

The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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MATTERS OF MOMENT

Irish Emigration Decreasing—Toronto Stands High Musically—Diamond Jubilee of Francis Joseph

That emigration from Ireland will be much less this year than has been the experience of the last few years, some computing that not half the number will come to us this season as last, is good news for all true lovers of the little Isle across the sea. It is in keeping with the advice of many thoughtful men, lay and cleric, and moreover the reasons assigned for the present day falling-off are all of an encouraging nature. The first cause given for the notable change is that "native industries are springing up in villages and employment for skilled and unskilled labor is steadily growing." This is guarantee that the efforts of the enthusiastic workers, amongst whom the name of the Aberdeens, of interest to Canadians in the direction of the development of the native talents and opportunities of the Irish people, are beginning to have tangible results. For years those efforts have been directed along the lines indicated, but this is perhaps the first occasion on which they are credited with having an appreciable effect upon the emigration of the country.

Credit in the second place is given to the persistent agitation of the Gaelic League against the home-leaving, that has been going on in wholesale fashion amongst the Irish people, and Lord Dudley, who has in many ways proven himself interested in Ireland's best welfare, is preparing a report from which much is expected for the relief of the congested districts of the West, his plan being to split up the large grazing districts into small holdings to be equipped and made sufficiently serviceable to provide a living for the holders and their families. If this carries it appears to promise great things in the solution of the economic questions that enter so largely into the problem of the comfort and happiness of the Irish people. The credit given to the Gaelic League is timely. There are many who ask, "What is the use of the Gaelic League?" Their idea of restoring the ancient language and the good the movement is to do is but chimerical or at best poetic, practical results being out of the question, say some of these interrogators. Without arguing this point pro or con, none will deny that something very tangible is to be done in their favor, when the great decrease in emigration is said to be largely due to their insistent efforts to obtain this result.

A third cause for falling off in Irish emigration is not so encouraging to ourselves, though ultimately, perhaps, of benefit to Ireland. It is that owing to disturbances in business and financial circles in America, and the consequent number of unemployed, passages prepaid on this side of the water, are by no means as numerous as heretofore. This need not disturb us. It seems to tend to a balancing of things which will lead to an all-round betterment. As was remarked by Cardinal Logue at the mass meeting of the laity in New York during the Centenary, the Irish in America have, generally speaking, met with such colossal success that there is such a danger of the decrease in emigration, and all elevating sentiment being submerged in the materialism and luxury that comes from an uninterrupted flow of worldly success, unless an antidote be provided. The antidote commended was allegiance to religion, and to this the added effects of the late disturbances in the financial world, will doubtless prove a factor that will also be effective. The better distribution of earthly comforts, as seen in the prospective home independence of the Irish people and the decrease in assistance from America, is doubtless all for the general good, and for Ireland it seems to tell for particular and immediate relief.

The late statement of Dr. Vogt regarding the musical standing of Toronto is something of more than passing or general interest. When Dr. Vogt said a few nights ago at the complimentary dinner given Dr. Fisher, that the standard of the work along musical lines attempted in Toronto is higher and that its quality is better than that of the work done in the great conservatories of Leipzig and Berlin, the Doctor made an announcement that must have brought much comfort to many other students amongst us. If many other than Dr. Vogt had spoken as he did on the subject, their statement might have been met with demur and perhaps contradiction, but the extensive knowledge, wide experience and scholarly standing of Dr. Vogt make his judgment something to be accepted as the judgment of a competent and authoritative judge. This expression of opinion on the standing of our city as a first class musical centre is so thoroughly in harmony with our own mind on the matter that we are of course anxious to see it endorsed by so competent an authority as Dr. Vogt. From this out we may expect our students to feel satisfied that the Mecca of perfection in the musical world is not necessarily to be found after an ocean voyage, an expense of some thousands of dollars abroad. The voyage may be dispensed with altogether and the labor and dollars may be expended on this side of the Atlantic.

As Catholics we are particularly indebted to Dr. Vogt for setting so conclusively a point which in the past has been accorded to but in a very chary way. Music has always been amongst our most popular subjects. If an average were taken, it would, we venture to assert, be shown that more of our children receive a musical education than do the same number

of non-Catholic children. The prominence always given to music in our churches has doubtless something to do with this. Carrying this love for music to the utmost limit, some of our people have strained every effort to complete the musical education of their children abroad. Only comparatively few have succeeded in this, but many have yielded to the disappointment of failure, thinking previous efforts deprived of almost all their usefulness by non-success in reaching the desired topping stone. Now we know that the thing so much desired may be had at home, that the standard and quality of the highest musical institutions of our own Canada not only equal, but are superior to that of the famous schools of Leipzig and Berlin.

The Diamond Jubilee of the Catholic monarch Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austro-Hungary, brings into the immediate limelight one who during his long reign of sixty years has been an ever picturesque ruler, the coloring being sometimes gay, though more often sad, and always that of one combating fortune with a strenuousity born of an intrepid and courageous manhood. The revolutionary movement which marked the early years of Francis Joseph and the attitude of that monarch during their passing have brought him down to the present day with the reputation of an astute statesman and much wisdom as a political ruler. His conduct towards his one time enemies has been never marred by injustice and has often erred on the side of charity. The one virtue that stands out prominent during a long life in which tragedies were many and appalling, is that of courage. The courage born of the faith of the true Christian is what has upheld the old Emperor, and has sustained him so nobly and well that to-day despite his many trials, he stands as the world's oldest monarch, and yet one who takes as active a personal interest in all that concerns the welfare of his people and kingdom as when as a youth of eighteen he first mounted the throne.

Perhaps in few lives has the element of tragedy entered as largely as into that of Austria's Emperor. The death of his favorite brother, the unfortunate Maximilian, in Mexico, was the first of those strokes which were epoch-making in their effects upon the heart and character of the Emperor. Many might have retaliated, but it is related of Francis Joseph that he was never known to say an unkind word or to do an unkind act against the United States, though frequently urged to do so. The Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, nearly succeeded in causing an entire division in the Austro-Hungarian empire and in the process caused its ruler much anguish of mind and spirit, yet for him the Emperor was some years later heard to express the most unbounded admiration. His only son came to an untimely end and an early grave and yet Francis Joseph was not known to murmur. It was only when the act of the Swiss anarchist deprived his wife, the Empress Elizabeth, of life, that the Emperor said, "Nothing can be spared me," broke from his lips, a cry soon smothered in the patient endurance of his highly courageous character. As a Catholic monarch, his life of devotion and piety are before the world. The days of the early Christians are continued in the spirit which prompts him to acts such as washing the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday and following on foot the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Vienna on the Feast of Corpus Christi. "I know my Viennese, and that is not the way to deal with them," said the Emperor when repulsing the proposal to throw detachments of soldiery upon the suburbs. And this knowledge and the wise uses to which it was put, have placed Francis Joseph firmly in the love of his people, and his conspicuous qualities of manhood and sovereignty have won for him in this the celebration of the sixtieth year of his reign the sincere congratulations of his own subjects and of the nations.

The late sacrifice at Rome, when the Blessed Sacrament was subjected to the grossest insult conceivable at the hands of Prof. Feillogen, a Jew, his wife and sister-in-law, has had the effect of bringing forth from the chief rabbi of Vienna an utterance condemning in most scathing terms the authors of the sacrilege, declaring that the Jewish people were taught to respect the religious observances of all people, and the doers of the outrageous act will in all probability be disciplined by the Jewish authorities at Vienna. The outrage, too, has had another effect, that of closing the door of the Vatican to many to whom it was up to the present time open. Orders, it is said, have been issued restricting papal audiences, and directing that none shall be present at the Pope's Mass save Catholics alone. This is a return to the custom of Pope Leo, a custom that had been waived by his present Holiness, people of all classes and of all religions being admitted. The kind heart of the Pope which suggested the extension of the privileges of the Vatican has been wounded in its most tender part by the recent sacrilege, and yielding to what seems the necessity of circumstances, a return to the old and more stringent order of things has been ordered. This is one more of the world instances that the history of kindness, where the crimes of the few necessitate the deprivation of privileges and advantages to the many.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick Appointed

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, will be the joint representative of Canada and Newfoundland on the Hague tribunal to settle the Atlantic fisheries disputes with the United States.

NOTED BROTHER DEAD

Sketch of Life Work of Rev. Brother Malachy Edward—Many Mourn Death of Noted Educator.

The Order of the Christian Brothers in Canada has just sustained a heavy loss in the person of their esteemed provincial, Rev. Bro. Malachy Edward, who died on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at the Mother House of the Order at Maisonneuve, Montreal. In him we lose one of the most remarkable men that the congregation in this country has yet produced. His removal leaves a void which it may take years to fill. By the Brothers of this city, above all, will his loss be keenly felt. For the last thirteen years he had been their counselor and guide and they had learned to love



THE LATE REV. BRO. MALACHY EDWARD

him as a father, and to revere in his person the type of the perfect religious and the Christian educator. His example was for them a continued inspiration, encouraging in moments of difficulty, and leading ever onward to the accomplishment of the great and the good. Rev. Malachy Edward, whose name in the world was James Murphy, was born at Scott, in the County of Ontario, on the 4th of August, 1853. After having completed the course in the high school at Whitby, he entered the De La Salle Institute, Toronto, from which he graduated in 1872. His first intentions were to study for the priesthood, but Providence had destined him for another vocation. After much prayer and reflection he decided to devote himself to the cause of the Christian education of youth. With this end in view he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers at Montreal at the close of his seventeenth year. Having completed his novitiate and normal training, he was sent by his superiors to the maritime provinces, where he filled various positions at Halifax, Charlottetown and Chatham, New Brunswick. From this latter city he was transferred to St. Patrick's School, Toronto, of which he was principal from 1877 to 1881. From 1881 to 1884 he was sub-director of the De La Salle Institute in this city. We next find him at the head of St. Mary's Cathedral School, Kingston, Ont. Here, as elsewhere, his amiable disposition and cultured manner won for him the esteem and affection of all those with whom he came in contact. But a larger field of usefulness was now opening before him for his superiors shortly afterwards charged him with the direction of St. Patrick's Lyceum, Ottawa, and later with that of the De La Salle Scholasticate, Toronto.

In 1893 he was called to France by his higher superiors to attend a convention of the principal teachers of the Order, which met at Paris in the autumn of that year. There, just outside the great French metropolis, at the famous house of retreat of the Brothers, at Athis-Mons, he spent three months in prayer and study, in contact with many of the brightest minds of his Order gathered from all parts of the world. The object of the assembly was the religious and pedagogical perfection of its members and the discussion of ways and means for the advancement of Christian education and the realization of the lofty ideals of the religious teacher left to his Brothers by the "Father of Modern Pedagogy," St. John Baptist de La Salle.

