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VOL. XI. No. 39

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Monseigneur Pascal's Experiences

(Northwest Review.)

On Tuesday of last week His Lordship Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., kindly consented to relate his missionary experiences before the faculty and students of St. Boniface College. The eloquent prelate, who is a charming talker, his descriptions and language were so graphic that he held his hearers spell-bound with occasional bursts of applause or laughter for the better part of two hours. We have attempted to prepare a pretty full report of this memorable lecture, but, as it was spoken in French, much of the flavor of the original must necessarily be lost in its translation.

On His Lordship's arrival in the study-hall of the college, packed to its utmost capacity, Rev. Father Rector said: "My Lord, we are delighted to welcome you here to-day. The Fathers of your Order developed the great missionary work begun by Father, afterwards Bishop, Provencher. It was a member of your order, the illustrious Archbishop Tache, who introduced us into this college. Another member of your order, our beloved Archbishop, made over to us this fine property. I therefore feel that in presenting to Your Lordship our students we are justified in calling them yours. They, too, are overjoyed to see you among them, for they have heard of your great missionary labors in the vast territories which are the theatre of your burning zeal, where you teach true doctrine and true civilization. The fact that many of our students will in the future, as they have done in the past, consecrate themselves to the ministry of souls gives them an additional reason for rejoicing at the presence here to-day of one of the representatives of authority in the Church. I would ask you, my Lord, to give us your episcopal blessing before addressing us, so that we may all derive greater profit from your words, that both masters and pupils may be better disposed to labor according to the intentions of Our Lord."

The Right Rev. Bishop then blessed the kneeling throng, and after thanking Father Rector for his kind words, said: "When I first visited St. Boniface College in 1874, almost 30 years ago, there was only a small wooden building with a handful of pupils under Father Laviolette, O. M. I. I was destined to the far northern mission of Fort Good Hope, almost on the Arctic circle, and I here found one or two sons of Mr. Gaudet, the chief factor at that distant Hudson Bay post, whose acquaintance I was soon to make and whose friendship I value highly. Seeing now so great a change in the building and the number of pupils, I understand that Monseigneur Tache was yielding to an inspiration from God when he appealed to the members of the Society of Jesus, who are pillars of the Church, who succeed so admirably in their colleges and missions everywhere. They are the pride of the Church, which calls them especially to this educational work. Our expectations of abundant fruit from their coming have been fully realized in what we see to-day."

"In the early days of our Indian missions the missionaries were few and far between; now they are numerous and meet together easily. Thirty years ago St. Boniface was the westerly outpost of Catholic civilization, and even now one cannot find west of this so well equipped a college. I feel sure that this great institution will send forth from its walls good laymen and priests. I thank Father Rector for his kind reference to me. I am one of the latest comers in the mission fields. My forerunners are gone to their reward; the great Archbishop Tache, the able Bishop Faraud, who died in my arms in St. Boniface thirteen years ago, and we have just lost the one who

received me into the Oblate Order, Bishop Clut. The explains why I spoke of him last Sunday in the cathedral. I cherish a great veneration for him. In 1870 he came to France, looking for recruits in the seminaries. I remember his saying to us, for I was then a seminarian: 'You are so numerous, and we are so few, barely a dozen missionaries to evangelize thousands of Indians, who are asking for one thing only, to be taught how to pray. How can you remain comfortably at home, while so many are calling for the spiritual help you can give them?' Our Lord and His apostles travelled from place to place, eating what they could get, a honeycomb or a little fish. So the true missionary, like St. Francis Xavier, roughs it in all quarters of the globe." I remember how these words of the saintly Bishop determined my vocation.

"In those days most of our missionaries made for the far north, where they still labor, the Jesuits in Alaska, the Oblates along the Mackenzie River. The reason was that the Indians of the plains in Manitoba and the southern territories were to comfortably off with their buffalo hunting to listen to the hard lessons of the Gospel. So the missionaries, after unavailing efforts to convert the Indians of the plain,

SHOOK THE DUST

from their feet and struck out northward. In 1847 young Father Tache appeared among the rocks of Lake Athabaska. When the slender little priest first arrived there, it was quite an event. Indians flocked thither from all points of the compass to see him. They had heard from other Indians that he was one of those black robes who go about doing good. They were anxious to see this extraordinary man. He found them a prey to all kinds of moral disorder, especially polygamy. He left them true and fervent converts.

"To come to my own experiences I will follow the order I generally observe when I lecture on the missions during my occasional visits to France. First, geography; then climate; then mode of life; then fishing, hunting; finally the Indians, their language, what they were formerly. "Some of you have been as far west and north as St. Albert, near Edmonton, but I think none of you have approached the Arctic circle. So it may be as well to give you an idea of the topography of the Northland. First, there are, west of here, the immense prairies. When I tell people in Europe that it takes two days and nights of constant traveling by a first-class train to cross those prairies, they think we are drawing the long bow. When I crossed those interminable plains in 1874, we started with a faithful and skillful guide named Michel Proulx. With our six oxen it was a journey not of days, nor of weeks, but of months. The hardest part of the journey was the crossing of so many rivers, some quite large. We did so in roughly improvised rafts, roped across the stream. Some of us were afraid of the rushing waters and had to be carried to the water-washed rafts. At long last we reached the

HEIGHT OF LAND

near Lac La Biche and Portage de la Loche, some two hundred miles north of Edmonton. Here the streams flow from the watershed in two opposite directions, some towards the North Pole, others flow southwards. Then we come upon hills, then high mountains, which the clouds seem to touch. There are frequent and heavy downpours of rain. Northward the land seems to slope downward toward the pole. All the lesser streams that empty into the giant Mackenzie, such as the Liard, the Peace and the Athabaska rivers, which take their rise in the Rocky Mountains, are barred by cascades and falls. So is the Clear Water River flowing from Portage de la Loche, so is another large river east of Athabaska Lake. On the way to Fort Smith there is a rapid 18 miles long. Thence the steamer Wrigley takes you to the Arctic ocean. You cannot leave Athabaska in any direction without meeting rapids. This line of cascades and rapids crossing all rivers in this region, the height of land looks as if nature meant to protect the Northland from inconsiderate invasion.

"When you have left behind you the vast treeless region of prairie grass you come upon a beautiful country half forest, half prairie grass. This is the great valley of the Saskatchewan. The soil is very fertile. This year we should have had a harvest more abundant than your in Manitoba, had there been more heat and less rain during the past summer. Quite lately I walked through fields where the wheat was as high as my chin. At Prince Albert ten days ago the harvest was fairly ripe.

"North of that fertile valley the scene changes very much; steep mountains, innumerable lakes, of them very large, such as Athabaska, 200 miles long, Great Slave Lake 300, Great Bear Lake larger still. There being as much water as land, we always

TRAVEL BY WATER.

"Outside of the immediate neighborhood of lakes and waterways the vegetation is not luxuriant, but good large trees extend farther inland, the balsam fir being particularly large. There is a river near Athabaska Lake which is lined on each side with fine forest trees, enough to build 500 houses without making an appreciable breach in the forest. Beyond these woods the land is good only for fur-bearing animals, it is a country of



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As you face the fire you are burning in front and your back is like an ice-house. The great danger in these winter journeys is checked perspiration after being over-heated. It is hard to dry yourself, but, when you get too warm you must take off your coat for a moment, lest the over-heating might bring on pleurisy. Now let me describe to you

A WINTER CAMP.

"The short day is drawing to a close, the dogs are evidently tired. We are looking for a good place to camp, not on the ice, but on terra firma. The dogs, quick to notice that you are going to camp, put on a spurt of strength and rush the sledge up the river bank. As soon as we have fixed upon a good location, we hunt up fir boughs for bedding and wood for the fire. Then we shovel the snow off the frozen ground with our snowshoes handled as shovels, we clear off stones and bits of wood, and then make our beds of pine boughs laid flat one upon the other to the depth of a foot. Before placing the dry wood for the fire we note the direction of the wind, so that the smoke will not blow in our faces.

"One great advantage in these pathless woods is that everything is common property, the wood you choose for your fire is yours, what you leave is for others. By this time the fire is burning brightly. We unharness the dogs, they run and leap about, burying their snouts in the snow and eating it for very joy. The dogs must be fed first. Each one of us campers takes a frozen fish from the provision bag, turns it over twice over the fire, shouts 'Caeser! Pompey! Brunel! Ball!' and flings it to the dogs, who make wild leaps for the scorched fish. Their meal is quickly devoured, and as soon as it is over they walk round and round in one spot, curl themselves up, snout on tail and toes, and sleep all night. If the cold becomes too great they snuggle up to us and try to lie on our feet. Meanwhile we are taking our meal of pemmican and strong tea, drying our feet and melting our frozen beards before the fire.

DISCARD SOCKS

and use instead what are called in French 'nippes' (pronounced 'neaps'). We wrap our bare feet in several squares of thick 'duck,' each about the size of a handkerchief and then pull on our moccasins, the throngs of which lace up and hold the nippes firmly together. This makes an ideal footgear, much warmer than any put on after that. After that we strap our legs in 'mittases,' a kind of strong leggings, to keep out the melting snow. Not infrequently the thermometer drops to 50 degrees below zero. When the wind blows at that temperature it is not precisely pleasant. Our first stop is made at noon for a drink of warm tea. When the thermometer is very low it is difficult to make the fire burn properly, the smoke will not

(Continued on page 8.)

Have you read

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The Passing Away of Edward Phelan

Peterborough, Sept. 24.—Edward Phelan, whose death was briefly reported in Monday's issue of The Examiner, had for many years been a prominent feature in the citizenship of Peterborough, town and county.

He was born in King's County, Ireland, about the year 1829 and came to Canada with his father's family when only three months old—nearly seventy-five years ago. On his arrival in Canada Mr. Phelan's father settled in the Township of Dummer, from which after several years he removed to Douro, near Young's Point where he remained till his death about 1850. Edward Phelan set out to face the world on his own account at the early age of thirteen years, and the success he made of life, from the human point of view, is a proof of his native force of character. He was for many years associated with the lumbering business. It is stated that he piloted the first timber that came down the back waters to Peterborough, receiving for his services \$16 per day. About the year 1854, Mr. Phelan began conducting the Phelan House Hotel, which has been so long and widely and so creditably associated with his name, as a model of its class—always admirably conducted and noted for its strict observance both of the law of hospitality and the law of the land. Here it may be mentioned that the late Mr. Phelan was, what it is rare to find among the generality of men in active life half a century ago—not to speak of hotel keepers—a life-long total abstainer from intoxicants. With his thrifty, industrious habits and with a hotel conducted in so excellent and law-abiding a manner, it was no surprise that Mr. Phelan prospered in business and amassed considerable means. He conducted the hotel continuously till 1882, and, after a brief retirement, for some time subsequently. He retired finally a few years ago and took private residence at the corner of Stewart and Simcoe streets, where he suffered the loss of his wife, Mrs. Phelan, who had been his constant companion, his faithful help-mate, and acknowledged right-hand of his worldly success, dying in June, 1892. This sad event was a sad blow to Mr. Phelan, from which he never rallied, for from the time of Mrs. Phelan's death, June 10th, 1902, his joviality of spirit departed, and his health visibly declined. He has been in more or less unsatisfactory health for a year past, but six weeks ago he suffered an attack of bronchial asthma, complicated with an affection of the heart. About ten days ago his condition seemed in some way improved, and though the dangerous character of his illness could not be ignored, hope was entertained of some further prolongation of life, but yesterday a sudden change supervened, and death took place somewhat unexpectedly, for the faithful help-mate of his three sons present was Rev. Father C. J. Phelan, of Young's Point, who at that sad moment was at the bedside in the double capacity of ghostly father and dutiful son.

