryan was likely to play in the Presidential contest. A visit to the United States would give him much satisfaction, he observed, "but I am too old now, and the journey would be very long." I ventured to say that he would receive an unprecedented welcome, owing to his universal popularity, when he remarked, "I agree with Marcus Aurelius that to be popular is not the way to be happy."

Referring to the Australias and to the advent into office of the Commonwealth Labor Party, he spoke of New Zealand as being the best ruled state in the matter of progressive laws that he was acquainted with in his studies of other nations. He praised its land system, and when I told him that it was an Irishman, James Balmain, who began the reform which led to the adoption of the existing land laws, he smiled, and said, "You Irishmen appear to be everywhere." He then added, half in inquiry and half in retort upon my introduction of Ireland so often into our talk, "Is it not true that the majority of Irishmen are reconciled to English rule in Ireland? I would infer this from the fact that a large number of Irish soldiers fought against the Boers, while none fought on their side."

This last thrust was difficult to parry, for the everlasting shame of the fact that thousands of mere mercenaries bearing Irish names had shared in the crime and disgrace of that infamous war is impossible to deny. I tried to explain how it was that this had occurred, and how contrary to the mass of Irish feeling all over the world was the action of the wretched elements of Irish life that are fit only for the moral level of the British army. I instanced the action of the Irish Party in the House of Commons as against this conduct of hired soldiers, and made him acquainted with the universal pro-Boer

and against four millions of an unarmed people? "That is, of course, true," he rejoined. "A policy is necessarily opportunistic, if reforms such as these are to be won in that way; but George's doctrine remains morally unassailable all the same. Compensation to any class for the use of what rightly belongs to all is a sanction of the law of force, and a premium upon its application to the working out of injustice. George's doctrine should be affirmed and proclaimed in every European country and in America, for it contains the gospel of the delivery of the people from poverty and discontent."

sentiment of the millions of Irish in the United States. He appeared to be unaware of the extent to which the Celtic race had asserted itself in America. The number of millions of our people in the great Republic as founded him, and on learning how the New England States were now more the large families reared by Irish mothers, he exclaimed, "You are a strong race, and you are bound to win your right position in the world!" I then sketched for him the struggle we had made for National freedom in Ireland for several hundred years, and the steady perseverance of the conflict until the present time, pointing out that we were over twenty millions of a distinct race in America and with-in the British Empire, and ended by appealing to him, as one who held the world's claim to nationhood whenever an opportunity should offer. "I am an old man now," he answered, "and not able for much more work, but I shall willingly do what you ask me when I find an opportunity. Your case is a just one, and your people have bravely upheld it for many generations. Englishmen will come round to the views of your leaders on Home Rule, as they did on the land question, for it seems to me that what the Irish people are asking for would relieve England of all her difficulties in Ireland."

He was not acquainted with Ireland's past history, and was greatly surprised on hearing of the Celtic Ireland of the early centuries, and of its civilizations, laws and culture. He expressed a wish to read Professor Joyce's Social History of Ancient Ireland, and I feel sure that

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for the month of July 1904.

Church Lighting advertisement for McDonald & Willson, Toronto, offering plans and estimates.

Children's Corner

A GRAMMATICAL DISPUTE. (John Bennett in August St. Nicholas.) A brook and a little tree once went to school...

TOM'S CLEVER TRICK. Many New York girls and boys, as well as out-of-town young visitors to the city, will recall Tom, the big performing elephant...

GUESSING SONG. (Henry Johnson in August St. Nicholas.) A captive in a cage, through my prison bars I blink; Now I wave my plumes on high, now I let them softly sink...

But if you watch me well you will find in me a friend Everready to oblige and a helping hand to lend;

AN ATTACK AT SEA.

Imagine a hostile ship lying at anchor in an apparently secure position on a dark and cloudy night. There is just enough breeze and sea to make sounds on the water indistinct.

THE ACTS.

Conitron. Jesus, I grieve for grieving Thee! Jesus, I mourn for leaving Thee!

Obligation.

Jesus, I offer Thee All Thou appointest me. All that the day may bring.

Commentation.

Now that the day doth end, My spirit I commend To Thee, my Lord, my Friend. Into Thy hands,—yea, Thine, Those glorious hands benign, Those human hands divine,— My spirit I resign.

SWEET TOOTH OF ANIMALS.

(From Native and Science in August St. Nicholas.) This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors, from the bee to the horse.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME The Association, whose chief object is to venerate the memory of the Saints and Martyrs once buried in the Roman Catacombs, held a celebration yesterday morning in the Crypt of St. Peter's...

On the conclusion of the Mass, the crowd which had assembled here, proceeded to one of the more spacious of the Crypts, which opens on the left of the Confession.

A Good Lesson

A boy was sitting on the steps of a house. He had a broom in one hand and a large piece of bread and butter in the other.

You Can Overcome the Tired Feeling

Instill New Vigor and Energy into the System and Add New Flesh and Tissue by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Why not join with nature and rejoice at the coming of spring? There is means at hand whereby you can overcome the feelings of languor and fatigue...

Everybody needs a spring restorative to enrich the blood and build up the system after the debilitating effects of artificial winter life.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles.

PILES

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles.

BLOOD POISONING

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

The Catholic Register
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. CRONIN,
Business Manager and Editor.

Approved and recommended by the ARCHBISHOP, BISHOPS and Clergy
ADVERTISING RATES
Transit advertisements, 10 cents a line.

MONTREAL AGENCY
6 Richmond Square
R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY,
MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

LOCAL AGENT
JOSEPH COOLAHAN
Is now calling upon Toronto subscribers

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

A CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE.

Hon. Senator Scott, than whom no man in Canada should know his subject better, is authority for the opinion that Mr. Justice MacMahon's recent decision violates the British North America Act.

The meaning of this doubtless is that the occasion cannot arise without regret when the standard of efficient teaching in the Catholic Separate Schools is virtually denied by a legal decision.

As I am hoping for a careful consideration of a question, vital at least to the well-being of Ontario and the Western Provinces, still in the formative stage, I have thought it well to indulge in an unusual and somewhat lengthy introduction.

It is better at present, perhaps, to limit the question to Ontario where the present agitation is being conducted. The main question is this: Can we with safety encourage or permit the retention, extension and entrenchment of a governing body within and claiming to be superior to the State?

At the same time Senator Scott is speaking only the plainest common sense if, as he emphatically declares, the decision violates the British North America Act.

CONTEMPTIBLE TRICKS.

Last week we treated with ridicule an article in The Voice, of Winnipeg, charging Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government with favoritism towards Irish-Catholics in connection with Grand Trunk matters now before the country.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is a Minister whom it is impossible to assail upon his public and political record. But The Mail and Empire regards it as a safe thing to suspect his intentions.

the invention an unqualified contradiction, which The Mail and Empire has not the manliness to swallow without grimaces and excuses.

REVIVING THE OLD AGITATION.

For months The News and Telegram, of Toronto, along with other so-called "independent" champions of the Conservative party have been engaged in promoting a fresh agitation against the Catholic Separate Schools of this province.

Edmund E. Sheppard, in Saturday Night, makes the confession fully and for what it is worth. In the introduction to a long, rambling and irrelevant article—the first of a series—on the recent decision of Mr. Justice MacMahon, he says:

"As I am hoping for a careful consideration of a question, vital at least to the well-being of Ontario and the Western Provinces, still in the formative stage, I have thought it well to indulge in an unusual and somewhat lengthy introduction.

It is better at present, perhaps, to limit the question to Ontario where the present agitation is being conducted. The main question is this: Can we with safety encourage or permit the retention, extension and entrenchment of a governing body within and claiming to be superior to the State?

It is well also to have confessed the old, thread-bare pretences half-hidden behind ignorance and knavery under which war is to be reopened upon the "Hierarchy" without prejudice to the Church and her members.

ORANGE RIOTING IN IRELAND.

The cable tells a story of rioting on the occasion of the re-opening of the Armagh Cathedral. The incitement which this occasion offered to the Orange mob can be comprehensible only to the mind—or alienation of mind—of Orange mobsmen.

Whatever the cause, the riotous scene provoked upon a day of solemnity and joy, will open the eyes of the numbers of English Conservatives and Unionists who attended the Armagh ceremony.

CARDINAL SATOLLI TO WORKMEN IN DAYTON, O.

Cardinal Satolli, with Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and his coadjutor, Archbishop Moeller, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, and the priests who are travelling with his Eminence, visited last week, the N. C. R. factory, at Dayton, O., to study the system of welfare work for employes which President John H. Patterson has developed during the last eight years.

"It gives me great pleasure to address you. My soul is filled with admiration for the things I have seen to-day, though I am without words to convey to you my impressions. This morning I was delighted to visit your great factory, with its gathering of wonderful machines and workmen, among them the most skillful of the world. For it I can express only approbation and praise.

"This is my third visit to the United States. I have inspected almost all of the larger and more interesting concerns of the country from north to south, and from east to west. On different occasions I have looked into their methods and results, but I say to you in all sincerity that the spectacle I have seen this morning is new to me, and is filled with more of hope and promise than anything I have seen in the United States.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

"This question of capital and labor a long time ago was resolved by our Lord. We read in that divinely inspired book, the Bible, that our Lord imposed on man the possession of the field at the same time as labor. The first fundamental rule of human life was labor. From place to place, from century to century, how this question has always been resolved in conformity with the spirit that God in the first moment infused into our fathers.

"This was the new revelation of our Lord. Our Lord reiterated again and again the mutual relation of labor and justice, and the duty and the rights of capital and labor. I beg you to remember that the Christian spirit is the key to the solution of the question of labor and capital.