In 1894 he was appointed provincial of the Christian Brothers of the Dominion, a very high honor, but one which his talents merited. In the capacity of provincial he was on several occasions the representative of the Canadian Brothers in the general chapters of the Order. His scholarly attainments, his real ability as an administrator, and his enlightened views on all matters pertaining to Catholic education, marked him out as a striking personality in these assemblies. In 1900 he represented the Canadian

province at Rome at the canonization of St. John Baptist de La Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers' Order. On that occasion he enjoyed the privilege of a private audience with the Holy Father. He was also a member of the assembly which, in 1897, elected the present Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, returning from Europe last May, he contracted a severe cold which developed into consumption and under which he gradually wasted away. Towards the close of the year he retired to the central infirmary of the Order at Maisonneuve, where, after great suffering endured with religious resignation, he died peacefully on the morning of Tuesday, 5th inst.

Bro. Malachy Edward was a man of great natural endowments and of wide and varied learning. He possessed splendid talents and he cultivated them most carefully. He was what every good teacher should be, a life-long student. As a college

THE "RAMBLER" AGAIN

Some of the Places I Have Visited and the People Whom I Have Met.

Last season I made a pretty exhaustive tour through a great portion of Western Ontario, renewing old acquaintanceships formed more than forty years ago, and adding to their number through the creation of new ones amongst a generation which had no existence on the occasion of my first visit of exploration. After a rest of some days in the "Royal City," a name given to the City of Guelph, the capital of the County of Wellington, I started from that point on a charming day in the month of September last, and turning my face in a northerly direction, sought "Higher Latitudes." Taking the Grand Trunk train, which carries its human freight to the shores of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay, I find myself, after a ride of thirteen miles, in the pleasant little town of Elora, which nestles on both banks of the Grand River. Elora does not seem to have changed much since my first visit. It had about it then an air of comfort, its picturesque character, through towering rocks, precipitous cliffs, and leaping waters, rendered it sufficiently attractive for those in search of nature's handiwork. These features are still amongst its assets, and they have not depreciated at all in their value. There was a Catholic Church in Elora, and considering that the time about which I am now writing must be classed as ancient history, it was equal to all its requirements. The congregation which was both large and respectable, was recruited from the Townships of Nichol and Pilkington, where many Irishmen, fresh from their native land, had settled down and made comfortable homes. Amongst the Gaels who are the pioneers of settlement in those regions, and whose names bore a thoroughly Celtic sound, were the O'Connors, the O'Briens, the Heenebryns, the Heffernans, Halleys, McMahons, McGarrys, Cushons, Scallans, Nagles, Byrnes, Phelans, etc. Of the priests whom I met in the early days of my acquaintance I have a most agreeable recollection of two, Rev. Fathers Lee and Owens. Both of those excellent men have gone to their reward, and the spiritual needs of the Catholic parish of Elora are at present supplied by Rev. Father Cosgrave.

Three miles from Elora I reach the lively stone town of Fergus, also situated on the Grand River. There is here also a Catholic church, attended every Sunday from Elora.

Fifteen miles further north, on what has been long known as the "Over-Sound Road," and after passing Cunnock and the historic "Rocky Mountains" on the way, I reach the flourishing village of Arthur. Here are evidences of a delightful change wrought by the march of progress. Arthur on the occasion of my visit was not more than forty years, was only a collection of huts thrown promiscuously on both sides of a well-travelled highway, just as the foundation of many a flourishing town in Ontario has been laid, but today, with all its blocks, its well kept hotels, its churches, schools, granolithic sidewalks and well shaded streets, I do not wonder to find the people who have their being there, putting on metropolitan airs. Arthur is situated on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Branch of the C.P.R., and being in the midst of a fine, fertile, and wealthy agricultural section, with no competing point of any importance nearer than fifteen miles on any side, one need not marvel at the great volume of business transacted at the railway station. During the first years of my acquaintance with Arthur I found many valid reasons for placing it in the front rank of Catholic centres of population in Ontario. It had always a commodious church, although perhaps at this early period of which I write, not enriched with architectural beauty, it had a very large, intelligent, and progressive congregation drawn from portions of the adjoining Townships of Luther, Garafraxa, Arthur and Peel, and it enjoyed that great blessing which has ever been my highest ideal education—that of convent training. The creation of other parishes to which I will refer later on, have reduced the area of the Catholic Parish of Arthur and diminished the number of Catholics who were wont to assemble in its present beautiful church, but there are enough of the descendants of Irishmen and of Irishmen backed up by the Catholic Teutons whose ancestors emigrated from the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, and settled here as almost exclusively in the adjoining County of Waterloo, as well as in large numbers in the Counties of Grey and Bruce. I have met with those excellent Germans in very large numbers, and the impressions which I conceived made me regret that the men who surrendered in so cowardly a manner to the anti-Christian Government of France were not made up of that sterling material which stood by Windthorst in the German Parliament, and overthrew the anti-Catholic policy of Bismarck, as well as Eismarck himself with it.

Seven miles north of Arthur I reach the village of Kennilworth. Here a surprise was in store for me, not because of Kennilworth being still at the old stand, but because the hotel kept by Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, which was the only thing to give it a name, had disappeared, and its place supplied by all that suggests the germ of a flourishing country village. Kennilworth has its merchants, its bankers, and its brokers. It has its church, rich in its commodiousness, exquisite in its architectural designs, and eloquent in the great emblem of human

redemption which crowns its lofty spire. Very properly a school-house adjoins this church. Kennilworth has a well-kept hotel and here it may not be out of place for me to state that the maintenance of law and order in all country caravansaries where hunger is satisfactorily appeased and thirst properly quenched has always been amongst the problems which have engaged the thoughts and the anxieties of social and moral reformers. In one of his greatest speeches delivered by Sir John Macdonald, many years ago in England, in response to the toast "Prosperity to Canada," he stated that much of our success was due to that "zealous moral police force—the Catholic priesthood of Canada." Sir John did not know that the sentinel on the watch tower—Father Kehoe of Kennilworth—because I do not believe that he was born then, but he must have gathered his inspirations from some men like him, who were fully cognizant of their duties to society and of their responsibilities to God. Yes! Order reigns in Kennilworth, but it is not that type of order which reigns in Warsaw, through fear of the Cossack, as it is through love and respect of the self-sacrificing priest. In the Parish of Kennilworth are two very large settlements—"Clare" and "Kerry," where I was fortunate enough in making a large number of friends many years ago. The character of the names would indicate that the settlers in one locality were natives of the County of Clare, and that those who sought a home in Kerry were natives of the Irish county bearing that name. This is true to a certain extent, but it is not entirely so. More than forty years have passed away since I first visited those two distinctively Irish Catholic settlements. They were then in a comparatively primitive state of existence, but the echoes of the woodman's axe proclaimed that the forest was invaded. In Kerry the siege was entered upon by Irishmen bearing such unmistakable names as those of O'Connor, O'Dowd, O'Shaughnessy, Costello, Lynch, Stack, O'Donnell, McCarthy, McGillicuddy, Moriarty and others, almost impossible for enumeration. The old race who left their native homes amidst the Mountains of Kerry, in broad daylight, and faced almost an impenetrable forest, have—most of them—passed over to their reward, but any pleased to observe that their habits of industry, their sobriety, their sterling Catholicity, and their warm love for the land of their birth, which were prominent amongst their traits of character, are to-day affectionately remembered and strongly imitated by their descendants.

Amongst the merry log homes of Arthur, where I was always sure to receive an enthusiastic Caed Mille Fallibe a generation or two ago, was that of Michael Costello, a man of most progressive habits, which were backed up by qualities commendable to the head and to the heart. Mr. Costello, after having done a man's share in exterminating the forest, passed over to the silence of the tomb many years ago, but his son—Michael also—took his place, and upon the excellent foundations which he laid, prosperity seemed to ascend upward and onward. Michael and Miss Owen, also of Arthur, were married, and a most promising family of boys and girls became the result of the union. He died some few years ago, but if the spirits of the dead know what is transpiring here below, that of Mr. Michael Costello must feel elated at the fact that his children are under the wise control and loving guardianship of an excellent mother.

I have carried the limits of this correspondence to an extent almost unreasonable, and as I must continue the subject in a week or two, I think the moment opportune for laying down my pen.

RAMBLER.

L.V. McBrady, K.C., at Waubausene

The first Sunday in May was marked in Waubausene by a demonstration of the Catholic Order of Foresters, the members from Penetanguishene, Midland and the surrounding counties, turning out two hundred strong and attending Mass, at which a most interesting address was given by the zealous Rev. Father Nolin, S.J., who is doing such good work along different lines in that locality. At a later meeting Mr. McBrady addressed the members, complimenting them on their showing. A fine contingent of new members was received. Besides the fine new church and presbytery spoken of some time ago, there are now at Waubausene a Catholic school and hall, all the work of the Jesuit Fathers of the Mission.

Cardinal Addresses St. Vincent De Paul Society

At the close of a grand reception and corresponding ceremonies in connection with the visit of Cardinal Logue to Brooklyn, N.Y., the conference of St. Vincent de Paul, then in Session, and embracing 800 members, were addressed by Ireland's Cardinal, who pictured the work of their Society and encouraged them by praising their work and the exemplification they gave of the true spirit of charity.

A deputation of prominent Irish Catholics of Ottawa, accompanied by a number of gentlemen from Toronto, waited upon the Prime Minister recently, with the request that the English-speaking representation in the Dominion Cabinet be strengthened. At present Hon. R. W. Scott, the Secretary of State, is the Cabinet representative of the English-speaking Catholics, but previous to the retirement of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, there were two. Sir Wilfrid discussed the matter fully, but as there is no vacancy in the Cabinet at the present time, no definite action was taken. The Prime Minister promising consideration of the matter.

(Continued on page 5.)

The HOME CIRCLE

SOMETHING FOR A RAINY DAY.

You see, Aunt Bride is so anxious to save her girls from mistakes she knows they will regret later, that she is even willing to run the risk of being unpopular. You see the proof of her devotion, don't you? Most of us are willing enough to admit that it's our friend who tells us of our faults, but we can't help being a bit resentful somehow. And we can't help wondering, unless we're uncommonly near perfection, if our friend couldn't just as well have kept her eyes on her own faults. "She's got enough of them," we say to ourselves resentfully. And, candidly, Aunt Bride thinks that there are only a very few instances that justify one friend in criticizing another's conduct. Few friendships will stand the strain. Of course, when our friend proposes to do something obviously wrong, there is no honest course left for us but to express our opinion and to point out the error. To keep silent would be cowardly. But in the little things we are not called upon to judge. What if your friend's taste in millinery is atrocious in your eyes. If she likes it, why notice it at all? After all, your choice may seem as outlandish to her. It's mostly a matter of personal taste. As for finding fault with our friends behind their backs, or listening without protests while others do the picking to pieces, no girl with an atom of loyalty or fair-play in her make-up would dream of such a thing. But after all, however much our friends' criticisms may make us wince for a moment or two, we should be very foolish if we didn't stop and ask ourselves how much justice there is in the criticism, and still more foolish if we didn't set about mending our ways, no matter where the criticism came from. You know, occasionally people have suddenly been awakened to very serious faults in themselves—faults they never dreamed of owning—by overhearing a discussion of their characters not intended for their ears.