In July, 1853, Mr. Phelan was united in marriage to Miss Mary Sullivan, daughter of the late John Sullivan. To this marriage were born seven sons, only three of whom are living. Harry Phelan, of Peterborough, Rev. Father C. J. Phelan, of Young's Point, and Walter Phelan, of the License Branch of the Provincial Secretary's Department. Mr. and Mrs. Phelan could have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last July, had Mrs. Phelan lived till that time. Mr. Phelan won a high degree of respect in the community, of which he was a member for three score and ten years. Though he never took much interest in municipal matters, he was for many years actively associated with Dominion politics, in the Conservative interests. In religion the late Mr. Phelan was a Catholic, earnestly devoted to the interests of Mother Church, as especially represented by St. Peter's Cathedral—a member of its congregation, upon whom, so far as a layman's services were concerned, the clergy could always confidently depend.

One of the late Mr. Phelan's practices, which may almost be said to have become a habit, was his constant presence at funerals, where he was always to be seen, occupying a place at the close of the procession, independently of the age, sex, creed or social position of the deceased. From his long association with the public, there were few men in town or country more widely known or more highly respected.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Edward Phelan took place Wednesday at 10 o'clock from St. Peter's Cathedral, where the remains had been taken from his late residence, corner of Stewart and Simcoe streets. As an evidence of the general esteem in which Mr. Phelan was held a very large number of citizens were in attendance at the Cathedral, and the procession was the largest seen in a long time. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at the Cathedral, the celebrant being Rev. Father Phelan, of Young's Point, son of the deceased.

Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, of Ennismore, was Deacon and Rev. Father Scanlon, of Grafton, was Sub-Deacon. Father John O'Brien was Master of Ceremonies. In the sanctuary were Fathers McCol, Conway and O'Connell. The pall-bearers were, Mr. Peter Simons, Mr. Thos. Fortye and Mr. Edward Brown, of Peterborough, Mr. P. A. Kearney, and Mr. J. E. Kearney, of Young's Point, and Mr. John Scollard, of Ennismore. The burial took place at the Catholic Cemetery to which the remains were followed by a very large number of vehicles. Among the mourners were many of the relatives of the late Mr. Phelan, as well as those of his late wife. The death of Mr. Phelan removes from Peterborough one of the best known men in the town, and one for whom all who knew him possessed a genuine esteem.

Editor World—I notice by this evening's News that Principal Manley offers an explanation of the order given one day last week to the Roman Catholic pupils in the Jarvis Street Collegiate to stand out of their classes and be counted. This is the explanation:

"Principal Manley stated in an interview this morning that the step indicated in the above paragraph was simply taken in pursuance of the custom prevailing in Collegiate Institutions of obtaining information every year as to the number of Roman Catholic students in attendance. The principal says that in taking that course he was not prompted by any outside suggestion from either man or newspaper, but was simply acting for the information of the board."

I am a ratepayer of this city and feel a deep interest in the efficiency of the High Schools, I know that when a pupil enters the Collegiate Institute the rule is to include his or her religious denomination in the record. If Principal Manley "for the information of the board" obliges the Roman Catholic pupils occasionally to stand out in an isolated and conspicuous manner in the presence of the school, I think he is doing something calculated to ostracize the Roman Catholics from the institution over which he presides, and in which they should have equal rights with Protestants. But I opine that the treatment to which these pupils were subjected last week was not intended for the information of the board, because I mentioned it in conversation with members of the board, and they instantly expressed both amazement and indignation. Furthermore the result of the count was published in The News editorial of the day upon which it was made. It is a most unfortunate incident to my thinking.

Toronto, Sept. 28. JUSTICE.

A Lume Explanation

The following letter, which appears in The Toronto World of Tuesday, needs no further comment than is contained in our editorial article to-day.

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Toronto, Sept. 28. JUSTICE.

Canada and the Coronation Oath

Lord Bray Sees the Archbishops of the Dominion Who Will Pledge Parliament Again.

Lord Bray, an English Catholic nobleman, is at present in Toronto. In part his mission to Canada is to interview the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in regard to an alteration being made in the King's coronation oath. He is one of the chief persons in the movement to have the clause directed against Catholics struck out. In connection with this project, he has seen Sir Wilfrid Laurier and six of the Archbishops of the Catholic Church, including the Archbishop of Toronto, and all have expressed themselves in sympathy with the matter. "They have stated," said Lord Bray, "that they will join in a petition to the Imperial Parliament to have the clause omitted. The Dominion Parliament is slow to move in the matter. It is only by continuing to petition that we will attain our aim."

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Keep the Children Off the Streets

Editor Catholic Register:

A good deal of attention is being given at present to the question of keeping our young children off the streets after nightfall. Undoubtedly it is a very great evil that so many young children apparently find more pleasure on the street in the evening than they do in their homes, but the suggested remedy of the curfew law will not be of benefit. It would be necessary to employ about as many more policemen as the city now has in order to properly enforce the law, and while they were escorting home the children whose crime it is to desire exercise for voice and limb, some adults and property would be unprotected. Let us rather ask the policemen to comply with the spirit of the curfew law and warn young children who are found on the street late at night without good reason for being there. This they do to a certain extent now, but let it be a settled policy that it is part of their duty, and we may expect a little improvement. To insist upon trying to enforce the curfew law with all the means of evasion that exist would only make of it a laughing stock, and would strengthen the belief which unfortunately exists among many of our children that policemen are their natural enemies. While walking on one of our downtown streets the other evening the problem of the children and the street was well illustrated. A number of young boys were playing in the shadow of a house on the street corner. A policeman walked up the other side of the street and one of the boys called "please can we play on the grass?" The guardian of the peace good-naturedly gave consent and they went to play on the boulevard. In the same house-shadow was a hulking vagrant fellow whom the policeman roughly ordered to "move on." So long as the boys were playing no harm could come to them, but after trying to play they would gather in the dark corners, and the hulking vagrant fellow would tell of his experiences and teach them, as is the manner of those people, all the evil he knew. The problem of what to do with the boy receives a good deal of attention and yet Ontario's vital statistics suggest that we have not enough of him.

W. O'C.

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Our new fashions in Fall Hats are now in—Derbys, Silks and Alpines, by such makers as Dunlap and Henry Heath, of London. You can't be well attired without a Dineen Hat.

Table with columns: Tenth Month 31 Days, October, The Rosary, The Holy Angels. Rows list days of the month with corresponding feast days and rosary prayers.

Children's Corner

WHAT'S THE USE. (Burgess Johnson in the August St. Nicholas.) I. What's the use o' growin' up? You can't paddle with your toes in a puddle; you can't yell when you're feelin' extra well.

Toggles looked him squarely in the eye. "I don't know what your name is," he said, "but it's a very wicked thing to tell lies. I saw the oriole last Sunday." "Something very like a smile crossed the man's face, but when he answered, it was grave enough."

ADVICE TO BOYS. Whoever you are, be brave, boys! The liar's a coward and slave, boys; Though clever at ruse And sharp at excuse, He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903. 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.

Dunlop Creeper Rubber Heels NO JAR NOR SLIP. MADE OF FINE RUBBER.

HOME CIRCLE

AS TO MARRYING AGES. There are times in every woman's life, according to a high feminine authority, when she will marry anybody that comes along. These times are when she is 17 and 27. Between these ages she is indiscriminate, and after the second of the two she is apathetic.

THE MARSHAL OF THE CITY OF REFUGE.

(By Frederick Hall.) When we reached the fence, Toggles stopped before the sign that he and grandpa had nailed there the day they made a farm a City of Refuge for the birds. He read it through again: TRESPASS IF YOU WANT TO BUT DON'T HARM THE BIRDS.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Little Nellie had been for a short visit to her great-grandmother, and on her return had been asked how she liked her. "Oh," was her reply, "I liked her pretty well, but I wished she had been a little newer."

A FLATTERING CHOICE.

A Baptist minister in a certain village was astonished at being called in to minister to a dying churchman. Having afforded what consolation he could to the sick man, he asked the churchman's wife: "Why didn't you send for your own clergyman?" "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "the doctor said the case was infectious."

AT LOW TIDE

From "Clinging to the Stones" in August St. Nicholas. The beach near the water's edge at low tide was probably a little farther away from the shore than it is now. Near the high-water mark was a long, wide row of rounded boulders, varying from a foot to several feet in diameter.

DID HIM GOOD AND NO MISTAKE

What Simon V. Landry has to say of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He was Weak, Run Down and a Total Wreck—Thru boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put him to Work Again. River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., Que., Sept. 28.—(Special)—Simon V. Landry, well-known here, adds his testimony to the thousands of others all over Canada who owe their health and even life itself, to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

DEATH COMES TO ALL.

DEATH COMES TO ALL.—But it need not come prematurely if proper precautions are taken. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to have prevention at hand and allow a disease to work its will is wickedness. Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil not only allays pains when applied externally, but he will prevent lung troubles resulting from colds and coughs. Try it and be convinced.

SPEND THANKSGIVING DAY OUT OF TOWN.

Single fare in effect for Thanksgiving Day this year allows passengers to spend five days out of town. Tickets are good going Wednesday, Oct. 14th, and are valid to return until Monday, October 19th. Call at Grand Trunk offices for tickets and all information.

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

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1903.

PORK PACKER POLITICS

Invades the High School and Insults the Catholic Pupils

Catholics in the Jarvis Street Collegiate made to stand out of their Classes by Mr. Flavelle's sensation-mongering Sheet

When The News was bought out by Mr. J. W. Flavelle to serve certain half-concealed interests. The Register said the Catholic people of Toronto would presently have these professors of political independence appealing to sectarian prejudice the better to serve their own ends.

"We flatter ourselves that in this enlightened age and in this Protestant city there is no such thing as priestly domination."

Following are a few further examples from the same article and others that followed it up:

"That eight Protestant members of the Board could be found to assist in foisting upon the staff one who is not qualified for the work proves two things, namely, the boldness and energy of professional Roman Catholics in public life and the weakness and truculence of those whom they have to work with on the Collegiate Institute Board."

"There should be no room in the public life of this country for men who make a ladder of their religion to climb into public prominence. . . . Such men are bound to serve a section of the community as against the whole people. Individual interests become more important than the general welfare and they resort to all manner of expedients to prove their value to their co-religionists."

"There is no form of coercion more repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon spirit than that which is exercised in the name of religion. Civil and religious liberty has been fought for from the days of Wycliffe and so ingrained has it become in the British character that whenever an attempt is made to coerce men upon a public question the protest is instant and violent."

"To placate the Catholic vote men holding public positions prostrate themselves before those who would wield their influence in a most ignominious manner."

This weakly excited stuff has not the true ring of bigotry. Bigotry is sincere; it has blood in it. The foregoing is but hired heroics, pertunery and pallid. It did not have the effect of bringing a tin band upon the streets, much less of arousing the prejudices of any section of the Protestant people of Toronto to the pitch vainly imagined by Drummer Willison when he talked of protests 'instant and violent.'

