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PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Late Charles Durand's Reminiscences Revived—His Brother at Kingston, not his Father, Called "Jimmy" Durand—Peter Des Jardin—The Des Jardin Canal R. R. Bridge Accident—Gold Hunting in Upper Canada—The Late George Gurnett—Dr. Rolph Prominent in Upper Canada—What Col. Talbot's Brother, an Irishman, said in His Book—Sir Allan McNab and Family.

The "Jimmy" Durand I mentioned in my last sketch was a brother of "Charley" Durand, not his father, as I stated, although his father was conspicuous in his day and a member of the Upper Canada Legislature, representing the Counties of Wentworth and Halton. James or "Jimmy" Durand lived in Kingston and was a conspicuous man in that city. I used to hear the Smiley boys, who started the Hamilton Spectator, who came from Kingston, talk frequently of "Jimmy" Durand, and supposed he must have been a good deal of a character, like his brother.

I think Mr. Charles Durand must have been a good deal mistaken about the size of his father's farm if it extended from the brow of the mountain, in Hamilton, to the north side of King street, and from James street on the west side to Wellington street on the east. Surely the extent of territory was much more than one hundred acres; I should say several hundred acres. It included the court house square and the "Gore" on King street.

In coming from Norfolk County to take possession of this farm, they came down the mountain over a trail when his father's first wife lost her life by being thrown out of a two-wheel curricule, over the rocks. This was said to be the first accident of the kind that occurred there. People can little imagine the danger that travel on that mountain was inclined to in its native state. I have, however, myself seen the boys of Hamilton fly down it on sleds on the John street road in winter time, "belly-gutter" when the sleighing was good. The Dr. William Case that Mr. Durand mentions in connection with this sad accident, I well remember, and I think was once employed in our family. Dr. Case was a venerable man when Mr. Durand wrote, but his father was a doctor in Hamilton before him, and attended his father's wife when the mountain accident occurred that brought on her death.

Mr. Durand calls to recollection the name of a man who was at one time conspicuous in Dundas—a Frenchman named Peter Des Jardin, the father of the Des Jardin Canal, extending from Burlington Bay to Dundas. This gentleman was in the employ of Mr. Durand's father as assistant in his Norfolk store. He accompanied the Durand family from Norfolk to Hamilton and was in the party when the accident here related occurred. There was a railroad bridge built over this canal when the Great Western Railroad was built, and there is one there now. It gave way under a train from Toronto one night in 1856 and precipitated many people into the ice-covered canal below, and killed them. I intended to be a passenger on that train that evening, but fortunately for me, I was not ready when the hour of departure (about seven o'clock) arrived. I viewed the wreck, however, next morning. Among the dead were Mr. Zimmerman, the contractor for that section of the road; Mr. Donald Stewart, merchant of Hamilton, and Mr. Hugh McSloy, merchant, of St. Catharines.

I never knew there was at one time gold-hunting in that locality, but Mr. Durand says his father and elder brother went hunting for gold in the mountains of Flamboro and Esquesing. But there was a craze of that kind all over Upper Canada as there

is generally over all new countries with mountains. The time was from 1816 to 1820.

I am surprised to learn from Mr. Durand's book that one of Toronto's ex-mayors and police magistrates that I knew well, once resided at Ancaster, an old village now delapidated, and situated seven miles south-west of Hamilton. That was Mr. George Gurnett. He also published a newspaper there called "The Gore Gazette," which he removed to Toronto and published here as a family compact paper for some years, as "The Courier," and advocating Conservative principles. He was mayor of Toronto when the Baldwin Administration passed the anti-party processions act, about 1844. The Orangemen of Toronto were bound to have their parade on the 12th of July, act or no act, and Mr. Gurnett tried to stop them; but they showed their respect for the representative of the law by overturning him in a ditch. The law, however, was observed by the more respectable of the followers of King William, and only the tag-rag-and-bob-tail insisted on "walking." Old citizens will remember what had felt many Orangemen used to have in those days, howsoever they got them. As Mr. Gurnett was an Englishman, however, he was "trooly-loil." Years ago I knew two of "Cady" Gurnett's nephews in Oakland, California, where they were prominent in business, and one of them was quite a representative man. Mr. Durand did not have a very good opinion of Mr. Gurnett, because he was too subservient to the "Compact" people.

Mr. Durand's father was the most important early settler in Hamilton. He was the first merchant, the first distiller, the first captain of militia, the first newspaper publisher, and a member of the Upper Canada Legislature for the united counties of Wentworth and Halton. He was also the first registrar of lands.

In 1828 Mr. Charles Durand went to school in Dundas to a teacher named McMahon, a Dublin scholar brought out to Canada by four Canadian gentlemen—his father, Mr. Emanuel Overfield, Mr. Cable Hopkins and Mr. Nelles of Grimsby. He was a very capable teacher and a Greek and Latin scholar. Of these four gentlemen the present writer has a good recollection of one, Mr. Caleb Hopkins, who lived across the bay from Hamilton in Halton county. He was the man whom the "Celebrities" or "Clear Grits," were first called after. I think he was a farmer. When John Wettenhall, a Liberal, representing Halton, was taken into the Cabinet by Mr. Baldwin and when up for re-election he was opposed by Mr. Caleb Hopkins and defeated. This was really the beginning of the "Grit" party, which Mr. George Brown strenuously opposed and ridiculed in its infancy; but subsequently became its leader himself.

Mr. Durand and his father boarded a short time with the family of Mr. McMahon. He was the father of the present Judge McMahon, of County Judge McMahon, and of Dr. McMahon of Dundas. After going to Mr. McMahon's school for a year or two with his brothers, Mr. Durand went to a school in Hamilton kept by a Mr. Stephenson Randall, a very odd but gifted young man from Quebec, who had been sent up as a protégé of Bishop Mountain, the Protestant Bishop.

John Law is a famous name in American and European history. Hamilton had a John Law in those early days, who taught school too, and Mr. Durand was for a time one of his pupils. I knew his sons, Robert and James, in my young boyhood days, and well remember their residence on Main street, a little west of Hugon street. Mr. Durand studied law close to the same spot with a Mr.

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Robert Berric, a Scotch lawyer, who was also clerk of the peace for Wentworth and Halton; and, if I am not mistaken, his office was on Hugon street, in the same brick house in which was situated afterwards the law offices of Hugh B. Wilson, George S. Tiffany, and John Sheridan Hogan, all famous men in their day. In the basement of the same house resided Col. Brown, Hamilton's famous colored man and bell-ringer in the forties. I remember well witnessing this colored man's interview with Lord Metcalfe, when he held a reception at Butley's Hotel, on the occasion of his visit to Hamilton in 1843. There was another Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, who visited Hamilton as early as 1825. It was for that era in Canada a great affair. He was one of Wellington's Waterloo colonels, and was succeeded in 1828 by Sir John Colborne, another Waterloo hero. Maitland was opposed to the work and agitation of the McKenzie of that day, Robert Gourlay, who was also bitterly antagonized by all the "Family Compact," composed of the Robinsons, Strachans, Allans, Smalls, Ridouts, Powells, Cruickshanks, Campbells, Jarvises, Gambells, etc.

Dr. John Rolph was somewhat prominent in those days, residing at different times in the Talbot settlement in Norfolk County, in Dundas, and subsequently in Toronto. He had a brother too, who resided in Ancaster and Dundas at different times. A brother of Mr. Durand married a sister of his, Miss Maria, in Dundas. Marshall S. Bidwell, the most able man connected with the rebellion of 1837, was a fast friend of Dr. Rolph; but he went to New York state, whence he came, before proceedings could be taken against him. Dr. Rolph regretted the part he himself took in the rebellion, but Mr. Durand says if he had put his foot on the incipient movements, the rebellion would not have taken place. At any rate the great doctor was an uncertain quantity and in the legislature of United Canada before confederation, John Sheridan Hogan, when parliamentary correspondent of the "Daily Colonist," used to describe him as "Old Dissolving Views."

A brother of Col. Talbot, an Irishman, published a work in early days about Canada, in which he asserted that "the flowers of Canada had no fragrance, the birds no song, and the women no virtue." This must be an old slander, because I remember the same used to be asserted about California in later years.

In the year 1827 Francis Collins, an Irishman and an accomplished journalist and parliamentary reporter, published a paper in Toronto named the "Canadian Freeman." For rather too freely discussing the conduct of the official aristocracy of York and their narrow, bigoted views as to emigration, speaking of John Beverley Robinson, then Attorney-General of Upper Canada, used the term "his native malignity." It was called a criminal libel for which Mr. Robinson had him indicted and tried, and the Court fined him \$50. At the time the current rate of \$300 an ounce, in addition he was sentenced to imprisonment for one year. Mr. Collins was defended by Mr. R. B. Sullivan, who was brought from London, Ont., for the purpose. The severity caused

a great sensation and a clamor arose against the Attorney-General that was not soon subdued, and most people thought it was good proof of the "native malignity" of the man. Collins laid in jail and defied the "malignity" of Mr. Sullivan and showed such interest in his behalf that the people sent him a requisition to return to Toronto and make his future home there as they needed so able and eloquent a man "to fight the Compact."

In his description of York in 1831, Mr. Durand says of the churches then in Toronto: "There was an old Kirk of Scotland church almost opposite the Cathedral (St. James), and there was a little rural church near where Knox's church now stands. There was a brick Methodist church on the corner of Toronto and Adelaide streets. Those two churches disappeared long ago and Knox's church is now gone. There was a small wooden church on Jarvis street near Richmond in which the Congregationalists worshipped. 'No Roman Catholic church of any size (if any at all) existed.' St. Paul's was built in 1826, a good sized brick edifice, and of course existed. But Mr. Durand overlooked it, I suppose, as it was not in the centre of the city, like the others."

Mr. Durand describes the newspapers of that day as follows: "The papers in York were the 'Courier,' a leading Tory, once owned by George Gurnett; the 'Observer,' owned by Mr. Carey, a well-known independent, but odd writer; the 'Freeman,' by Francis Collins, who had offended John Beverley Robinson's 'native malignity'; W. L. Mackenzie's 'Advocate,' a most spicy political critic against the Family Compact; the 'Colonist,' edited by a bullying bigoted Scotch Tory named Scobie, who was like George Gurnett, and the 'Patriot,' bitter against the poor patriot prisoners. It was a large paper and ably conducted. In fact, the talent in papers was with the Tories, and in that day York had many." "Mr. Dalton published a paper called the 'Patriot'—continued in the 'Leader'—in very modern times. He was the father of the late R. G. Dalton, Master in Chambers at Osgoode Hall, one of the fairest, most learned and most useful lawyers in Toronto, whose death I, and all lawyers, regretted a few years ago. I am not certain but that Mr. Fothergill published a paper, the Palladium. The 'Christian Guardian,' a religious paper, was in existence and most ably conducted." I believe there were one or two papers omitted from this list, but I am not prepared to mention them now, as I am not certain of their dates. Mr. Durand mentions an editor, an Irishman named Johnson, who published a paper named the 'Western Mercury' and died of the cholera in 1832. He came to the country in 1831, when quite a number of educated Irishmen came out, such as the Blakes, Crovns and Killas, and settled near London. Mr. Durand does not mention where Mr. Johnson published the 'Western Mercury,' but I presume it was in London.

The cholera followed the course of immigration everywhere in 1832, and the poor immigrants suffered death very largely. It was said to have been fatal to one in twenty in Toronto.

Mr. Durand joined a revivalist church and some of the Hamilton people, he says, ridiculed the idea. He names some of them, nearly every one of whom I knew in the forties. They were "Edward Jackson," he says, "a worldly business man." He kept a tin-shop on King street east, and was an American, and during my time was considered pious. "John Winer, a good-natured, easy-going, worldly man." John Winer was a manufacturing druggist and an American. His first occupation was said to be that of blacksmith in Rochester, N.Y. He raised a large family, mostly girls, some of whom married Catholic gentlemen. His son William was the doctor of the Mulligan Irish Brigade of Chicago, in the war of secession. He married the youngest daughter of Mrs. and Dr. King of Toronto a Catholic. Both are long since dead. The Mr. Daley referred to was once a neighbor of mine. He was known as "Billy" Daley, an Irish hotel-keeper, up King

JUBILEE PRESENTATION

TO REV. FATHER CONWAY

Popular Parish Priest, of Norwood, Honored Upon the Occasion of His Golden Jubilee—Presentation Was Made in the Parlor of St. Peter's Rectory, by Rev. Father Murray, of Cobourg, at Close of Retreat for Priests of the Diocese.