Now in this matter of spending every cent of her wages as fast as she gets it, there are a good many girls who need a candid friend to tell them of their foolishness. For it is foolishness—nothing else. Money is not the most important thing in the world by any manner of means, but a little of it goes a long way towards securing some of those more important things. The girl who earns \$9 a week and spends as she goes, is laying up a large store of regrets. Some day she will find herself out of a position, perhaps, through no fault of her own. Then while she is searching for work she will wish many times for the money she ought to have in the bank. It would keep her out of debt. It would buy her a new tailor-made suit, and nothing helps a girl in getting a new position so much as a spick and span appearance. And most important of all the knowledge of that fund in the bank would keep her from worrying herself into a state of nerves fatal to the new occupation.

"But," says Marie, "what's the use of worrying so much about the future, and old age, and other unpleasantnesses? We don't intend to be old maids. Most girls get married and let their husbands do the worrying and worrying for them. I think a girl ought to have a good time when she's young."

To be sure, a girl ought to have a good time. But it isn't necessary to spend all your money on it. It is quite possible to have a good time indeed, and spend very little. The best good times are very inexpensive. You can meet at each other's houses, and chat, and play games, and have some music. You can take long walks and observe the flowers and birds and trees, the wonderful clouds, the beautiful sunset, the panorama of mountain and valley and river. The girl who does not train herself to appreciate the great entertaining programme which nature furnishes us, from day to day, misses a great deal of pleasure. But even an occasional entertainment, a whole course of lectures or concerts, or a few matinee tickets, need not prevent your saving something. If you can't save a hundred dollars, save ten. If you can't save ten or four dollars a week, at least save one dollar, or even fifty cents, or less. It's the persistent saving of a small sum week after week that counts. Don't try to save too much or to save at the expense of the wrong things. Learn to distinguish between the frills and the indispensables. You must have good food. You must have neat and suitable clothing. You ought to have reasonable recreation. But there are any number of little luxuries you will be better without. Most girls buy more candy than is good for them. You can get on very well without ice cream soda, or Peggy bags, or lace handkerchiefs, or bead chains. The important thing is to get the saving habit started. Join a good insurance society. Having to pay regular dues will help you to acquire the habit of setting aside a regular sum each week—Aunt Bride, in the Sacred Heart Review.

FOR DINNER PARTY.

In laying the table for a dinner, it should first be covered with a white silence cloth, and over this a fine damask. Although something more elaborate may be desired, never use anything that cannot stand laundering or cleaning. In selecting flowers, use those free from heavy odor and to correspond with the lighting and color of the room. The low glass baskets for holding flowers are now popular, for they do not obstruct the view of the guests. Candles are used for lighting the table, as they produce the softest effect. Arrange in small cut glass or silver dishes olives, radishes or celery, salted almonds and bonbons. Olives, celery, and radishes should have sufficient cracked ice to keep them cold.

At the left of the forks lay the napkin, with a roll of piece of bread between the folds but in sight. Knives to the right, blades to the left, and beyond these the spoon for soup. If oysters or clams are to be served, lay an oyster fork just beyond the soup spoon. On the left dispose of the forks in order of use, the one to be

used first being furthest from the plate. No tablespoons should be on the table except those to be used for soup. A large tablespoon and fork, however, should be on the dish which is placed upon a napkin and passed to each guest by the maid.

At the right hand each guest finds a goblet of water, and beside this the glass for Apollinaris. Or, if wine is to be served, the glass for water is set nearly in front of the plate, the glass for sauterine at the tip of the soup spoon, and that for other wine between the three. Salt and pepper cups with spoon are placed between each two covers, or at the head of each plate. A dinner roll is eaten with or without butter, as preferred. In very formal dinners butter is not served, but at informal ones it is often seen.

When giving a large dinner party it is better to have everything carved in the kitchen, and handed round to each guest in succession. It is not always possible to do this unless there are a number of servants. If the dinner is informal, let the maid pass around the entree and vegetables for each guest to help himself, and have the soup, roast, and game placed upon the table for the host to serve. A different set of plates may be used for each course; but the guests must never be left without a plate, except when crumpling the table after the salad course.

If the coffee is served in the drawing room or library, the bon-bons are passed there. The waitress may bring it in, after-dinner cups on a tray, and return for the sugar; or the after-dinner coffee service—coffee pot with cups and sugar bowl—may be brought in on a large tray, and set down on the table at which the hostess pours the coffee. The maid passes the cups on a tray, and afterward the sugar.

Pinks, roses and violets are always suitable for table decorations, but they should not be put on the table until just before dinner is served, as they are apt to be wilted by the heat and the lights.

IN HOURS OF SLEEP.

There is absolutely no need of a woman looking worn and dragged after being up late if proper rest is taken, and this requires practically no extra time and little effort, for the simple remedies, as it were, that will rest nerves and body so that sleep will be natural and soothing are easy to apply.

A person's eyes are apt to feel hot and tired after a long day and evening spent in using them, part of the time amid artificial light. They more or less affect the head, and not infrequently headaches come entirely from eye strain. Nerves that have been stimulated and stretched must be relaxed if there is to be any restful sleep, and should a heavy and indigestible dinner have been part of the evening's entertainment added treatment is necessary.

As digestion is the most important of all the proper way of insuring it should be decided. A woman who dines out a great deal and who has preserved her complexion marvelously through many seasons makes it a point always to drink a glass of aperient water before going to bed after she has had a rich dinner. By this means she declares there is not the slightest danger of headache, for should her food not be properly assimilated it is carried out of the system at once without drastic treatment. Even should it be a time when digestion would have gone on without aid, she has still eaten many things that can do no good, even though they do no harm, and on the whole she prefers to eliminate any danger to stomach or complexion. This she considers is done by a glass of aperient water. Many persons prefer this dose in the morning, but under the particular conditions night always seems to me the best time for it.

If one is so fortunate as to have a bath tub with hot water always on tap it is the greatest possible refreshment, after a long evening, to take a tub before getting into bed. The water should be drawn as hot as can be endured without discomfort. There will be no danger of taking cold, for one should get into bed immediately afterward. Not more than five minutes extra will be consumed.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disrupting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

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In taking this most refreshing bath, for the tub can be filling while one is undressing, and the soothing effect of immersion in hot water more than repays any trouble. There should be an eye lotion and some soft oil muslin near the bed, where it can be readily applied. No simple eye tonic is better than a five per cent. solution of boric acid in which a few drops of camphor water have been added, if desired. Two little pads of muslin should be soaked in this, and when quite wet laid over both eyes. The moisture causes them to adhere, and they will remain on for an hour or more. When dryness causes them to drop off it is a very wise precaution if one awakes to wet them again, for by this means there will be no heaviness of the lids the next day, and the eyes will feel no fatigue.

If, instead of having been to a dinner, one is going late to bed after a fast of some hours, it is the greatest possible mistake not to take some kind of nourishment first. To sleep when the stomach is entirely empty is quite impossible, and something easy of digestion should be taken. Warm milk, slightly salted, is most beneficial, but if one is so situated that anything hot is impossible to get, some substitute must be taken. Cold milk should be avoided, as at a low temperature it is difficult of digestion. Malt extract for those with whom it agrees is good; also fruit, biscuits or anything light.

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmele's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon and contact information.

HOW TO EAT. Don't bring worries to the table. Don't bring anger, hate or scowls; Banish everything unpleasant. Talk and eat with smiling jaws. It will aid your own digestion. If you sneeze at a snuffing face; It will jolly up the others. If you only set the pace; Knowing something funny, tell it; Something sad, forget to tell it; Something hateful, quick dispel it. At the table.

Cares domestic, business troubles, Ills of body, soul or brain; Unkind thoughts and nagging tempers, Speech that causes others pain, Crimes and wrongs and right's defeat, Public woes and grim disasters, Freshment, after a long evening, To take a tub before getting into bed. The water should be drawn as hot as can be endured without discomfort. There will be no danger of taking cold, for one should get into bed immediately afterward. Not more than five minutes extra will be consumed.

Erin's Music

Of the music of Ireland Dr. Ernest Walker says in his recent "History of Music in England": Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk music is on the whole the finest that exists; it ranges with wonderful ease from the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetic and artistic charm. If musical composition meant nothing more than tunes 16 bars long, Ireland could claim some of the very greatest composers that have ever lived; for in their miniature form the best Irish folk tunes are gems of absolutely flawless luster, and though, of course, some of them are relatively undistinctive, it is very rare to meet with one entirely lacking in character.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels causing them to become bound and constive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting, aching in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

"It Is Not the Tear," a wonderful example of what can be crowded into a restricted structural scheme, or, "If All the Sea Were Ink," a magnificent majestic and solemn march, to which Moore's "Lay His Sword by His Side" is exactly suited. After all, for sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert and the Irish folk composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of the art; deeper tones have been written by still greater men but these particular inspirations show a flawless spontaneity of utterance, an instinctive feeling for loveliness and dignity of phrase as such, that we do not find elsewhere in anything like the same profusion.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time, they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmele's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

An Odious Expulsion

The expulsion of Bishops from their palaces and parish priests from their presbyteries has been going on a long time, yet the impious work is not quite finished, writes the Paris correspondent of the "Irish Catholic." Indeed, scarcely a week elapses without some such cruel act being perpetrated in the name of the law. The other day an exceptionally odious expulsion was effected at Villards-sur-Thones, a little village in the Haute Savoie. The old parish priest and his curate, who are beloved by all their flock, had, with the consent of all, remained in their presbytery. They were the more justified in doing so because there was not a single

house in the hamlet in which they could find shelter. There was not even a cottage to let. Nevertheless a strong force of gendarmes was sent to turn them out of the presbytery in which the old priest had lived nearly all his life. No fewer than forty gendarmes, commanded by a captain named Bretan, commenced the siege of the house and called on the priest to surrender. All the inhabitants of the village, who had been warned of the arrival of the armed force by the ringing of the church bell, assembled to protest against the outrage. Even the women and children were so carried away by their indignation that they attacked the representatives of authority, though they should have known by the experience in other parishes their resistance would be useless. The first encounter, during which heavy blows were exchanged, resulted in the arrest of five persons. When the gendarmes were taking their prisoners to jail the crowd became yet more infuriated, and charged with such vigor, in the hope of rescuing their relations and friends, that several of the gendarmes were wounded and their captain felled to the ground by a formidable blow with a heavy lying senseless on the road, but was ultimately conveyed back to Anney. cudge. He remained several minutes The prefect of the department, being informed of this regrettable incident, arrived at Villards-sur-Thones in the afternoon, accompanied by a strong force of other gendarmes. With these reinforcements further resistance was impossible. Twenty-two of the most ardent partisans of the parish priest

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels causing them to become bound and constive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting, aching in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

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are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

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were arrested, and were, with five captured in the morning, incarcerated in the Anney prison. The "Revue du diocese d'Anney," which has just come to hand, gives further information concerning this deplorable affair. A large number of the inhabitants were more or less seriously wounded. It was with the consent and with the reiterated request of the Municipal Council that the priest had remained in the presbytery, and the expulsion of the worthy abbe from his home was effected by the order of the prefect, in spite of the protest of the Mayor and of all the other Municipal Councillors.