The people to-day are not the fools they were a couple of decades ago

when they listened to every cheap demagogue who invoked the Anglo-Saxon spirit, civil and religious liberty and the rest of it. Behind the anaemic heroics of The News there is in the first place pork and in the second politics. The politics we will leave for another occasion and for the present consider the pork alone.

Now then we have Mr. Flavelle in the newspaper business and in the pork business. He is we presume trying to push his newspaper venture as successfully as he has advanced his pork business, and seeks so to do by making these frantic appeals to sectarian prejudice. Such things have been done before and will be done again as long as the conduct of newspapers is entrusted to reckless hands in which the press is a mere agency to an end. We charge Mr. Flavelle with unparalleled impudence when he goes the length of having the Catholic pupils in a High School counted out of their classes, so that the evidence of their numerical weakness may serve him in his newspaper undertaking.

He might just as well ask that they be counted out in the interests of his pork business. There is not a particle of difference between the two cases. A Catholic lady has been appointed to the teaching staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute. The appointment lay in the hands of the Collegiate Institute Board. Mr. Flavelle has a perfect right as a newspaper proprietor to feel dissatisfied over the choice made by the trustees. Even the lady herself is left without a remedy when he libels her by saying she does not possess the qualifications necessary for her position. As long as his paper confined itself to ludicrous denunciations of priests and Catholics in public life no one bothered about him. The particular priest whom he denounced we are glad to see treated his rage with contempt. The members of the High School Board ignored it. The public made a true estimate of its insincerity. Then Mr. Flavelle's organ succeeded by hook or crook in having an outrageous action taken against the Catholic pupils in the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute. They were ordered to stand up in their classes to be counted as a small group among their fellow-pupils, as though they were aliens or intruders in the schools that are supported proportionately by the taxes of the Catholic people. They were simply grouped as a lot of distasteful to Mr. Flavelle's newspaper or as pupils of whom Mr. Flavelle's newspaper disapproved. They might just as well have been singled out because Mr. Flavelle's pork disagreed with them. Cheap newspaper bigotry to serve business or political ends is a thing that must be tolerated. A man may say pretty much what he pleases in his own newspaper, but when the newspaper invades the schools and brushes aside the rights of the pupils it becomes quite another matter. If the Principal of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute was a party to this contemptuous insult to the Catholic pupils in his school he is utterly unfit to continue in his position. We call upon the High School Trustees to demand a full statement of the circumstances which are well vouched for. The News itself furnishes the proof of what was done when in the editorial article published in its issue of Sept. 22nd it said:

"It cannot be urged that a teacher of that faith is needed for the sake of the scholars, for there are only five Roman Catholics in a total of 380 pupils in the Jarvis Street Institute."

Though it is not necessary in the least to enter into a disputation with The News over the merits of the appointment of Miss Dunn on the staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, it may be pointed out now that the Board made an excellent choice. A letter published in The Toronto World on Monday morning dealt with the facts.

"There is much," said the writer, "that has not yet been said beneath the surface indications of the Jarvis Street appointment. The young lady had been for a little time a temporary teacher in the institution. It was known to the school management committee that she was an applicant for a permanent position. I have been informed by several of the trustees that a scheme was laid to bar her, and that the advertisement for a specialist in languages was intended to effect that end. A fight in the committee resulted accordingly. Two trustees make the statement that Principal Manley declared a specialist was not required. There were several applicants, and all had a 'pull.' It need not be said that a candidate without a 'pull' would stand no chance of success. The chief 'pull' here in the first stage of the contest was to keep the Roman Catholic out. That developed the 'pull' in the opposite direction, and it is only common justice to the majority of the trustees who supported the winner that they either disregarded the sectarian cry or resented it. The young lady had first-class qualifications. She is a B. A. of Toronto University, a graduate of the Hamilton School of Pedagogy and was able to produce the strong recommendation of Dr. McLellan that she is a good teacher and disciplinarian."

"It was doing no sort of injury to the staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, or to the pupils, that such a teacher should get the vacant appointment on her merits."

There are only two Catholic teachers in the High Schools of Toronto. Catholics have never claimed that religion is one of the qualifications of teachers in these schools. The High School Board never made religion a formal and public test, but when Miss Lawlor was appointed a dozen or more years ago there was a much louder uproar made than now. The test was actually applied, and it was the duty of every independent trustee, Catholic or Protestant, to say that it should not rule out a properly qualified Catholic applicant. Catholics have every right to aspire to positions in the High Schools of the Province. The News may object with some show of reason if the proportion of Catholic teachers should become too large. That there should be more than two every fair-minded citizen will admit, but unless the two are qualified even so small a number should not be retained. Miss Lawlor is acknowledged to be at the head of her profession, Miss Dunn's qualifications are as high as those of any teacher in the school. The News makes a tremendous splutter that the advertisement called for a certain class of qualification not technically held by Miss Dunn. But this advertisement was the dodge which the School Management Committee resorted to in order to bar Miss Dunn out for no other reason than the fact of her religion. This was notorious even before the advertisement appeared. The Register was not disposed to say harsh things on such a score, for as long as we have public bodies we will have wire-pulling and motives wide of the public interest. In this case Principal Manley made the statement that an expert in languages was not required. The School Management Committee, which had an anti-Catholic majority, was turned down by the board at large as it de-



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM, '02-'03

any teacher in the institution. It served to be. It would have been a low trick to compass the defeat of an applicant by such means. However, we need not waste time over this phase of the case. An unwarrantable and impudent liberty has been taken with the rights of Catholics in the High Schools to further the base motives Mr. Flavelle's organ is aiming at. The Board cannot overlook such an occurrence. The trustees must respect their own authority and guard the rights of the pupils. The paper, of course, cannot be otherwise punished than by the contempt of good citizens, but some one within the school must be held fully responsible.

THE DRAMA AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The following interesting communication, which appeared in The Sunday World of the 27th, is a timely correction of the erroneous statements both of the dramatist and critics of Mr. Willard's play, "The Cardinal," which has been several times in Toronto and which has been witnessed by very many Catholics:

Editor World: In the brief review of the play, "The Cardinal," which is given in your paper this morning, allusion is made to the scene in which somebody makes a confession to the Cardinal de Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X. I have neither seen or read the play, but as your reviewer says that it would have been better if the author, instead of "spending months in the Vatican library" had spent minutes with the nearest Catholic priest, who would have told him that his play was a travesty in its leading incidents. And first, the real Cardinal de Medici never heard a confession as Cardinal, for the simple reason that he was not ordained a priest until after his election to the Papacy. Leo X. was elected on March 4, 1513, being then only a deacon, though a Cardinal. He was ordained priest in Holy Week two days later. His coronation as Pope took place on March 19, 1513. Every Catholic knows that sacramental confession, that is confession in order to obtain absolution, can only be made to a priest. All educated Catholics know that Cardinals are not necessarily priests. Cardinal Mertel, who died four years ago, though created a Cardinal as far back as 1858, never became a priest. Cardinal Antonelli, for 30 years Secretary of State of Pius IX., never was ordained a priest. Cardinal Consalvi, Prime Minister of Pius VII. and representative of that Pontiff in the Congress of Vienna, remained to the end of his life a deacon.

Yet it would be a mistake to conclude that Cardinal Deacons, so called, are never priests. Cardinal Newman was a priest more than 30 years before he was created a Cardinal Deacon by Leo XIII. in 1879. There are three orders of Cardinals, Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal priests and Cardinal deacons; but these orders are distinct from those of the hierarchy. With very few exceptions the cardinal priests are archbishops or bishops, and the cardinal deacons are generally priests. A second blunder in the presentation of the Catholic practice of confession is made by Mr. Parker in this play, if a sketch of it which I have come across does not do him an injustice. Cardinal de Medici, though unwilling to directly reveal

the secret confided to him in confession is represented as cunningly enticing his penitent on a later occasion to speak of his past confession in the presence of a concealed witness, and then so to speak exultingly handing him over to the police. Every Catholic knows that such a mode of procedure would be as direct a violation of the seal of confession as if the cardinal had informed a justice of the peace, without any circumlocution of the crime which had been sacramentally confided to him.

But the blunders of even the greatest non-Catholic authors, when touching on Catholic subjects are the despair of Catholic reviewers. Take Carlyle for example, who prided himself on his exactitude, on his seizing facts, even the smallest and meanest fact, as of greater importance, greater loveliness even than a world of the most beautiful fiction—yet Carlyle, who thought it necessary to visit each of the battlefields of Frederick the Great before writing the history of that King, blunders comically when speaking of the Catholic Church, its ceremonies, its institutions and its members. One or two instances will illustrate my assertion. In the history of the French Revolution the death of Louis XV. is put vividly before us. Carlyle, wishing to be dramatic, to make the distant past become present, says: "Priests are hoarse with chanting their prayers of Forty Hours." Evidently the author imagined that the Forty Hours' prayer was a long litany of some kind lasting for that space of time. Indeed a few pages before he says: "No prayers are offered (for Louis) except priests' litanies, read or chanted at fixed money-rate per hour, which are not liable to interruption." Picturesque writing, no doubt, but what are the facts? The "Forty Hours' prayer" is one of the best known of Catholic devotions, known in every diocese of the world, practised in every parish once a year. It consists in exposing the consecrated host in a conspicuous place, usually on the high altar of the church, where the devotion is held and leaving it there for 40 hours, to be worshipped in silence by the people. Excepting at the beginning and end of the function it is not necessary that priests "hoarse" or otherwise be present at all.

So in the Sage of Chelsea's own style I say, "Vanish ye not historic hoarse priests. Fly away, ye and your fixed money-rate, into the limbo of fantasy, from which ye came. Be absent henceforth forever from all not unvarnished history." If your space would allow it, I could point out other amusing errors of Carlyle in the same celebrated history of the French Revolution. His ludicrous translation of the words "amendement honorable," etc., his assertion in the description of the sack of churches that "stoles will clip into shirts for the defenders of the country" is very funny reading to a Catholic. Even an Anglican friend might have told Carlyle that the devil himself could not "clip a stole" (a narrow silk band) into a shirt.

Toronto, Sept. 25, 1903. S.J.C.

AFFAIRS AT THE SOO

The expected has happened up at Sault Ste. Marie. The exasperating attitude of the company officials towards the men could have but one result. Violent scenes were precipitated and blood was shed. There ought to be some form of retribution reserved for the representatives of the company upon the ground. The duty of the hour, of course, is to take stern measures to prevent the recurrence of rioting. Troops from different parts of the Province have been rushed to the scene; but it may be that the town authorities who called for them did not really need their services. A careful reading of the

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alarming despatches telegraphed to the newspapers rather diminishes the terror felt concerning the "mad hushmen" as they are called. The facts appear to be that a couple of thousand men working in the woods were suddenly informed that the company had gone bankrupt. They had pay checks for two months back wages which were to have been honored on Monday last. Meanwhile the men were dumped down at the Soo from the company's steamer without money or provisions. When the expected pay day arrived some of them had been forty-eight and seventy-two hours without food. They surrounded the pay office in a pelting rain and when with long waiting their impatience had broken the bounds of decorum and regard for the rights of property, they were informed their wages had not materialized nor could any certain promise be given them in that respect. Stone throwing and window breaking followed. Then a smart aleck fireman in the employment of the company threw open the massive door of the company's administration building and turned a hose on the wet, hungry and riotous mob. It was considerate and Christian treatment of a character that Macedonians would not put up with from Turks. The fireman was knocked down with a club, whereupon we read that he procured a revolver, but failed to do any killing with it, the weapon being out of order. The subsequent damage done the offices of the company was considerable. The town police, however, do not appear to have much fear for themselves. They proceeded to make arrests later on in the day and two of their prisoners resisting were shot, one of them fatally. Both being French-Canadians don't count. So docile a mob can hardly need military force from Toronto to quell it. All the alarmist reports have come from the company, which seems determined to cover its bankruptcy with confusion and prevent a reconstruction of its affairs. New capital is less likely to be invested in an undertaking around which riotous mobs are reported to be roaring for blood and booty.