At the close of the retreat for the priests of the Diocese of Peterborough, Rev. Father Conway, the venerable and highly esteemed pastor of St. Paul's, Norwood, was invited to the parlor of St. Peter's rectory, where His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, and the priests of the diocese were assembled, and there presented with several valuable gifts by His Lordship and brother priests. The presentation consisted of two rich copes with veils to match, two costly chasubles, one in gold and the other in red silk velvet, a handsome missal and stand, a complete set of highly finished candelabra and a chime of altar bells.

The special present of His Lordship was a magnificent set of lamps, for the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

This beautiful display of rich and valuable altar goods artistically arranged on tables, on one side of the parlor, presented a very attractive appearance, and sufficient to quite unnerve the otherwise stout heart of the venerable patriarch of Norwood. Father Murray, P.P., of Cobourg, was chosen to make the presentation and he did it, with his accustomed easy, graceful, touching style, which lends force and conviction to every word he utters.

He could not, he said, go back to Father Conway's early days as a priest, and speak, from personal observation of a career so loudly praised by older men, but he would speak of Father Conway, as he knew him, since his coming to Peterborough diocese some twenty-five years ago. He then recited his many labours, in the service of the Divine Master from the days of the Sacred and beloved Bishop Jamot, down to the present time, his unceasing devotion to duty, his kind, warm Irish heart, and the genial hospitality for which his

street west, near the residence of Hon. Samuel Mills. "The two Clarks," who were Yankees of a pronounced type. One was a cabinet-maker, the other a tailor. The cabinet-maker was called "Lignum-vitae Clark" and "Hickory Clark," he was so hard and tough in business matters. "Alexander Carpenter, who kept a tin-shop on John street, near King William street." He, too, was an American. Mr. Durand calls him a foundryman, which is a mistake. About the year 1845 or 1844, however, he started a small foundry in the old "Journal and Express" building, on John street, a little north of King William street, and brought over two young moulders from New York state to run it for him. He had an Irishman named John Kenny to break the pig iron and do the laboring work. Those two young men were the Gurneys, who since became so famous in the industrial world, and died millionaires. "Mr. Burley, the innkeeper, and George Carey, the innkeeper." I did not know only by reputation, because they were before my time. "Mr. Sheldon, near Hamilton." He was an American, too, and a rather worldly man. He sold his farm near Hamilton, and moved into the town. "The Case family; among them Horace, now dead; Doctor William Case, now so old, near 100." I knew them; Horace Case was an architect, and Dr. Case lived up King street west. I remember having occasion to call on him several times. They, too, were an American family. The Hamilton family; Mr. John Law, Stephen Randall, Sheriff Jarvis, all dead." Mr. Law's office, I well remember. Stephen Randall I have no recollection of, but I know he was in Hamilton in my day. I have no recollection of a Sheriff Jarvis being in Hamilton. "I forgot Andrew Miller and Andrew Mellroy," Andrew Mellroy was the only Irishman in the lot. He kept teams and did contracting. "These," he says, "were some of them that knew me, and yet another well-known worldly man, Allan N. McNab, always then and ever so, to my knowledge, scoffing at religion." Sir Allan was nominally a member of the Church of England, but his good wife was a devout Catholic, and was always present at mass with her sister and daughters, in the little, old roughcast church, that preceded the present St. Mary's Cathedral, when old Vicar-General Macdonell was the parish priest; and Sir Allan himself became a convert to the true faith on his dying bed, and was attended, I think, by the late Bishop O'Farrell.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

home was ever noted. He bore testimony of Father Conway's sterling worth, as a man and as a priest, every word of which found a responsive echo in the hearts of the bishop and priests assembled, by whom the reverend father is held in the highest esteem, not alone for his long years of faithful service in the ministry, but also for that uniform kindness and consideration which marks his intercourse with others. The address of Father Murray, though entirely impromptu, was a polished piece of literary diction. Father Conway was visibly affected as well by the elaborate display of vestments, as the kind and feeling words with which they were presented, and some moments of utter silence elapsed, before he could give expression to the fullness of his heart.

He thanked his brother priests for their kind remembrance of him, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, and very modestly disclaimed any right to the many flattering things said of him, by his tried and trusted friend, Father Murray. He had only done his simple and plain duty as a priest, and it had pleased Almighty God to bless his feeble efforts. He referred most touchingly to his dear departed friend Bishop Jamot, with whom he had worked side by side for so many years, and to whose fatherly advice he owed much of his early success in this diocese and that of Toronto. For the priests of Toronto diocese, most of whom had seat their congratulations, accompanied by suitable tokens of regard, he had only words of the highest praise. For his Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, he could not find words fitting to express his thanks. He had always found in him a true and faithful friend, a prudent and kind father, whose cheering words of congratulation he appreciated beyond gold or silver. Referring to Father Murray's remarks regarding his spirit of hospitality, he said, that his heart and home would ever remain the same, and that a "Caed mille fallite" always awaited his friends and associates both past and present. At the close, his Lordship Bishop O'Connor, addressed a few words of congratulation to Father Conway, thanked him for his many years of faithful service in the good work of the diocese, humorously referred to many pleasing incidents in Father Conway's early life, and prayed that God might prolong his days of usefulness, and grant him the happiness of celebrating his Diamond Jubilee, either here in the land of his adoption, or among the friends of his youth, in the Green Isle beyond the sea.

Death of Sister Johanna Kelly

A conspicuous figure in the ranks of the Community of Grey Nuns, Ottawa, has passed away in the person of Sister Johanna Kelly, who died at the Mother Home, Aug. 21st, after a very brief illness. The deceased Sister was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, in 1840. As a student with the Community in which she died she made her mark particularly as a mathematician. She entered in 1858 and during her time in the Order was noted for her enthusiasm in her work. Ogdensburg, Buffalo, Plattsburg and Aviler were in early days the scene of her labors. The last years of her life were passed as superintendent of the education of the orphan children of St. Patrick's Home, Ottawa, and many men and women, once children under her charge, now testify to her zeal in their behalf. At the funeral His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa presided. Thomas and Frank Grimes, Ottawa, and John Grimes, Toronto, are nephews of the deceased "Sister, R.I.P."

New Catholic Orphan's Home for Montreal

A new home for orphans, as an addition to the present St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, is to be built in Montreal at a cost of \$150,000. An addition is also to be built to St. Bridget's Home, Dorchester street, at a cost of \$55,000.

Priest Reported Robbed

Rev. Benedict Rosinski of St. Stanislas Church, Cleveland, on entering a house on a sick call, is said to have been robbed of \$1,000 in cash and two cheques for \$500 each. The story is doubtful.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"I shall never repent the preservation of my self-respect, sir," said Edward.

His father rose a little higher still, and looking at him as though curious to know if he were quite resolved and earnest, dropped gently down again.

"It is," replied Edward, "and it is sad when a son, proffering him his love and duty in their best and truest sense, finds himself repelled at every turn, and forced to disobey. Dear father," he added, more earnestly than in a gentler tone, "I have reflected many times on what occurred between us when we first discussed this subject."

"The curse may pass your lips," said Edward, "but it will be but empty breath. I do not believe that any man on earth has greater power to call one down upon his fellow-least of all, upon his own child—than he has to make one drop of rain or flake of snow fall from the clouds above us at his impious bidding."

"You are so very irreligious, so exceedingly ungodly, so horribly profane," rejoined his father, turning his face lazily towards him, and cracking another nut, "that I positively must interrupt you here. It is quite impossible we can continue to go on, upon such terms as these. If you will do me the favor to ring the bell, the servant will show you to the door. Return to this roof no more, I beg you. Go, sir, since you have no moral sense remaining; and go to the Devil, at my express desire. Good-day."

Edward left the room without another word or look, and turned his back upon the house forever.

The father's face was slightly flushed and heated, but his manner was quite unchanged, as he rang the bell again, and addressed his servant on his entrance.

"Peak—if that gentleman who has just gone out—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, Mr. Edward?"

"Were there more than one, do you ask the question?—If that gentleman should send here for his wardrobe, let him have it, do you hear? If he should call himself at any time, I'm not at home. You'll tell him so, and shut the door."

So, it soon got whispered about that Mr. Chester was unfortunate in his son, who had occasioned him great grief and sorrow. And the good people who heard this and told it again, marvelled the more at his equanimity and even temper, and said what an amiable nature that man must have, who, having undergone so much, could be so placid and so calm. And when Edward's name was spoken, Society shook its head and laid its finger on its lip, and sighed, and looked very grave; and those who had sons about his age, waxed wrathful and indignant, and hoped, for Virtue's sake, that he was dead. And the world went on turning round as usual, for five years, concerning which this Narrative is silent.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

One wintry evening, early in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty, a keen north wind arose as it grew dark, and night came on with black and dismal looks. A bitter storm of sleet, sharp, dense, and icy-cold, swept the wet streets, and rattled on the trembling windows. Sign-boards, shaken past endurance in their creaking frames, fell crashing on the pavement; old tottering chimneys reeled and staggered in the blast; and many a steeple rocked again that night, as though the earth were troubled.

It was not a time for those who could by any means get light and warmth, to brave the fury of the weather. In coffee-houses of the better sort, guests crowded round the fire, forgot to be political, and told each other with a secret gladness, that the blast grew fiercer every minute. Each humble tavern by the water-side had its group of uncouth figures round the hearth; who talked of vessels foundering at sea, and all hands lost, related many a dismal tale of shipwreck and drowned men, and hoped that some they knew were safe, and shook their heads in doubt. In private dwellings, children clustered near the blaze, listening with timid pleasure to tales of ghosts and goblins and tall figures and in white standing by bedside, and people who had gone to sleep in old churches and being overlooked had found themselves alone there at the dead hour of night, until they shuddered at the thought of the dark rooms up-stairs, yet loved to hear the wind moan too, and hoped it would continue bravely. From time to time these happy in-door people stopped to listen, or one held up his finger and cried "Hark!" and then,

above the rumbling in the chimney, and the fast pattering on the glass, was heard a wailing, rushing sound, which shook the walls as though a giant's hand were on them; then a hoarse roar as if the sea had risen; then such a whirl and tumult that the air seemed mad; and then, with a lengthened howl, the waves of wind swept on, and left a moment's interval of rest.

Cheerily, though there were none abroad to see it, shone the Maypole light that evening. Blessings on the red-deep ruby, glowing red—old curtain of the window, blending into one rich stream of brightness, fire and candle, meat, drink, and company, and gleaming like a jovial eye upon the bleak waste out of doors! Within, what carpet like its crunching sand, what music merry as its crackling logs, what perfume like its kitchen's dainty breath, what weather genial as its hearty warmth! Blessings on the old house, how studiously it stood! How did the vexed wind chafe and roar about its stalwart roof; how did it pant and strive with its wide chimneys, which still poured forth from their hospitable throats, great clouds of smoke, and puffed defiance in its face, how above all, did it drive and rattle at the casement, emulous to extinguish that cheerful glow, which would not be put down and seemed the brighter for the conflict.

The profusion too, the rich and lavish bounty, of that godly tavern! It was not enough that one fire roared and sparkled on its spacious hearth; in the tiles which paved and compassed it, five hundred flickering fires burnt brightly also. It was not enough that one red curtain shut the wild night out, and shed its cheerful influence on the room. In every saucypan lid, and candlestick, and vessel of copper, brass, or tin that hung upon the walls, were countless ruddy rangings, flashing and gleaming with every motion of the blaze, and offering, let the eye wander where it might, interminable vistas of the same rich color. The old oak wainscoting, the beams, the chairs, the seats, reflected it in a deep dull glimmer. There were fires and red curtains in the very eyes of the drinkers, in their buttons, in their liquor, in the pipes they smoked.

Mr. Willet sat in what had been his accustomed place five years before, with his eyes on the eternal boiler; and had sat there since the clock struck eight, giving no other signs of life than breathing with a loud and constant snore (though he was wide awake), and from time to time putting his glass to his lips, or knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and filling it anew. It was now half-past ten. Mr. Cobb and long Phil Parkes were his companions, as of old, and for two mortal hours and a half, none of the company had pronounced one word.