The "Croix" affirms that the expulsion was not only odious, but absolutely illegal, as it had been established by precedent that if the municipality has by law the right to demand of the prefectorial authority to expel the priest from the presbytery which is the property of the commune, the prefectorial authority has not the right to expel the parish priest against the legally expressed desire of the municipality that he should be left in peaceable possession of his home. I quote this opinion of the "Croix" but I regret to say that I fear it is erroneous. The iniquitous law on the subject seems to me to empower the prefect to expel the priest if, in his opinion, the priest does not agree to pay the commune what that officia. may consider to be the fair rental value of the building. The municipality is forbidden by law from giving any sort of subsidy to the priest, even in the form of a house free of rent, or at a nominal rent.

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The Children's Page

BEAUTIFUL LIVING. Keep the sunshine in your heart, Wear a smile; Live a happy, hopeful life All the while; Do some helpful work each day, As God's leading lights the way.

Ask for calmness from above; Keep your place; Let the Master's mind and thought Help you trace Heaven's purpose day by day, In noiseless, tender way.

Days will come and days will go, Yet 'tis well; For in joy or sorrow's hour, Life shall spell God's dear message, line by line, In this life of yours and mine.

WHAT JACK HEARD AND SAW.

What was the cause of that great round tear which splashed down on Jack's knee, followed by another and another? Why, only that the small boy had planned to make a visit that bright morning, and as something had occurred to prevent it, all the joy had fled away from life, leaving not a single thing for a fellow to do, not anything for him to look at.

This, at least, was what Jack was saying to himself when, a few moments later, his cousin Godfrey came out on the piazza. Having no notice whatever of the streaked little face, he simply said, "What a lot there is going on in the world to-day, Jack!"

"Why, what do you mean, Cousin Godfrey?" asked Jack, a good deal surprised. "I haven't seen anything." "You haven't?" Well, in the first place there is a new house being built out there on the lawn. I have been watching it for half an hour from the window just behind you.

"A house!" Jack twisted about and glanced hastily over the great beautiful lawn; but, of course, as he had very well known, there was no sign of a house.

"Ah! but you're looking in the wrong direction," said the cousin. "Just look up; take a peep into that green elm yonder, through the opening in the leaves just before your eyes."

For a minute the boy gazed. Then he exclaimed, "Look, Cousin Godfrey, there comes the mate with the long horse-hair. I never saw a nest being built before. What fun it is!"

"And then," Godfrey went on, after they had watched the building for a few moments longer, "those little black people down on the path are doing blue work. I think the whole army must be out this morning."

"Black people? Where?" cried Jack. But his eyes were beginning to open now, and, running down the steps, he hunted about the broad path.

and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest. "Remember that I should like to visit a great many other little boys after you have done with me. Besides, you will want me again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Warm Exterminator. Children like it.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"I should like it a little quieter, please." The teacher's eyes turned to the corner of the room where Myra Martin sat smiling, and dimpling. Miss Raymond's tone was not quite as assured as usual. It was almost pleading. It amused Myra to find that the teacher's gaze wavered before her own.

Turning to the blackboard, Miss Raymond went on with her explanation of the diagram, while Myra continued her whispering. The subject of the conversation must have been very amusing, for presently a smothered giggle sounded plainly in the corner. The teacher turned irresolutely to meet the gay impudence of Myra's gaze.

"You ought to have seen me in the history class," she said to one of the girls. "Miss Raymond seemed at her wits' end." The other girl looked at her with a puzzled expression. "Poor Miss Raymond," she answered. "Isn't it too bad?"

"Too bad! What's too bad?" "Why, about her mother. She had a stroke of paralysis, you know, Friday night. They say she may live a long time, but probably she'll never leave her bed. You know how devoted she and Miss Raymond were to each other. I think it was so brave of her to come to school to-day."

Oh, if she had only known! Myra looked back over the history recitation with a sense of dismay. If she only had known, so that she might have helped the heart-sick, brave teacher, instead of making things so cruelly hard for her! The tears started to her eyes as she realized that this was one of the opportunities which, when lost once, are lost forever.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

A MIRACULOUS APPLE.

To divide an apple into several parts without cutting the skin pass a needle and thread under the rind of the apple, which is easily done by putting the needle in again at the same hole it came out of, and passing on until you have got round the apple. Then take both ends of the thread and draw them tight, by which means the apple will be divided into two parts. In the same manner you may divide it into as many parts as you please, and yet the rind will remain entire.

Present the apple to any one to peel and it will immediately fall to pieces.

ORIGIN OF CUSTOMS.

Men bare their heads because they had to unmask in the days of chivalry before the queen of beauty. We bow the head in passing others because our ancestors were wont to bow before the real yoke of the oppressor.

We sit up with our dead because long ago our ancestors kept watch by night lest evil spirits come and bear the body away.

We shake hands with the right hand because that is the dagger hand and means that we disarm ourselves in the presence of a friend.

RIDDLES.

When are two people only half-witted? When they have an understanding between them. Why is an egg like a horse? Because you can't use it until it's broken.

Why is a spider a most excellent correspondent? He drops a line at every post. What is that which occurs twice in every moment, once in every minute, but not once in a thousand years? The letter M.

HER LITTLE COMPOSITION.

A class was reciting in a school. "Who can give me," said the teacher, "a sentence in which the words 'bitter end' are used?"

Up jumped a little girl excitedly. "I can, teacher. The cat ran under the bureau and the dog ran after her and bit her end."

A Kansas City priest has excommunicated the "Merry Widow" hat. Is this a literal enforcement of the scriptural injunction against hiding light under a bushel?—The Catholic Universe.

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through experience of the hearers. It is the outcome of intimate association with Jesus Christ, looking on men as He looks on them, the best in the preacher speaking to the best in his hearers. It is the Word—that is, the self-manifesting God—become flesh, speaking not only through the mouth, but through the whole personality of the messenger.

The testimony of a number of Christian laymen to this effect, while not new, brings vividly home to the mind and conscience of the Church the conditions on which spiritual revival will be realized.

Paul Bourget, the Progress and Change Mr. Paul Bourget, who succeeded the late Ferdinand Brunetiere (editor of Revue des Deux Mondes), as president of the General Association of the Catholic Students of Paris, has recently delivered an address on "Tradition" before that body. He thus opened the statement of his thesis, according to the translation of the Literary Digest:

"You will not always be young, but you will always be traditional. You will escape one of the most dangerous errors of our age, which is the greatest intellects have sometimes failed to escape. The recent admirable encyclical of the Holy Father on the subject of Modernism teaches us this. The error of Modernism consists in believing that everything, even the most fundamental verities, must be subject to evolution. That is what we meant by the saying that we must keep abreast of our age, for it seems to me that change is the sole condition of activity. It claims to be the Credo of hope and progress. Examine it well and you will soon per-

ceive it is infinitely dangerous." He here quotes a passage from Bonald, who, during the time of the Directory, wrote against this same temper of mind and against those "who took the short moments during which they live for an age."

Mr. Bourget commends Bonald to the study of all "who speak to us of a new society, a new morality, a new church, a new gospel," and continues in these sentences: "To live, these people tell us, is to evolve. Exactly so; but it is also to endure. If we take evolution in its primitive and biological sense, it implies a change, but it also implies something unchanging. In the hypothesis of Darwin, which is the idea followed by these moral evolutionists, we find that the evolution of a species is only intended to effect its conservation, that is to say, to safeguard certain essential organs which can never be changed, for should they be changed, the need would not be evolution, but death."

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He enumerates them as the family, the institution of monogamy, paternal authority, marriage fidelity and obedience to parents. He proceeds: "Nor must I omit the Church. And here I need only repeat the words of the Bible: 'Lord, to whom should we go, thou hast the words of everlasting life.' A belief in these things is what we mean to proclaim when we call ourselves traditionalists. The word is by no means synonymous with retrogressionists. No one retrogrades by proving the equality of triangles by the reasoning employed in antiquity. No one retrogrades by saying that two and two make four, as first men who ever counted used to say. But he who declares that a straight line is not the shortest way between two points and that two and two make five, is a regressionist indeed."

A great people and petty thoughts or revengeful feelings go ill together. The strong do not wall; the brave make no outcry. In proportion to one's power should be his forbearance and self-control.—Bishop Spalding.

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TORONTO, MAY 14TH, 1908.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

(Concluded from our issue of April 23). In a former article on the Resurrection of the Body, which appeared in our issue of April 23rd, we showed that this dogma, which unbelievers in Christianity, and even some Christians maintain, was not believed by the Jews, is really found and plainly taught in the Old as well as in the New Testament, and was believed by the orthodox Jews in the time of our Lord, being denied only by the Sadducees, who were but few in number in proportion to the whole Jewish people.

To the passages already quoted in proof of this, we must add the testimony of Daniel, (xii., 2.)

"And many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some unto life everlasting, and others unto reproach, to see it always. But they that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity."

By "many" in this passage, all mankind are meant, who are really many, as holy Scripture frequently uses the word "many" in this sense, as in the passage (St. Matt., xxii., 14), "Many are called, but few are chosen." Also (Joshua xxii., 3), "Neither have you left your brethren this long time"; in Hebrew, "these many days," meaning "you have never left them."

Again, in Isaiah xxvii., 19, we find: "The dead men shall live, my slain shall live again; awake and give praise ye that dwell in the dust; for they shall be the dew of the light . . . for behold the Lord will come out of His place . . . and the earth shall cover her slain no more."

So also the prophet Osee declares: "I (God) will deliver them out of the hand of death; I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy death."

The Prophet Ezekiel says (xxxvii., 12, etc.), "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will open your graves and will bring you out of your sepulchres, O my people, and will bring you into the land of Israel."

The books of Scripture which are rejected by the Protestants of English speaking countries as Apocryphal, are even more clear on this point than the passages we have quoted. These books are equally testified by the early Christian Church to be part of the deposit of Christian faith with the rest of the Old Testament, though they are not received by the Jews of the present day as inspired. Nevertheless they are an unexceptionable historic evidence of the Jewish belief before and during the life of our Lord on earth, independently of their value as inspired Scripture.

In II. Machabees vii., 9-13, we find the Jewish martyrs addressing the Assyrian tyrant thus; the second martyr said:

"Thou, indeed, O most wicked man, destroyest us out of this present life; but the King of the world will raise us up, who died for His laws, in the resurrection to eternal life."

The third said: "These (members of my body which the persecutors destroyed), I have from heaven, but for the laws of God I now despise them, because I hope to receive them again from Him."

The fourth said: "It is better, being put to death by men to look for hope from God, to be raised up again by Him; for as to thee, thou shalt have no resurrection unto life."

The brave mother of the seven martyrs told them: "The Creator of the world that formed the nativity of man . . . will restore to you again in His mercy, both breath and life, as now you despise yourselves for the sake of His laws."

According to the Book of Wisdom, the wicked shall say (ii., 2-6): "We are born of nothing . . . and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud . . . Come, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present . . . Let us oppress the poor, just man and not spare the widow, nor honor the ancient gray hairs of the aged."

But "the just in the sight of the unwise seemed to die, and their departure was taken for misery . . . but they are in peace, and . . . their hope is full of immortality. Afflicted in few things, in many they shall be well rewarded. The just shall shine. . . They shall judge nations . . . and shall rest in Him, for grace and peace is to His elect."