THE TORONTO POLICE

It is almost time some plain truths were spoken about the Toronto Police. The meddling of a certain secret society in the administration of the force has grown to the dimensions of a public peril. The New York police system was never so completely dominated by Tammany as the Toronto body is by society grafters. The Board of Police Commissioners is supposed to be independently constituted. But it would appear that independence of public opinion only makes it the more subject to conceal pressure. The Register does not always see eye to eye with Colonel Denison; but we give him credit for following without fear or favor his idea of duty in his capacity as a magistrate and a commissioner. The Chief Constable is likewise a man to whose keeping discipline may safely be entrusted. Neither is ever likely to be approached directly by the wire-pullers of an organization anti-Catholic in essence and contemptibly narrow in its activities. We do not refer to the Orange organization, in which there are many men too broad, honest and practical to be guilty of the petty, insistent mediocrity of the grafters we now allude to. It would seem from recent events that the few Catholics on the Toronto Police force are to be either kept down or driven out. It is possible, of course, to have an efficient police force in Toronto, from which Irish-Catholics are rigidly excluded. But to have efficiency combined with the constant knocking and tampering of wire-pullers is impossible. The hopes and fears of municipal politicians from the Mayor down should be kept outside the Board of Police Commissioners.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Poor old Don throws all his remaining strength into one raucous whoop because he has at last found solace and support in Brother Willison. Mr. Chamberlain thought out of the Government manages in a mastery,

manner to keep himself before the public. In connection with his advertising abilities it is recalled that when he was fighting Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question and was aiming at disrupting the Ministry, it was Mr. Chamberlain's habit to reveal the drift of each day's proceedings in the course of the afternoon to Mr. Parnell, or some intermediary on behalf of Mr. Parnell. Of course, these revelations were colored by Mr. Chamberlain's own prepossessions, and fortunately Mr. Parnell was in a position to estimate their accuracy by information of a more reliable kind from another quarter.

The Register has already published the announcement of the conversion of the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, M. A., a son of the late Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. Some further particulars are given in The London Tablet. For some time the new convert has been connected with the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, Wakefield, previous to which he was a member of a monastic body instituted by the Bishop of Winchester. He was the object of his father's special affection. The primate displayed the greatest interest in his son's career from the time when at Eton he wrote a prize poem on the subject of Father Damien and his work among the lepers. When the Rev. Hugh left Cambridge he wanted to enter the Indian Civil Service, but his father's wishes prevailed, and he was ordained in 1894.

Like most protectionists Mr. Chamberlain does not practice what he preaches. His last appearance at a Cabinet Council was made in an astrachan overcoat. "Why," asks a London exchange, "does Mr. Chamberlain wear astrachan of all materials? Astrachan is grown in Russia, and we know with how long a spoon we ought to sup with a Russian. Surely it would be more patriotic of the Colonial Secretary to clothe himself in a New Zealand fleece or a Canadian hide." In a burlesque account of the meeting the same paper alleges that Mr. Chamberlain was wearing a French tie, a German tie-clip, Austrian braces, a Swiss watch, and an American Panama hat. In view of the reported decision of the Cabinet to appoint a Royal Commission on the fiscal question, it has been suggested a Royal Commission be also appointed to inquire into what the other Royal Commissions were doing.

BIRTH

JONES—On Friday, Sept. 25, 1903, at 177 Sherbourne street, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur G. Jones, a son.

THEY ARE NOT VIOLENT IN ACTION—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces incipient chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

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Cardinal Gibbons
 Describes Pius X. as a Man of God and the People
 (From The New York Sun.)

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, safely home from his journey to Rome received the most notable and enthusiastic greeting of the 1,600 passengers who arrived yesterday morning on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. The Cardinal was in excellent health and spirits. The liner encountered rough seas and a hard northeasterly gale after leaving Cherbourg, and for the next two days only half of the ship's company were well enough to appear at table. The Cardinal was not among these, but he had completely recovered by Saturday and took his seat at the left of Captain Cupper.

To a Sun reporter, who was a fellow passenger, Cardinal Gibbons, in speaking of the Conclave, said that the associates of Pius X. in the Sacred College were moved to choose him by an impulse "as mighty as it was divinely inspired." The whole proceedings were conducted with a dignity and awe that smothered all but the holiest emotions. The impress of the event on his memory, the Cardinal said, was the most solemn of his life.

Cardinal Gibbons spoke also of the Pontiff's health, but expressed no alarm for him. Pius X. had, indeed, as reported, suffered from several fainting spells, he said, and there was no doubt that the close confinement and incessant obligations of his restricted life in the Vatican were working against him for the time; but his recuperation in cooler weather and as soon as he became more accustomed to his new responsibilities might surely be anticipated. Many customs of life at the Vatican have been simplified since the new Pope's accession, but no radical changes have been permanently instituted.

The feeling in Europe toward the Pope the American Cardinal gauged as being most heartily sympathetic. "As for America," said Cardinal Gibbons, "we should rejoice with exceeding joy that this benevolent, zealous and deeply spiritual man has been elevated to the Holy See." A large delegation of priests from the Baltimore province went down the bay yesterday morning to meet the steamer. At the pier in Hoboken there was an even larger delegation. After the Kaiser had docked an informal reception was held by the Cardinal in his suite on the saloon deck, and Mr. Tippet, Supreme President of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, formally extended greeting to His Eminence. He reviewed the career of the Cardinal and spoke of the deep love and pride Americans have in him. In replying the Cardinal avoided all mention of Church politics and spoke only of the happiness of his return and his voyage and improved health. Mr. Tippet remarked that all the reporters were waiting to know why Cardinal Gibbons was not elected Pope.

"For the same reason," said the Cardinal, "that Grover Cleveland gave when he was not elected the second time he ran—I didn't have enough votes."

When asked about the reports concerning the creation of another Cardinal for America, His Eminence made this guarded statement:

"While I have no positive knowledge of the Holy Father's intention in this regard, I would not be at all surprised if before long a number of new Cardinals were created, and among them America will in all probability have a share."

He would not discuss the probable candidates. As to a cable story predicting the creation of a new Patriarchate with the title of the Occident, he said:

"There is absolutely no truth in that. I do not believe that a new Patriarchal see is even being considered."

Pope Pius X. the Cardinal described to the reporters as "a man of

handsome personality, winning manner, beautifully formed, in the fullness of life—about the same age as Leo when he was elected. He is demagogic," said the Cardinal, "and openness and simplicity are strongly marked in him. Time will develop in him all characteristics which we do not appreciate at present. He may be characterized as a man of God and a man of the American people. This was evinced when at my request he granted his first audience to a pilgrimage from the United States, giving his first and special blessing to them an all belonging to them."

"His Holiness shows also the deep interest in the Catholic University of America which was displayed by his predecessor. This is shown in a long letter to the American hierarchy which he has given to Mgr. O'Connell who is still in Rome. This letter outlines the plan for the future welfare and prosperity of the university. Pius X. is fairly well posted on our affairs here. He is keeping in touch with our progress, history and institutions and broadening every day."

After leaving Rome Cardinal Gibbons went to Lake Geneva, where he was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Francis de Sales Jenkins, of Baltimore, who have a villa there. There he met Chatrand and Paderewski. Later he travelled in France and Normandy.

On landing yesterday he went first to St. Michael's, the Passionist monastery in West Hoboken. After dining there he was escorted to the

home of Mrs. John D. Keiley, in Brooklyn, where he will stay until Thursday. Archbishop Farley called there to pay his respects to the Cardinal who in turn will visit the Archbishop and dine with him to-day. A number of prominent Catholics will meet the Cardinal this evening, but no formal celebration of his return will be held until his arrival at Baltimore, when the first Cardinal to cast a vote for a successor of St. Peter will be formally greeted by Church and State officials. He will depart for Baltimore at 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning in a private car.

Cardinal Gibbons is just ten months older than Pius X., who was born in June, 1835. At the shipboard service on the Kaiser last Sunday morning the Cardinal gave an earnest, practical talk on the beauties of Christian character which was listened to with the keenest interest by nearly all of the 420 cabin passengers of many faiths. A story that made him laugh harder than any other was the Sun's account of the Golverville priest who declined to commit himself concerning the qualifications of Pius X. "until he had been officially notified of the Pope's election."

An Irish Lullaby
 Softly now the burn is rushing,
 Every lark its song is hushing,
 On the moor the thick mist is falling,
 Just one heather-blade is calling—
 Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
 For my darling, for my only,
 'Leabain O, 'Leabain O!

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
 Wee black lamb comes, wearie, wearie,
 Hear its soft feet pit-a-patting,
 Quickly o'er the flowery matting,
 See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
 Or its bed, it's surely thinking,
 'Leabain O, 'Leabain O!

The hens to roost wee Nora's shoeing,
 Brindling in the byre is mooring,
 The tired-out cricket's quit its calling,
 Velvet sleep on all is falling—
 Lark and cow, and sheep and starling—
 Hear it kiss our white-haired darling,
 'Leabain O, 'Leabain O!

—Seumas MacManus in The Pilot

Saving Old Missions

The Landmarks Club of Los Angeles Making Efforts to Preserve the Historic Churches of California
 (From The New York Tribune.)

To the East the West is young and hardly the place in which to seek for antiquities in the way of old buildings which should be preserved. Yet the West has its landmarks, its hundred-year-old houses and its century-lasting churches, and every one of them shrouded in history fully as romantic as that which hangs about Plymouth Rock or St. Paul's Church.

In the East there has long been a cry for the preservation of historic places. The Easterner does not look for such a spirit in the land to the westward of the great river. Yet it is planted there and growing, and each year sees the marking of more rocks, another mission preserved.

No New England society ever undertook a task like that of saving the chain of Spanish missions along the Pacific that were crumbling away under the neglect of the studios, vision-seers friars. California is more than a thousand miles long, and the twenty-one ancient missions form a line for fully half that distance. Sadly did they need conservation for tumbling walls, missing tiled roofs, rotting corridors. Indeed, if the work had not been undertaken when it was, the missions would have been hopelessly lost by this time.