"Leo XIII., of glorious name and everlasting glory, among other documents of his wisdom, left to humanity and to posterity one of the most gratifying and helpful works in his Encyclical 'De Novorum Rerum.' In this letter the holy father gathered the labor doctrines of past ages and the conditions of humanity, and also suggested in that document the solution of the question between capital and labor.

"I present my sincerest congratulations to the organizer and the directors of this establishment. I admire the harmony prevailing everywhere from morning to night in these great buildings. I admire the buildings, but I admire more the zeal for education, which seems to prompt your every effort.

"Let me leave you this morning this simple but significant souvenir of my visit. It is a small medal. It is an image of the late Holy Father, Leo XIII. During his life there was no purpose nearer his heart than the reconciliation of capital and labor, and nowhere have I found a closer approach than in this splendid factory to the equitable adjustment of the differences which in the past have kept labor and capital apart."

EDITORIAL NOTES

If Dundonald should try his luck as a party candidate for the Commons the other side might nominate Lou Scholes against him, to win an easier race than the Henly one.

SEPARATE SCHOOL TEACHERS

Hon. R. W. Scott's opinion regarding Judge McMahon's recent decision on the qualifications demanded by law of Separate School teachers will undoubtedly lead to an effort to upset that decision.

"Another point which should be kept to the front by Catholic journalists is that Separate and Catholic schools do not mean the same thing. There are Separate Schools in Ontario which are Protestant, and in Quebec the Separate Schools are practically all Protestant.

With one remark of the Hon. Secretary of State there ought to be perfect agreement, namely, "That it would meet with more general approval if the members of the Order (Christian Brothers) submitted to the examination prescribed by the Department of Education."

Some time ago the advisability of a move to some kind of a discussion by the parishioners of St. Peter's church in this city. The word "discussion" is somewhat misleading in this regard, for it would seem to imply differences of opinion, whereas the utmost unanimity prevailed.

St. Peter's Parish
Some time ago the advisability of a move to some kind of a discussion by the parishioners of St. Peter's church in this city. The word "discussion" is somewhat misleading in this regard, for it would seem to imply differences of opinion, whereas the utmost unanimity prevailed.

Mr. Patrick Hynes
Mr. Patrick Hynes, agent for the St. Vincent de Paul Society and Children's Aid, was overcome by the heat at the sitting of the police court on Monday morning last.

Mr. Patrick Hynes
Mr. Patrick Hynes, agent for the St. Vincent de Paul Society and Children's Aid, was overcome by the heat at the sitting of the police court on Monday morning last.

Mr. Patrick Hynes
Mr. Patrick Hynes, agent for the St. Vincent de Paul Society and Children's Aid, was overcome by the heat at the sitting of the police court on Monday morning last.

Mr. Patrick Hynes
Mr. Patrick Hynes, agent for the St. Vincent de Paul Society and Children's Aid, was overcome by the heat at the sitting of the police court on Monday morning last.

REPLY TO AN ANTI-IRISH BIGOT

To the Editor of The Globe:
Recent issue of The Globe contains some of the characteristic criticism which Irishmen have heard levelled at Ireland so often by ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

Take the ratable valuation in 1891, and we find that sixteen Irish counties have a higher valuation than Antrim, Monaghan, Armagh, Londonderry, Tyrone, Cavan and Donegal, all Ulster counties, the highest valuation in any Ulster county being Down, with about \$18, while Meath shows a valuation of almost \$35.

What percentage of women could sign the marriage register in 1891? In Leinster, 84.3 per cent.; in Munster, 83.2 per cent.; in Connaught, 77.8 per cent.; in Ulster, 77.3 per cent.

How many deaths from alcoholism occurred in Ireland in 1891, and where? In Leinster, in Munster, in Connaught, 49 in three Provinces; in Ulster, 47 in one Province.

Infanticide figures show two-fifths of the whole in Ulster and one-fifth in each of the other provinces. The percentage of illegitimate births are as follows: Connaught, 0.7 per cent.; Munster, 2.2 per cent.; Leinster, 2.4 per cent.; Ulster, 4 per cent.

It might have been better, in a material sense, if Ireland had been as prone to range her religion as some of her neighbors, for she might have escaped many centuries of religious persecution. However, she has won, through every horror, and is stronger, at home and abroad, than at any time in the past four or five centuries.

Barrie Correspondence
"Barrie the Beautiful," a well merited appellation for the lovely town and proud capital of the prosperous County of Simcoe, is situated on the sunset point of Kempenfeldt Bay, whose waters are said to be the clearest in the Dominion.

Gatherer
A Mother's Apology.
Among a number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence of children was the following: "Dear Teacher,—Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same, you will oblige Her Mother."

E. A. ENGLISH
REAL ESTATE
48 VICTORIA ST.
TORONTO

HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE:
78 Church St., Toronto

BRANCH "A"
522 Queen St. W.
Cor. Hackney

Assets \$3,000,000

Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards.
3 1/2%
Withdrawable by Cheques.

Office Hours:
9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
7 to 9 O'Clock.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director

James Battle

James Battle was born at Thorold on November 29th, 1865, and was educated at the Thorold Separate School, the Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, and Upper Canada College, Toronto. Mr. Battle was a member of the Thorold Town Council during the years 1888-9, deputy reeve in 1890-91, and reeve for 1892. In 1893 he was a member of the Thorold Separate School Board, and in 1894-95 was president of the Thorold Township Agricultural Society, and is a member of the Public Library Board, president of the Thorold Board of Trade, and vice-president of the County Conservative Association.

MURDERED BY CHINESE

A Belgian Bishop and a Priest Have Been Slain.

London, July 25.—The Times to-day has the following from Shanghai: The Belgian Consul at Hankau telegraphs that the Roman Catholic Bishop Verhaeghen and his brother, belonging to the foreign mission in Hupeh Province, had been murdered in a small town, inland, and north of Ichang. Father Robberecht of the same mission was also killed last Tuesday near Chenan. It is not stated whether the outrage was committed by rioters or bandits. Bishop Verhaeghen, though only 36 years of age, had earned the esteem of Europeans and Chinese alike by his distinguished scholarship and sympathetic personality. By reason of France's ecclesiastical protectorate, the investigation and settlement of the matter devolves upon the French authorities.

Barrie Correspondence

"Barrie the Beautiful," a well merited appellation for the lovely town and proud capital of the prosperous County of Simcoe, is situated on the sunset point of Kempenfeldt Bay, whose waters are said to be the clearest in the Dominion. This quality of the water is attributed to the numerous springs working unseen away in its depths which in many places are found to be three hundred feet below the crystal surface. On these warm evenings pretty boats filled with happy people glide to and fro, as the moon is shining high in its sphere, softening the glowing electric lights from the town. The wooded hills in the background are the homes of the many wild note songsters, including the dear old whippoorwill that never fails to pour forth their evening serenade. While gazing in thoughtful admiration on this sublime scene, which would be hard to duplicate, the beholder is inspired to thank our dear Lord for the privilege of living in and seeing this beautiful place.

Gatherer

A Mother's Apology.
Among a number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence of children was the following: "Dear Teacher,—Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same, you will oblige Her Mother."

E. A. ENGLISH
REAL ESTATE
48 VICTORIA ST.
TORONTO

E. MURPHY

N. MURPHY

Putting Coal in your Cellar NOW is like putting money in the bank Buy at the Summer Rates

The Imperial Coal Co.

1184 Yonge St. Phone North 2048 787 Yonge St. Phone North 1901 295 College St. Phone Main 2993

DRESS WELL

... ..

... ..

Budget of Hamilton News

(Special to The Register.)

Hamilton, July 28.—Mr. John Ronan of this city received official notification last week from Hon. J. R. Stratton, Provincial Secretary, of his appointment as bursar of the asylum for insane at Penetanguishene. He left for there early this week to meet the present bursar before he retires from the position. Mr. Ronan's duties commence Aug. 1. He has not had time yet to decide what he will do with his grocery business. Mr. Ronan's appointment to the position is very popular and he has been showered with all kinds of bouquets. He is in every way qualified for the position and is sure to give satisfaction.

Referring to his appointment The Times says: Mr. Ronan is a native of old Ireland, but has lived in Hamilton pretty much all his life. He came here with his father's family when but six years of age, and has resided here ever since. He has been in the grocery and provision business all his life, and has carried on store at the corner of Cannon and Wellington streets for many years. His public career has been an honorable one, also. Year after year he was elected a member of the Separate School Board, and served as Chairman of all the committees and Chairman of the Board. He was one of the original members of the Board of Public Parks Managers, and was Chairman of the Board in 1903. He has also been for some time the Separate School Board's representative on the Board of Education, for the Collegiate Institute. He was a Vice-President of the Liberal Association, and one of its active workers.

Referring editorially the same paper says: It is announced that Mr. John Ronan, of this city, has been appointed to the position of bursar at the Provincial Institution at Penetanguishene. No better selection could have been made. Mr. Ronan is by nature and training fitted to make an excellent bursar, and in him the Province will have a capable and trustworthy official. His many friends in Hamilton will be glad to learn of the honor done him, but, while congratulating him thereupon, will be sorry that acceptance of the position will necessitate his removal from the city. The Times wishes him long enjoyment of his office, but it would have been better pleased had it been a Hamilton one. Shake, John! You're a brick, we could stand more like you.

The Herald says: Mr. Ronan's appointment will be popular. He has been a Liberal, and a hard worker for his party, but he has managed to engage in politics in such a pleasant manner that he has always had a great many friends in the opposition party. He has not taken his politics seriously enough to make enemies of his political opponents, and Conservatives will join with Liberals in congratulating him to him. That he will prove a worthy official is a foregone conclusion, and those who know him know that do will be well done.