"He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners, he was

translated. . . . "Behold how (the just) are numbered among the children of God. They shall live for evermore. . . . They shall receive a kingdom of glory, and a crown of beauty at the hand of the Lord; for with His right hand He will cover them, and with His holy arm he will defend them." (Wisdom, ii., 7.)

We have been thus copious in our extracts from the Old Testament, because it has been maintained so pertinaciously by infidel and some other writers that the Resurrection of the dead is a new doctrine unknown among the ancient religions and even in the revelations made by God to His chosen people under the Old Law. Our citations completely disprove such allegations.

In the New Testament the Resurrection of the dead is most clearly revealed, though there is a profound mystery in the manner in which it is to be accomplished.

Our Divine Saviour throws light upon this when He informs the Sadducees who denied this doctrine that "they err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they (mankind) shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but shall be as the angels of God in heaven." He adds that when God the Father declared:

"I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," He spoke of these patriarchs as living in another life; for "He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." (St. Matt. xxii., 29-32.)

It has been defined by the Fourth Council of Lateran held in 1215, that "All men shall rise with their own bodies which they now have to receive according to their deeds, whether good or evil." That is, the good will be rewarded and the wicked punished.

The particles composing our bodies are not the same at every moment of our lives, but are completely changed in the course of a few years. From this it follows that we shall not necessarily rise with bodies composed of the very same particles or atoms which we have at any particular instant, but only of such particles as are necessary to constitute an identity, in a similar sense to that in which our bodies remain the same while we live upon the earth. Thus the difficulty raised by infidels is refuted to the effect that the resurrection of the body is impossible, because the atoms of which it is composed have gone into other creatures—plants, animals, or men, and would therefore need to be multiplied indefinitely to be restored to the same persons as part of their resuscitated bodies.

It is sufficient that the essential parts of the body shall be the same with those parts which we have on earth, and it is certainly within the power of God to effect this in such a way that the resurrected body shall be the same in essence as we have in this life.

This is further exemplified by what St. Paul says:

"But some man will say, 'How do the dead rise again?' Senseless man, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die first; and thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain—but God giveth it a body as He will, and to every seed its proper body."

From this it will be seen that the resurrected bodies of the dead will not necessarily be the same in all their parts, but will be so in what is essential. Yet we cannot say that God cannot so duplicate the atoms of matter that there may be a two-fold identity.

We must accept the truth as revealed, even though we cannot penetrate the mystery of its accomplishment.

A NOTABLE BOOK ON INSPIRATION.

Under this heading the Toronto Globe recently published extensive criticism of a new work on the "Inspiration and Authority of Holy Scripture," by a distinguished student of Knox College and graduate of Toronto University, who is now pastor of one of the best known Presbyterian churches of London, England. The work is the first of a series to be issued by the central Council of the Non-Conformist bodies of England. It is therefore in its whole atmosphere permeated with ultra-Protestantism. And it affords one more illustration of the many and daily increasing number of the same kind that for the believer in the divinity of Christianity, the believer that in the Old and New Testaments we have a divine message, there is ultimately only one way that which leads to Rome.

The occasion which drew forth this work is notable. One of the most brilliant of present-day Free Church ministers is preaching in the heart of England's metropolis a "new theology" so revolutionary in its character as to be incompatible with Christianity of any Non-Conformist variety. Some of the bitterest opponents of the "new theology" are leading Free Church brothers of its author. That this revolutionist is not alone in his work is evident from the confession of a distinguished Free Church leader that "the question of belief is becoming a much more serious matter for the Free Churches than the question of their public work or social sympathies." Evidently the Free Churches are fast becoming so free in matters of belief, that they will, if they continue in their present course, soon

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land in practical disbelief of the supernatural character of Christianity. The work under review is an attempt to stem this downward tendency by one of the most distinguished members of the Non-conformist ministry. How does he attempt to stem it? By returning to the Catholic position. Every strong point in his work on Inspiration is a rejection of the Protestant Rule of Faith and a return to Catholic teaching. He sets forth in the first place the gradual development of thought by which he was led to reject "the old, mechanical, unnatural view of Inspiration which reduces the sacred writers to mere amanuenses. But this old mechanical, unnatural view of inspiration is precisely the one which follows naturally and necessarily from the position that the Bible and nothing but the Bible, interpreted by itself, is the sole Rule of Faith. If this be the case then there must be absolutely no human element in the Bible, and its writers must not have been anything more than amanuenses. This position was never that of the Catholic Church. Verbal inspiration was no part of her creed. And in coming over to the position commonly held by her theologians, our Nonconformist author goes back on the Bible alone as the Rule of Faith. This, however, is not the only principal point in which his footsteps are turned Romeward. The most important feature of his work is his insistence on the "priority and superiority of the revelation to the record! These words are enough to make the old-time Presbyterian turn in his grave. One of the favorite themes of his denunciation was the Catholic position that the spoken or unwritten Word was before the Bible or written Word. The Catholic does not claim superiority for the unwritten Word, but he asserts its priority. He contends that the Church was before the Bible, and therefore that the Bible, and the Bible only, cannot be the Rule of Faith. And lo! a leading Nonconformist minister now goes even farther than the Catholic position and proclaims "the priority and superiority of the revelation to the record." Where, we ask, was the revelation before the record? Where was the Sermon on the Mount before St. Matthew recorded it? Where were the acts and teachings of Christ before the Evangelists set pen to parchment? Evidently in the minds and hearts and on the lips of the apostles and their disciples, in other words in the living teaching Church. The position of the latest exponent of Nonconformist thought is just the position the Catholic Church holds—a position completely contrary to the old non-Catholic Rule of Faith.

PORTUGAL'S NEW KING.

King Manuel of Portugal is drawing to himself the praise of the outside world and the confidence and admiration under circumstances sufficiently of his own people. His reign unassuming to make the strongest shrink, has been an exhibition of brave manhood, fine statesmanship and broad Christian charity. Even in the short period of its existence it has told for the great good of the disturbed people over whom he was called to rule, and has called forth qualities which have turned the sympathy of the world towards the youthful monarch.

The report that the wound received in the arm during the memorable attack in which his father and brother lost their lives and out of which he became in a moment the king of a turbulent nation, would necessitate amputation, is contradicted and for the present at least no such danger looms up. The terrible experiences through which Manuel has passed have not hardened his heart. He is reported as being a generous contributor to all in trouble, the destitute families of Republicans and conspirators coming in for a large share of his charity.

The course he has pursued has succeeded in thwarting the hopes of the revolutionists, who, investigation has proved, were by no means few in number. The policy of the young King is to bury animosities of the past and to direct his entire attention to reforms for the betterment of his people. That he may be spared to do the work he has set himself is the hope of all who have the interest of Portugal at heart.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Sacred Heart Review of Boston, Mass., has recently published a number of articles on the attitude of the Holy Father and of prominent ecclesiastics in Europe towards the Catholic press. In these articles that splendid type of progressive Catholic journalism has rendered invaluable services to the writers who ply their pens in defence of the Church often under discouraging conditions. But its best effort in their cause is, perhaps, its article on the "Catholic Press in France," in a late issue.

There it sets forth in the first place the powerful appeal of the Archbishop of Toulouse to Catholics to carry their religion to the polls. His Grace asks how are Catholics to be educated up to this and he answers: "By the press, the good newspaper. Let us recall the words of Pius X., our beloved Pontiff, when expressing all his resources to support his journal, the Difesa, at Venice. "If the funds should fail me," he said, "I would sell my pectoral cross rather than allow this necessary work to come to naught."

The next point in the article we are dealing with, shows how the appeals of men like the Archbishop of Toulouse are being heeded in France. Owing to the spoliation of the present government of France, that militant Catholic journal of France, "La Croix," found itself exposed to bankruptcy. The editor made an appeal for two million francs to the Catholics of France to enable him to continue his work despite the Clemenceau gang of spoliators. And in the interval of two weeks three million and a half francs were subscribed, and the editor had to call a halt.

This shows the new spirit that is being awakened in France. From out the fiery storm through which it is passing a renovated Catholic France shall arise that shall be worthy of the glories of the best days of the past. How little they know of the real conditions there, who talk about Catholicity as dead in that land! Beneath the ashes over which the conflagration has swept, there is pulsating with life an army of seeds which shall presently delight the eye with

a thick and vigorous growth. Well will it be for us, if we learn from those who have gone through the ordeal of fire the paramount importance of rallying to the support of our Catholic press, and by our generous and discriminating assistance enabling it to do its work in a worthy manner.

Altar Lights and Ritualism

(Rev. George R. Northgraves.) The learned Lord Bacon, who was certainly a reliable authority on matters connected with the law, says in his Essay on Judicature:

"Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverent than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue." Mr. Samuel H. Blake is not precisely a judge, but he is a legal light of some prominence, and very recently he has taken upon himself to constitute himself a judge in matters ecclesiastical, so that Lord Bacon's advice is worthy of his attentive consideration.

At a meeting held in Wickliffe College, Toronto, lately, Mr. S. Blake let out for the entertainment of the public, a good deal of the spleen which appears to be an essential part of his constitution, the object thereof being "Ritualists," so called, and Catholics. He declared that he had recently witnessed a Church ceremony of his own denomination which indicated so dense a darkness that lights were used at mid-day to dispel it. He added in effect that this atrocity threatened the purity, or even the existence of the Church of England. It was, in fact, an insidious attempt to assimilate the Anglican to the Roman Church. Any attempt in this direction, he declares, he will uncompromisingly oppose though like a languishing lover he would gladly meet any one of the so-called evangelical Protestant sects under a branch of mistletoe.

It is not for us to pick up the gage of battle thrown down by Mr. Blake as a challenge to the Ritualists or High Churchmen of the Anglican body, but we feel compelled to bring that gentleman to task for making a sport of the use of symbolical lights in religious ceremonies, a use which was originally adopted by command of Almighty God Himself, and never condemned by Him as degenerating into a superstitious practice, though it has been employed by the Church of God, Jewish and Christian, for over thirty-four centuries. Mr. Blake's dexterity of tongue is, therefore, to be regarded rather as buffoonery than wit, and if our memory serves us aright, it was his fondness for just such buffooneries that his way to the judicial bench was blocked many years ago by one of Canada's greatest statesmen.

It must not be forgotten that God Himself commanded the seven branched candlestick used under the Mosaic Law to be made, which with its adjuncts was valued at "a talent of the purest gold," estimated at from one to two thousand dollars for the material alone, without counting the skilled workmanship. This work of art was not employed to dispel the darkness of midday, as Mr. Blake would have it, but for its mystical meaning, as Josephus explains (in Antiquities, B. vi., vii.) See also Ex. xxxv. 31.

In the Christian or Catholic Church, the seven wax candles which are lit on the altar during a Bishop's solemn High Mass, represent the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost enumerated by the prophet Isaiah (xi., 2), and in other passages of Holy Scripture: "The Spirit of Wisdom and of Understanding, of Counsel and of Fortitude, of Knowledge and of Godliness, and of the Fear of the Lord."

We are quite aware that the pseudo-Evangelical school of Protestantism to which Mr. S. Blake boasting professes to belong, for the most part repudiates all symbolism in religion; but such repudiation is alien to the spirit which pervades the true religion of God whether under the Old or the New Law. Of the Old Law we have said enough already to prove this.