It is to the Landmarks Club of Los Angeles that the old missions owe their renewed lease of life. The work was begun as far back as 1896, when Charles F. Lummis, who is still its president, brought the subject to the attention of a few interested persons, who were willing to undertake the struggle. An earlier attempt to do something to arrest the spoliation and decay of the missions had been made under the leadership of Miss Tessa L. Kelso, then city librarian of Los Angeles, and a small fund which she had raised was turned over to

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At Capistrano, another five years of neglect would have put these buildings beyond being saved. As it is, the work has so safeguarded and repaired the two chief buildings that they will last about as they are today for at least another century. A great amount of work should still be done at this mission.

At Pala, a branch chapel of San Luis Rey, the club has re-roofed the chapel and monastery with the original tiles, and is now making other improvements there. The mission lands had been alienated by one of the characteristic blunders, and injustices of the government in dealing with matters so remote, and had been seized by a squatter. Some years ago he deeded the chapel and graveyard back to the church, but retained the lands and other buildings. The club has succeeded, after long and arduous negotiations, in causing the entire array of buildings and sufficient land to revert to the rightful owner. The little church will be rededicated as soon as repairs are finished. The poor, crowded little graveyard will be doubled in size, and henceforth the Indians will have regular church services.

At San Luis Rey, founded in 1798, the most splendid of all the California missions, where 2,869 neophytes were gathered in its palmist days, little has been done, because the case was less urgent than elsewhere. This magnificent establishment is occupied by a little colony of the same order that first made spiritual conquest of California, the Franciscans, and Father O'Keefe has saved the huge church and out it in sound shape for worship. The fallen cloisters, which were the glory of San Luis Rey, will be rebuilt.

At San Diego, the "Mother Mission," founded in 1769, the ruin has gone further, and the buildings at best were not so elaborate as at some other points. What little is left of the church has been protected and the ruins of the remaining walls will be preserved.

The work of the Landmarks Club in these repairs is absolutely expert and in the hands of men who have studied exhaustively the architecture involved. There is no cheap and hasty restoration; everything that is done is done precisely as it was originally, except that timber is used instead of green poles. The work done is open to inspection, and has come to be recognized as entirely competent and expert.

Besides the mission work the club made a serious campaign which saved the historic plaza of Los Angeles from obliteration, and another which checked a Philistine attempt to destroy several hundred historic street names in Los Angeles, and fixed—through a commission appointed solely by the club's urgency—a logical and historic nomenclature for the streets of the city.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM, '02-'03

home of Mrs. John D. Keiley, in Brooklyn, where he will stay until Thursday. Archbishop Farley called there to pay his respects to the Cardinal who in turn will visit the Archbishop and dine with him to-day. A number of prominent Catholics will meet the Cardinal this evening, but no formal celebration of his return will be held until his arrival at Baltimore, when the first Cardinal to cast a vote for a successor of St. Peter will be formally greeted by Church and State officials. He will depart for Baltimore at 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning in a private car.

Cardinal Gibbons is just ten months older than Pius X., who was born in June, 1835. At the shipboard service on the Kaiser last Sunday morning the Cardinal gave an earnest, practical talk on the beauties of Christian character which was listened to with the keenest interest by nearly all of the 420 cabin passengers of many faiths. A story that made him laugh harder than any other was the Sun's account of the Golverville priest who declined to commit himself concerning the qualifications of Pius X. "until he had been officially notified of the Pope's election."

An Irish Lullaby
 Softly now the burn is rushing,
 Every lark its song is hushing,
 On the moor the thick mist is falling,
 Just one heather-blade is calling—
 Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
 For my darling, for my only,
 'Leabain O, 'Leabain O!

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
 Wee black lamb comes, wearie, wearie,
 Hear its soft feet pit-a-patting,
 Quickly o'er the flowery matting,
 See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
 Or its bed, it's surely thinking,
 'Leabain O, 'Leabain O!

The hens to roost wee Nora's shoeing,
 Brindling in the byre is mooring,
 The tired-out cricket's quit its calling,
 Velvet sleep on all is falling—
 Lark and cow, and sheep and starling—
 Hear it kiss our white-haired darling,
 'Leabain O, 'Leabain O!

—Seumas MacManus in The Pilot

the new club. Since then something has been done each year, and over a stretch of three hundred miles the principal buildings of each mission have been put in as near their original condition as possible.

At first the old monks were not so sure whether they wanted the repairs. Some of them were suspicious that it might be some new scheme to get hold of the mission lands.

"We belong to a dead age," said one old Spanish father. "Our day is past. It seems to be His will that the missions crumble. No longer is there the need. The Indian is gone almost. Our work is done. Let the ruins die with us."

But the members of the Landmarks Club would not be dissuaded by the arguments of the fathers. They persuaded the churchmen to give them long leases of the missions where the most work was to be done, especially San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando Rey de Espana and Pala. At these and at the mother mission at San Diego the club made protective repairs costing more than \$5,000. In all about three acres of roofs have been put on. The building of the coast line of the Southern Pacific Railway from Los Angeles to San Francisco has brought the chain of missions very much in touch with the world, and they are rapidly becoming popular places of call for tourists.

The first work of the club was done at Capistrano, which is considered the most beautiful of all the missions, and one of the noblest ruins in the United States. It was in a most critical condition of decay, and in a few years more nothing would have been left of it but a jumble of walls ruined beyond possibility of repair. All of the important buildings have been repaired in such substantial fashion that they will stand for another hundred years. All the tile roofs were falling in, and the storms were making short work of the adobe walls thus left unprotected.

These rotted frames have been replaced with substantial structures of Oregon pine, and the original tiles of the monastery and the original cloisters (founded in 1776 by the great apostle of California, Fray Junipero Serra). The breaking down of the great stone church, which was injured in the earthquake of 1812, and blown up with gunpowder in the 60's, has been buttressed and some four hundred and fifty feet of 12-foot cloisters have been re-roofed with lumber and asphalt (as originally). Hundreds of tons of debris have been removed, and the walls that were about to fall were braced with steel rods and turn-buckles.

The mission has been fenced in, a well and windmill have been provided, and flowers and trees are carefully tended. A new roof (of old tiles) has been put on the refectory, and the club is now re-roofing a 112-foot building to the front and west of the monastery. In all, some \$2,500 has been expended there. Under Judge Richard Egan's personal supervision and extraordinary amount of expert work has been done for the money. Here, as at all other missions, it is the desire and plan to preserve every wall without exception—even those which were merely divisional. Only thus can the original character of the mission be preserved.

The missions were not merely churches, but little walled outposts of civilization amid a wilderness then more remote from "the world" than any corner of Africa is to-day. They were not only churches and church schools for the Indians, but industrial training schools in which the savages were taught all the crafts then familiar to civilization. In these great communities the Indians became skilled carpenters, masons, brickmakers, blacksmiths, tanners, soapmakers, farmers, stock growers, weavers, vintners, fruit growers, shoemakers, tailors and all the other trades needed in and for a self-supporting community fifteen hundred miles from civilization and supplies.

They also learned to read and write, to sing and to play on musical instruments. Under the supervision of one or two priests at each place, they built the missions. Some idea of the magnitude of this task may be had from the fact—verified by expert estimates—that the stone church alone at Capistrano could not be replaced to-day for less than \$100,000. And this was only a small part of the whole great establishment. In its prime Capistrano had over thirteen hundred Indian neophytes.

At the still larger mission of San Fernando the club has re-roofed the enormous monastery (210 by 80 feet) with the original tiles, has re-roofed with shakes—as tiles could not be had—the church, 184 by 35 feet, and has rebuilt some enormous breaches in the walls and repaired the cloisters. As

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Orders in Council, the Red and White Pine Timber in the following townships, berths and areas, namely:

IN THE DISTRICT OF NIPISSING—The Townships of Hutton, Creelman, Parkin, Aylmer, Mackelcan, McCarty, Merrick, Mulock (part of), French (part of), Stewart, Lockhart (part of), Garrow (part of), Osborne (part of), Hammell and Phelps (part of).

IN THE DISTRICT OF ALGOMA—Berths Nos. 195 and 201, The Townships of Kitchener and Roberts and Block "W" near Onaping Lake.

IN THE RAINY RIVER DISTRICT—Berths G19, G21, G23, G29 and G38, and the following Berths with the right to cut and remove the pine, spruce, tamarack, cedar and poplar—G4, G6, G7, G8, G24, G25, G26, G27, G28, G33, G35, G36, G37, G39, G40, G41, G42, G43, Berths Nos. S1, S2, S3 and S4, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on Wednesday, the NINTH day of DECEMBER, 1903, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

Sheets containing terms and conditions of Sale and information as to Areas and Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth will be furnished on application, either personal or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Timber Agencies at Ottawa, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Rat Portage and Fort Frances.

E. J. DAVIS,
 Commissioner Crown Lands,
 Department of Crown Lands,
 Toronto, July 29, 1903.
 N. B. — No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

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rooms, with or without board, convenient to University, communicate with The Catholic Register,

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FRENCH LESSONS — COURSE

followed, 1st, principles of pronunciation explained; 2nd, verbs acquired by means of conversation; 3rd, idioms and phrasing; pupils addressed in French from the beginning, to cultivate their ear. Subjects chosen in accordance with pupil's profession or business. For terms apply to Mile. E. de Coustouy, 4 Laurier Avenue, Toronto.

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THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

Antoine Verdeau, the cobbler of Angeldorf, sat smoking his long pipe at his cottage door. It was a pleasant evening in July and the streets of the little town were full of people eager to get a breath of cool air...

Yes, it was thirty years since the bombardment of Angeldorf. Verdeau, when in the prime of life, had been a member of the town council...

As he thought of it all again when he was not thinking of it—when he was not thinking of it—when he was not thinking of it—when he was not thinking of it...

At the extreme end of this fallow land stood the house which he had built, but which he had neglected and left to rot...

The gap should never be filled up! He had sworn it! Never, until La Revanche had come. Till then it would remain to remind Alsace of her shame, France of her duty...

Some fools in Angeldorf had many times advised him to repair the wall and put the house in order! Ah, they did not understand—those cravens!

Silently brooding, he retraced his steps through the glowing dusk. The light from a lamp inside glimmered through the diamond-shaped panes of the cottage window...

A young woman of twenty-five or thereabouts, set the old man's chair near the table. Plump and well-to-do, with fair hair and grayish-blue eyes, and an even, pleasant expression of face...

of Bavarian, 'tis all the same. And how does the township take this latest insult to France? With its wonted severity, I warrant, smiling back its thanks for every lash of the German taskmaster!

"Herr Bauer seems to be popular in Angeldorf," the girl ventured, timidly. Her father shrugged his shoulders. "You have seen him?" he asked.

"He has been at the Berniers' once or twice," she replied. "Yes, I have met him there." She rose quickly from her chair. "And of course, you like him, with the rest?" he returned sarcastically.

"It would not be Victorine if she were not in the fashion!" The girl reddened. "He seems an agreeable man," she said; "but even if he were otherwise, I don't see how it can concern me, father," she added, naively.

"Pierre Michel should have had the job," testily cried the old man. "He is an Alsatian boy and bred; but there was no one in the place to speak a word for him. Angeldorf fears the oppressor too much for that. It has come to believe that La Ravanche is an idle cry—that she will never come. But she will come," he cried with great intensity, lifting his eyes and talking to the ceiling rather than to Victorine.