This going will be a loss to this city, where he has been a public spirit, resident and he will leave a host of friends whose regret at his departure will be lessened only by the thought that he is going to something better than he has had in Hamilton. Mr. Ronan has been in the grocery business at the corner of Wellington and Cannon streets for many years, and while he has been as successful as any conscientious grocer could hope to be in a material way, as well as being more congenial.

Editorially it remarks: Without doubt he will give the government good service. But how can he be content to leave Hamilton? And how he will be missed in Hamilton!

The Spectator also pays him a tribute in the following: To John Ronan, bursar of the government institution at Penetang, The Spectator congratulates you upon your well-earned appointment, and congratulates the government—and one having secured a good man and one well qualified for the duties of your office. We hope you will live long to enjoy the emoluments of your office, and only regret that the appointment will take you away from Hamilton, of which you have been a public-spirited citizen.

The appointment is particularly pleasing to his host of Catholic

CARE IN THE HANDLING OF LINEN IS A NECESSITY

Try Us For HOUSEHOLD LINEN

New Method Laundry Limited

187-189 Parliament St. Toronto. Phone—Main 444 and Main 289

friends. Mr. Ronan held important offices in the St. Vincent De Paul Society. He was President and Treasurer, and was the society's representative on the Associated Charities Board, which did good work for the poor when times were not as good as they are now. He also served many years on the Separate School Board and Holy Sepulchre Cemetery Board.

One of the saddest fatalities that occurred here in a long time took place on Monday morning last at the corner of East avenue and King street, when an east-going street car crashed into a buggy in which were Mrs. George Schuler, Mrs. Tillie Herman, and Mrs. Schuler's granddaughter, three-year-old Bertha Myers. The rig was smashed into matchwood and the horse thrown many feet. The little child was thrown under the car wheels and was crushed to death in full view of many witnesses, who were horrified at the sight. The other occupants of the rig were dragged some distance in the wreck. Mrs. Herman was immediately removed to the hospital and Mrs. Schuler to her home.

The funeral of the little girl took place to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Herman lingered at the hospital until Wednesday morning, when she also passed away. The funeral took place on Friday morning. Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's church and the interment was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. The pallbearers were: M. A. Phoenix, James Colwell, Charles Schwenger, W. Deatlie, A. Myers and H. Fisher. Mrs. Herman, who came from Detroit recently, had only been married six weeks. The bereaved families have the sympathy of all.

An inquest has been opened in each case by Coroner Dickson. A verdict in each will probably be given this week.

SULLIVAN—STACK.

Last week in St. Patrick's church, Port Colborne, a quiet wedding took place when Mr. J. Sullivan was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Stack. Rev. Father Traylor performed the ceremony. The groom is conductor on the mail car of the Welland division. His bride is a highly respected resident of Port Colborne. Mr. Gates of the railway mail service was best man and Miss Minnie Hobin of Welland bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan will reside at Port Colborne.

TO HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Talk is being revived about a more convenient way of reaching Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Nothing has been done in the way of any better service at present. It was thought that there might be some chance of the Toronto and Hamilton Railway running a line around that way instead of across the beach, but this will not be done. There are many indications for an electric railway past the cemetery and Catholics are earnestly hoping something will be done before long.

MAY BE BOYCOTT.

A local paper recently published a sensational yarn, accompanied by pictures of the torture of a Swiss girl by priests because of suspicions of witchcraft. The torture and persecution were ascribed to a mythical Father Jean Palliet who was represented as about to be reimprisoned by an equally mythical "primate of Switzerland." Little attention was paid to such a yarn by local Catholics. The story, which is alleged to have been published in a Detroit paper, is being received with resentment by Catholics here. An exchange commenting on it, says: The Wayne county Federation of Catholic societies, composed of about 6,000 members of the C.M.B.A., Knights of Columbus, A.O.H., Catholic Foresters and others, at a recent gathering vigorously denounced the publication of such a sensational story, and called upon its members to retaliate, as far as possible, by withdrawing subscriptions, advertising, etc., as it was ridiculous to support a paper which has such little regard for that portion of its readers.

NOTES.

The regular quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held on Sunday afternoon. Satisfactory reports were presented. The annual collection for the care of lots in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery will be taken up on Sunday next. The cemetery is in fine shape.

Musicians of Distinction Become Converts

Amongst the converts of the past week may be noted Mr. Harold Gibbs, who has been received into the Church by the Right Rev. Mgr. Provost Harnett, of Our Lady and St. Patrick's, Nottingham. As an expert in the Solesmes method of Plain Song in the Anglican Establishment he has probably been second only to the Rev. G. H. Palmer, who has proved himself of great worth. Mr. Gibbs has been prominently before the public (vide "Church Times") for more than ten years and has had much experience in almost every county of England. It is hoped that he will quickly find employment in the promotion of Catholic Church music at a time when we are in want of such professors. As a musician he has won a considerable reputation in the capacities of a lecturer and voice specialist, in addition to having filled the position of Principal of the Nottingham College of Music from 1897 to 1903. This institute (established in 1862) is closed and Mr. Gibbs now resides in town. He brings with him into the Church a most able musician, Mr. Malton Doyce, son of the vicar of Echingswell, Newbury, who was for several years a resident pupil of his.

Dan Patch 1.56 1/4 IF IT'S GOOD FOR DAN IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR STOCK

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD International Stock Food is a purely medicinal vegetable preparation composed of roots, herbs, seeds, bark, etc., and is fed to stock in small quantities in addition to the regular grain rations.

OBITUARY

VERY REV. LOUIS IRWIN, C.P.

From Bulgaria comes the message that on the 27th ult. Very Rev. Father Irwin, C.P., breathed his soul into the hands of his Creator, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, and professing in his last moments his belief in Jesus Crucified, and his devoted adherence to the holy rules and constitution of the Order to which he belonged. Father Irwin was born in the parish of Rathmines, almost under the shadow of Mount Argus, close on sixty years ago. After ordination he remained about three years at Mount Argus, and Archbishop Paoli, seeing his great facility in the acquirement of foreign languages, as well as his singular aptitude in the domain of philosophy and theology, invited him to join in the missionary life in the Near East in Bulgaria. The Archbishop was not mistaken in his choice. For the young Passionist missionary readily not only showed a particular aptitude in the acquirement of the languages in vogue in his diocese, but he soon was able to preach fluently in the many dialects which are spoken in Bulgaria. Going thither in the apostolic sense without scrip or staff he, like many of the sons of Ireland who have spread the Gospel light in distant lands, soon assimilated himself to the manners and customs of Bulgaria, and by teaching and preaching did great things for God's Kingdom in the Balkan provinces. Ministers of the Gospel in these lands have much to suffer for the Faith of Christ, but Father Louis, at such personal sacrifice, and not infrequently at risk of his life, continued his ministrations with much profit to the souls that came within the sphere of his influence, so that it may be truly said that he became the apostle of Bulgaria. Many times the opportunity was afforded him of returning to the Anglo-Hibernian Province of his Order, but the good Father, realizing the necessity of his presence in that distant land, sacrificed every personal consideration in order that he might win souls to Christ.

IN-MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Nano Warde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Warde, who was drowned at Muskoka Thursday, July 14, 1904.

If earth were for the child we love, And heaven were not her sphere, Mayhap she might not dwell above, We might have kept her here.

Such souls are dear in Jesus' sight Who noble deeds have done; For love of fame a hero might Have earthly glory won.

But who shall tell the wondrous love For Him, whose stamp he bore, That prompted e'en a tender dove To brave where waters roar?

A frail, fair flower, a little friend Scarce grown from childhood's hour, Sees helpless boy need help to send; She feels within the power

To save that boy, whose soul is dear To one who died for him! But waves so dark and wames so drear Rolled on; their eyes grew dim.

Such love as this none greater is, None more complete can be; Christ took the gift—per life for His, With immortality.

Let not our selfish love find place, Or room for earthly tears; Let sunshine from her saintly face Be with us through the years.

Which God may grant us here below To prove for each our love; And thus to reap those fruits which show We've won our crown above.—K. M. O'Leary. Lindsay, July 24, 1904.

Death of the Foundress of the Institution of Perpetual Adoration

Madame Anna De Meeus, foundress of the Institute of Perpetual Adoration, died at the Mother House of her Order, Watermael, Belgium, on the 15th of June. This remarkable woman was the eldest daughter of the Count de Meeus, who was a prominent figure as an upholder of Catholic principles in opposition to the Liberal party in Belgium. Born at Brussels, on the 22nd February, 1823, Madame de Meeus had attained the age of 81, when, after a short illness, she was called to her reward. At twenty years of age Mlle. de Meeus was one day visiting the sacristy of the parish in which her father's country house was situated. The wretched state in which she found all connected with the service of the altar and of Him who dwelt thereon so touched her that she resolved to devote her leisure time and pocket money to making a change for the better. She found means of communicating her zeal to others and thus, in 1843, laid the foundations of the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches, which now unites thousands of souls in the Old World and the New, in offering to Jesus Christ, in the tabernacle, unceasing homage of adoration, while at the same time it provides for the poor churches in which He resides with the means of celebrating with decency, if not with splendor, the mysteries of holy Faith.

Meeting of St. Vincent De Paul

The quarterly general meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held at their hall, Shuter street, on Sunday, the 24th inst., at 3.30 p.m. Rev. Father Rohleder presided. Rev. Father Minehan was also present. Reports from St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Peter's, St. Patrick's, St. Michael's and St. Francis' conferences showed them to be all in a flourishing condition. No definite action has been taken in the resignation of Mr. Murphy, the members all hoping that that gentleman will reconsider his decision. The chief business of the afternoon was the address of Mr. Frank Walsh, embracing an account of his recent trip to the Old Land in the interests of the Associated Charities of the city, and its intended application here amongst us. Better house accommodation, as has already been announced in these columns, is what Mr. Walsh and those working with him are aiming at and the accomplishment of this object is confidently looked forward to in the near future. Rev. Fathers Rohleder and Minehan both spoke as to the necessity for more and cheaper houses, and the meeting at large was highly favorable to the plan for the betterment of present conditions as laid down by Mr. Walsh.