It is this same principle at which Mr. Blake sneers which leads St. Paul to make the cross of Christ the symbol of our Redemption when he says (Galat. vi., 12-14): "They" (the Judaizers in the Christian Church) "desire not to suffer the persecution of the Cross of Christ glory but in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world. . . . And whosoever shall follow this rule, peace be upon them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God."

Almighty God knows thoroughly the incidents which influence man's conduct, for He is our Creator, and has so formed us that we are greatly moved by symbolism which is not too far-fetched. Indeed He has Himself made light the symbol of Christ and His teachings, as when by the mouth of His prophet Simeon He declared our divine Redeemer to be "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people of Israel." (St. Luke ii., 32.) So also St. John the Apostle beheld in his vision of heaven, "the Son of Man in the midst of seven golden candlesticks. (Apoc. or Rev. i., 13.) The use of candles on the altar of God is therefore sanctioned by God Himself under the New Law as well as the Old.

We may here add that in the Westminster Anglican Cathedral, according to a description given in the London Tribune in February, 1907, there is "an altar of Cornwall grey granite twelve feet long and four wide" on which are placed "six great candlesticks with a crucifix of corresponding size, standing alone as at St. Peter's in Rome, in perfect simplicity." Here is a target for Mr. S. Blake's ire! Mr. S. Blake, unlike his more liberal-minded brother, Mr. Edward Blake, has always set far back as we can remember, entertained a Kentish-like frenzy at the sight of anything savouring of the forms of worship of the Christian Church of nineteen centuries. But the Catholic religion will continue to progress, notwithstanding such unreasoning antipathies.

Will Establish a Leper Home

Father Conrardy, who went to Molokai, and who remained eight years as Damien's assistant, passed through Honolulu a few days ago on the steamer Asia on his way to establish a home and settlement for lepers near Canton. There are 25,000 lepers in Kwangtung province, of which Canton is the

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capital. Father Conrardy to prepare himself for this work took a course in medicine at Willamette Medical College in Portland, Ore., and he then traveled through the United States soliciting contributions for the work. He secured \$30,000 and will purchase ten acres and build the home and settlement. A light heart and cheerful face are the heritage of those who possess contented minds.—Father Hayes. His Grace Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, on Sunday laid the cornerstone of the Catholic school which is being erected in Belleville.

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NOTES FROM OTTAWA

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Amédée Tremblay, organist of the Basilica, has conducted the opening of a new organ in the church of Sherbrooke parish.

Rev. Father Limoges, who resigned from the parish of St. Agathe, Que., some time ago through ill-health, has again resumed charge, having fully recovered from his illness.

Mgr. Mathieu, rector of Laval University, Quebec, was the guest of Archbishop Duhamel, recently while returning to Quebec from Pembroke.

Rev. Father Honore of the Capuchin Monastery has left for Quebec, where he will join Rev. Fathers Candide and Albert of that order on a visit to France. Rev. Father Honore will be away about four months.

Archbishop Duhamel presided at two confirmation ceremonies recently, one in the Gloucester Street Convent and the other in St. Joseph's Orphanage. At both institutions the number of those who were confirmed compared favorably with other years.

The annual visit of the Archbishop to the parishes throughout the diocese will be begun on May 16th and it is expected, will be concluded on July 19th. Exclusive of those in the city there are about thirty-five parishes in the diocese.

There has been two transfers of curates recently. Rev. Father G. Lebeau, who has been stationed at St. Agathe, Que., has been appointed curate of the Basilica. Rev. Father Bonchard of the Basilica, will be stationed in St. Anne's parish of this city as curate to Rev. Father Myland.

Brother Malachy Edward, a noted educationalist and Provincial of the Christian Brothers, who died recently at Maisonneuve, was director of St. Patrick's parish, this city some years ago. As official visitor of the Schools under the director of the Christian Brothers in Ontario, he frequently visited this city, previous to his illness.

In aid of the sufferers in the Notre Dame De Salette landslide, Rev. Father Lemay, the parish priest of that village took up a collection at High Mass in the Basilica recently when over ninety dollars was subscribed. The priests of the Oblate Order in Hull have donated twenty-five dollars to a fund for the same purpose which was opened in that city.

The ordination of Mgr. Roy, of Quebec, as auxiliary Bishop to Archbishop Bégin, was the subject of much interest here as Mgr. Roy has many friends in this city. As president of the Action Sociale Catholique Society, of Quebec, he recently delivered a series of addresses in this diocese, in which he aroused much favorable interest in the work of that organization. In other Catholic circles he is also well-known throughout the province of Quebec. Archbishop Duhamel, accompanied by Mgr. Routhier, V.G., was present at the ceremony.

At the annual meeting of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association it was decided to inaugurate a membership campaign when it is hoped the official list will be increased to the 1,500 mark. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Mr. J. G. Kilt; First Vice-President, Mr. John O'Leary; Second Vice-President, Mr. James McLaughlin; Recording-Secretary, Mr. R. T. Young; Financial-Secretary, Mr. C. F. O'Neil; Treasurer, Mr. J. F. Moran, Jr.; and Librarian, Mr. H. A. O'Meara.

A most successful concert and debate was recently held by the Debating Society of the University of Ottawa. The subject, "Resolved that Woman Suffrage is Just and Expedient," was one of ample opportunities and the contest was interesting throughout. The negative was successful—the prize for the best individual address, being awarded to Mr. A. Stanton, who spoke in conjunction



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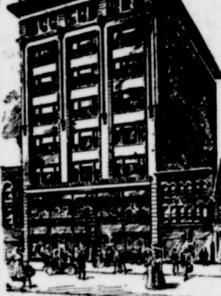
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with Mr. J. C. Connaghan. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. F. O. Linke and E. L. Ginn, while the negative was supported by Mr. E. P. Stanton and Mr. F. Grey, M.A. A concert of much merit was also presented during the evening.

As his personal subscription to the Quebec Battlefields Fund, Archbishop Duhamel has donated \$100 through Rev. Father Fortier, convener of the Ottawa University Committee. The Archbishop has decided that collections should not be taken up in the local churches, as a collection has already been taken for the erection of a monument to Mgr. De Laval which will form part of the park scheme. It is understood by His Grace that local Catholics will contribute through their societies. At the request of Archbishop Duhamel Rev. Father Fortier will attend to the subscriptions from the clergy of the Diocese.

A new organ, recently installed in Holy Family church, Ottawa East, has been formally blessed by Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by Rev. Father Gavary and Rev. Father Charlebois, the pastor. At High Mass Rev. Father Duvic officiated and was assisted by Rev. Fathers Lortie and Desmarais as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermons, appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by Rev. Fathers Fitzgerald and Gavary in English and French respectively. The organ was installed through the energetic management of the parishioners and the parochial societies. The ceremony was largely attended.

At a recent ceremony of profession in the Good Shepherd's Convent, five young ladies took the final vows while one was received into the holy habit. Archbishop Duhamel presided and was assisted by Rev. Father Lalonde of the Basilica. The ceremony was impressive and two splendid sermons, one in English and the other in French, were delivered by Very Rev. Canon Sloan and Rev. Father Gavary chaplain of the community, respectively. Rev. Fathers Michel of Buckingham and McGuire of Ottawa University, were present, as were many relatives of the candidates for the holy vows. Those who entered into the profession were: Sister St. Elizabeth, Miss Evelyn Cote, Nicolet; Sister Mary St. Adrian, Miss Mary Josephine Gueymont, Nicolet; Sister St. Augustine, Miss Magdalen Cox, Buckingham; Sister St. John Joseph, Miss Dora Roy, Ottawa, and Sister St. Clair, Miss Marie Cote, Nicolet. Miss Therese Laperty, of East Templeton, Que., was received into the habit, taking the name of Sister St. Paul. Sisters St. Clair and St. Elizabeth, formerly the Misses Cote of Nicolet, are consins, and have three of their consins in the community, while Sister St. Paul (Miss Therese Loverty) has a cousin and an aunt in the convent of the Good Shepherd's.

The Archbishop has issued a circular to all the priests of the diocese, bearing upon the recent Encyclical on marriage. Probably the most specific point dwelt upon is that the priest officiating at a marriage ceremony must send certificates bearing full particulars of the ceremony to the church

or churches wherein the contracting parties were baptized. It is also made obligatory that the facts of the marriage be entered in the church register opposite to the baptismal entry. Should it prove impossible to learn the place of baptism or the address of the officiating priest, it becomes necessary that any information which may have been gathered, be sent to the secretary of the Archbishop. The circular also points out that it would greatly facilitate matters if the parties to the marriage would themselves, prepare the certificates previous to the ceremony. The ecclesiastical letter reads in part: "I declare that every priest fulfilling the functions of curate has, in the parish or mission where he exercises his sacred ministry, the power of assisting validly at marriage and of debating another priest in a particular case. The Decree is obligatory on Catholic parties as well as on those who have fallen away from the Catholic Church. Consequently, mixed marriages, as well as those which would not be celebrated in the presence of the parish priest or the Bishop and before two witnesses, will not be valid."

To the Fathers of the Company of Mary, in their Monastery on the Montreal Road, just outside of Ottawa, has been conveyed the pleasant information that two members of that Order, Rev. Fathers Guiot and Prezeau, have been called to the Episcopacy by the Supreme Pontiff, Pius X.

Rev. Father Auguste Prezeau, who has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic to the district of Shire, British Central Africa, has spent many years of his life in Canada. Born in France, he came to this country in 1890 and in the Scholasticate of Cyrville, now on the Montreal Road, he completed his theological studies and novitiate. He was ordained to the priesthood in May, 1890, Archbishop Duhamel officiating. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to Kingston, where several missions were being conducted by the Order. To a call from his Superior-General he proceeded to British Central Africa, where he founded three missions. St. Amand's of Neno; St. Mary's of Nzama, and St. Joseph's of Nguludi. During the years spent in that country the energetic missionary endured many hardships in the work of establishment, and his appointment to take charge of the now flourishing missions is undoubtedly a tribute to his zealous efforts.

Rev. Father Guiot came to Canada as Secretary to the Superior-General of the Order in 1901, and has been an active member of the congregation since. He has now been called to the Vicariate Apostolic of St. Martino, in the vicinity of Bogota, capital Columbia, in South America.

Re-opening of Martyrs' Shrine

The Martyrs' Shrine at Waubesahe will be re-opened on the first Thursday of June, when and on every Thursday afterwards till October, Mass will be said at 9 o'clock. It has been enlarged and refitted for the accommodation of pilgrims. It is the intention to have three general pilgrimages during the coming season, when many pilgrims from Ontario and from all parts of Canada are expected.

NOTED BROTHER DEAD

(Continued from page one.)

long friends of the deceased and his fellow laborers in the cause of Catholic education in Ontario. At the last regular meeting of the Catholic School Board of Toronto, held in the De La Salle Institute, Duke street, on Tuesday, May 5th, a resolution of sympathy to the Brothers in their bereavement, moved by Mr. D. A. Carey, was unanimously carried. Both Rev. Fathers Hand and Mr. Carey made touching reference to the deceased, and the good he had done for Catholic education in Toronto. It was principally to his efforts that we still possessed the Brothers in the city schools. He had been the instrument in the hands of God for the continuation and development of the good work being done in our midst, and to him the Catholic public owed a deep debt of gratitude.