Whether people, by dint of sitting together in the same place and the same relative positions, and doing exactly the same things for a great many years, acquire a sixth sense, or some unknown power of influencing each other which serves them in its stead, is a question for philosophy to settle. But certain it is that old John Willet, Mr. Parkes, and Mr. Cobb, were one and all firmly of the opinion that they were very jolly companions—rather choice spirits at each other every now and then as if there were a perpetual interchange of ideas going on among them; that no man considered himself or his neighbor by any means silent; and that each of them nodded occasionally when he caught the eye of another, as if he would say, "You have expressed yourself extremely well, sir, in relation to that sentiment, and I quite agree with you."

The room was so very warm, the tobacco so very good, and the fire so very soothing, that Mr. Willet by degrees began to doze; but as he had perfectly acquired, by dint of long habit, the art of smoking in his sleep and as his breathing was pretty much the same, awake or asleep, saying that in the latter case he sometimes experienced a slight difficulty in respiration (such as a carpenter meets with when he is planning and comes to a knot), neither of his companions was aware of the circumstance, until he met with one of the impediments and was obliged to try again.

"Johnny's dropped off," said Mr. Parkes in a whisper. "Fast as a top," said Mr. Cobb. "Neither of them said any more until Mr. Willet came to another knot—one of surprising obtuseness—which bade fair to throw him into convulsions, but which he got over at last without waking, by an effort quite superhuman."

"He sleeps uncommon hard," said Mr. Cobb. Mr. Parkes, who was possibly a hard sleeper himself, replied with some disdain, "Not a bit on it," and directed his eyes towards a handbill pasted over the chimney-piece, which was decorated at the top with a woodcut representing a youth of tender years running away very fast, with a bundle over his shoulder at the end of a stick, and—to carry out the idea—a finger-post and a milestone beside him. Mr. Cobb likewise turned his eyes in the same direction and surveyed the placard as if that were the first time he had ever beheld it. Now, this was a document which Mr. Willet had himself indited on the disappearance of his son Joseph, acquainting the nobility and gentry and the public in general with the circumstances of his having left his home; describing his dress and appearance; and offering a reward of five pounds to any person or persons who would pack him up and return him safely to the Maypole at Chigwell; and lodge him in any of his Majesty's jails until such time as his father should come and claim him. In this advertisement Mr. Willet had obstinately persisted, despite the advice and entreaties of his friends, in describing his son as a "young boy"; and furthermore as being from eighteen to a couple of feet shorter than he really was; two circumstances which perhaps accounted, in some degree, for its never having been productive of any other effect than the

It contains all that is good for the system and nothing injurious



Ceylon tea direct from the Gardens of the finest tea producing country in the world.

Sold only in Lead Packets—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb.—By all Grocers. Black, Mixed or Green, Highest Award. St. Louis 1904.

transmission to Chigwell at various times and at a vast expense, of some five and forty runaways varying from six years old to twelve.

Mr. Cobb and Mr. Parkes looked mysteriously at this composition, at each other, and at old John. From the time he had pasted it up with his own hands, Mr. Willet had never by word or sign alluded to the subject, or encouraged any one else to do so. Nobody had the least notion what his thoughts or opinions were, connected with it; whether he remembered it or forgot it; whether he had any idea that such an event had ever taken place. Therefore, even while he slept, no one ventured to refer to it in his presence; and for such sufficient reasons, these his chosen friends were silent now.

Mr. Willet had got by this time into such a complication of knots, that it was perfectly clear he must wake or die. He chose the former alternative, and opened his eyes. "If he don't come in five minutes," said John, "I shall have supper without him."

The antecedent of this pronoun had been mentioned for the last time at eight o'clock, Messrs. Parkes and Cobb being used to this style of conversation, replied without difficulty that to be sure Solomon was very late, and they wondered what had happened to detain him.

"He ain't blown away, I suppose," said Parkes. "It's enough to carry a man of his figure off his legs, and easy too. Do you hear it? It blows great guns, indeed. There'll be many a crash in the Forest to-night, I reckon, and many a broken branch upon the ground to-morrow."

"It won't blow anything in the Maypole, I take it, sir," returned old John. "Let it try, I give it leave—what's that?"

"The wind," cried Parkes. "It's howling like a Christian, and has been all night long." "Did you ever, sir," asked John, after a minute's contemplation, "hear the wind say 'Maypole'?" "Why, what man ever did?" said Parkes. "Nor 'ahoy, perhaps,'" added John. "No. Nor that neither."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Willet, perfectly unmoved; then if that was the wind just now, and you'll wait a little time without speaking, you'll hear it say both words very plain."

Mr. Willet was right. After listening for a few moments, they could clearly hear, above the roar and tumult out of doors, this shout repeated; and that with a shrillness and energy, which denoted that it came from some person in great distress or terror. They looked at each other, turned pale, and held their breath. No man stirred.

It was in this emergency that Mr. Willet displayed something of the strength of mind and plentitude of mental resource, which rendered him the admiration of all his friends and neighbors. After looking at Messrs. Parkes and Cobb for some time in silence, he clapped his two hands to his cheeks, and sent forth a roar which made the glasses dance and rattlers ring—a long-sustained, discordant yell, that rolled onward with the wind, and startling every echo, made the night a hundred times more boisterous—a deep, loud, dismal roar, that sounded like a human voice. It opened his eyes, and his head and face swollen with the great exertion, and his countenance suffused with a lively purple, he drew a little nearer to the fire, and turning his back upon it, said with dignity,—

"If that's any comfort to anybody, they're welcome to it. If it ain't, I am sorry for 'em. If either of you two gentlemen likes to go out and see what the matter, you can. I'm not curious, myself."

While he spoke the cry drew nearer and nearer, footsteps passed the window, the latch of the door was raised, it opened, was violently closed again, and Solomon Daisy, with a lighted lantern in his hand, and the rain streaming from his disordered dress, dashed into the room.

A more complete picture of terror than the little man presented, it would be difficult to imagine. The perspiration stood in beads upon his face, his knees knocked together, his every limb trembled, the power of articulation was quite gone; and there he stood, panting for breath, gazing on them with such livid ashy looks, that they were infected with his fear, though ignorant of its occasion, and reflecting his dismayed and horror-stricken visage, stared back again without venturing to question him; until old John Willet, in a fit of temporary insanity, made a dive at his cravat, and, seizing him by that portion of his dress, took him to and fro until his very teeth appeared to rattle in his head.

you? What do you mean? Say sometimes, or I'll be the death of you, I will."

Mr. Willet, in his frenzy, was so near keeping his word to the very letter (Solomon Daisy's eyes already beginning to roll in an alarming manner, and certain guttural sounds, as of a choking man, to issue from his throat), that the two bystanders, recovering in some degree, plucked him off his victim by main force, and placed the little clerk of Chigwell in a chair. Directing a fearful gaze all round the room, he implored them all to lock the house door and close and bar the shutters of the room, without a moment's loss of time. The latter request did not tend to reassure his hearers, or to fill them with the greatest expedition; and having handed him a bumper of brandy and water, nearly boiling hot, waited to hear what he might have to tell them.

"Oh, Johnny," said Solomon, shaking him by the hand. "Oh, Parkes, Oh, Tommy Cobb. Why did I leave this house to-night? On the nineteenth of March—of all nights in the year, on the nineteenth of March!"

They all drew closer to the fire. Parkes, who was nearest to the door, started and looked over his shoulder. Mr. Willet, with great indignation, inquired what the devil he meant by that—and then said, "God forgive me," and glanced over his own shoulder, and came a little nearer.

"When I left here to-night," said Solomon Daisy, "I little thought what day of the month it was. I have gone alone into the church after dark on this day, for seven and twenty years. I have heard it said that as we keep our birthdays when we are alive, so the ghosts of dead people, keep the day they died upon. How the wind roars!"

Nobody spoke. All eyes were fastened on Solomon. "I might have known," he said, "what night it was, by the foul weather. There's no such night in the whole year round as this is, always. I never sleep quietly in my bed on the nineteenth of March."

"Go on," said Tom Cobb, in a low voice. "Nor I neither."

Solomon Daisy raised his glass to his lips; put it down upon the floor with such a trembling hand that the spoon tinkled in it like a little bell; and continued thus,—

"Have I ever said that we are always brought back to this subject in some strange way, when the nineteenth of this month comes round? Do you suppose it was by accident, I forgot to wind up the church clock? I never forgot it at any other time, though it's such a clumsy thing that it has to be wound up every day. Why should it escape my memory on this day of all others?"

"I made as much haste down there as I could when I went from here, but I had to go home first for the keys; and the wind and rain being dead against me all the way, it was pretty well as much as I could do at times to keep my legs. I got there at last, opened the church door, and in I had not net a soul all the way, and you may judge whether it was dull or not. Neither of you would bear me company. If you could have known what was to come you'd have been in the right."

"The wind was so strong that it was as much as I could do to shut the church door; by putting my whole weight against it; and even as it was, it burst wide open twice, with such strength that any of you would have sworn, if you had been leaning against it, as I was, that somebody was pushing on the other side. However, I got the key turned, went into the lobby, and wound up the clock—which was very near run down, and would have stood stock-still in half an hour."

"As I took up my lantern again to leave the church, it came upon me all at once that this was the nineteenth of March. It came upon me with a kind of shock, as if a hand had struck the thought upon my forehead; at the very same moment, I heard a voice outside the tower—rising from among the graves."

Here old John precipitately interrupted the speaker, and begged that if Parkes (who was seated opposite to him and was staring directly over his head) saw anything, he would give the goodness to mention it. Mr. Parkes apologized and remarked that he was only listening; to which Mr. Willet angrily retorted, that his listening with that kind of expression on his face was not agreeable, and that if he couldn't look like other people, he had better put his pocket-handkerchief over his head. Mr. Parkes with great submission pledged himself to do so, if again required, and John Willet turning to Solomon desired him to proceed. After waiting until a violent gust of wind and rain, which seemed to shake even that sturdy house to its foundation, had passed away, the little man complied.

"Never tell me that it was my fancy, or that it was any other sound which I mistook for that I tell you of. I heard the wind whistle through the arches of the church. I heard the steeple strain and creak. I heard the rain as it came driving against the walls. I felt the bells shake. I saw the ropes sway to and fro. And I heard that voice."

"What did it say?" asked Tom Cobb. "I don't know what; I don't know that it spoke. It gave a kind of cry, as any one of us might do, if something dreadful followed us in a dream, and came upon us unawares; and then it died off, seeming to pass quite round the church."

"I don't see much in that," said John, drawing a long breath, and

NINTH MONTH 30 DAYS September THE SEVEN DOLORS

1905

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and names of saints and feast days.

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looking round him like a man who felt relieved. "Perhaps not," returned his friend, "but that's not all."

"What more do you mean to say, sir, is to come?" asked John, pausing in the act of wiping his face upon his apron. "What are you going to tell us of next?"

"What I saw," "Saw!" echoed all three, bending forward.

"When I opened the church door to come out," said the little man, with an expression of face which bore ample testimony to the sincerity of his conviction, "when I opened the church door to come out, which I did suddenly for I wanted to get it shut again before another gust of wind came up, there crossed me—so close, that by stretching out my finger I could have touched it—something in the likeness of a man. It was bareheaded to the storm. It turned its face without stopping, and fixed its eyes on mine. It was a ghost—a spirit."

"Who?" they all three cried together.

In the excess of his emotion (for he felt back trembling in his chair, and waved his hand as if entreating them to question him no further), his answer was lost on all but old John Willet, who happened to be seated close beside him.

"Who!" cried Parkes and Tom Cobb, looking eagerly by turns at Solomon Daisy and at Mr. Willet. "Who was it?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Willet, after a long pause, "you needn't ask. The likeness of a murdered man. This is the nineteenth of March."

"A profound silence ensued. "If you'll take my advice," said John, "we had better one and all, keep this a secret. Such tales would not be liked at the Warren. Let us keep it to ourselves for the present, time at all events, or we may get into trouble, and Solomon may lose his place. Whether it was really as he says, or whether it wasn't, is no matter. Right or wrong, nobody would believe him. As to the probabilities, I don't myself think," said Mr. Willet, eyeing the corners of the room in a manner which showed that like some other philosophers he was not quite easy in his theory, "that a ghost as had been a man of sense in his lifetime, would be out-lawalking in such weather—I only know that I wouldn't, if I was one."