PROMOTED TO FORM V.

Successful Pupils of the City Separate Schools

The following pupils of the various city separate schools were successful at the promotion examinations to Form V:

- St. Ann's—Girls—M. Cameron, C. Cooney, M. Howarth, M. Rossiter, M. Rossiter, M. Sullivan. Boys—H. Belanger, E. Carter, J. Coughlin, O. Le Roy. St. Basil's—Girls—E. Charlebois, B. Crocker, H. Crocker, L. Duggan, E. O'Driscoll, M. Thomas. Boys—W. Brophy, T. Findlay, L. Kennedy, W. Murphy. St. Francis'—Girls—A. Dee, M. Dee, G. Duffy, F. Haines, A. Hennessy, M. Jamieson, G. Kelly, J. McGlade, L. Ryan. St. Helen's—Girls—M. Artkin, H. Brennan, I. Dinnie, C. Hynes, J. Kerr, F. Ryan. Boys—H. Belisle, G. Fayle, C. Higgins, G. Kirby, P. McAleer, W. Mulhall, J. Torpey, P. Tracey. St. John's—Arthur Annett, A. Hodgson, E. Kew, I. McGriffin. St. Mary's—Girls—M. Gayheart, L. Hambly, J. McMurray, S. O'Reilly. Boys—H. Campbell, J. Clarke, P. Delaney, J. McClean, F. Murphy, G. Ryan, D. Smith, J. Witmer. St. Mary's—Girls—V. Crowe, A. Fletcher, J. Fletcher, A. Lehane, A. Lemon, M. Napolitano, C. Overend, T. Overend. St. Michael's—Girls—L. Bruyer, R. Farmer, E. Wallace, H. Weir. Boys—J. Cosulich, B. Murphy, F. Murphy, F. Phelan, A. Schneider, J. Smith, F. Ungaro, J. Walsh. St. Patrick's—Girls—M. Cunerty, A. Higgins, H. Lee, M. McGarry. Boys—C. Higgins, E. Horley. St. Paul's—Girls—C. Blagdon, L. Christie, A. Clancy, F. Gallagher, M. McEvay, M. Myer, E. O'Donnell, K. O'Donnell, M. O'Neill, E. Rame, A. Ryan, A. Sales, H. Sales, H. Stephens. Boys—B. Christie, J. Gavigan, Y. Johnston, J. Kenny, J. McCabe, F. Penneylegion. St. Peter's—Girls—N. Finerty, M. Malone. Boys—S. Barley, W. Bennett, E. Dunn, M. Gibson. Holy Family—D. Dayo, L. Leonard, J. Temple. Sunnyside—F. Butler.

The Archbishop of Westminster during his visit to Dublin, is the guest of Sir Antony MacDonnell.

HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE CURE. No hair depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, second day. All dealers or direct from Austin & Co., Sirocco, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

ANY FIRST-CLASS GROCER CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH FIBRE WARE TUBS, PAILS, WASH BASINS, ETC. Lower Prices More Durable Better Quality Insist on Getting Eddy's

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for a doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parnee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY COMMENCING JULY 3 CANADA'S NEW TRAIN

'OCEAN LIMITED' Will leave Montreal 7.30 p.m. Daily except Saturday Arriving Halifax 8.15 p.m.

The Pianauto

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

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED Mfrs. of Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Piano Players WOODSTOCK, ONT.

TEACHER WANTED.

For S. S. No. 3, Bromley, a female teacher holding a second-class certificate. Duties to commence 15th August. Apply, stating salary expected and references, to B. J. REYNOLDS, Osceola, Ont.

WANTED—RELIABLE MEN—\$20 per month and expenses, \$2.50 per day to reliable men in very locality involving our goods, backing up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places; steady employment to good, honest, capable men; no experience needed; write for particulars. The Empire Medicine Co., London, Ont.

MEN WANTED

If you are not satisfied with your present position in life and are reliable, write us and we will start you, local or travelling, tacking up show cards and generally advertising our goods, at \$840 a year and expenses of \$2.50 a day. For particulars write SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ont.

FOR SALE

Twenty-six volumes of the True Witness, commencing with its first issue in August, 1850, edited by the late lamented George E. Clerk. These volumes are nicely bound, in perfect order and consecutive, containing most valuable information regarding English-speaking Catholic interests in Canada, it being at that period the exponent of their views in the country. This is the only known complete set of the publication. Address "True Witness" Office, Montreal.

TYPEWRITERS

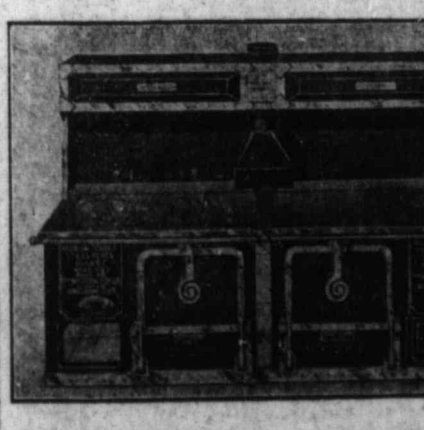
All makes rented and sold on instalment UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited TORONTO

DR. JOSEPH LOFTUS DENTIST

114 St. Paul St. Opposite James St. Phone 406 ST. CATHARINES

Church Bells in China or Singing, Nov's Manufacturing at McShane's McSHANE'S BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Every Institution



The following day, making close connection with PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Via Point du Chene. Through the Famed Metapedia Valley by Daylight Grand Trunk Day Express from Toronto makes direct connection at Montreal. Toronto Ticket Office 50 King Street East

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Intramural Railway to all parts of the grounds, THROUGH TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS Fast Express Trains leave for St. Louis twice daily, carrying through Pullman Sleepers.

Your Local Agent will make reservations.

\$19.20 FOR ROUND TRIP From Toronto. Proportionate Rates from other points.

With an opportunity of visiting in Chicago, Detroit and Intermediate Canadian Stations.

Note—On application to J. D. McDonald, D.P.A. Toronto, enclosing 4 cents in stamps, handsome illustrated booklet will be furnished.

Spend Your Vacation in High-Lands of Ontario.

Muskoka Express trains make direct connection for all parts on Georgian Bay, Muskoka Lakes and Lake of Bays. Tourist tickets on sale daily.

Home Seekers Excursion

\$30 to \$40.50 To points in Canadian North-West, good going July 18th, returning until September 20th. For tickets, illustrated literature and full information apply to any Agent Grand Trunk Railway.

J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY LIMITED Wrought Iron Pipe Malleable and Cast Iron Fittings Brass and Iron Body Valves General Steam-Fitters' Supplies

Head Office and Works TORONTO, - - CANADA

BRANCHES Montreal, Quebec, St. John N. B., Winnipeg and Vancouver.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED HESTIGEORGE LONDON ONT

Whether Hospital, College or Convalescent

having a large number to cook for should consider the HURON CHIEF before placing their orders elsewhere. It is designed and constructed especially for the requirements, also Hotels and Restaurants. All castings very heavy, trimmings malleable, giving maximum of strength and avoiding continual expensive repairs.

Every Huron Chief Guaranteed

Write for Prices they are interesting

Economical and Inexpensive THE WESTERN FOUNDRY CO., Limited WINGHAM, ONT.

THE KING FISHER'S DAUGHTER

The deep blue-green of Lake Michigan washed itself into white foam as it rolled in against the breakwater and broke into a thousand shattered rainbows in the morning sun. Lower down on the shore it spread its great waves over a long, wide stretch of sandy beach, and with gurgling laughter sported with the strong men, the timid women, the venturesome young folk and merry children who swam, floated, dived and waded in its cooling depths. Out across the expanse of surging, restless water was dimly outlined a little disappearing steamer. There a little nearer, the glass revealed one or two private yachts; still nearer, and visible to the naked eye, were smaller craft and sailing vessels, looking like butterflies soaring against the blue; there a tugboat puffed out a long plume of trailing smoke as it steered shoreward with its burden. Over on yonder pier, abandoned by the larger vessels for the more pretentious one on the wharf above, sat silent fishermen with their baskets, nets and tackle; some few were out in skiffs, with their nets dropped low; near in, close hugging the old pier and moored securely to it, rested a typical, queer-looking houseboat. That some pretensions were made toward gentility by its occupants was evident from the freshly painted doors and windows and the presence of two or three potted geraniums that stood about on the one deck, and the song of a canary singing in his cage, telling in his way, perhaps, of his captor's life in this drifting home.

The general silence on the farther end of the pier was broken when Old Bailey aunched in his lines and drew in a catch, the size of which made less successful ones envious, placed it in his big fish basket, and, after arranging the great, red handkerchief about his neck, started landward with his load along the centre of the pier.

"Somethin' wrong when Old Bailey quits this time o' day," said one fisherman to another.

"Thinks he'll get a 'corner' on fish, maybe," said a second voice.

"He don't mind what ye fellers say," said a third. "That gal o' his has a birthday to-day, and he has promised her something, and it would take a typhoon to stop him from gettin' it."

"Birthday? How does he know when her birthday is? He picked her up on this very pier when her mother had left her to the tender mercies of this world, while she searched for a better one by sinkin' herself under the blue," said the first speaker.