At a special meeting of the De La Salle Literary and Athletic Association held on Monday, May 11th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

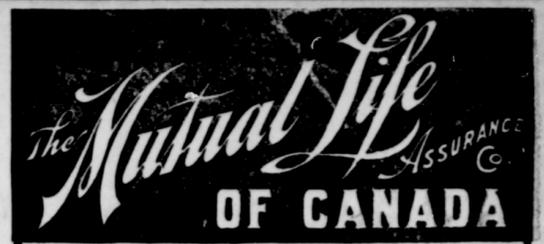
Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to its eternal reward the soul of Rev. Bro. Malachy Edward, Provincial of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in Canada, and Whereas, the deceased was a former pupil, and later a member of the teaching staff of this Institute, and Whereas, by his self-sacrificing devotedness in the cause of Catholic education in this Province, and more especially in this City, he endeared himself to all classes of the community, and Whereas, the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in Canada has sustained in his death a very severe loss.

Be it resolved that this Association extend its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved communities of the order in this city.

Be it further resolved that we have Masses and prayers offered for the repose of his soul.

Signed on behalf of the Association. WILLIAM KELLY, President. FRANCIS RIORDAN, Secretary.

A testimony of the place which Bro. Malachy Edward holds in the hearts of the schools of Toronto, was given at the Cathedral on Tuesday morning, when one thousand of the pupils and their teachers assisted at a solemn High Mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of the deeply lamented Brother. The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, assisted by Rev. Father Whelan of the Cathedral as deacon and Rev. Father McCabe of St. Paul's sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, in cope and mitre, occupied the throne and gave the last absolution at the close of the Mass. Others in the sanctuary were Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D., of Dixie, Rev. T. O'Donnell, of St. Mary's, Rev. F. Rhoderer of St. Michael's, Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., representing St. Michael's College, and Rev. Father Walsh of St. Cecilia's. The altar and pulpit were heavily draped and the music of the Mass was impressively sung by alternate choirs in sanctuary and loft,



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composed of chosen voices from the city schools. Pupils from all the parishes, amongst them several classes of girls in charge of the Sisters, made up the large body of children in attendance. Many adults also assisted, testifying to the general esteem in which the deceased was held.

That Brother Edward will be long and lovingly remembered there is no doubt, and many fervent prayers for the repose of his soul will ascend to the throne of the Most High from the lips and hearts of those for whom whilst on earth his best endeavors were spent. May he rest in peace and may perpetual light shine upon him.

That Appeal for The Battlefields

We copy the following communication from the Ottawa Citizen:

Editor Citizen: In your issue of 2nd inst., appears an article under the above heading from the pen of Wilfrid Campbell, L.L.D., of the Privy Council department, some errors in which I desire to point out, seeing that some days have elapsed and the author has not corrected them. I have reference to one particular sentence in which it is said: "All races and creeds which go to make up our people have some reason to remember the old Citadel. French, Scottish, English, U. E. Loyalists, all have participated in the destiny (sic) of the rock of old Stadacona." Remark well, "All races and creeds." During a residence of over thirty-two years in the city of Donnacona and Champlain I must confess I have never known of any one, either orally or in writing, claiming descent from the U. E. Loyalists for any of its citizens. But this is a mere trifle in comparison with the omission of mention of a large and important portion of the population who in common with their fellow citizens "have some reason to remember the old Citadel," nor can the omission be attributed to a typographical error as the same article appears in the same shape in your contemporaries. In the hey-day of its prosperity the old City contained an element which I feel safe in saying equalled, if it did not outnumber, the other English-speaking elements combined, nor am I quite certain that the same proportion does not still exist. I mean the people of Irish birth or extraction. They had their representatives in the pulpit, as they have to-day, in Parliament, and in the Government, on the bench, at the bar, in the medical profession, and in trade and commerce. When the harbor was annually crowded with shipping, to the number of over a thousand sail, from Pointe au Carey to Sillery and Cap Rouge, the manual labor of loading and unloading them with the products of our forests was done by stalwart men, ninety per cent. of whom were of the race which the writer of the "Appeal" so studiously ignores. He even omits reference to his pet fad, the so-called "Scotch-Irish!"

As in the city of Quebec, so throughout this broad and free Dominion, men of Irish blood have done their share in building up "this Canada of ours," by brain and muscle and sinew. They have always contributed and do contribute their proper portion of the public revenue out of which, among the other outlays, come the monthly cheques for civil servant. A people composing, I dare say, one-fourth or one-fifth of the population should not be so flippantly passed over as of no account. At the annual banquet of the Colonial Institute in London the other evening among the speakers was Dr. Parker, who in the course of his remarks said: "The most probable dissolution of the Empire is ignorance of its component parts." It would scarcely be in order to attribute ignorance of the facts of history to a learned doctor of laws, so their remains only the alternative of—? Your obedient servant. MATTHEW F. WALSH. Ottawa, May 9, 1908.

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Funeral of Rev. Father O'Reilly of Oakville

The funeral of Rev. Father O'Reilly, parish priest of Oakville, took place on Wednesday morning at 10.30 o'clock, a solemn requiem being celebrated by Rev. Fr. Craven of Galt, assisted by Rev. Frs. Fitzpatrick of St. Andrew's, as deacon, and Corcoran of Teeswater as sub-deacon, with Rev. Fr. Cote of Hamilton master of ceremonies. The choir, led by Prof. Morrissey at the organ, consisted of

Messrs. O'Brien, Walsh, Lawlor, Staunton, of Hamilton, assisted by some of the visiting clergy. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Fr. Craven announced in a few words that in keeping with the expressed desire of the late Fr. O'Reilly there would be no panegyrics and would only carry out the wish of the deceased in requesting all the friends of the late parish priest of St. Andrew's to pray for the repose of his soul. The sacred edifice was crowded with friends of deceased of all denominations, and an opportunity was afforded all who wished to do so to take a last look at his familiar face. Fr. O'Reilly is the first resident priest to die in this parish. The large attendance at the funeral spoke volumes for the love and esteem in which the deceased was held. Following are the names of the visiting clergy: Revs. J. J. Craven of Galt, M. Fitzpatrick of St. Andrew's, J. J. Corcoran of Teeswater, J. Cummings and W. Ferguson of Brantford, M. Halu of St. Clemens, J. T. Kelly of St. Forest, G. Murphy of Dundas, Becker of Dundas, Cleary of Caledonia, Doyle of Freeton, Crofton of Hespeler, W. Gehl of Preston, J. J. Gehl of Formosa, J. Cote, M. Weidner, Walsh, Brady, Lyles, Holden and Englehardt of Hamilton, P. O'Donovan of Dunville, J. O'Leary of Oakville, Spetz of Berlin, S. J. Donovan of Brooklyn, Mulheim, C.S.S.R., of Toronto, Dr. Treacy and Kelly of Dixie, Shatginnessy of Owen Sound, McIntee of Toronto.

Death of Mr. Michael Fenessey

Word was received in the city of the death in Detroit of Mr. Michael Fenessey, who, after over 70 years' residence in Brantford, moved to Detroit a year or two ago with his family. Everyone who has lived for as few years in Brantford was acquainted with the deceased, for he was in the grocery business here for many years. He was known as a man of strict integrity and highly respected. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters to survive him.

The funeral of the late Mr. Fenessey took place on the arrival of the 8.50 train from Detroit, and a large number of friends were present to render their last tribute of respect to him and to show their sympathy for his bereaved family. At St. Basil's church Rev. Father Lennon sang solemn requiem Mass, and also read the burial service at the grave. Until a few years back, when he retired from business, owing to declining health, Mr. Fenessey was a well known figure in Brantford. He was one of the charter members of Branch 5, of the C.M.E.A., and members of that society acted as pall-bearers, viz.: J. C. O'Neil, John Fitzgerald, Frank Mathers, John Haffey, Jerry Dume, John Ryan. The deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones in their hour of sorrow.—Brantford Ex.

COMMUNICATION

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Dear Sir,—I wish to rectify an error which appeared in your issue of Feb. 27 under heading "Matters of Moment." My brother and I are said to be the only English-speaking missionaries in China. I am happy to say that that honor does not belong to us two alone, as there is a Father Kennedy in Shanghai, Father Hallam in Wei-hai-wei, Father Silvester in Hankow and probably others. I do not know of all English-speaking priests from English-speaking countries. I notice that the Toronto Globe in its issue of Feb. 29th cites your valuable paper as follows: "The Catholic Register, reporting Rev. Father Hazelton, S.J., of Montreal, at the tridium last week, is authority for the statement that the parish of St. Francis, Toronto, has the honor of sending to China the only English-speaking Catholic missionaries to be found there."

Please publish this letter in order that "honor be given to whom honor is due," and so that non-Catholics may have less occasion to reproach us English-speaking Catholics with unfruitfulness in the foreign mission cause.

Yours sincerely, REV. J. M. FRASER. Catholic Mission, Ningpo, China. April 5, 1908.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D. D., President Victoria College. Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto. Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto. Hon. Th. MacCoff, Senator, Catholic Rec-ord, London. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are beautiful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections! no publicity! no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

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A DAUGHTER OF ERIN

(By E. M. Power in the Catholic Annual.)

When I first saw Bridget Donovan, said Miss Talbot, I felt anything but drawn to her, which seemed a pity, for we were thrown a good deal together, both strangers in a strange land, and our companionship might have been very pleasant for both. I was a newcomer in the country—it was when I first went to Portugal, but she had already been there some dozen years and always in the same family, that of the uncle of my pupils, their mother's brother. He lived in a large house round the corner from ours, but the two gardens communicated, making together a splendid playground for the numerous children and a pleasant meeting-place for us.

I was by then old enough to have had more sense, but I think it was Bridget's appearance which prejudiced me against her at first. She could never have been prettier, even in her youth, but now that a southern sun had sown her skin with freckles and the original red of her hair was thickly sprinkled with gray she had lost the two features which might have made her passable years before. For the rest, tall, square-shouldered and thin, with kind, faded blue eyes, and a smile to which even my prejudiced eyes could not deny the sweetness, she was not an attractive figure—and her dingy, not to say shabby style of dress, did nothing to make up for her personal deficiencies.

And then she was not amusing. There were weeks when we spent nearly every afternoon walking up and down the garden in the shade of the vine-covered ramadas, while the children played about under the trees. At first our conversation languished terribly. She had never been anywhere except to Portugal and in spite of her long sojourn there could answer none or hardly any of my questions about it and its inhabitants. She had read very little, she had no time for reading she said, though she spent hours concocting dreadful little bits of crochets she called "motives," and she knew nothing at all about the books I loved. So, though I was too polite to show it—I have always been thankful for that—truth to tell I found her companionship rather wearisome, and when, one afternoon, the children appeared alone with the message that Mademoiselle was lying down because she did not feel well, it was almost a feeling of relief that I sat down in a shady corner with a book.