"So you have always said, father," was the girl's response; "but how long the time seems!" "Only to those who have lost hope and courage," he replied solemnly. "Thanks to the true God, I have both still. Victorine! Though I am sometimes impatient, I feel in my heart that the hour is not yet ripe. But that hour will come, and with it the man—the new Napoleon, the savior of France, the liberator of Alsace. Oh, if my boy had only lived, this glorious mission might have been his!"

Little Alphonse, whose death had kindled and afterward kept alive the idea of La Ravanche in the old patriot's bosom, had become the very genius of the great event, so long delayed, which would stanch the wounds of France and recover her lost provinces. It was the cobbler's fond hope that this bright boy, inheriting his father's zeal, would be acquired to culture to shape its promptings. To Paris he would have gone in the flower of his manhood, no peevish railer at destiny, but the victor over incredible obstacles. With convincing force he would have rendered articulate the vague aspirations of the people for revenge, and perhaps—such was the fond parent's conceit—would even have headed the attack against the hereditary foe.

The death of her brother, whom Victorine had never known, was the sole means by which she could obtain any conception of the central idea which dominated her father's mind. In all other respects La Ravanche was unintelligible to her. Born a full five years after the war, she unconsciously accepted German ascendancy as part of the established order of things, a French Alsace was historically too remote to be passionately apprehended. Why not let the matter rest? she thought. Like her mother, who had died in giving her birth, she shrank from the idea of war between the nations. Of an eminently practical bent, she considered her father's preference for cobbling shoes in penury instead of repairing the house which the shell had shattered a mad dream of infatuation. To sum up the matter, there was little suggestive of La Ravanche about Victorine except her name, which contained as it were, the promise of the fulfillment of her father's hopes.

Immersed, as he so often was, in dreary speculations, Antoine Verdeau was nevertheless keen enough to perceive that his daughter was an enthusiast. She had imbibed instead the lethargy of the township, and as a consequence he seldom spoke of his ideas to her. But that last blow of French pride—the appointment of a German station master in a town so near the frontier as Angeldorf—affected him so acutely that he was obliged to talk. "I saw Pierre Michel pass to-day," he said a few days later. "He should have had the post." "But is he a more capable man than Herr Bauer?" Victorine asked, somewhat needlessly, for she knew where to be a hopeless n'er-do-well. "He is an Alsatian," was the curt response. The reason was much too sentimental to appeal to Victorine, and she found herself, before she was well aware of it, blundering into an advocacy of the Bavarian's claims. "People say," she said, "that Herr Bauer is well up to his work," she observed, with some warmth. "He has been sergeant in the Eisenbahn regiment, and has a good record." "Where did you hear all this, girl?" Victorine asked, impatiently. "Ah—I see—you have met him again?" "Victorine avoided her father's gaze. "Yes—last night—at the Berniers'," she replied in a low voice. "Why does he go there so much?" he inquired fiercely. "And what does old Bernier mean by encouraging him? As a lover for the fair Julie, perhaps? Ha! ha! 'Tis glorious," he shouted. "The Deutschers have made their conquest complete. We give them our sons for their army, our daughters for their wives! They have conquered us body and soul!" At the conclusion of this outburst Victorine's cheeks were flaming red. "What are you saying, father?" she cried. "The new station master marry Julie Bernier? Eugene marry her? Never!" The intensity of her voice caused him to look up suddenly, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks was revealed to him. Victorine had betrayed her secret—that secret which she had so jealously guarded for a whole month! Antoine Verdeau sank back in his chair like one smitten with the palsy. "Victorine!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, "you yourself love this man—this Prussian?" She threw herself at his feet. "Not Prussian," she protested vehemently, "but Bavarian. He is different from all other Germans, for he hates the Prussians and admires France and her brave people!" Apparently he did not hear this passionate protest, or even notice the distress which the sudden disclosure

of her love had caused her. He simply looked down upon her sadly, reproachfully, as at some weak and unworthy object, such a look in his eyes as schoolmaster might give a child who was unable to grasp a theme, to him, so simple. Then he left her to tears, and slowly ascended the creaking staircase. When he reached his bedroom at the back of the cottage he threw open the window and looked out. The white radiance of the moon rendered all the more prominent objects of the landscape plainly visible. He could see the clearing in the forest which ran up to the borders of Angeldorf, and near by glistened one of the white stones marking the frontier line. Suddenly, as if by magic, his illusion fell away from him and the bubble of his dream was burst. He realized for the first time since the war the mad futility of it all. The landmarks yonder set by the Germans—the forest clearing, the white stones—were fixed and immovable. La Revanche would never come. He had been a fool for cherishing his hopes so long. France cared nothing for her lost provinces. Her glory had departed; she was supine and asleep. The occasional frontier troubles, the restiveness of a few Alsatians under the constricting iron decrees, Boulangier, the charlatans, the surprising alliance with Russia, the verses of Paul Deroudele, the staid heroics of a few hot-headed Parisians; where did all these things lead? Nowhere! The ideal was burned out, and these were the miserable flickerings from its smoldering embers.

He heard Victorine sobbing in the next room, and a great pity surged at his heart. He had never tried to understand the girl. Leaving her to her own devices, he had lived with La Revanche, and cared for no one else. Small wonder, then, that to escape his dreary, society Victorine had thrown herself into the arms of the foe. Before he fell asleep he had again become the Antoine Verdeau of the days before the war; the practical tradesman, intent upon affairs, eager to save and acquire, to benefit his family. What had worked the miracle? It may have been his daughter's grief, or the strange, immutable look of the frontier stones in the cold moonlight. He could not tell.

When he awoke he felt numb and listless. The dream which had fed his vitality had departed. There was a marked change in the girl as well. Her vivacity was gone. She no longer gathered gossip as the bees gather honey; no longer lavishly retailed it. Subdued and careworn she went about her duties mechanically, and when her father would have spoken with her the mute appeal for silence in her eyes restrained her. For a whole week she remained indoors, and then, one balmy summer evening, she went out of the cottage, leaving the old man still at his work. She returned late, her eyes bearing traces of recent tears. Then it was that Verdeau found it within him to break the silence. "You have been to the Berniers', Victorine?" he said. "Yes." He hesitated a moment, and then inquired: "You have seen him again—the station master?" "Yes," she replied in a level voice. "He asked me to be his wife." "You consented?" "You consented?" "She caught her breath. "No, I refused." "Ah!" he breathed heavily. "But why?" "I gave no reason," she replied, in the same monotone. "But"—her voice now faltered—"I think he guesses that his daughter was a nationalist. She had imbibed instead the lethargy of the township, and as a consequence he seldom spoke of his ideas to her. But that last blow of French pride—the appointment of a German station master in a town so near the frontier as Angeldorf—affected him so acutely that he was obliged to talk. "I saw Pierre Michel pass to-day," he said a few days later. "He should have had the post." "But is he a more capable man than Herr Bauer?" Victorine asked, somewhat needlessly, for she knew where to be a hopeless n'er-do-well. "He is an Alsatian," was the curt response. The reason was much too sentimental to appeal to Victorine, and she found herself, before she was well aware of it, blundering into an advocacy of the Bavarian's claims. "People say," she said, "that Herr Bauer is well up to his work," she observed, with some warmth. "He has been sergeant in the Eisenbahn regiment, and has a good record." "Where did you hear all this, girl?" Victorine asked, impatiently. "Ah—I see—you have met him again?" "Victorine avoided her father's gaze. "Yes—last night—at the Berniers'," she replied in a low voice. "Why does he go there so much?" he inquired fiercely. "And what does old Bernier mean by encouraging him? As a lover for the fair Julie, perhaps? Ha! ha! 'Tis glorious," he shouted. "The Deutschers have made their conquest complete. We give them our sons for their army, our daughters for their wives! They have conquered us body and soul!" At the conclusion of this outburst Victorine's cheeks were flaming red. "What are you saying, father?" she cried. "The new station master marry Julie Bernier? Eugene marry her? Never!" The intensity of her voice caused him to look up suddenly, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks was revealed to him. Victorine had betrayed her secret—that secret which she had so jealously guarded for a whole month! Antoine Verdeau sank back in his chair like one smitten with the palsy. "Victorine!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, "you yourself love this man—this Prussian?" She threw herself at his feet. "Not Prussian," she protested vehemently, "but Bavarian. He is different from all other Germans, for he hates the Prussians and admires France and her brave people!" Apparently he did not hear this passionate protest, or even notice the distress which the sudden disclosure

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of her love had caused her. He simply looked down upon her sadly, reproachfully, as at some weak and unworthy object, such a look in his eyes as schoolmaster might give a child who was unable to grasp a theme, to him, so simple. Then he left her to tears, and slowly ascended the creaking staircase. When he reached his bedroom at the back of the cottage he threw open the window and looked out. The white radiance of the moon rendered all the more prominent objects of the landscape plainly visible. He could see the clearing in the forest which ran up to the borders of Angeldorf, and near by glistened one of the white stones marking the frontier line. Suddenly, as if by magic, his illusion fell away from him and the bubble of his dream was burst. He realized for the first time since the war the mad futility of it all. The landmarks yonder set by the Germans—the forest clearing, the white stones—were fixed and immovable. La Revanche would never come. He had been a fool for cherishing his hopes so long. France cared nothing for her lost provinces. Her glory had departed; she was supine and asleep. The occasional frontier troubles, the restiveness of a few Alsatians under the constricting iron decrees, Boulangier, the charlatans, the surprising alliance with Russia, the verses of Paul Deroudele, the staid heroics of a few hot-headed Parisians; where did all these things lead? Nowhere! The ideal was burned out, and these were the miserable flickerings from its smoldering embers.

He heard Victorine sobbing in the next room, and a great pity surged at his heart. He had never tried to understand the girl. Leaving her to her own devices, he had lived with La Revanche, and cared for no one else. Small wonder, then, that to escape his dreary, society Victorine had thrown herself into the arms of the foe. Before he fell asleep he had again become the Antoine Verdeau of the days before the war; the practical tradesman, intent upon affairs, eager to save and acquire, to benefit his family. What had worked the miracle? It may have been his daughter's grief, or the strange, immutable look of the frontier stones in the cold moonlight. He could not tell.