But this heretical doctrine was strongly opposed by the other three, who quoted a great many precedents to show that bad weather was the very time for such appearance; and Mr. Parkes (who had had a ghost in his family, by the mother's side) argued the matter with so much ingenuity and force of illustration, that John was only saved from having to retract his opinion by the opportune appearance of supper, to which they applied themselves with a dreadful relish. Even Solomon Daisy himself, by dint of the elevating influences of fire, lights, brandy, and good company, so far recovered as to handle his knife and fork in a highly creditable manner, and to display a capacity both of eating and drinking, such as banished all fear of his having sustained any lasting injury from his fright.

late, and was long past their usual hour of separating, the cronies parted for the night. Solomon Daisy, with a fresh candle in his lantern, repaired homewards under the escort of long Phil Parkes and Mr. Cobb, who were rather more nervous than himself. Mr. Willet, after seeing them to the door, returned to collect his thoughts with the assistance of the boiler, and to listen to the storm of wind and rain, which had not yet abated one jot of its fury.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Before old John had looked at the boiler quite twenty minutes, he got his ideas into a focus, and brought them to bear upon Solomon Daisy's story. The more he thought of it, the more impressed he became with a sense of his own wisdom, and a desire that Mr. Haredeal should be impressed with it likewise. At length, to the end that he might sustain a principal and important character in the affair; and might have the start of Solomon and his two friends, through whose means he knew the adventure, with a variety of exaggerations, would be known to at least a score of people, and most likely to Mr. Haredeal himself by breakfast time to-morrow; he determined to repair to the Warren before going to bed.

"He's my landlord," thought John, as he took a candle in his hand, and setting it down in a corner out of the wind's way, opened a casement in the rear of the house, looking towards the stables. "We haven't met of late years so often as we used to do—changes are taking place in the family—it's desirable that I should stand as well with them, in point of dignity, as possible—the whispering about of this here tale will anger him; it's good to have confidences with a gentleman of his nature, and set one's self right besides. Halloa, there! Hugh—Hugh. Hal-loa!"

When he had repeated this shout a dozen times, and startled every pigeon from its slumbers, a door in one of the ruinous old buildings opened, and a rough voice demanded what was amiss now, that a man couldn't even have his sleep in quiet.

"What! Haven't you sleep enough, growler, that you're not to be knocked up for once?" said John.

"No," replied the voice, as the speaker yawned and shook himself "Not half enough."

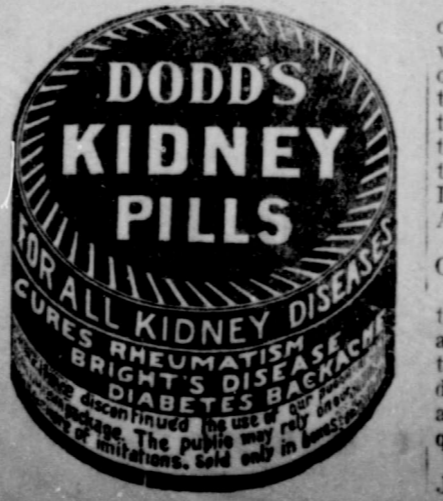
"I don't know how you can sleep, with the wind a-blowing and roating about you, making the tiles fly like a pack of cards," said John; "but no matter for that. Wrap yourself up in something or another, and come with me, and look sharp about it."

Hugh, with much low growling and muttering; went back into his lair; and presently reappeared, carrying a lantern and a cudgel, and enveloped from head to foot in an old, frowsy, slouching horse-cloth. Mr. Willet received this figure at the back door, and ushered him in the bar, while he wrapped himself in sundry great-coats and capes, and so tied and knotted his face in shawls and handkerchiefs, that how he breathed was a mystery.

"You don't take a man out of doors at near midnight in such weather, without putting some heat into him, do you, master?" said Hugh.

"Yes I do sir," returned Mr. Willet. "I put the heat (as you call it) into him when he has brought me safe home again, and his standing steady on his legs ain't of so much consequence. So hold that light up, if you please, and go on a step or two before to show the way."

Hugh obeyed with a very indifferent grace, and a longing glance at the bottles. Old John, laying strict injunctions on his cook to keep the doors locked in his absence, and to open to nobody but himself on pain of dismissal, followed him into the blustering darkness out of doors. The way was wet and dismal, and the night so black, that if Mr. Willet had been his own pilot, he would have walked into a deep horsepond with a few hundred yards of his own house, and career in that ignoble sphere of action. But Hugh, who had a sight as keen as any hawk's, and apart from that endowment, could (To be continued.)



The HOME CIRCLE

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The more we learn to improve our time, the less we find it to lose. Whatever you do, do not judge people hastily, try and judge them as you would wish them to judge you.

THE BUSYBODY.

It is extraordinary the passion most people have for managing other people's affairs, and ordering their lives. Not only do they give much advice when asked for, but far too many feel it their duty to give advice when not sought.

A POPULAR BOY.

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war, how many schools and colleges followed popular boys whose hearts could be trusted.

HAPPINESS A DUTY.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits in the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

BE TENDER TO THE OLD.

How few in the hurly-burly of the world's affairs pause to reflect upon the sadness, the sorrows, the loneliness, and heart-hunger of those who have been swept aside by the current of the years into the neglected eddies of old age!

Ah! saddest of all thoughts, how true it is that the heart and the spirit may yet be young when everything else is old.

Tenderness and consideration to the old is a duty, and a duty, too, which when gently done, the blessing of God transmutes into a pleasure. How pitiful are those objects or creatures, who having a little better chance in life owing to the industry and self-sacrifice of their parents then turn about and despise or are ashamed of the homely manners of the good people.

A CURE-ALL.

Feelin' pretty blue, you say? Ha! ha! ha! Things went wrong with you to-day? Ha! ha! ha!

OUR NEIGHBORS.

How to live comfortably with one's neighbor—that is the problem; to avoid the knocks and frictions which draw lines in men's faces and too often contract their souls.

A SWEET VOICE.

The loud voice, the boisterous laugh, the noisy behavior, emanating from the pretty, tastefully dressed woman, are unmistakable evidence of an inner vulgarity unsuspected were she merely judged by her appearance.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, in which idle people indulge themselves.

Teething-Eczema and Scald Head

BRING MUCH SUFFERING TO BABIES AND YOUNG CHILDREN - CERTAIN CURE IN DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

In the home where there are young children Dr. Chase's Ointment is found useful almost every day of the year. During the teething period, especially, there is almost sure to be an attack of eczema, scald head, or some form of itching skin disease.

Besides the keen distress which such ailments bring to the little ones, there is always the danger of eczema becoming chronic and clinging to them through life.

There is no reason for any child to suffer in this way so long as Dr. Chase's Ointment is obtainable, for it is a prompt and thorough cure.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

HOW PA RESTS.

When pa comes home at night, ma says, "Now, children, you must quiet be; Poor pa is tired 'most to death, And I'll be quick and get his tea."

Then pa comes in and claps his hands And says, "Hurrah for little Tim!" And right away us children know That we shall have some fun with him.

The baby in her high chair crows, And stretches out her arms to him; And soon he takes her on one knee, And on the other dandles Jim.

And Juliet and Kate and me— We hang upon his rocking chair, And every breath we talk to him, And pat his face and smooth his hair.

And ma she gets the supper on, And says, "Po children, let him be! Poor pa don't get a minute's rest; Now let him come and have his tea."

And then we hold him fast and tight, Until he pulls and breaks away, And then we chase him round the room— Pa is the greatest one for play!

And then ma smiles, and says, "Dear me! You're wilder than the children, Ned! Now quiet down and come and eat, And then I'll put them straight to bed."

And ma she means it, truly-true; But pa, he looks at Kate and me, And when he looks like that we know There'll be a frolic after tea.

A JEALOUS BURRO.

At the Falls of the Seven Sisters in the South Cheyenne Canon, in Colorado, there is a photographer who is the happy possessor of the now aged burro formerly owned by Helen Hunt Jackson.

In a moment I felt a nudge at my arm, and turning around I saw old Dick close beside me. I looked at him in astonishment, and he gave me another nudge with his nose.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him." "Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob. "Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground."

KATHERINE'S ADVENTURE.

"What does it o'clock at night look like?" asked Katherine, sleepily. Katherine asked questions without number in the day time and she quite often wound up the day by asking a few more.

A CERTAIN BOY.

He doesn't like to go to bed, And getting up is worse. To washing, too, I've heard it said, He's just as much averse.

THE LARGE HEAD OF CABBAGE.

Two journeymen, Joseph and Benedict, were once passing by a vegetable garden beside a village.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

CUCUMBERS AND MELONS.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc.

CAT SHOW AT TORONTO.

The fourth annual cat show, to be held in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition on August 30th, 31st and September 1st, will this year be on a much greater scale than any previous year.

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acids; no incisions. Write for book, Southern Cancer Sanatorium, 1520 E. Monument St. Baltimore, Md.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1906. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. 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.

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

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

DEAR SIR,—I am a sufferer from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation.

It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use. Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Early this 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. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN. 34 Queen Street East.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1905.

RELIGION AND CRIME.

Criminologists who imagine that by scientific methods they can eradicate crime, from the surface of society at least, cannot afford to forget the fact that it is but a slender barrier that separates the half savage criminal from even the most refined specimens of his kind.

"I am a farmer, and I live in Warsaw. I am captain of the Warsaw rifle team and am at present due at the rifle matches being held in Ottawa. The Dewart boys had borrowed my army rifle and I needed it.

"Now, it is second nature for me to shoot, for I have carried a gun all my life and have practised long distance and rapid firing work for years. I pumped up the cartridges and discharged the gun three or four times at random, simply as a bluff."

Our Ontario rifleman, who has practised long distance and rapid fire work, is referred to in one newspaper at least as "the innocent victim" of his own "bluff" which resulted fatally to another; and the mother of the child he killed is shamefully described as a "fury."

the growth of crime than the primitive and semi-savage condition of an Ontario rural community where the rifleman with homicidal tendencies is admired for his prowess and the miserable mother shrieking over the body of her slain son is ridiculed and reviled.

The criminologists are great believers in human nature when treated by scientific methods. But the rude community that has learned but little of religion, like the over nice society that has forgotten it, will furnish crime and criminals as long as the human race survives.

PEACE.

President Roosevelt has fully vindicated his strength of character and responsibility for action in regard to the Russo-Japanese peace conference. Half the world supposed that he had undertaken an impossible role; and the happy result has caused little short of universal surprise.

Japan has given Europe the open door. She might as well have taken out the window frames also for all the difference it makes to her future. Japan will not be handicapped by freights, high priced labor or distance from the market when he goes in for dominating the trade of the Orient.

A REGINA EPISODE.

The Greek church priest who created a rumpus at the Regina Conservative Convention, was merely the victim of his own somewhat erroneous impressions. A foreigner in the country, he could not have been an entirely competent judge of the political conditions surrounding him.

Though many of our readers more or less regularly hear of the progress of the Irish Language movement, it is difficult for them to form any adequate impression of the alteration it has worked within the past decade upon the life of the Irish people, or of the immense volume of organized enthusiasm by which its aims continue to be advanced.

Take the other case now, where the parties concerned in the crime are wealthy, refined, luxurious and irreligious, not as the result of primitive ignorance, but rather as the result of an over education that forgets God. Count Bonmartini, a noble Italian, was lately murdered by his own brother-in-law, the Socialist son of a famous physiologist with whom were associated the wife of the murdered man (sister of the principal criminal) and her adulterous companion, Dr. Secchi, her former tutor.

their nation's welfare, may surely be regarded as one of the most intellectually stimulating forces in the country. Yet great and comprehensive as is the Oireachtas in its own intrinsic merits, its interest to the Irish people is principally in what it shows of the growth of National sentiment and development of National character, and in the fact that it speaks not only for itself, but for a widespread and spontaneous revival. No more convincing sign of this revival could be had than that of the numerous Feisanna, inspired by and modelled on the National Festival, that have been organized throughout the country.

Prior to the death of the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., it was discovered that the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which has already shown signs of the inevitable wear and tear of the centuries, was in great danger of ruin. The Pontiff requested that architects of pre-eminent reputation should be asked to examine the ceiling and report on it with a view to its repairment, and also, as far as possible, to the cleaning of the world-famous frescoes of Michael Angelo, with which it is adorned.

DEFUNCT KNOWNOTHINGISM

A notable speech was delivered in Baltimore on August 17th, before the Ancient Order of Hibernians by Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the United States Navy Department. President Roosevelt's colleague spoke on the Knownothings of former days. He said: "Gentlemen of the Order: It is, I hope, needless for me to say how heartily I thank you for your cordial and hospitable welcome, or to add how well I know your courtesy and kindness to me voice first of all your unflinching loyalty to our great Republic, unworthily represented by me this evening."