"It was this way," was the reply of the third. "There was a tag on her, tied 'round her neck, you see, sayin' she was two year old; her father dead and mother wantin' to be better; would be by the time the baby was found; maybe the one who found her could be better to her than her poor, sick mother, who could not work to support her. And when—"

"I remember the very day," broke in the second speaker. "Old Bailey had been on a terrible bender; hadn't been sober for a week and was sleeping it off out here. Nobody thought much of Old Bailey then days. We didn't call him King Fisher then, I'm here to tell ye. He wasn't aristocrat enough then to own a houseboat, although I guess he had seen better days, for when he was sober he would tell about places he had been and wind off stories a yard long that he had read out o' books."

"And when, as I was tellin' ye," said the third voice again, "when he found her he just took that day for her birthday. The gal's happy."

"And," said the second voice, "it's been ten years, and King Fisher has not touched a drop o' liquor since that brat toddled over to where he was asleep and—the Lord knows how long he was asleep—kept pullin' his hair and pattin' his face, sayin' 'in her baby way, 'Det up! det up!' until the old man did get up and come to himself just to find he was owner o' a baby with no place to keep it. But he kept it, he did. He's stubborn as a mule, and when I told him to put it in an orphan asylum he looked at me like thunder and told me to mind my own business. So I let him dead alone ever since, though I ain't got nuthin' agin him."

"And kept her well, too," continued the third voice again. "I'd like to know what he'll bring her. She's powerful on books, an' readin' an' pictures ever since he sent her to school in the city, and she has mighty purty ways for havin' no mother. And as to the housekeepin', them two rooms look like parlors. Old Bailey has learned her how and she can fry fish and make coffee good as anybody."

"Hey! Here, you fellows! What's the matter with that line out there? Pulls like a sea monster, by jing!"

"And all eyes were turned toward the dancing line and the King Fisher and his adopted daughter were forgotten.

Shortly before the noon hour a young girl appeared at the door of the houseboat and looked eagerly and thoughtfully toward the busy city. Not seeing the object of her search, she went in, and in a few minutes reappeared wearing a muslin hat but half shielding her olive-brown face from the sun's glare. Dark eyes glanced again along the pier, then turning, she went to the aft of the boat and proceeded to feed and water some chickens that were kept in an enclosure.

"Poco, you're greedy; let biddy have a little," to the great yellow rooster as he helped himself somewhat too liberally to the rations to suit his young mistress. "Daddy will put you in a pen by yourself, if you don't be careful. Now listen and I'll tell you a secret. Now listen. I baked a cake—my own birthday cake—and daddy doesn't know it. Won't he be surprised when he comes from market? And there are twelve red candy drops on it, for I am twelve years old and I'll soon be a woman. Daddy says I am getting big too fast, but he has gone to get me a present and we are going to have a cel—"

She did not finish her tale to the chickens, for a stout man with a smooth, sun-tanned, wind-browned face and blue eyes was coming down the steps from the pier, carrying a wonderful parcel.

"Daddy! daddy!" cried the girl, running to him, throwing both arms around his neck and giving him two resounding smacks.

"Easy! easy! my cherub, or you'll snap the boat rope, upset The Ark and give as a ducking. I'll untie this in a minute; better lay it on your bed, I reckon, where it will be safe. We'll have a look at it and then I'll tell you its story."

Very carefully were the outside wrappings removed, showing a long green cloth bag.

"Oh, daddy! a mandolin!" cried Dot, excitedly, and dancing round for joy.

"No; guess again, my cherub, my child."

Dot clenched her hands as the cover came off and the snapping of a fastening disclosed to view a fine old violin. Tenderly, as he had handled Dot in her baby days, did the old man lift it from the case and bend lovingly over it as he drew the bow across the strings, and the old air of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," floated through the little boat-house and out over the water. Dot sat transfixed, unable to speak, delicious in the future that in that moment she had mapped out before her. She pictured herself a great musician who could tell again in concert halls, through speaking strings, the song of the waves she knew so well. Daddy could teach her. But how did daddy know? Again she became conscious of her surroundings, and there was daddy, who seemed to have forgotten her, leaning on and on, with a mist in his eyes.

"Stop! stop, daddy! I cannot bear it! You make me cry!"

He laid down the violin and took a sobbing child in his arms. They were quiet for a while, and then the rebounding nature in youth spoke out: "Oh, thank you! I thank you! And I shall be a great player and make money for us both; and you can teach me—but, daddy, how did you know?"

"How did I know?" said the King Fisher, reflectively. "Well, I played once, and well, many years ago. But that was before things went wrong, cherub; things I don't even now care to tell you, though you might know. So I threw up the sponge, as they say, and drifted up here; went to the bad generally until I felt your tiny arms around my neck one day, as I have told you. But you anchored me, Dot, and I've tried to be good to you. It isn't much I've done. I want you to live better, be educated, and live as you deserve to live. Music will aid you and you love it. So I decided to buy back the old violin I had pawned once with the promise that the man would not sell it without giving me notice. She's a fine one, and I have saved little by little until I could bring her to my cherub as the best gift I had to offer. If the season is good and I am lucky you can take lessons this winter from a professor in the city, and then we will know what Dot can do. But, come, I am as hungry as a wolf. Let's have our dinner, and then we will play the rest of the day, for some time you will be slipping out of these arms and leave your plain old dad for finer folk, and I suspect, in time slip into somebody else's arms. But when that time comes, child—he paused a moment and took a deep breath—"when that time comes, be sure you know your heart and don't wreck any man's life by your foolishness—you hear, child, my cherub?"

"We are disagreeably early," said Mrs. James Potter, as she arranged the flowers she held and made herself comfortable while her escort slipped the white opera cloak from her shoulders.

"But Professor Von Bleim wanted me to engage this new violinist, for my coming musicale and suggested I should see her before the performance to-night. He promises us something extraordinary; so, perhaps, it will repay us for listening patiently to this agonizing process of orchestral tuning."

"I am so unsophisticated that I enjoy seeing the audience assemble. I never tire of a study of people from the boxes," was the response from Gerald Le Moyne.

"Nor they of us, I fancy," Mrs. Potter smiled.

"They would not always envy us our opportunities if they understood some of the difficulties that—"

"Difficulties—" interrupted Mrs. Potter, "that word is a key note. For instance, as regarded a drawing card for my musicale, first I sought Herr Helwig, but he was engaged; then an opera singer, but without avail; then I prostrated myself, so to speak, with suppliant petitions before Madame Villiard, but, alas! we could not agree on the numbers or on the remuneration. And so on until I actually thought it meant a postponement, but happily this new star whom Professor Von Bleim presents as a soloist to-night is both reasonable and personally charming, and—as regards her talent, of that we may judge a little later. Ah! the first number."

The applause following it was dying away when Mrs. Potter raised her lorgnette to the opposite box, which a man occupied alone. "Evidently a stranger," was her comment.

"He seems somewhat uncomfortable. I should say he was a man of the plains taking his first lesson in Wagner. One with more money than he knows how to spend," was the reply.

"D. Katharine Bailey, violinist!" was the next on the programme, and the audience awaited with an expectant hush as a girlish figure in white appeared and moved with easy grace to the centre of the stage, where the conductor took her hand as she stepped upon the raised dais. It was notable that but one appearance was scheduled; therefore the more important.

With a grave face, but with eyes that shone like stars, the girl saw the sea of faces before her, raised a moment, then with a sudden lightning of the long lashes to a box on the right, she raised the violin and touched its vibrant strings with its bow.

When Musical Director Von Bleim announced a rare treat in connection with his orchestra, no one ever thought of doubting his statement, but at the first note there arose a soft murmur of suppressed approval, and then the hush of a great audience fell.

Not a fan stirred; not a sigh or whisper. Caught in the flight of imaginative inspiration, they moved from bird song and forest song to the song of the waves as they broke low and sweet, or came as the moaning cry of a lost soul—now dashing, splashing, glorious in furious frenzy; now breaking in mad delight over fallen oar or beating in an angry wail against a forlorn vessel; and now, in reverberatory echo, they



Sunshine Furnace

Easy to Shake.

More than half the drudgery of tending a furnace is in the shaking down. Enough to break a man's back, and certainly no work for a woman, is the job of shaking down some furnaces.

With a Sunshine Furnace you stand up and oscillate a gently working lever that a child could handle. It's so easy you won't believe it, if you've been used to the common back-breakers.

And the Sunshine is a hygienic, coal-saving, practical housewarmer in every way that a good furnace ought to be.

Sold by all Enterprising Dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

(Ages C. Storker, in the Leader, New York.)

None of God's glorious saints ever obeyed more generously the Divine behest, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," than he who has been well called "l'Intendant de la Providence et Pere des Pauvres"—the gentle saint, Vincent de Paul.

Those of my readers who have shared with me the great privilege of journeying to that loveliest of Our Lady's shrines, far-distant Lourdes in the Pyrenees, will doubtless remember passing through the little town of Dax, where Vincent's school days were spent, he having been born, in 1576 in a small hamlet near by.

The lad's sweetness of disposition, love of serving those who were even poorer than himself, and great devotion to our Blessed Mother, so impressed his parents that they readily made the greatest sacrifice to provide him with an education far above their humble station. So diligently did Vincent profit by the instruction of the good Franciscans at Dax and by the subsequent theological training he received at Toulouse, that at the age of 24 the future hero of Catholic charity was raised to the holy priesthood. Shortly after this great event, an unlooked-for trial opened to Vincent a whole new world of desire and aspiration.

Summoned to Marseilles on a matter of business, the ship on which the young priest was returning was captured by African pirates midway the Gulf of Lyons, and he, with the crew and other passengers, was carried to Tunis and there sold into slavery. For the next two years Vincent remained a captive, passing from one owner to another, and receiving at their hands the greatest unkindness. The last master to whom he was sold proved to be an apostate Christian, whose Turkish wife one day accosted her husband's slave and ordered him to sing to her.