When he awoke he felt numb and listless. The dream which had fed his vitality had departed. There was a marked change in the girl as well. Her vivacity was gone. She no longer gathered gossip as the bees gather honey; no longer lavishly retailed it. Subdued and careworn she went about her duties mechanically, and when her father would have spoken with her the mute appeal for silence in her eyes restrained her. For a whole week she remained indoors, and then, one balmy summer evening, she went out of the cottage, leaving the old man still at his work. She returned late, her eyes bearing traces of recent tears. Then it was that Verdeau found it within him to break the silence. "You have been to the Berniers', Victorine?" he said. "Yes." He hesitated a moment, and then inquired: "You have seen him again—the station master?" "Yes," she replied in a level voice. "He asked me to be his wife." "You consented?" "You consented?" "She caught her breath. "No, I refused." "Ah!" he breathed heavily. "But why?" "I gave no reason," she replied, in the same monotone. "But"—her voice now faltered—"I think he guesses that his daughter was a nationalist. She had imbibed instead the lethargy of the township, and as a consequence he seldom spoke of his ideas to her. But that last blow of French pride—the appointment of a German station master in a town so near the frontier as Angeldorf—affected him so acutely that he was obliged to talk. "I saw Pierre Michel pass to-day," he said a few days later. "He should have had the post." "But is he a more capable man than Herr Bauer?" Victorine asked, somewhat needlessly, for she knew where to be a hopeless n'er-do-well. "He is an Alsatian," was the curt response. The reason was much too sentimental to appeal to Victorine, and she found herself, before she was well aware of it, blundering into an advocacy of the Bavarian's claims. "People say," she said, "that Herr Bauer is well up to his work," she observed, with some warmth. "He has been sergeant in the Eisenbahn regiment, and has a good record." "Where did you hear all this, girl?" Victorine asked, impatiently. "Ah—I see—you have met him again?" "Victorine avoided her father's gaze. "Yes—last night—at the Berniers'," she replied in a low voice. "Why does he go there so much?" he inquired fiercely. "And what does old Bernier mean by encouraging him? As a lover for the fair Julie, perhaps? Ha! ha! 'Tis glorious," he shouted. "The Deutschers have made their conquest complete. We give them our sons for their army, our daughters for their wives! They have conquered us body and soul!" At the conclusion of this outburst Victorine's cheeks were flaming red. "What are you saying, father?" she cried. "The new station master marry Julie Bernier? Eugene marry her? Never!" The intensity of her voice caused him to look up suddenly, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks was revealed to him. Victorine had betrayed her secret—that secret which she had so jealously guarded for a whole month! Antoine Verdeau sank back in his chair like one smitten with the palsy. "Victorine!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, "you yourself love this man—this Prussian?" She threw herself at his feet. "Not Prussian," she protested vehemently, "but Bavarian. He is different from all other Germans, for he hates the Prussians and admires France and her brave people!" Apparently he did not hear this passionate protest, or even notice the distress which the sudden disclosure



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Antoine Verdeau shook his head. "La Revanche is dead, child. She will never come now. You see, monsieur"—he turned to the station master—"it was my dream once." He smiled sadly, but there were tears in his eyes. The younger man bowed his head in respectful silence. He was a soldier and patriot, too, and so understood. And thus it was that Angeldorf lost that insistent reminder of its shame, and once more the havoc wrought through the hatred of the nations was repaired by the love of a man for a maid.—Chambers' Journal.

A HASTY JUDGMENT Nancy drew from a morocco case a slender gold chain glittering with diamonds. She held it up with an air of dissatisfaction. "This is Uncle Edward's present to our stall," she said. "It's a great deal more than I expected from the cranky creature. No doubt he gave it because he knew we should have some difficulty in finding a purchaser. When I saw such jewelry at a bazaar! I would rather have had hard cash." "Hush-sh!" warned Mrs. Wilson, for there was danger of the individual thus obliquely censured being within earshot, and on no account must he be offended. Years ago Edward Wilson had gone to America young and poor; he had returned middle-aged and rich. On which later account alone his widowed sister received him with open arms. That she and her children would eventually reap the harvest of his toil and thrift she did not for a moment doubt, arguing that there was no one else with any claim upon him. While he toiled she had ignored the very fact of his existence, but she fondly hoped that her later policy would obliterate her past, and also appear to him in the light of absolute disinterestedness. "He wants me to call on those O'Briens," she remarked—and Bernard, her good-looking son, bent his head over the cat stretching himself paws to the warm blaze. "He met them at church the other day and, it seems, recognized a former acquaintance in the old man. Anything to please him, of course. They might give me something for the bazaar." "Oh, you can't take people up like that!" declared Nancy, crossly. "What do you know about them, except that they are hopelessly shabby? Uncle Edward's early acquaintances were not very choice, if all accounts are true. I dare say, the child has been deliberately flung in his way, for reasons sufficient of their own."

"Heigh-ho for the charity that thinks no ill!" said Bernard. "Come, Nancy, you should be glad of the opportunity of doing a double kindness—pleasing Uncle and breaking, if ever so slightly, the monotony of Miss O'Brien's. I should have made her acquaintance long ago if I had been a girl." "Then, thank goodness, you are not!" "That is exactly what I have been doing ever since I knew her." "Pray, when or how did you come to know her?" asked Nancy, sharply and suspiciously. "In my own sweet way, through the medium of a treacherous 'bike.' She and her father came to my assistance when it played me false. You can take my word that, shabby or not, she is a thorough little lady. 'So, why don't you introduce her to me?'" "If you must know the truth, my pretty Nancy, it is because you can be so intensely disagreeable to people you don't like, and I feared—she might think it a family falling," he replied, which retort rang down the curtain, so to speak. "By those O'Briens' Mrs. Wilson meant a fragile old man and his pretty daughter, who lived on the borders of 'villedom' in a most secluded and unpretentious style. That they had known better days was apparent to the most superficial observer. They now entered the stronger motives of humoring Edward and of circumventing any designs Nellie O'Brien might have on him. Therefore a few days later Mrs. Wilson called on them; she informed Miss O'Brien that all the bazaar gifts and Nancy work would be

on view at her house on a certain day, and she graciously invited the girl to come and inspect them. "I can't help it if you are annoyed, my dear," she said, on confessing this crime to Nancy. "Mr. O'Brien gave me a donation, and it would have been very mean of me not to invite his daughter as well as the other ladies." "You are playing right into the O'Briens' hands, mother—that's all. You know very well why they want to get a footing here." "Hadn't you better chain up Uncle Edward's suggestions, Bernard? It might be more prudent to secure him in some way while Miss O'Brien is on the premises." To which Nancy, who was at least thorough in her prejudices, answered: "I shall not be at all surprised if some of our valuables do disappear." On the appointed day Mrs. Wilson's friends and acquaintances gathered to inspect the future contents of her stall which were displayed to fine effect in her drawing-room—overflowing tables, chairs and cabinets, and even dangling from the curtains. Tea was served; the small talk and the petty flattery were further handled by the hostess' hurried handshakes and perfunctory, "Pleased to see you!" no one had paid much attention to Miss O'Brien. Nancy ignored her; the rest of the company did not extend their courtesies beyond a casual remark. She was left stranded, while a tide of conversation, unintelligible and therefore uninteresting to an outsider, flowed through the various groups. True, Uncle Edward gave her a kindly nod, supplemented by a smile that was positively beautiful in its tenderness; but he was never at ease in a fashionable crowd, and on this occasion he was further handicapped by an inability to distinguish between poker-work and crystal-work. Thanks to Mrs. Wilson's adroitness, he was soon safe behind a barricade of bedspreads and cushions. From this retreat he beheld his nephew enter the room and make his way to Miss O'Brien's solitary corner, with a happy expectancy in his dark eyes that revealed much. Uncle Edward's brown hands clasped fast upon each other; his half-cynical, half-humorous expression into a sad sternness. After the departure of the guests Mrs. Wilson remonstrated with Bernard for having, as she said, singled out Miss O'Brien for special attention. "Well, really, mother, I did not intend the spectators to think me more than ordinarily polite. It may be that their incivility threw my civility into rather prominent relief. Miss O'Brien seemed to be in quarantine, and I thought that a display of fearless composure on my part would reassure the others and induce them to address her."

"It's nothing to joke about, Bernard. I am very seriously annoyed with you." "I am seriously distressed if that is so, mother, but I don't see why you should be." "It is neither right nor proper to compromise a girl so very far your social inferior by meaningless attention which she is sure to misunderstand, and which expose her to very unkind criticisms." "And she should like to hear what you have to say for yourself," chimed in Uncle Edward. Bernard looked from one to the other with a touch of defiance. "I am sorry if I should be the cause of the scandal-mongers of the neighborhood using Miss O'Brien's name as a peg on which to hang their gossip," he said; "but I am not sorry for this opportunity of declaring that I hope one day to make her my wife." Mrs. Wilson gasped, Nancy sneered, from Uncle Edward proceeded a sound whereby a laugh entered partnership with a groan. "What are you going to marry on?" he asked. "Your expectations?" "Well—yes, my expectations; or, to be exact, my faith that Providence will preserve my health and strength so that I can continue to work as I am doing, and harder, if need be, for the girl I love. Of course, I understand what you are hinting at, Uncle Edward; but you must pardon my saying that you are too tough to die within a reasonable period; and even if you were not, it does not follow that you would leave your money to me. Why should you? I am quite capable of making my own way in life, I assure you; and I can say without vanity that Nellie likes me for myself." "So far as I am concerned, there will be nothing else that you can be liked for," said Edward, dryly. "I

never had the most remote intention of leaving my money to you." "We shall not be worse friends for that, I hope," said Bernard, cheerfully. "It certainly does not make me other than I am; and such as I am she has chosen me." Mrs. Wilson was sobbing hysterically, declaring that her foolish boy was ruining all his prospects for the sake of a little nonentity when Nancy, who had been covering the more delicate of the bazaar trophies with tissue paper, her attention scornfully abstracted from her brother's love affairs, gave a sharp cry and turned round, her face quite pale with excitement. "I know something unpleasant would happen!" she exclaimed. There had been a thief among us. Uncle Edward's beautiful pearl chain is gone." "Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Wilson, aghast. "Indeed it is not nonsense, mother. Case and chain were in the box, and it is empty now," said Nancy, holding up a cardboard box with hands that trembled in harmony with her voice. "You had better ask the maids if they know anything about it," advised Mrs. Wilson. But Nancy tossed up her chin, retorting, with significant emphasis: "I believe our servants to be quite above suspicion, mother." "And are not the guests?" asked Bernard, considerably nettled. "I am not familiar with the antecedents of every person who was here to-day, and I can quite understand that a valuable chain would be a source of temptation to a poor girl in want of a trousseau." Bernard was as pale as his sister. "Take care, Nancy! When you insult Miss O'Brien, you insult me," he said. "That is your business," she answered, angrily. "Mine is to inform the police of what has occurred, and to ask them to take whatever steps they think necessary."

Uncle Edward had stood quietly and silently through the storm of words, looking from one person to another as if he scarcely comprehended what the commotion was about. Now he spoke, addressing Bernard. "I believe that before you are much older you will find that Miss O'Brien has possession of that identical chain." "There!" cried Nancy, triumphantly. "Uncle Edward sides with me." "I don't quite know what you mean by 'sides,' Nancy," he said; "but I can tell you by whom and when and why the chain was removed. The guilty one is ready to abide by the consequences. I took it ten minutes ago; and if you are anxious as to its whereabouts, it is in my pocket, case and all. Accidentally I overheard

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om thin? of Washed thin! That's so hen common soap is used.



Monsieur Pascal's Experiences (Continued from page 1.)

As we look at each other our faces seem to be as red as fire. After a meal of pemican you feel well and strong. It seems to you that you could digest hobnails. Before going to bed we have prayers in common. Missionary priests, owing to the hardship of walking so far in the snow, are allowed to substitute the Rosary for the breviary. So we tell our beads inside of our mittens, while tramping behind the sledge. When the night prayer is over how come the time when we enjoy a good long smoke. It would be pharisaical to find fault with a missionary priest for indulging in the solace of the fragrant weed, which seems to soothe our tired frames and weary minds. God knows we have not enough to begin to begin to feel not offended at this indulgence. When it is time to sleep we fold our blankets like a letter, put our coats under the pillows, envelop ourselves in the letter-blanket, closing the flaps over our heads. Some cannot bear to cover nose and mouth, but those exposed parts must be very cold by the time morning comes. Being thus completely wrapped up, you begin to feel uncomfortably warm. If so, all you have to do is to uncover a little and look at the

AURORA BOREALIS All the frosty air drives your head again under the flap. On the first morning after camping out on fir boughs you feel a bit stiff, but that soon passes off and you end by sleeping much better than you would in a regular bed. The body gets hardened. After some days of this life you shudder at the thought of a featherbed. Taking the climate all in all, we find it very healthy. Our missionaries live long. At Price Arthur we have Fr. Gastie, O. M. I., who spent more than forty years near Fort Churchill and is now 71 years of age.