"My present predicament reminds me of a story I once told on the stump, but which bears repetition here as it is in nowise political. It tells of a young minister who was to preach on trial before a congregation of multi-millionaires at a very fashionable watering-place, and who ran over his most carefully prepared sermons with a judicious friend to select one suitable. He thought himself that a discourse on 'The Evil of Divorce' might do, but his adviser shook his head—every third woman in the congregation had been divorced at least once—that sort of talk wouldn't fill the bill at all."

"Now what class of people will this evening serve my purpose as the Scribes and Pharisees did his? I have thought over this question and concluded that I could find a substitute for those convenient and serviceable Scriptural characters in our Knownothings of the 50s. If I hurt anybody's feelings when I pitch into them it must be the feelings of somebody who has no business here to-night."

THE "RAMBLER" IN QUEBEC

His Early Knowledge of the "Rock City"—What He Thinks of It Now. In my last correspondence in The Register I stated that, per boat from Montreal I had passed the base of Jolly Cape Diamond, and then constituted a fragment of the cosmopolitan population of Quebec City. Many years have elapsed since I first made the acquaintance of the city founded by Champlain nearly three centuries ago.

I will never forget the scene I witnessed and in which I became a central figure. Just as our boat touched the Quebec wharf, now thirty-five years since, more than one hundred of those eminently useful men who, at a very moderate charge, are ready to transport you in cab, cabriolet, caleche or waggon, to any part of the city, surrounded us as we landed and in stenorian voices and in a variety of dialects, pressed their claims for patronage. I stood trembling in the centre of a circle made up of no less than twenty of them. "Cab sir; drive you to any part of the city you want to go to," shouted one. "Caleshe, Messieur, vingt Ciugne sous," roared another. "Waggin, sur! Waggin, sur! Drive you to H—l or Halifax, or any other place in the city—all for twenty-five cents," screamed another in a brogue as unmistakably Munster as my own ever was.

DANGERS AS HE SEES THEM.

"A few years since I did not think I should live to hear the same doctrines proclaimed and even the same practices excused in America, and least of all in Maryland. I am not so sure of this now. But this evening I am not concerned so much with what may be in the future as with what has been in the past and what might have been in the present; I wish to ask how would you have felt to-day towards our common country had she dealt by your grandfathers and fathers, perchance dealt by some of our some as those designing or misguided men of a half-century past urged her to deal by them and by you."

"Americans want a 'square deal' for every man, want a President who will give every man such a deal in national affairs, want a Governor who will give every man such a deal in State affairs, want a Mayor who will give every man such a deal in city affairs. They gave you grandfathers and fathers a square deal, took them in to share their own ups and downs, their fair weather and their rain, their good and their ill fortune, with the same rights and the same privileges which fall to the lot of all other Americans."

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Oakville High School Final Exams.

The following local students have passed their final examinations: Commercial Diplomats. Charles Ennis, Edna Hughes, Roy McDougall, Alice Savage. Junior Matriculation. Edgar Bray (to take a supplement in algebra), Allan Hardy (to take a supplement in algebra), Julia Kyte, William O'Connor (to take a supplement in history, literature and Latin authors).

The increase in the consumption of "Salada" Tea in Canada and the United States during the first six months of this year over the corresponding period of 1904 has been phenomenal. It amounted to 256,886 lbs. This amounts to as much tea as was consumed in the same period in all the cities, towns, and villages on the Grand Trunk line between Toronto and Montreal, including Pickering, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Newtonville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Grafton, Colborne, Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Cardinal, Iroquois, Morrisburg, Cornwall, Lancaster, Coiteau Junction and Vaudreuil.

THE "RAMBLER" IN QUEBEC

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bers were transplanted from the Rhenish Palatinate to a large portion of the County of Limerick, was noted for the intensity and the sincerity of his Irish patriotism, as well as for the depth and the fervor of his devotion to Catholicity. Every movement set on foot in Quebec, having in view the interest of faith and fatherland, had, during his life, the hearty aid of Michael Huck. Something about fifteen years ago he passed away at his home, and as I happened to be in Quebec at the time, I readily formed one of an immense cavalcade of mourners which followed his remains to their last resting-place. On the other side of the street I encountered the leading commercial magnate of Champlain street—Mr. John Giblin—a man who stood high in the estimation of political wire-pullers, high in the estimation of many of his neighbors, and higher still in his own estimation. One would think that an unsophisticated rustic like myself, comparatively fresh from the "Bogs of Ireland," where we were taught, nay, forced to pay outward homage to any man who dressed himself reasonably respectably, would approach the merchant prince of Diamond Harbor, in a proper spirit of obsequiousness. He wore a white hat as free from stain as ever was that sacred emblem worn round his neck by a Methodist preacher, whilst the other habillaments which enveloped his person, had about them the air of gentility. Casting my eyes straight towards him, I thought I clearly saw a strange resemblance between himself and "Phil Purcell the Pig-jobber," a character portrayed by Carleton. It is only fair to the memory of poor Giblin to say that his whole nature was the antithesis of that of Carleton's "Pig-jobber." "Good morning, John," said I, in an audacious tone, as I stood between himself and the wind. He eyed me for a moment or two and then broke into fury, asking me between clenched teeth, "How dare you, sir, have the audacity of calling me John? I am Mr. Giblin." "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Giblin," said I, "I am delighted to see you. I have heard your great influence spoken of a thousand times amongst the politicians at Ottawa." I extended my hand and he grasped it with a fervor which actually astonished me. God rest your soul, poor John Giblin. I have in my day met many a weak Irishman who was lured to ruin by scheming politicians. Further reference to Quebec is postponed. RAMBLER.

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OBITUARY

LATE JAMES P. COUGHLIN OF MONTREAL.

Catholic fraternal societies in Montreal have lost an esteemed and active member in the death of Mr. James P. Coughlin of His Majesty's Customs, whose funeral, very largely attended, took place Aug. 22nd from St. Patrick's church. R.I.P.

FUNERAL OF FRANCIS ENRIGHT OF HAMILTON.

The funeral of Francis Enright took place from St. Mary's Cathedral on Saturday morning, Rev. Father Craven celebrating the mass and Rev. Father Ferguson officiating at the grave. The floral offerings were numerous. The pall-bearers were Charles McCarthy, Thos. Donohue, J. Sullivan, J. Barry, A. McKeever and J. Kenny. R.I.P.

INTERRED IN HAMILTON.

Mrs. Ann Ryan, a former citizen of Hamilton, whose death occurred at late residence, Peterboro, was buried from St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, by Rev. Father Coty said the mass of requiem. The deceased is survived by her sons Michael Ryan, New York, the well known musician, formerly cornet soloist in the Thirteenth Band; William Ryan, Toronto; Thomas Ryan, Hamilton, and Mrs. Sharpe, Peterboro. R.I.P.

DEATH OF JOHN KELLY, PETERBOROUGH.

Among recent deaths is that of John Kelly, a long-time resident of Peterborough, who died at his residence, Maria street, aged seventy-three. Deceased was born in Ireland. He was unmarried and is survived by his sister, Miss Mary Kelly, with whom he lived. R.I.P.

FOUND AT LAST

Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CHURCH NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

(Concluded from last week.)

The following year, viz., 1832, the church was begun; Bishop MacDonell who was conspicuous not only in the ecclesiastical, but also the political life of the country, having secured a grant of four acres of land from the government on which it was erected. It is a frame building measuring 60 x 40 feet, with ten large Gothic windows of stained glass and a commodious sanctuary and vestry. There is also a tower with a large window surmounted by a steeple 50 feet high and a cross. The interior arrangements of the edifice consist of three aisles with two central and two side rows of pews. There are two galleries, the cost of those having been entirely assumed by the Catholic soldiers, who were stationed here at the time, and for whom one of the galleries was reserved. There are three altars, daintily finished in white and gold. Those are not the original altars, they having been discarded at the time the church was repaired. The altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the left of the main altar was a gift from the Barton family, and St. Joseph's Altar to the right of the main altar was presented by Mrs. Newton, daughter of Col. McDougall, mentioned as having been present of the first meeting held in 1831.

The church was completed in 1824, and Bishop MacDonell, on the 9th of November of that year, came over to Niagara and blessed it, giving it the name of "St. Vincent de Paul," and celebrated the first mass therein. There is an entry in the register that the first communion was given to Miss Dixon and Mrs. Duff.

At the rear of the church is the cemetery in which at least two headstones are still standing with the year 1832 legible but the names are undecipherable.

Father Polin succeeded Father Cullen, but remained only a short time. During his tenure of office here he records ten baptisms and one marriage, one baptism having been performed in "Gravelly Bay," now Port Colborne, thirty miles from here.

Father Edward Gordon succeeded Father Polin in 1834 and completed the erection of the church and at once took the necessary steps for the erection of a Presbytery. A meeting was called and a subscription list opened in 1835. One Lieut. Coleman of the 15th regiment was appointed to collect among the soldiers here and in Toronto. He also appears to have collected from a number of the prominent Protestant citizens and business people of the town and of Toronto. Here are a few of the names that appear on his list: "Mrs. Lyons, Messrs. Stocking and Greer, Robert Dickson, E. C. Campbell, James Lockhart, W. B. Winterbottom, etc., belonging to the town. On the Toronto list some of the names are: the Hon. Mr. Elm-sley, Capt. Coleman, Hugh Dougherty, J. Shaughnessy, etc." The Presbytery or "Glebe House," according to the records cost \$253 1/4, but the amount collected up to the year 1840 was only \$50, and Father Gordon then paid the balance due from his own private funds.

On the 13th Sept., 1834, Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor of Bishop MacDonell, administered the sacrament of Confirmation, this being the first time it was administered in the mission east of Sandwich. There were

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five males and six females confirmed at that time, ranging in ages from 13 to 23 years.

Beginning with the pastorate of Father Gordon the Niagara Mission appears to have flourished. Some of the more distant places were detached from the mission, viz., Dundas, St. Thomas and London, but the pastor had still a large circuit to traverse viz., Niagara Falls, Port Colborne, St. Johns, Smithville, St. Catharines, Toronto Gore and Adjala.

At a meeting held at the chapel on the 28th of April, 1835 (Easter Monday) the office of Church Warden was established, and Messrs. Hugh McNally and William Harris were appointed for that year, at the same meeting Mr. John Lyons was appointed to act as secretary and treasurer during the same term and Rev. Edward Gordon, Messrs. John Harris, and Thos. Heenan were appointed collectors of subscriptions for the finishing of the church and Mr. Farrell was appointed to collect "for the country." Father Gordon led a record of the total Catholic population for a thousand square miles, viz., 817 souls.

The first entry in the Baptismal Register by Father Gordon was made on the 27th of April, 1834, as follows: "April 27th was baptized by me the undersigned priest, John, aged four weeks, son of William Kay and Elizabeth Shean. Sponsors Edward McCann and Margaret O'Connor." (Signed) Edward Gordon, M. Pt.

Father Gordon kept a very careful record of the baptisms, confirmations, marriages, professions of faith and burials, with occasional explanatory notes. For instance, opposite the entry of the baptism of James Morreau the following note appears: "This man was sentenced to death for participating in the rebellion. He led the insurgents at the 'Short Hills.'" He was 23 years of age and was received into the church in jail, 29th July, and was executed 30th July, 1838."

Among the burials of 1843 is an entry of a young priest, 26 years old, who died suddenly at the Falls while visiting relatives there, and is buried under the main altar of the church here. At the funeral were "Rev. Mr. Mullen, Mr. Charest and Mr. McIntosh.

In the old register, Father Harold discovered a petition from the congregation of St. Vincent de Paul Church, Niagara, asking Bishop Power to give the "necessary power and instructions to have the stations of the cross erected in order that we and all who are disposed may have an opportunity of receiving the many spiritual advantages to be obtained by devout prayer and meditation on Christ's passion; and your Petitioners as in duty will ever pray, etc." (Signed) John McHenry, David Langgan, Mich. McGuire, Ed. Gordon, Pt. for the rest of the congregation. The document bears the date 9th Dec., 1844, and is written on a full sheet of foolscap. The petition is on one side, the reply, granting the petition on page 2, a declaration by the pastor, that he has this day erected, etc., in the presence of the "undersigned witnesses" no names are inscribed, however, and on page 4 is the Bishop's name in full with the words "favored by Rev. M. P. McDonough" in one corner. The Bishop's letter, sealed with red wax, is countersigned by J. J. Hay, and recites that he has "authority from a decree of Gregory XIII. to delegate any priest to erect the Via Crucis, and hereby delegates, etc." The letter is given at Toronto 13th Dec., 1844.