Overwhelmed by the remembrance of his beloved home and country, and above all by the thought of the sacred offices he could no longer perform, Vincent for a moment could not reply; but, regaining self-control, he began to sing the Psalm "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," and then, with rising courage, the triumphant strains of the Salve Regina. Strangely moved by both psalm and hymn, Vincent's listener eagerly demanded instruction in the doctrines of the faith of which she now heard for the first time. She and her husband were finally converted, and escaped to France with the guide whom heaven had thus wonderfully provided to lead them from the darkness of paganism and apostasy into the full light of God's truth.

The fiery trials through which Vincent passed during these years of captivity served to intensify and purify the heroic charity which filled his heart. He who had himself drunk so deeply of the dregs of human wretchedness, who had known neglect and illness, chains and slavery, now felt himself irresistibly drawn, poor and penniless though he was to labor for the most neglected and abused of his fellow-men. Especially did his heart go out in pity to the galley slaves, to whom he was appointed chaplain by King Louis XIII.

A single incident will illustrate how far Vincent's charity carried him in his ministrations to these unfortunate creatures, who, regarded hardly as human beings, and chained by massive fetters to the rowing benches below decks, suffered and ragged in darkness, amid such hideous conditions as we can hardly imagine.

The anguish of one of these poor slaves, beside himself at the thought of his family's misery in his absence, so awakened Vincent's sympathy that he insisted on freeing him, and assuming the prisoner's fetters in his stead. Several weeks passed before the missing saint was found and released from his voluntary captivity.

Beneficent as was St. Vincent's work among the galley slaves, its importance is overshadowed in the record of his life by the commencement of those two great religious orders which, to this day, reproduce in every quarter of the globe the spirit of their holy founder. The Congregation of the Mission, or the Lazarists, is a society of priests especially devoted to giving missions at home and in pagan countries, and to holding retreats for the sanctification of the clergy, while that noble army of self-sacrificing women, the everywhere loved and revered Sisters of Charity, minister to every form of human suffering.

We should especially remember another of St. Vincent's great charitable undertakings, the foundation of a hospital for the poor little deserted foundlings, whose sad lot first awakened our saint's notice through his finding one cold winter's night a lit-

He Put Up His Gun

One of our best practical farmers related to us the other day how he came to change his mind about killing birds. He said he formerly took a great deal of pleasure with his gun and dogs. About six months after coming to the territory he told his wife he would go out and kill a few quail. It was about four o'clock; so calling his dogs he started out on his own farm. He soon shot three quail, and his wife, knowing that if he got thoroughly interested in the pursuit of game he would be out till long after supper time, persuaded him to come back to the house and they would have supper, when he could go again. "All right," said the farmer, "I will dress these and we'll have them for supper." His wife remarked on the fullness of the craws of the birds and on opening one it was found packed full of chinch bugs! Out of curiosity they counted and found ever four hundred dead chinch bugs in the craw of one quail! Said the farmer in relating the circumstances to us: "I just cleaned up the gun and have not shot a bird since, and if you'll come down to my place of a morning or evening and see the birds comin' to my farm you'll think they know their friends."

How it was Managed

John (sheepishly)—I guess you'll be gettin' married some time?

Betty (with a frightened air)—Oh, I dare say I shall some time.

John—I dare say I'll git married, too.

Betty—Oh!

John—Praps we might both git married at the same time.

Betty—Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the parson should make a mistake and marry us to each other?

John—I shouldn't mind.

Betty—No—neither should I, to tell you the truth, John—Tit Bits.

Man often shows the hard side of his disposition to mark more strongly the generous shades.

There is Only One Electric Oil.—When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves could never will at the same merits. Imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have been numerous but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not put off with a substitute, but demand the real thing.



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

Labatt's Ale and Porter

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

BRANDS



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited
TORONTO.

Bread in Many Varieties is to Had At

"THE TORONTO BAKERY"

and there is Wholesomeness in Every Loaf

Telephone Park 558 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It will only cost you 5 cents.

H. C. TOMLIN 420-22-24 26 Bathurst St. Toronto

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale

TORONTO, ONTARIO

IF YOU ARE RENTING

or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in

NEW ONTARIO

For Particulars Write to

HON. E. J. DAVIS

Commissioner of Crown Lands
TORONTO, ONT.

JAS. J. O'HEARN

PAINTER
DECORATOR
CALSO MINER
GLAZIER

161 QUEEN ST. WEST

Telephone Main 2677
Residence Phone Main 377

SOCIETY WOMEN

Strenuous Life Led by Them Most Demoralizing.

Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of Gen. Logan, one time Senator from Illinois, has had large opportunities of observing the doings in high society. She occasionally writes her observations for the press. In her last letter she speaks very sensibly of the bad effect of the strenuous life which the young women of leisure in society now lead, of their extravagance in dress and tendency to drink. Mrs. Logan says:

Members of the class known as the best society are, in a measure, responsible for the wrong ideas which young women have of life. In the first place, their extravagance in dress encourages the disposition in young women who can ill afford to dress beyond their means. By their reprehensible conduct in being in evidence at the race track and club-houses, drinking cocktails and smoking cigarettes in public places, and general recklessness in seeking pleasure, they exert a baneful influence. Men have come to feel that they must spend money on the women with whom they associate. Recently a prominent officer of our army, who had been called upon to explain his unmanly desertion of a most estimable, well-connected young woman to whom he was engaged to be married, replied that he had simply changed his mind, and that the young lady should feel that he had compensated her for the wrong he had done her by the amount of money he had spent in bonbons, flowers, taking her and her chaperon to places of amusement and in giving suppers at expensive hotels and restaurants where prominent people are wont to go. Comment upon such an excuse is unnecessary.

One of the most beautiful and petted young women ever in the national capital became so demoralized that she was known to go to restaurants to lunch and dine with men alone. She smoked cigarettes on all occasions, joining the gentlemen at dinner parties in their liqueurs and cigarettes. Her engagement to different prominent men was announced from

time to time. Finally she made a very ineligible marriage, and in a few brief years her name appeared in the divorce court list. During the years of her reign as a beauty and a belle sober-minded people were wondering why her dotting parents did not assert their authority and save their daughter from the inevitable fate to which every one saw she was drifting.

The diversions and athletics of the modern society woman smack too strongly of abandon. It is well enough for women to indulge in moderation in out-of-door sports and recreations; it is not, however, necessary that they should devote so much time to making "records" winning "championships," or in neck and neck competitions with men in the many sports. People of the old school can not refrain from deprecating the unfavorable effect on the next generation of automobiling, yachting, fencing and the present strenuous life of some women. Let the leisure class cultivate greater veneration for holy things, insist upon less dissipation of every kind, less display and extravagance in dress, and more respect for industry, and we shall see women stronger morally, more interested in elevating pursuits and less given over to frivolity.

In our dealings with the souls of other men we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or otherwise, lead to a noble issue; and still more how we withhold our admiration from great excellences because they are mingled with rough faults.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

BY J. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets. And simple faith than Norman Blood.

"That I'll be willing for Monday's breakfast, God will," he said. "Don't my cousin—"

"Oh, you must go by all means—I'm only a foolish woman to say such things," she answered, with a loving look that he returned in kind, for well they understood each other.

"God help poor Harry's mother, and comfort her to-day. May He, in His mercy, keep me from parting so with any of my children."

"Agatha had said no further word. Now, however, when her mother left the room, she ran her knife through the prongs of her fork one by one, in and out, looking at them meditatively.

"It means a good deal to you—this death," she said, in an earnest tone. "Are you thinking of all it does mean, Hugh?"

"Well, sister?" he asked, quietly. "Harry Lindsay is dead, and Uncle Eric is such a crazy old—no; I don't mean that—he is so erratic rather, you are the next one according to his ideas."

"Hugh's upper lip curled a trifle, and his blue eyes flashed. The past came before him very vividly just then, and the picture was not a pleasant one.

"We won't speak of such a terrible contingency," he said, with some bitterness. "Terrible!" She opened her eyes at him in honest wonder.

"Hugh?" The fact remains that Harry Lindsay dead means much to Hugh Lindsay living."

"You forgot that there is one other who has prior claim to Uncle Eric," said Hugh.

"Which one? Oh, Laurence!" the corner of Agatha's mouth curled upwards in a slight smile. "You know that his name is blotted out for ever and ever from the annals of Lindsay Manor."

"Can you say so with certainty? In my opinion, he was the dearest beloved—and one cannot forget so easily. If Uncle Eric has been hard towards him, it is because he is struggling against his own betrayed love.

"At any rate we will waive this question, supposition, probability—anything you care to call it—right here and now, Agatha, and for good. Aunt Estelle would rather endow a home for indigent canary birds with her money than let it go to the Catholic branch—while Uncle Eric is a stout, able-bodied, country-bred man of sixty-five years, hale and hearty—and will live to be a hundred, I sincerely hope. I pray thee, my dear, let such talk rest between me and thee!"

"He spoke jestingly now, but there was a deeper undercurrent to his tones, which told that he was altogether in earnest. Agatha realized this, but she had not yet learned enough wisdom to drop a subject when the pursuing of it would only antagonize the listener.

"I don't care," she began stubbornly. "You know Uncle Eric can't live for ever, and you also know—"

"Mrs. Lindsay entered just then. She caught the last words, and glancing from one to the other, read the look in Hugh's eyes. She understood at once what they had been talking of. Perhaps, in the fondness of her heart, a smile, in thought had found place for a moment. Only for a moment, however, as quickly gone as it came, for well she knew the obstacles in the way, obstacles almost impossible to surmount.