"The next question is, On what do people subsist in that great Lone Land? Before the whites came, the Indians used to live on game, which was then much more plentiful than now. They made use of snares, pitfalls and enclosures into which they drove the game. Now that the white man is among them, they can get tobacco more easily, they like tea, they must have powder; thus they could no longer enjoy life were it not for the white traders. There are, however, certain kinds of white man's food which the Indians have no relish for. Once some Indians came upon a white man eating lettuce. They asked for some, and when he gave one of them a bunch, the Indian told his squaw to boil it. When they thought it must be sufficiently cooked they wasted it and threw it away in disgust. Then the husband said: "I have long tried to discover something and now I have discovered it. I often wondered why the missionaries came so near to this country of ours. I now see why it is. In their own country they are obliged

TO EAT LEAVES

like animals. They come here in order to get better food. That is the secret." The Indians are getting to like flour, now that it has become less expensive than it was in the early days. At first they complained that it burned their stomachs. Their principal resource, however, is fishing and hunting. For us missionaries of the north fish is the staple food. We fish both on the water and through the ice in winter. This latter is the easier way. We make two holes in the ice. Through the first one we pass a long pole to which an equally long cord is attached. The current of the river floats the pole, clinging closely to the under surface of the ice. When it reaches the second hole, where you seize it pull the cord on which the net is already hung. It is easier thus to put out the nets in winter than in summer, for in winter there are no waves. Our hauls of fish are almost miraculous. I remember one morning when we caught fourteen hundred large fish. The nets are sometimes 10 or 15 fathoms in length. The excellent whitefish is very abundant. The

CARIBOO

are still very numerous. They are a species of small reindeer. The east of Athabaska Lake and the west of Hudson Bay are full of them. They do not come much in the places where moose are to be found, for the moose do not like the reindeer, because the latter make too much noise. I have travelled half a day with nothing but countless multitudes of cariboo in sight. They are quite as plentiful as the buffalo used to be. They come in vast herds, and return eastward in May. The Indians kill a great many in the autumn when the cariboo swim across the great lakes. With his spear each Indian, following in his canoe, can easily kill fifteen, and as the bodies float, he ties them behind his canoe. The skin is as useful as the flesh. When the Indian needs meat during winter he goes out to his frozen reindeer pile, which is his open air larder, and backs of what he wants. Another interesting thing is

WILD GOOSE HUNTING.

The shore of Lake Athabaska there

is grand sport in this line. There are wild geese, bustards, swans and ducks, but the ducks are despised when the larger winged game is at hand. The wild geese come down from the north, where they have spent the summer, to seek the gravel which is found on the lake shore and the river banks. This is the time the hunters choose. They hide behind bright colored bushes. It is a grand sight to see these great birds settle in hundreds on the water after a long flight. The hunter holds his breath—the cough would be enough to disturb the splendid flock—and then he imitates the honking of the wild geese. All the birds lift their heads. There are sixty of them within short range. He fires and often kills ten or fifteen before they can all fly away.

THE INDIANS

of the Northland are divided into many tribes. Our wood Indians embraced the Catholic religion much more readily than the Indians of the plains. The Sioux and Blackieet are very hard to convert. At Battleford, where our Fathers have labored so long, the Indians are still plunged in paganism. However, the government schools, especially the boarding schools, where the children are separated from their parents, are doing much good. A new generation is springing up. If the government continues this good work the Indians will soon cease to be savages. The condition of the Indians in the north is quite different. They are just like white people. At Ile a la Croix there have been Grey Nuns these 40 years. If you went there you would be surprised at the piety and civilized appearance of these redskins. They cut their hair short and dress like white people. One Sunday I noticed that 300 of them received Holy Communion and 40 were confirmed. They could sing hymns all day long. As there have been no Protestant missionaries in those parts, all the Indians are Catholics and none of them are heathens. These Indians have really attained that degree of civilization which is attainable in the forest. Furs are still as abundant as ever and bring higher prices. The Indians live comfortably and buy watches, etc.

THE LANGUAGE

of my northern Indians is very difficult. When first I was sent alone



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM, '02-'03

among them I found the study disheartening, but I was young, determined and vigorous. I wanted to speak to them and they did not understand me. By little and little they taught me the names of various objects which they pointed to, and gradually I became familiar with their language and the more I learned it the more I admired it. Then I began to enjoy their company. They are never in a hurry, they can talk all day long about everything under the sun. They speak of Moses and pretend that they are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, or they tell fairy tales about huge beavers, or they relate the traditions of ancient wars. They are very anxious to know if white people ever visit each other and the Indians used to do. When you understand the Indians you come to

LOVE THEIR SOULS

and thus forget many shortcomings. I was seven years alone east of Athabaska Lake, 150 miles from the nearest priest. This was one of the greatest trials of my life. Occasionally I could visit the nearest neighbor, my companion in those missions, but to do so I had to travel with my dogs from Monday morning till Saturday. In summer, when the ice breaks up in Athabaska Lake, about the feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, I used to spend two months with my companion at the principal mission house. But when we were separated if I wanted to go to confession, I had to travel a week, which gave me plenty of time for preparation, and then travel back another week, which gave me plenty of time to perform my penance. On my relating this experience in Europe, my hearers often ask me, But what can you do if you happen to fall into sin? There is only one thing to do, beg pardon of God. In such circumstances a holy fear keeps us from sin. Besides we have

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

in our huts. It would be too bad if after all that we have sacrificed for the love of God, we should offend Him seriously. Faith is lively in such cases. The true consolation of the missionary is the Blessed Sacrament. Take away the love of Jesus and you have no true missionaries. With faith you have everything, but it must be a strong, real, inward faith, not the

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faith of those who want to appear good. The missionary who is alone several thousand miles from his own country, must say to himself: My life is to be spent here. God will reward me if I do sacrifice myself. The missionary must accustom himself to confide his troubles to God. When his heart is full of sadness he will not seek comfort from the Indians, who are not sufficiently advanced in the spiritual life. He must therefore commune with Our Lord. To make you understand how I did this I must describe my dwelling. It had three small rooms and three windows, one of glass, and two of thin parchment. In the middle room the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. I made candles out of grease. God was there. My room was built of two beams of wood with caribou skins stretched between them. Being alone with the holy angels, for the little Indian boy, who did chores for me during the day, slept in his father's hut at night, I slept splendidly when I did sleep. But sometimes the evenings were long. I had a dozen books, but I knew them all by heart. I could not pray all the time. Occasionally an Indian came to chat with me and sing hymns with me. But some nights I

evidently he need not have gone so far, but the fertility of our soil was not then known. One door was closed against us, the railway companies had no great interest to send people to Prince Albert and the Saskatchewan; but now that the C. N. R. is following the C. P. R. into Prince Albert, we are on the eve of seeing the Saskatchewan Valley in direct connection with Alberta. Our valley will have on the south the C. P. R., and to the north other railways lines which will open out a still finer country. In the latitude in which you are here the soil remains pretty good as far as Regina, but beyond Moose Jar and up to the Rockies there is nothing but pasture land here and there. Things are quite different in the northern valleys. There the soil is too fertile, the grain grows too high. Great numbers of excellent Catholic immigrants have settled in my vicariate this year. Thanks to Mr. Lange's intelligent business abilities three hundred German Catholics from the States, under the spiritual direction of the Benedictines, have taken up several townships. There will soon be seven thousand. Six Benedictine Fathers and three Brothers are busy carving out twelve parishes. They already talk of a college and convent for German-speaking youth. The Canons Regular of the Immaculate Conception will also soon have three or four parishes of French-speaking Catholics to the east of the German colony. I have, besides, three or four secular priests in my vicariate. The majority of my clergy are O-lates, who were the pioneers of the faith in that country. The Saskatchewan vicariate was long despised as a hopeless region for the white man; but now that railways have found it out, the day of its prosperity, thank God, has dawned.

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I found afterwards that they were young doctors studying his methods. Father Kneipp spoke to me rather sharply, going directly to the point. Never mind what he said, I deserved it. I shall not forget it, and, like Dr. Johnson, "I think to mend!" "Come again in a fortnight," he said suddenly. The consultation was over and I was ushered out. I had not reached the door when "zwei und zwanzig," a crippled boy, a far more interesting case than mine, came in. Father Kneipp dislikes women, me in particular, because no one had warned me not to wear gloves, a veil and a good bonnet. If I had put on an old shawl over my head and looked generally forlorn, he would have been kinder. Isn't that dear? His benevolence is of the aggressive type; he grudges time spent on rich people—is only reconciled to them, in fact, because they offer up gifts in return for health, and in this way a great sanitarium has grown up where the prince is nearly as well treated as the peasant—but it is the peasant folk, his own people, that the Plarrer loves! This is the only truly democratic community I have ever lived in—a pure democracy governed by a benevolent despot! The despot is past 70 years old; he had an aldermanic figure, a rough peasant head, and extraordinary bristling white eyebrows, standing out a good two inches from his bent-house brows. His coloring is like an old English country squire's, brick-red skin, bright blue eyes and silver hair. He is a prelate, so his purple cassock is piped with purple silk, and he wears a tiny purple skull cap. His two inseparables were with him, a long black cigar and a white spitz-dog.

1850. They moved to Walkerton in 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Klein celebrated their golden wedding three years ago. The family consisted then of seven sons and two daughters. One of the latter (Louise) died suddenly on the 8th of April last. The shock of this very probably hastened the death of the deceased lady. The remaining members of the family were all present at the funeral, the sons acting as pall-bearers. R. I. P.

Death of Mrs. Klein, Walkerton

On Wednesday of last week there died at Walkerton, Ludawicka Lang, wife of John Klein, Esq., of Walkerton. The funeral took place on Saturday morning last at 10 o'clock to the Church of the Sacred Heart, and was very largely attended by all classes of the community, thus showing the respect to the deceased and the family in which they are held. The deceased lady was born in Waldstadt, Germany, 74 years ago, and came to this country when 19 years of age with her father and two sisters to join their brother Reinhold Lang, then residing in Berlin, Ont. She married Mr. Klein 5th November,

Love the Poor

Father Kneipp, of Water Cure Fame, Grudges Time Given to the Rich. Mrs. John Elliott, a non-Catholic, writing in Lippincott's Magazine, tells this story of her experience at the "water cure" of Father Kneipp. Mrs. Elliott is the daughter of Dr. Howe. "Ein und zwanzig" (twenty-one), and I passed into the long room and stood before Father Kneipp like a prisoner at the bar. He is one of the most powerful men I have ever seen, his eyes pierced me through and through. I handed him the book with the diagnosis. He read it, grunted, "unten," "bored me with a second lance, then dictated my course of treatment to one of his secretaries, a sallow cleric who sat beside him at a long table with three or four other men.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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