The priest's declaration shows that the Stations were erected on the 5th February, Ash Wednesday. A copy of this declaration also exists in the archives, made out by Father Gordon, in obedience to the Bishop's orders to do so.

In 1844 Father Gordon called a meeting of the Catholic congregation in order to raise funds for the liquidation of the debt incurred for the painting, plastering, etc., of the Catholic Church. At that meeting it was unanimously agreed that each man would pay the sum of five shillings currency and each "single female" the sum of two shillings and sixpence. Among the names on the list who paid the sum stipulated appear the following: Alex. Lane, Hugh McNally, Daniel McDougall, Patrick Lawless, Mrs. Carpenter, Michael Morley, Mrs. Mary Stevenson, Thomas Daly, Richard Ryan, Nicholas Wall, Patrick Maddigan, Michael Maguire, Margaret Healey, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Hall, Martin Kearns, William Walsh, Edward Scully, Wm. Primace, Sergeant Murphy (King's Dragoon Guards), Bernard Roddy, Rev. John Carroll, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Todd, John O'Donnell, Mrs. L. Donnelly, Maria McArdle, Patrick Mahar, Charles Toel, Alex. Davidson, E. Power (King's Dragoon Guards), Mrs. Duff, Annie McKenna, Catherine Doyle, etc.

Father Gordon was most thorough and conscientious in all his undertakings. He built churches at Niagara, Niagara Falls, Trafalgar, Toronto Gore, and Adjala. He was very practical and carefully looked after the spiritual welfare of his flock, as evidenced by the following correspondence in which he insists on Col. Kingsmill allowing the Catholic soldiers stationed here at the time, to attend mass, as there was a number of Catholic non-commissioned officers and privates who were not permitted to be present at the morning services, the Colonel claiming that the regimental doctor made his examination at that particular time.

Letter from Father Gordon to Colonel Kingsmill, dated "Saturday morning, April 13, 1839."

"Sir,—I regret to find that the Catholic soldiers of your regiment do not attend Divine service on the Sunday mornings. They have not been in the church on the forenoon of Sunday but once since the time I first had the honor to speak to you in their behalf. Divine Service commences on Sunday mornings at eleven o'clock, precisely, at which hour you will have the kindness to allow them in future to attend.

CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 23 Church St. Premises lately occupied by D. & J. Sadler & Co. Toronto, Can.

I have the honor to be, sir, etc., Edward Gordon, Catholic Pastor of Niagara.

The soldiers were permitted to attend mass for a few Sundays after dispatching the above letter when they again failed to be present, and on inquiry, Father Gordon learned that the Colonel had again prevented them. Another lengthier letter of explanation was sent by the priest to the colonel in which he states "All Catholics are obliged in conscience to give their attendance during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which is always offered up to God only in the forenoon." No attention being paid to his repeated requests, Father Gordon then laid the matter before the Major-General commanding the forces in Canada, who immediately commanded Col. Kingsmill to permit his Catholic soldiers to attend Divine Service at the hour named by their chaplain.

Father Gordon was removed to Hamilton in 1846 and was elevated to the dignity of Vicar-General. He died at the Episcopal residence, Hamilton, in 1870.

The next in succession was Father John Carroll who remained in charge of this mission until about 1855. He accepted a chaplaincy in Chicago, where he died in 1891, having reached the venerable age of 93 years. He was a generous subscriber towards the building fund of the church, as his name frequently appears on the different lists for a substantial sum. He was a distant relation of the Carrolls, of Carrollton, one of whom signed the Declaration of Independence; he was also a nephew of Rev. Edmund Burke, mentioned earlier in this article.

Fathers Leveque, Cullen, Boyle, Musard and Wardy each remained but a short term here, and thus we arrive at the year 1857, when Father Mulligan assumed the charge of Niagara Parish. While here he worked most zealously, being an ardent advocate for the cause of temperance; he also had three sisters of St. Joseph's Order, installed as teachers in the Separate school in 1857. This school was built on a corner of the church property about 1842, as we are informed by a resident of the town that he went to school there in 1843, and there was a meeting held in it in 1844 to consider the matter of putting pews in the church. The school was in a flourishing condition for a number of years and many excellent scholars received their early training within its walls. Father John Kennedy had been one of its pupils. This promising young priest was drowned near Penetanguishene.

This school was eventually closed in 1876 owing to the depletion of the Catholic congregation. Father Mulligan was removed from here in 1862 and was given the charge of Niagara Falls Parish, in which place he remained for several years. In 1866 he was inducted as pastor of St. Catharines and Dean of the Niagara Peninsula. He labored in that parish for about nineteen years with untiring zeal, but in 1884 his health had become so impaired that his physician advised a sea voyage, which suggestion was immediately acted upon and he went to Ireland, where his aged mother still lived. He never rallied sufficiently to return, but died in the land of his birth, in the arms of his mother.

Father James Hobin was next in succession. This reserved but pious priest was endowed with great mental gifts, being considered one of the best theologians of his day. He was very ready to assist the needy and distressed in a practical as well as a spiritual manner. He was succeeded by Father T. J. Sullivan in 1868, who only remained about a year. During his short pastorate here he began the refurbishing of the Presbytery and Sanctuary. He was removed to Thorold in 1869 and installed there as pastor, where he still remains one of Thorold's most prominent figures, laboring with his wonted energy for the salvation of souls.

Father Kelly was next appointed in 1869. He purchased a small pipe organ for the church, but it was so badly damaged during a severe thunderstorm when the lightning struck the church that it became practically useless. It was replaced by a smaller organ which was presented to the church by the late Mr. Joseph Petley.

Rev. Dean Harris in his history of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula relates an amusing incident which occurred during Father Gordon's periodical visit at Toronto Gore. A young man named Sweeney desired to have his child baptized. When asked by the priest the name he wished to give the child, the young man replied, "Vanus your Reverence." "What!" said Father Gordon, why, you rascal, I'll never give a Catholic child the name of a heathen goddess. "Well, your Reverence," replied Sweeney, "that's my father's name." "Nonsense, man," replied the priest, no Catholic priest, particularly an Irish one, would give her name to any child, male or female, so go and get your father before a drop of water goes on the head of this helpless infant. When the father entered the priest asked him: "What's your baptismal name, Sweeney?" "Vanus, your Reverence," replied the man. "Why, my good man, surely you never got that name at baptism." "No, sir," answered Sweeney, "I was baptized Sylvanus but the neighbors always call me Vanus for short."

Father Labourau succeeded Father Kelly in 1871. He was highly educated and a good musician. He had a marked individuality and wielded a great influence for good among his parishioners. He made a number of necessary improvements around the church property, but was taken from here in 1872 and given the charge of the parish at Penetanguishene, where he still remains. He had erected at Penetanguishene a magnificent memorial church to the early Jesuit martyrs which will be a lasting monument to commemorate their heroic deeds and glorious martyrdom and will also bear testimony to the energy and zeal of its founder.

Father Berrigan, appointed in 1872, remained in charge until 1874. He was a strict disciplinarian and took a deep interest in the education of the children, carefully looking after their material as well as spiritual welfare. He died in 1904. Fathers A. J. O'Reilly (1874-1876) P. J. Kiernan (1876-1878) and E. F. Gallagher (1878-1879) followed in succession. Those devoted priests neglected no opportunity of adding to the "treasure store of piety" and religious fervor, which is the

strength and glory of a parish. Father P. J. Harold next assumed the charge of the parish in 1879 and remained until 1882, when he was temporarily succeeded by Rev. A. M. Murphy, O.C.C., a priest of the Carmelite Order; in 1884 Father Harold again took charge, remaining here until 1888, when Father T. M. Shanahan was appointed pastor. This talented young priest was soon obliged to resign his parochial duties and leave Niagara on account of ill-health, bearing with him the affection and regret of the parishioners. He died shortly after his departure from here and his early death caused a heartfelt sorrow.

In 1890 Father Harold was a third time appointed pastor of this mission. He found the church and Presbytery in urgent need of repairs and being very energetic and exceedingly resourceful as to ways and means, he at once set to work to make the necessary improvements. The church was so thoroughly renovated from foundation to cross, that it will, we trust, weather a few more decades. The Presbytery or "Glebe House" was sold and removed from the premises, under Father Harold's supervision, and was replaced by a much larger and more commodious structure, which contains all the modern improvements, including furnace, electric light, etc. Those very necessary changes and repairs were made with very moderate expense to the congregation.

Father Harold possessed the gift of imparting knowledge in a remarkable degree and being a lover of children, he made them his special care, and in teaching them the way to live, he taught them how to die. He was an accomplished classical scholar and gifted with great literary ability. He wrote a very interesting Historic Romance of the First Century, "Irene of Corinth," the contents of which are both fascinating and instructive.

Being a practical musician, the choir, which was in a lethargic condition, also came in for a large share of his attention and time. The late Father Brennan, who was also a lover of sacred music, did a much of his spare time to the choir and presented it with a number of pieces of valuable music. The earliest choir consisted of members belonging to the Band of the Regiments stationed at Niagara, and later it was conducted by Sergeant Charles Conroy, who at present resides in Ottawa, but who will doubt be remembered by many residents of the town, for being an ardent admirer of the old town, he never forgets to pay it an occasional friendly visit.

A small melodeon was presented to the church by a friend and Mrs. Newton (nee McDougall) took charge of this and directed the choir for years with the assistance of Mr. Conroy, with great success. Miss Allison (now Mrs. Richards) on the resignation of Mrs. Newton, then took charge of the choir, being a mere child at the time, and with the most untiring devotion and fidelity she played the organ, taught and directed the choir for years. Needless to say her success was remarkable. She also devoted much of her time to the instruction of the children in her class in Sunday School, and she did not relinquish her self-imposed but extremely praiseworthy tasks until a short time before her marriage. She organized a large Choral Society which was composed of members of all denominations. Several very successful concerts were given by this society, the proceeds from some of them being given for the benefit of the Public Library, in which institution she was much interested. It is often said, there is no one who cannot be done without. This, no doubt, is true, but Mrs. Richards was one of the few who left a very large niche to be filled in the hearts of the congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, and not alone in the Catholic congregation, for her departure was sincerely regretted by all lovers of music, irrespective of creed.

After Mrs. Richards' departure, the following ladies took charge of the organ and choir for a short time: Miss Murphy (now Mrs. Mooney) Mrs. Lamb, Miss McPaul and Miss Robinson. Miss Walsh then took the choir and presided as organist for several years with much ability and success. Her strength not being sufficient to sustain the strain which the duties entailed, she eventually resigned the position. Mr. Mulholland is the present organist and director of the choir, which position he has held for over six years with admirable executive ability and characteristic modesty. It may be stated here that in no instance has any of the organists or members of the choir received any recompense for their services other than perhaps a limited quantity of judicious praise, tempered with healthy criticism.

In 1897 Rev. Father Harold took his departure from here and was succeeded by Father John J. Lynch in the same year. Energetic, zealous and scholarly, Father Lynch, apparently, had every prospect of many years of splendid opportunity before him to labor for the salvation of souls, but our Lord had willed otherwise. During his short sojourn here he was respected and beloved by his parishioners, not only because of his devotion to duty, his compassion for the sick and poor, without respect to race or creed, but also because of the affectionate warmth of his heart, his never failing to all both Catholic and Protestant, as "never to estrange a friend or create an enemy."

"He was of youth the guardian and of all, the friend." His life was closed in the morning of his priesthood, on the 9th of September, 1897. He was buried in St. Vincent de Paul's Cemetery where a monument was erected to his memory by his parishioners bearing the following inscription: "We hold his name in benediction." To the memory of Rev. Father Lynch, who for three years was pastor of this parish. He died Sept. 9th, 1897, in the 34th year of his age and the 10th of his priesthood. Eternal rest give to him, O Lord." After the death of Father Lynch in 1897 the Carmelite Fathers were requested to take charge of the parish, by Archbishop Walsh, and Father A. M. Murphy, O.C.C., again officiated here, until 1899, when he was removed and Father A. D. Brennan assumed the charge. His term of office was only temporary, for, being a highly educated man, he was transferred to Chicago, where he filled the duties of Professor of Theology in the Carmelite College there. Shortly after going there his health

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failed him and he was obliged to return to the Hospice at Niagara Falls. He died in 1903—"He needs no tears who lived a noble life." Father Murphy returned here after Father Brennan was removed and continued to officiate until 1902, when Father D. F. O'Malley took charge, Father Murphy having been selected to fill the position of Prior of the Carmelite College of Chicago. Father O'Malley, being a very eloquent speaker, was removed from Niagara after a short stay here and was succeeded by Father Murphy, this being the fourth time the Niagara parish was committed to his care. Father Murphy was heartily welcomed by his parishioners on each occasion of his return, as he had endeavored himself to all by his unobtrusive virtues and simplicity of manner, never sparing himself where duty called him, but in every instance yielding his services unstintingly on behalf of his flock. He was removed from here in 1904, when Archbishop O'Connor received the parish back from the Carmelite Order and once more placed a secular priest in charge, viz., Rev. Father McEachern, who is the present incumbent.