"Tut, tut," she said, somewhat testily. "Do not let us hanker after dead men's shoes, daughter. Weren't you speaking of Uncle Eric? I thought as much. I can tell by the disgusted expression on Hugh's face that he—"

"I wasn't disgusted, mother," said Hugh, cheerfully. "Agatha was just figuring—perhaps in a way that a fond sister may be permitted to figure. Don't do it any more. Predict me a better fate than watching the breath of one old man."

"Nothing could exceed the kindness in his voice. Probably, had John Perry not been present Agatha would have smiled and changed the conversation. But under existing circumstances she rose from her chair and went to the window.

CHAPTER II.

The Lindsays of Lindsay.

In the great ballroom, which was opened only on the occasion of a marriage or a public festivity—not since was laid on the occasion of a death—the war of the form of Harold Eric Lindsay, deceased nephew and adopted son of Eric Lindsay, of Lindsay Manor.

There were candles at his head and at his feet, and the room was shrouded in gloomy black, and the scent of flowers mingling, overpowering with their heavy breath, spilling into fragrance upon the shut-in air until exhausted. And, dying, the blossoms were replaced by fresh ones, and, sputtering, the candles were taken out, and new ones put within the sockets of the tall candelabra.

Young Harold Lindsay, careless—more than careless, perhaps, as the circumstances of his death proved—had been none too great a favorite in Lindsay Manor, nor had there been much affection given him in all his life. He had taken his

brother's place, and his brother had loved indeed. Outside the Lindsay precincts he was hailed as a good comrade and a fine fellow. He lived the life of a man of leisure, an indolent, Southern gentleman, with nothing to do, and all his days to do it in. He had been what women called "gay," and what that Eric Lindsay had known nothing until now. Alone he died, and alone he lay here, in royal state, for the moment when custom and decency demanded that he be placed to rest with his fathers. Alone! And above all things, in all his pleasure-loving life, Harold Eric Lindsay could never hear to be alone!

There were strange and curious tales of the "young master" and reckless escapades, which accorded but ill with the actions of the rather reserved nephew with whom his Uncle Eric had come in contact. These stories got, God knew but how, to the old man's ears, and he had fallen into a passion like to be the death of him. But he was shrewd, nevertheless, and he could put two and two together, for all his erratic ways, and his two and two did not argue much in the dead man's favor. There were gambling debts and racing debts—and bills and bills—all rushing in one upon the other. The old man's character rose to such a pitch that he scarcely respected the presence of the dead in the quiet house—for Eric Lindsay had not much self-containment. Through his lawyer he made arrangements to pay all and everything—to clear the dead man's name and keep whole the dead man's honor. And though it would cost him a steep and pretty sum, he remarked, sagaciously, that it was a cheap ride of such an heir.

Which was a cruel thing to say of a dead man. There were those who thought so—for Uncle Eric had womenfolk about him—and womenfolk are kind at heart—especially towards the dead, whatever faults they find with one, while alive. But only one had the courage to look the old man in the face and tell him so. We are coming to her—perhaps I am over-anxious to tell you of her—the one I love the best of all.

Away back in old England, at the time of that "Reformation" which never reformed anything but good into evil, as someone has wisely said, the name of Lindsay had stood high in the annals of the English court, and none of England's noble race was accorded more respect in all that great land. The "Reformation" saw them at the zenith of their glory. They began to die out, at that time, one by one, some of them martyrs to their Faith, some of them exiles, some of them saints in very truth. But one among the younger branch fell away from the old belief. They were a proud race, of a proud strain. Their ancestors had done thus and so—no notable event transpired in the world's history in which England took part, that the Lindsay line could point that haughty finger to some spot where Lindsay blood was spilled or Lindsay blood was honored. It behaved the faithless son of a great, true race, to be proud of this also—that he had seen the error of his ways. His possessions increased and augmented with the cloister spoils indeed, but with the new wealth came unwonted drinking and eating and hunting and playing—and each succeeding generation became larger and larger, and the estate smaller. That, however, did not prevent some one of the Lindsays coming to the fore when England's honor was concerned. A Lindsay was at Flanders until the peace of Ryswick; a Lindsay was leading the British forces when they captured Port Mahon. In time of peace a Lindsay had his seat in Parliament and was appointed to the highest office by George I. of England. The sons and grandsons followed in his footsteps.

In 1753, the then head of the Lindsay line, being somewhat more sentimental than the rest, looked more to the future than to the past. He had just been crossed in a love affair, and the shadow of the New World, big upon England's horizon, tempted him. He thought it would be a wonderful thing to retrace his own particular root and branch to that land governed principally by England's King, and destined, in his opinion, to yield complete homage to the mother country. England held both the Carolinian States as colonies, for it was many years after 1729, when the King had bought out the proprietors, and the Earl of Lindsay was given royal grants and royal privileges when he settled. Here, on Carolina's shores, he planned for himself such a home as men do not have nowadays, since they erect only for present uses, not for future generations. He was wealthy enough to lavish his money upon the place, which became his hobby. He built and built, and was for ever building. He acquired ground by grant, concession, or purchase, until even he was satisfied. And then he wrote to Lady Kitty Lindsay, his cousin thrice removed, and asked her to come to him and found with him, a new race on the shores of this New World. He did not say he loved her—for in truth he did not—but it was his duty as a Lindsay to marry, and the Lindsay had never married a duty. Lady Kitty came, and married him, and bore him one son ere she died, and was buried in the tomb he had erected to be the last resting place of all future Lindsays. As some said that she loved and loved him, and that she died of a broken heart because he did not love her even after she became his wife. But never remarried and he mourned her sincerely.

His son lived through the troublesome times of the Revolution. As a staunch loyalist he never believed it possible that a few insignificant handfuls of men could battle successfully against the Mistress of the Seas, and occupation Manor, during the British occupation of 1780 and 1781, was the scene of much festivity and brilliant royal gatherings. After that there were no further privileges

granted to the Lindsay line, and in the light of the new America its star seemed eclipsed. During the Civil War the great estate had fallen into pitiable condition—neglected and miserable weed-grown and unprofitable. But the dogged feudal strain still ran in the Lindsay veins. It was a tradition that the eldest-born of the house held his name and reckoning higher than life itself. Every eldest son so far, in the New World as in the Old, clung to the house of his birth with passionate devotion—so much so as to excite the derision of those who profited by bartering land and trading in merchandise in this continent of traffic.

Old traditions clung like leeches to Eric Lindsay of Lindsay Manor, in South Carolina—so that one could scarcely believe him an American, born of American parentage.

He was the oldest of three brothers. They had grown to manhood with the mutterings of war in their ears, for the great conflict was brewing then that parted North and South. They looked at the grim old mansion, with its falling turrets and gables, its leaking roof, and its moth-eaten, and scores of lazy, shiftless negro dependents, for their father had been as indolent as he was proud, and had made no effort to better himself or to acquire aught above the necessities of life. The fire of American restlessness stirred in their veins, so the two younger men left the manor to the eldest son—who, indeed, owned the inheritance every stick and stone of it—and went out into the world beyond the Carolina States to seek their fortune, leaving the elder with the ruined house, the profitless acres—with one roof of which he refused to part—and all the old-time traditions of Lindsay huddled close to his bosom—the traditions that had been the pride and bane of all their lives.

The youngest, Gerald, thoughtless and careless, being but twenty-one, did not wander far, but took to himself a wife and settled in the neighboring State of Georgia. When war did break out in earnest, its fever moved him, and leaving his wife and son, Laurence, to his brother, Eric's care, he bravely marched away to stamp a Yankee bullet.

Eric, however, and his second son, Harold Eric Lindsay, was born after his hero-father's death.

Hugh Lindsay, the second brother, fared farther and more to his own welfare. He took part in the war also—that war which turned brother against brother—but he fought with the North, and came through unscathed. Then he, too, married, and settled down in a comfortable, if not wealthy home—he and his wife Margaret, and, as they came, their four children, of whom the Hugh we have met was the eldest.

Eric Lindsay, left alone, cast eyes about him as to how he could better his condition. Some time since wandering through the Southern States, there had strayed a thrifty Hollander, with a pack upon his back, and a tongue as smooth as a well-oiled machine. He made his way north, where craft and industry abounded, but ever and always came back to the South again, and to Carolina—for it had first welcomed him, and he liked it. His eyes were bright and his cheeks rosy, and he stood upon his sturdy feet with all the strength of his sturdy peasant blood.

He threw well in his bartering, for maid, wife, or widow a woman may be, but she had done worse, in his eyes, than faring into the world heedless of old traditions—worse even than fighting against the State that bore him. He had married a Catholic—and the Lindsays, since the time of that wonderful "Reformation," had ever been staunchest Church of England! Nor was that all of it! His children, his boys—the horror of it!—were reared in the Catholic Faith. Nor did his debasement end here. He himself, returned to the Church of his fathers.

There was the picture of a Lindsay in the gallery who had been a holy Bishop, a man who, if not a saint, had been the most reverend of his age. There was another picture, too, of a splendid, noble-browed cavalier, and there was a story about him in one of the yellowed parchment volumes, kept as sacred in the Lindsay treasure vault. He was Gerard Lindsay, who had given his life for that priceless gift—his Faith. Nay, more, he had seen his little children slaughtered—the three of one poor hunted Irish priest, who, fleeing, bore within his breast the Body of Christ. That was in the time of Father Persons and Father Campian, the noble Jesuits who came from Rome to say Mass in London, in the time of Lord Grey, the cruel Lord-Lieutenant, the tyrant of Ireland, the time when even his noble birth could not outweigh the fact that this Lindsay was Catholic. For it said even more in these parchment volumes. It told how this same Gerard Lindsay stood with arms folded across his breast singing the "Te Deum," while the soldiers took aim and fired, and wounded him in many places, trying to see how they could injure before they killed him. And reading such stories as these occasionally, Uncle Eric's hot blood stirred within him, and he did not feel, for the moment, so bitterly towards his brother Hugh.