The Presbytery has just now been thoroughly refitted and partly refurbished, owing to the laudable enterprise and energy on the part of several of the ladies and gentlemen of the parish. The congregation generally contributed the requisite funds, and as a result the presbytery presents a very pleasing and comfortable appearance.

This sketch would be incomplete were we to omit the names of such generous unselfish supporters of the church as Messrs. Peter Clarke, Geo. Greene, Patrick Healey and James Doyle, who, with others, deserve more than passing mention herein, would space permit. Suffice it to say they will live in affectionate remembrance in the hearts of the people of the parish. With the exception of Mr. Clarke, who returned to Ireland after the death of his wife, and eventually died there, they are resting peacefully in the little cemetery of St. Vincent de Paul in the rear of the church. In the cemetery also repose many of the pioneer residents of the early church, notably Mrs. Stevenson, who is mentioned in the old Niagara Gleaner, 1832, as performing a work of mercy by sending comforts to the prisoners. In the McDougall family plot is the grave of Colonel McDougall, whose name appears as Chairman on the original set of Resolutions drawn up in 1831, previous to the erection of the church. When Bishop MacDonell came to Niagara to consecrate the church he was entertained at Colonel McDougall's. Adjacent to the McDougall plot is a sarcophagus in which lie the remains of John Lyons, register for many years. His name appears on the records of a meeting held on Easter Monday, 1835, as Secretary-Treasurer for that year. There is a tablet erected in the church with the following inscription: "To the memory of Lieut. Adj't Reginald McDonell, Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment, who died at Niagara, C.W., on the 20th Dec., 1851, aged 39 years. This tablet is erected by his brother officers as a testimony of regard." His remains are interred in the graveyard and a stone with a similar inscription marks the spot. Hundreds of other dear departed friends rest in our little graveyard, in fact it would be difficult to find one in the parish who has not some beloved relative resting there. "And with the morn those Angel faces smile which we have loved and lost ere yet awhile."

In collecting the facts contained in this sketch I have consulted "Galle-nee's Narrative, 'The History of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula,'" by Dean Harris. "History of the Church of Niagara" by Rev. P. J. Harold. I have also gathered authentic information from a few of the pioneer residents of the town and from ancient records of the parish. Imperfect and polished as this narrative is presented to you, it is history. The old pioneers are fast vanishing from our midst but the church of St. Vincent de Paul crowned with the sign of our redemption will bear testimony to their unselfish generosity and unwavering faith.

Work of Rev. Fr. Fitzpatrick Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennis-more, is doing extraordinary work as parish priest of St. Martin's. In addition to the usual attention bestowed upon the spiritual wants of a flock, Father Fitzpatrick is an enthusiastic and effective temperance worker. He has erected a parish hall which local papers describe as a credit to the county. On this hall during the summer months, important alterations have been made. An excellent classroom has been fitted up and it is to be used by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick as a High School. The township had twenty-five successful candidates at the late Entrance Examinations, and it is expected that at least twenty of these will attend. Mr. J. A. O'Donoghue, a noted teacher, late of Campbellford, has been engaged as Principal, and Rev. Father Fitzpatrick himself will be classical master. A two years' course will be given after passing the Entrance Examination. Rev. Father Fitzpatrick is congratulated by the local press on laying the foundations for what promises to be a strong educational factor in the district. The Catholic Register wishes the zealous priest all success in his enthusiastic career.

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Peat Cutting more Profitable than Gold Mining

Dublin, July 25.—There is much talk at present of the gold mines of Donegal, but little or nothing is said of done with a "certainty" in Ireland's fortune in her peat bogs. Under present circumstances "turf cutting" and "saving" is the weary, hum-drum occupation of most of our Irish farmers, and it is a necessity as it is really the only fuel obtainable in the country. But this is purely for local consumption. Experts say that the Irish bogs are capable of turning out 50,000,000 tons of fuel per year, for a thousand years, and this, if sold at five shillings per ton, would bring in £12,500,000 per annum. England receives over a million sterling per annum from Ireland for coal, whereas, if our bogs were properly utilized, we might not only save this, but have England paying us a large sum for peat fuel, especially with her coal mines fast becoming worked out. The peat fuel now being manufactured by the new factory near Athy, is held to be equal to Welsh coal, while it can be produced at a third of the price. The machinery at Athy only cost £23,000, and by it they are turning out 5,000 tons of fuel per week. This Athy fuel is said to be practically smokeless, and it takes up less space than coal—two very important points in connection with the marine industry. At Carnlough, County Antrim, even more extensive

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operations are carried on by a factory, with machinery costing some £30,000. Here, in addition to peat fuel, sulphate of ammonia, acetic acid, paraffin and other valuable by-products are obtained from the raw bog material. With nearly three million acres of bog lands, there are great possibilities for Ireland, and her vast dreary wastes might be transformed into busy hives of industry, and a vast amount more be done to improve the people than running after ignis fatuus gold mines.

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Why Catholic Missionaries Succeed

"Lincoln," the special correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from the Canadian Northwest, says: "The missionaries should not be overlooked among the advance guards of civilization in this enormous area, now coming into its own in response to the economic demands of the modern world. They have pushed into the wilderness with great impetuosity, to convert the Indian. Cy Warman, whose familiarity with the customs and institutions of this region is unexcelled, believes that the Catholic missionaries are much more efficient than the Protestant, because of the symbolic side of the Catholic ritual, and further, because the Catholic missionaries have more tact in dealing with native races." Much as Cy Warman knows about the customs and institutions of the Northwest, says the Sacred Heart Review, he is entirely mistaken in thinking that the greater success of Catholic missions among the Indians is due to "the symbolical side of Catholic ritual," and to the tactfulness of the Catholic missionaries. That is how worldlings explain it, but the success of Catholic missionaries is due now, as it was in the days of the apostles, to the fact that they, and none others, bear the commission of Christ, to go and teach all nations.

In the Street

IT IS THE CORRECT THING To appear dressed neatly, soberly, and becomingly on the street. To avoid every act calculated to attract attention. To return all salutations courteously. To avoid what is called a street flirtation as one would the plague. To remember that laughter and loud tones are particularly unbecoming on the street. To remember that others have the right to see as well as one's self, and that it is ill-bred to try to monopolize the whole pavement. To refrain from staring at the passersby. To remember that no lady is ever seen talking on the street corner. To remember that the street is not a dining-room for the consumption of candy, peanuts, etc.

Camping Out

Last summer we went To live in a tent, My father and mother and I, And whenever I'd choose To take off my shoes I could wade in the stream close by. All night in the dark I would lie still and bark To the frogs that were croaking so near, And all day long I could hear the sweet song Of the birds singing joyous and clear. Our breakfast we ate On a cloth spread out on the ground, And we had little fishes In birch bark dishes, And wild sweet berries I found.

One evening I heard Such a queer bird— "Was a big brown owl in a tree, The owl cried, "Who, who, who." And I said, "I know you. I'm Tommy Jinks, don't you know me?"

Vindicated Their Victim

Bjornson was once asked by a friend upon what occasion in his life he had taken the greatest pleasure in knowing that he was a poet. "It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiana," he answered, "and smashed all the windows. Because when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They could not do anything else. They had to sing the song of the man-whom they had attacked."

Time is made for ordinary people. When people who amount to anything meet they don't have to waste months in finding each other out. It is only the doubtful ones who have to be tested again and again. The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobles as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.

It Is Not the Correct Thing

To use slang. To repeat scandal. To argue in society. To speak in a loud voice. To damn a rival with faint praise. To get unduly excited over an argument. To discuss religious questions flippantly. To keep one's tongue in constant use.

To talk whether one understands the subject or not. To forget that a good listener is appreciated quite as much as a good conversationalist. To be an animated newspaper. To talk of private affairs in public places. To laugh at coarse jests, and to take part or to listen to indecise conversations.

To meekly acquiesce, for fear of giving offense, to a slander or misstatement in regard to the Church. To forget that cultivated and Christian people are affable, amiable, elegant, refined, delicate, considerate, and pleasing in conversation. To forget that a piece of scandal put in circulation at a sewing society or an afternoon tea is harder to recall than a bag of feathers scattered to the four winds in a Kansas cyclone.

To criticize clergymen and religious. In the first place, there is danger of giving scandal; and in the second, it is a want of Christian charity to hold up the faults of those who have sacrificed their lives for the salvation of souls. To forget that it is only vulgar ill-bred people who talk scandal, gossip, unkind personalities, or indecise topics, slang, in a loud voice, are careless of the feelings of others, and bore people with arguments and bluster.

To forget that books, music, art, social happenings, political complications, ethical questions, scientific researches, fashions, household decorations, travel, projects and plans, sanitary improvements, charitable institutions, literary and social clubs, fads, fancies and foibles, afford plenty of material for harmless and instructive conversation.—The Correct Thing for Catholics.

To make thoughtless remarks as to the age, past history, social position, family skeletons, financial embarrassments, absurdity in dress, peculiarity in speech or behavior, or anything which would wound the feelings of another. To attempt to explain to an opponent what one does not thoroughly understand one's self. To "pump" children and servants in order to find out the private affairs of one's neighbors.

A STRIPED SWEATER.

When little Annie went to the circus she saw a zebra for the first time, and what do you think she said: "Look, mama, and see the little horse with a striped sweater on!"

Endeavour to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make thyself such one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourself so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this; it is your own doing, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to Him, and mind the present.

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FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION. (By the Rev. Ma'thew Russell, S.J.) Yes, I remember well the time, the place, Of First Communion—date of rarest grace, Sweetest of childhood's happy days!

FRIENDSHIP AND IDEALIZATION

In the light of idealism alone is the deepest and most fruitful friendship possible. It is sometimes said that love is blind. There never was a more misleading statement.

FIRST SCHOOL FOR CHURCH MUSIC IN AMERICA

A course in Church music will be inaugurated in September at the Catholic Normal School and Pio Nono College at St. Francis, Wis.

FRIARS IN THE HOP FIELDS

The hop fields of Kent will this year witness sights which have been absent for centuries. When the hopping season commences, about the first week in September, a small party of the friars of the Order of St. Francis, accompanied by a large party of members of the Third Order and several Sisters of Mercy, will proceed to the fields to look after the spiritual welfare of the Catholic portion of the hoppers.

A PEN PICTURE OF CHRIST

The following is the only reliable pen picture of Christ as seen in actual life, and is an exquisite piece of word painting. It is taken from a MS. now in the possession of Lord Kelly, and in his library. It was copied from an original letter of Publius Lentulus, at Rome, it being the usual custom of Roman governors to advise the senate and the people of such material things as happened in their provinces in the days of Tiberius Caesar.

SWEET FACES

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing situation; it is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows.

FEAR NO LONGER NECESSARY

I have always been puzzled at the extraordinary calm, peace and freedom from anxiety that I have observed in the dying, even in those who have not been models of virtue, says the Rev. John S. Vaughan, and since it is a subject which has always possessed a certain fascination for me I have again and again questioned other priests regarding their experience, which has in no case differed from my own.

The English Martyrs

The appearance of the second and final volume of "The English Martyrs" is an event of more than merely literary importance. It was a lover of paradox who said that a book was a greater event than a battle. There are books and books, and there are battles and battles, but here the alternatives do not clash for this is a book and a battle—a battle for the faith. Historians in general have been very reticent about these heroes of Tyburn.

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to live He wisely infuses into his soul a certain natural dread and horror of death in order that he may be induced to take ordinary care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends a man to die there is no longer any object for such fear. It can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it, God then simply withdraws it.