Aunt Estelle was different. She had no such toleration in her veins. With pure peasant toughness she held fast to her hatred of the Babylonian tower, and all her pomps and works and followers, as she had been taught in her rigidly Methodist childhood. And once when Hugh Lindsay came home to the manor on a visit, she said some things to him about this Faith which she had never understood. He did not answer her, because she was a woman. But he spoke to his brother when he found him alone, and he said enough to put him into a passion. And Uncle Eric, in a passion, was none too careful of others. He retorted hot and furiously. The consequences were that Hugh Lindsay's wife felt terminated abruptly, and there had been no further communication between the two families—not even when the younger brother died—until now.

(To be Continued.)

Time tries all things, and as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by affecting the organs and restore the voice. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

the old pedler's death, and that of his good-wife, which occurred some years after his marriage, this wealth increased enormously. They had no one to leave it to but their daughter Estelle, and their niece, Mildred, who was them but a boy, and who received from them her portion. Just in all things, they gave the little girl all to which she was entitled.

On the whole, the Lindsays got along remarkably well. Estelle Deykmann, despite her great fondness for birth and breeding, or because of it, I should say, made Eric Lindsay a good wife. They were childless, which was their only regret. Mildred Powell had grown up into a tall and stately girl. Lindsay Manor had been her home from early childhood, and she had acquired some of its pride from constant association. If Estelle Deykmann ever remembered that it was her wealth brought to her by the glorious blooming, she looked at the result with deep content. She was the wife of the most respected man in the county, of the man in whose veins ran the blood of ancestors, who could point back to ancestors that had really lived and moved and had their being, and whose pictures, hanging in the long gallery, filled her with awe. Especially when she came to her own portrait at the end of the line, and gazed at the somewhat too fresh-faced young woman who, did she live in England, might be Countess Lindsay. She rolled her tongue over and over under her tongue—it was, a toothsome morsel, and without a shadow of dissatisfaction in its sound. For Eric Lindsay paid her such honor and respect as she could not have had from one in her own station, and she deferred to him with an awe of his authority that she certainly would never have received had he married in his station. She had faults, indeed, and much she lacked in many things, but after almost thirty years of married life these little slips of tongue and deportment no longer made her husband wince as in the earlier days.

He had taken Gerard Lindsay's eldest boy, Laurence, as his own, and fully intended making him his heir. He loved him in his way, and gave him full liberty. It was an unwise liberty—the boy was spoiled, encouraged, petted. And when he grew up to manhood his will crossed his Uncle Eric's in many things. But to what to blame, and what is the ick? Inevitable. There were such bickerings and such quarrels as made the manor a veritable babel often. There were little murmurings all the time and mighty storms of anger, for Laurence Lindsay was a heedless, merry, graveless scamp, who spent money with fingers wide apart, and his ways threatened ill for the future of the house. It ended one day as all had predicted it must, and Laurence Lindsay left his home for ever, and the old lord of it, cursing him, packed bag and baggage after him. And he took young Harold Eric then, who was wiser than Laurence, had been in that he kept his spendthrift ways to himself—nor did Eric Lindsay hear of them until his sudden ending, when all was revealed, and the old man had another bitter hour.

He bethought him then of the widowed Margaret and her children—who had never come near him to beg or to borrow, and, acting on sudden impulse, he sent the telegram to Hugh. There had been estrangement between old Eric and that dead brother, but he had done worse, in his eyes, than faring into the world heedless of old traditions—worse even than fighting against the State that bore him. He had married a Catholic—and the Lindsays, since the time of that wonderful "Reformation," had ever been staunchest Church of England! Nor was that all of it! His children, his boys—the horror of it!—were reared in the Catholic Faith. Nor did his debasement end here. He himself, returned to the Church of his fathers.

There was the picture of a Lindsay in the gallery who had been a holy Bishop, a man who, if not a saint, had been the most reverend of his age. There was another picture, too, of a splendid, noble-browed cavalier, and there was a story about him in one of the yellowed parchment volumes, kept as sacred in the Lindsay treasure vault. He was Gerard Lindsay, who had given his life for that priceless gift—his Faith. Nay, more, he had seen his little children slaughtered—the three of one poor hunted Irish priest, who, fleeing, bore within his breast the Body of Christ. That was in the time of Father Persons and Father Campian, the noble Jesuits who came from Rome to say Mass in London, in the time of Lord Grey, the cruel Lord-Lieutenant, the tyrant of Ireland, the time when even his noble birth could not outweigh the fact that this Lindsay was Catholic. For it said even more in these parchment volumes. It told how this same Gerard Lindsay stood with arms folded across his breast singing the "Te Deum," while the soldiers took aim and fired, and wounded him in many places, trying to see how they could injure before they killed him. And reading such stories as these occasionally, Uncle Eric's hot blood stirred within him, and he did not feel, for the moment, so bitterly towards his brother Hugh.

Aunt Estelle was different. She had no such toleration in her veins. With pure peasant toughness she held fast to her hatred of the Babylonian tower, and all her pomps and works and followers, as she had been taught in her rigidly Methodist childhood. And once when Hugh Lindsay came home to the manor on a visit, she said some things to him about this Faith which she had never understood. He did not answer her, because she was a woman. But he spoke to his brother when he found him alone, and he said enough to put him into a passion. And Uncle Eric, in a passion, was none too careful of others. He retorted hot and furiously. The consequences were that Hugh Lindsay's wife felt terminated abruptly, and there had been no further communication between the two families—not even when the younger brother died—until now.

(To be Continued.)

Time tries all things, and as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by affecting the organs and restore the voice. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1851 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets: \$2,546,000 Annual Income: \$475,000 Losses paid since organization: \$7,000,000

DIRECTORS: Hon. GEO. A. COX, PRESIDENT; J. J. KENNY, VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR; Geo. R. B. Cockburn, Geo. R. B. Cockburn, J. K. Ingham, E. R. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., C. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592 & Main 5098. Phone: Residence Park 667.

Established 1824 The MANCHESTER FIRE Assurance Co. Head Office—MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. H. S. HALLETT, Manager and Secy.

Assets over \$13,000,000 Canadian Branch Head Office—TORONTO. JAS. BOOMER, Manager. T. D. RICHARDSON, Assn. Manager. W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents. Phone M. 592 & M. 5098 14 Victoria St. Toronto. Residence Phone Park 667.

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free. Head Office—Confederation Life Building, Toronto. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Pres.

THE EXGELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30 Men of character and ability to write Insurance can obtain with this Company an agency which will give them an ever increasing income apply to HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO DWIN MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASSEN, President.

A PRIVATE TRUSTEE May become bankrupt, may become a defaulter, may leave the country, may become incapacitated through accident, illness, or mental derangement, and in the course of nature must some day die. A Trusts Corporation Has perpetual existence, never becomes insolvent, never changes its residence, keeps complete records and accounts, and cannot shirk any of its responsibilities.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Paid-up Capital \$1,000,000 Reserve Fund - \$300,000 59 Yonge St., Toronto

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS C. Mc. L. STINSON Local Manager

WM. A. LEE & SON GENERAL AGENTS 14 Victoria Street, Toronto. Phone Main 592 & Main 5098. Residence Phone Park 667.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.

To decide between love and duty has caused hours of worry to men as well as to women. Confidence is not easily gained where exaggerated love of self is found to exist.

Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly, contains a selection of any scientific journal, 1 volume of 64 pages, 12 issues, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 311 Broadway, New York. Office: 7th St., Washington, D. C.

Legal JAMES E. DAVY Successor to ANGELIN & MALLON BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR Office: Land security Chambers, 7 Corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. Telephone Main 1265.

H. HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Practicing in Admiralty, Offices: Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1240. T. FRANK SLATTERY, Resident, 25 Simcoe St. E. Phone Main 2056. EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 25 George Ave. Res. Phone 1053.

L. LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. O.T.T.A., ONT. F. R. Latchford K.C. J. Lora McDougall Edward J. Daly.

L. E. O'DONOGHUE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto, Ont. Offices—Boltin, Ont. Phone Main 1283. Res. Phone Main 2075. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue LL.B.

M. CBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Practicing in Admiralty, Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 2055. L. V. McBrady, K.C. T. J. W. O'Connor. Res. Phone North 453.

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Chequer Court Agents CARLETON CHAMBERS OTTAWA, ONT. Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C. LL.D. D'Arcy Scott W. H. Curle, M.A. E. P. Gleeson D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Canada.

UNWIN, MURPHY & H. L. ESTER C.J. MURPHY, E. L. ESTER ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, Etc. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto. Telephone Main 1257.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT 10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

Roofing FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone Main 53.

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 11 JORDAN ST. 1 DOOR SOUTH OF KING. TORONTO.

B. CAIRNS Patent Tingley & Stewart Mfg. Co. RUBBER STEEL METAL STAMPS Seals, Dies, Stencils 10 King Street West. TORONTO, ONT.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 319 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1406

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 240 King St. East, Toronto Telephone Main 1034.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER Telephone 879 359 YONGE ST. MAIN 879 TORONTO

MONUMENTS Finest work and best designs at lowest prices. Granite and Marble Monuments. We are the Largest Manufacturers in the Dominion. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. LIMITED, 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone North 1249 TORONTO

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS ANYONE desiring a patent or copyright should apply to MUNN & Co., 311 Broadway, New York. Office: 7th St., Washington, D. C.