FRIENDSHIP AND IDEALIZATION

In the light of idealism alone is the deepest and most fruitful friendship possible. It is sometimes said that love is blind. There never was a more misleading statement. Love is far-sighted and deep-sighted. It is not blind to faults, but it sees them in relation to motive, purpose and spirit, and overlooks them for the sake of the qualities which they do not destroy.

POPE PIUS ON HABIT

Talking the other day to the cardinals who had come to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday, Pius X. said: "I never thought I would learn as much in my old days as I am doing. For instance," he added, with a sunny smile, "I can now write my name without musing up a cassock worth 200 francs."

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The appearance of the second and final volume of "The English Martyrs" is an event of more than merely literary importance. It was a lover of paradox who said that a book was a greater event than a battle. There are books and books, and there are battles and battles, but here the alternatives do not clash for this is a book and a battle—a battle for the faith. Historians in general have been very reticent about these heroes of Tyburn.

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Memorial Bells a Specialty

from memory, we shall answer two at the most. Well, indirectly, the appearance this week of this book of martyrs under Queen Elizabeth has helped to change all that, and we have reason to know that in the new edition of the "Encyclopaedia" now in preparation at the "Times" office every name on this glorious roll-call of Dom Bede Camm's editing will find at last its proper place.

All popular stories about the winners of the Victoria Cross pale before these tales of Tyburn. In the excitement of conflict a brave soldier sallies out to the rescue of a comrade. The deed is well done, and so all the people say while the King publicly pins the cross onto the breast which is the breast of valor. Yet one wonders how many of even these gallant men would have endured, in cold blood and for an intangible good, the Elizabethan rack. Take the typic case of Alexander Briant, son of a Somersetshire yeoman. At eighteen he matriculated at Hert Hall—the Hertford College of to-day—and went from Oxford to Douai. In 1581, while on a mission, he was brought into the Tower.

FRIENDSHIP AND IDEALIZATION

In the light of idealism alone is the deepest and most fruitful friendship possible. It is sometimes said that love is blind. There never was a more misleading statement. Love is far-sighted and deep-sighted. It is not blind to faults, but it sees them in relation to motive, purpose and spirit, and overlooks them for the sake of the qualities which they do not destroy.

POPE PIUS ON HABIT

Talking the other day to the cardinals who had come to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday, Pius X. said: "I never thought I would learn as much in my old days as I am doing. For instance," he added, with a sunny smile, "I can now write my name without musing up a cassock worth 200 francs."

A PEN PICTURE OF CHRIST

The following is the only reliable pen picture of Christ as seen in actual life, and is an exquisite piece of word painting. It is taken from a MS. now in the possession of Lord Kelly, and in his library. It was copied from an original letter of Publius Lentulus, at Rome, it being the usual custom of Roman governors to advise the senate and the people of such material things as happened in their provinces in the days of Tiberius Caesar.

SWEET FACES

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing situation; it is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows.

FEAR NO LONGER NECESSARY

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In and Around Toronto

GENERAL INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for the month of September is the "Clergy" and the Associates in Toronto...

MOURNING AT BOYS' HOME.

The fifty boys or so who are at present inmates of St. Nicholas' Home on Lombard street, are disconsolate over the loss of Mother Stanislaus...

SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTING.

Rev. Father Dodsworth treated the pupils of St. John's Church Sunday School, East Toronto, to an outing in Munro Park on Wednesday of last week...

GRADY-MCINERNEY.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Emma McInerney, daughter of M. McInerney of 215 Bathurst street, Toronto, to John F. Grady...

VESTMENTS Chalices Statues, Altar Furniture.

W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto Can.

DEATH OF JAMES ALOYSIUS DELANEY.

On Thursday, Aug. 24th, the death occurred of James Aloysius, second son of Mr. John Delaney, of 241 Berkeley street. The funeral took place on Monday morning from St. Paul's church to Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

JOHN JOSEPH GRACEY.

The sudden death of John Joseph, the little four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gracey, occurred at the home of his parents, 212 VanHorne street, on August 20th. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon from St. Helen's church to Mount Hope Cemetery.

CHANGES AMONGST BASILIANS

The annual retreat of the Community of St. Basil has just closed. About seventy-five priests took part in the ceremonies. The appointments for the coming year were posted last night, and are as follows:

ST. MICHAEL'S STAFF.

St. Michael's College, Toronto - Rev. Father Provincial, Father V. Marijoh; superior, Father Cushing; First Counsellor, Father Dumouchel; Second Counsellor, Father Vasechalde; Treasurer, Father T. Roach.

Staff - Fathers Frachon, Walsh, Murray, E. Martin, Fuma, A. Martin, Gignac, Plomer, Howard, Stanley, Murphy, Carr, Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Cunningham, Stanley, McGrath and King.

St. Basil's Parish, Toronto - Father Kelly, P.P.; Fr. Frachon, assistant; Mr. Perry, Sacristan.

SANDWICH COLLEGE.

Assumption College, Sandwich - Superior, Father McBrady; First Counsellor, Father Hayes; Treasurer and Second Counsellor, Father O'Neil.

St. Clair Ave., Toronto. The novitiate - Rev. Fathers Aboulin, Superior; assistant and Treasurer, Father Player, Father Ryan, P.P.

St. Clair Ave., Toronto. The scholasticate - Father Teefy, Superior; Father Rafferty, scholastics, Messrs. Plourde, Morley and Bezaire.

TEXAS APPOINTMENTS.

St. Basil's College, Waco, Texas - Father Forster, Superior; Father Sullivan, First Counsellor; Father J. Ryan, Second Counsellor; Father Burke, Treasurer; Father Costello and Messrs. Drohan, Olds, McAuley, Heydon.

St. Thomas' College, Houston, Texas - Father N. Roche, Superior; Father Pageau, Counsellor; Pickett and Purcell.

St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte, Texas - Father Hurley, Superior; Father Donnelly, Counsellor; Father Sharpe.

PARISH WORKERS.

Own Sound - Father J. B. Collins, Superior; Father Granotier, Counsellor; Fathers Buckley, Shaughnessy.

Amherstburg - Father Renaud, Superior; Father McNulty.

St. Anne's, Detroit - Father Grand, Superior; Father Cote, Counsellor, Father Christian.

Port Lambton - Father O'Donohue, Drayton - Father Hayden.

London - Father Cherrier.

Jersey City - Father McEvoy.

DEATH OF MRS. P. J. MURPHY.

The death of Mrs. Murphy, wife of Mr. P. J. Murphy of the Mail Delivery Department of the Toronto Post Office, occurred last week, the funeral taking place from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Saturday morning. Mrs. Murphy's death has aroused much sympathy for her husband and nine children, one an infant of a few weeks, and six of whom were down with diphtheria at the time of their mother's death.

CORNER STONE WILL BE LAID.

The corner-stone of St. Patrick's new church will be laid at 4 p.m., on the second Sunday of September. The church is to be entirely of stone and promises to be a magnificent structure. It is hoped that it will be ready to use in about a year's time.

Father McMahon's View

It is an act of charity, a kind of propagation of the faith, to send Catholic newspapers to Catholics dwelling on the frontiers or in the midst of non-Catholics. Some of our city Catholics are almost as much in need of the visitation of a Catholic family newspaper, which the Holy Father has said is a continuous mission in a parish.

THE absolute purity of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome leavening agent known. It contains no lime, alum, phosphate or ammonia, leaves no acid or alkaline residuum in the food, and its use always insures pure, light and sweet bread, biscuit and cake which are perfectly digestible and wholesome, whether hot or cold, fresh or stale. Royal Baking Powder has been analyzed by the Chief Health Officers of Great Britain, Canada and the United States who recommend it for its wholesome and economic qualities.

LETTER OF THE POPE On the Catholic Social Movement and on the Non-Expedit

To our dear sons Count Stanislaus Medolajo Albani, Professor Joseph Toniolo, Commander Paul Pericoli, lawyer, Salutation and Apostolic Benediction. Dear Sons, - It is a pleasure to us, dear sons, to make known to you in affectionate and kindly words the consolation we have derived from the address in which great numbers of Catholic Italians have wished to express their personal gratitude for our late Encyclical to the Bishops of Italy dealing with the development of the Social Movement.

It manifestations of respect and of love by the faithful, acting as individuals, have been always agreeable to us, there is still greater reason why we should be consoled by the manifestations of love and respect which persons of great influence, who are authorized to voice the sentiments of the different social classes, have deemed it their duty to offer to our person, or rather to that supreme power with which, without any merit on our part, Divine Providence has been pleased to invest us.

The noble sentiments pervading the address could not be more appropriate nor could they respond more fully to our fondest wishes. What we admire with the greatest satisfaction is the docility with which you receive our words. You declare, without reservation of any kind, that you are ready to follow willingly and joyfully our advice, and to carry out our views, which aim at safe-guarding Christian society and at rousing in a salutary manner old and new forces in the common interest of the Church and of the fatherland for the salvation of souls.

We, therefore, cannot refrain, dear sons, from complaining with you for the same reason that induced the Apostle Saint Paul to write these words to the Corinthians, which we adopt as our own: "For our glory is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity of heart and sincerity of God, and not in carnal wisdom, but in the grace of God, we have conversed in this world and more abundantly toward you. For we write no other things to you than what you have read and known."

We, who have always taken care to speak to the faithful with that simplicity which Jesus Christ so strongly recommended to His Apostles, cannot allow them to do us the wrong of extracting from our letter a meaning which was not in it, and which we never intended to be in it, nor can we permit them to do what is still worse, namely, distort our words so as to impart to them a sense the very opposite of what they contained. But we are confident that this benevolent manifestation of our sentiments will open the eyes of our sons, who do not cease to be less dear to us, even when they go astray. We clasp them all in a paternal embrace of divine charity.

You, dear sons, who have shown yourselves earnestly desirous of carrying out our wishes, should keep in the path marked out by our late Encyclical. Although the task confided to your care be only of a preliminary and temporary character, be not discouraged by the inevitable difficulties of an enterprise which extends over so vast a field, and which is essentially complex. Long and patient must be the work of preparation if you would gather from your labors an enduring harmony. It would be a mistake for you to wish that from this time forth you would see the immediate effects of work, which demands a very extensive and very complete organization of all the Catholic forces in Italy.

May the Lord grant our ardent and heartfelt prayer, and give us the consolation of seeing all of our sons united as brothers by the sweet bond of peace and of charity, devoid of mutual jealousies, hatreds and rancours and animated by a holy and joyous emulation for their own sanctification and the sanctification of others. It is in this sweet hope that we bestow upon you, dear sons, the Apostolic benediction as a pledge of our paternal affection. PIUS X., POPE. Rome, at the Vatican, Aug. 1, 1905.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 5th ELLIOTT Business College. TORONTO, ONT. Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts. One of the largest and best commercial schools in the Dominion. All of our graduates are absolutely sure of securing positions. Strong staff of teachers, modern courses, splendid equipment. Every student thoroughly satisfied. Write for our magnificent catalogue. Address: W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal Elliott Business College Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO, ONT. AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 11, 1905. OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FROM 9 a.m. Tuesday, Aug. 29th TO 10 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 9th. The Days of the Exhibition: Saturday, Aug. 26th, Preparation Day; Sunday, Aug. 27th, Exhibitors' Day; Monday, Aug. 28th, Opening Day; Tuesday, Aug. 29th, School Children's Day; Wednesday, Aug. 30th, Manufacturers' Day; Thursday, Sept. 1st, Press Day; Friday, Sept. 2nd, Commercial Travellers' and Pioneers' Day; Saturday, Sept. 3rd, Stock Breeders' and Fruit Growers' Day; Sunday, Sept. 4th, Labor Day; Monday, Sept. 5th, Stock Breeders' and Fruit Growers' Day; Tuesday, Sept. 6th, Farmers' Day; Wednesday, Sept. 7th, Americans' Day; Thursday, Sept. 8th, Society and Review Day; Friday, Sept. 9th, Citizens' Day; Saturday, Sept. 10th, Get-away Day.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the Surrogate Court in the County of York. In the matter of the estate of Charles Presnail, late of the County of York, piano finisher, deceased. Notice is hereby given, pursuant to section 38, chapter 129, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Charles Presnail, deceased, who died on or about the 31st day of August, 1898, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to John T. Loftus, 712 Temple Building, Toronto, the solicitor of the estate of the said Charles Presnail, on or before the 1st day of September, 1905, their Christian names and surnames and addresses, with full particulars in writing of their claims and a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any), held by them, duly verified by statutory declarations.

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The Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 4 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES. A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT. Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. INFORMATION. Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Land Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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