It was an interesting book, too, but after a time I found it less interesting than I had fancied, so I got up and began to walk up and down. The two elder girls, Inez, my own pupil, and her cousin, Margarida, or Guida, as they called her, came and joined me.

"What is the matter with Mademoiselle?" I asked. "Nothing, serious, I hope?"

"Oh, no," laughed Guida, "nothing serious. Mademoiselle is never ill—not one day all the years she has been with us. She had a bad night, though, as she looked feverish, she had better keep cool indoors. It is pretty hot, is it not?"

It was hot with the scent of roses and orange blossoms and pinks, the sun shining in a deep blue sky—one of those days when it is a pleasure and privilege just to be alive and enjoy it.

"Do you think I could see her?" I asked suddenly and entirely without reflecting, a reprehensible action I had often blamed in my pupils.

"Of course," said Guida. "I will take you to her room now if you like."

We had often been in each other's schoolrooms, but so far never been in our rooms.

"Come in," said Miss Donovan's voice, a little wearily, but her whole face brightened so when she saw who it was that I felt a perfect hypocrite. "And now, that is kind of you," she said sitting up on the bed. "I was just longing to see a friend."

Again my conscience smote me harder than before.

"Guida, told me you were not well," I said lamely.

"It does not often happen, so it rather upsets me," she answered. "I have been very lucky that way—and indeed in every way, thanks be to God."

all gather in spite of our careers of rolling-stones and which give us an illustration of home in a strange land. There were two photographs on the table, however—one a group of the family, the other that of a plain little woman with a tall, square-jawed, resolute-looking lad beside her, and a pretty, dainty slip of a girl sitting lovingly at her feet.

Bridget followed my glance. "That is my sister," she said, "and my nephew and niece. Are they not a bonny pair? Denis is bigger than that now—he is nearly seventeen—and Bridgie is fifteen. Such a clever bit of a thing, she gets all the prizes in her class at the convent! Denis is going in for engineering. He is at work already, but he is trying hard for a scholarship at the Dublin Polytechnic. If he gets it it will make all the difference. His father was a clever man, but he never got on, and he died when they were both mites. My sister made a brave fight for it to bring up those two, but the worst is almost over now, thank God."

She sighed contentedly as she lay back on her pillow, well-pleased at my appreciation of the clever-looking, handsome pair.

"It's the lazy creature I feel, lying here like a log all this golden afternoon," she said, after a pause, during which I had admired her from her window—one of those splendid glimpses of the Douro, its bordering heights and the bar with the Atlantic beyond, which one gets from the most unexpected corners of the picturesque old town of Oporto.

"I believe I could be getting on with my lace if only I had the energy to begin," she went on. I took the piece of lace out of the open work-basket—a large and handsome collar of Irish guipure, in which to my confusion I recognized, joined by a web of light stitchery, the "motives" I had thought so futile when I saw them one at a time.

"You might much better rest," I said, and with unexpected docility she acquiesced. She did not look ill, only flushed, and there was a drawn look about her eyes as if she had not slept for some time. She confessed as much.

"But I believe I'll be getting a dose now," she said. "Somehow I was feeling worried and sad. Your visit has been as good as a tonic, though that's not much of a compliment, anyway—for they're bitter enough at times and there is nothing bitter about you."

The undeserved gratitude, the bit of Irish blarney, as I would have called it the day before, completed my subjugation and from that hour we were friends. Not that she noticed any difference, good, honest soul, she had thought my coolness nothing but the English way, though she expanded like a flower in the sunshine before my cordiality. The long summer afternoons were no longer wearisome, for there was an inexhaustible subject of conversation, of which she never tired, and which I, sisterless and almost relationless, soon found almost as fascinating. As to her, the three whom she had not seen for more than ten years were very literally the end and object of her life.

"When Denis gets the scholarship, please God, I'll make the journey," she said; "it would be an awful waste of money before."

By putting two and two together I came to the conclusion, which I afterwards found to be a true one, that the small family lived chiefly on Bridget's salary. There was a cottage which had been their mother's, away toward Howth, which they had some times let for a fair price in the summer and lived in the rest of the year, and there was a trifle the mother earned by lace-making and needlework, but for the rest they had depended almost entirely the last ten years on the fifty pounds or so that she sent home yearly.

"But the worst is over now, thank God," Bridget would repeat, when in a specially expansive moment she told me some of the straits the small household had been put to; "we can afford to laugh now, but it was no laughing matter at the time, and a less good manager than Katie would never have come out on top. And so brave with it all, a real little pearl of a woman and as good a housekeeper as they make them."

"That say Denis has a good chance of that scholarship," she said to me one afternoon. She had been ill again for a couple of days, and though she put it down to the heat, which was excessive, I was wondering if it were nothing worse. "He is studying hard, Katie says. It will be a God-send if he gets it—his future will be pretty well assured. And I shall get home to them for a bit, please God."

"And it is more than time you did," I said severely, "and get a thorough rest. As it is, I believe you ought to see a doctor now. Come with me to the British Hospital to-morrow."

She shook her head energetically. "Not now. Perhaps when we come back from the country in November—if I am not better by then."

She was no better. The Quintas of the two families were too far from each other to allow of visits, and she carefully avoided any reference to her health in her letters. But I heard from Madame that she had been ill again, though the local doctor thought it was nothing. I determined to get her to see the English doctor as soon as we returned to town. They got back three days before we did. When we arrived late at night I found a note from her on my table dated the same morning.

"Thank God," she began, "Denis has got the scholarship, and Bridgie passed her matriculation with honors."

Are they not a splendid pair? And now, my dear, do not be vexed, but I am off to the doctor alone. Why would I be bothering you? Till to-morrow then. Is it not glorious news?"

Yes, but what had the doctor said? That was my first question when I went across the next day to find her lying in bed propped up with pillows, her eternal crochet in her fingers.

I am sure he would not approve of that, I said, promptly confiscating it. "And now what is his verdict?"

She looked at me wistfully. "Ah, never mind the doctor just now," she said; "what did you think of my news? Is it not splendid?"

And once launched on that subject there was no bringing her back to the other. He had ordered a rest, she said, and that was all that I could get out of her. To my surprise, though, she sat about a good deal and even spent days in bed, she did not seem to have formed any projects for her well-earned holiday.

"Ah, well, we shall see," she said once and I ceased to worry her with questions. "We shall see" became rather a favorite expression of hers in those days; it seemed to express the attitude of patient expectancy in which, after a while, I became aware that she was living through those November days which are so different from ours, so mellow with sunshine and fragrant with budding tea roses and violets and the smell of the warm earth soaked with the October rains.

The full realization of this attitude and its cause came to me suddenly one lovely morning when, in obedience to a summons from Bridget, who had not left her room for several days, I hastened across the garden to the other house. Just outside her door I met the English doctor, whom I knew slightly. He beckoned me into another room.

"Miss Donovan has asked me to explain," he said. "She is very ill, a tumor, a growth. It is no use going into details. It has been coming on for some time, but there was nothing to be done. Now I mean to try an operation."

"An operation!" I gasped. "And then?"

He shook his head. "It may succeed. It is her only chance. If she has any relatives near at hand they ought to be called. She is to be moved to-day to a hospital, not far. She prefers some little Sisterhood away up the river. I hope to operate in about three days' time."

"Has he told you?" asked Bridget anxiously. "Ah, do not be so foolish, Mary! It might have been much worse. Just think how worried I should have been if it had happened six months ago. Thank God they can get on all right now."

But she still had another anxiety, though she said nothing of it till it, too, had been removed forever. It was some ten days later when I was sitting by her bed in the narrow little hospital room with its staring white walls and bare floor. A smell of hot wax still hung in the chilly air, through the window, framing a bit of vivid blue sky, was wide open.

"Oh, Mary," she whispered, rousing herself from the long meditation into which she had fallen after receiving the last sacraments, "I can not tell you how thankful I am. I did so dread that operation! And even if it had succeeded I should always have been a poor, patched-up thing, perhaps in the end a burden on them after all. I did try to be brave, but God was good to spare me. Dying is the easiest thing in the world in comparison. And they will lose nothing by it for there is the insurance. How surprised they will be to get all that money."

And indeed they well might, for heaven alone knew the miracles of economy and of industry which had made up the payments for the premiums out of the small share of her salary which she kept for herself and the extra few pounds she gained by her eternal crochet, the Irish lace which found, she told me, good market.

"They will get on all right now, please God," she went on, "but how I should have loved to see them once again. Perhaps I shall, who knows, and that soon enough, but it will not be the dear old familiar way. Oh, Mary, heaven must needs be a pleasant place indeed to be better than home—especially when home is Ireland."

They were almost her last words, for before nightfall she passed quietly away. I have often thought of them, and the picture of a place of glory and of bliss indescribable, but I like to think of it as the place where we, exiles and wanderers, homeless in heart if not in outward seeming, shall find all the warmth and the sunshine and "coziness" which for the lucky ones of the earth is summed up in a word, "home."

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

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"FATHER VAN"

"Which one is it?" he asked, in a puzzled tone, without raising his eyes. He stood before three fresh mounds in the little burial place at St. John's. I had noticed him standing there as I came along, but thought that he was one of the gardeners. As I drew nearer, the bent figure, the bare head, and the position of the hands as they hugged a soft brown hat to his breast, bore such a striking resemblance to figure in "The Angelus" that I found myself making a mental comparison of the two settings. Instead of the unbroken stretch of ragged farmland, there was a small plot, girded by the ivy-grown wall and a trellised arbor of grape vines. The flat tops of the modest little gravestones glowed white in the setting sun, while the short, regular lines of the stately shafts gave to the whole an unmistakable aspect of solemnity.

"Which one is it?" he repeated, and looking up, he hastened to add: "I beg your pardon—I thought you were Bill."

"Whose grave were you looking for?" I ventured, feeling rather embarrassed.

"Why, Father Van's," he said; and then, as I ashamed of his ignorance, "I know it's one of these three, 'cause he buried two weeks ago."

"I'm sure I can't help you," I said slowly.

"You don't know?" he queried, in a doubting tone. Wasn't you at the funeral?"

"No," I confessed, wishing that I had been, if for no other reason than to give him the desired information. "Were you a friend of his?"

He hesitated, and, making a nice distinction, replied: "He was a friend to me an' Bill."

There was something in his manner that held me, but wishing to conceal my interest, I said, in a matter-of-fact tone: "Tell me about Father Van."

"You don't know Father Van?" he said, looking at me with an incredulous air. "Why, everybody knows—knew Father Van."

I assured him that I hadn't enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"Why, don't you remember the man who rode at the head of ten thousand of the happiest unfortunates that ever took part in a New York parade?"

I couldn't recall the incident, and noting the disappointed look in his face, I steered the conversation into another channel by asking how he had become acquainted with Father Van.

"Oh, that was a long time ago," he said, "and, besides, we've changed since then." Here he glanced at his new shoes, and rolled into shape the flattened brim of his hat, continuing: "Yes, we'd a-trove to death that night if we hadn't met Father Van. He took us down to one of his homes and told the head clerk to see that we got a berth and somethin' to eat. My, but that hot supper smelt good—we hadn't tasted nothin' in two days. The next day he came down to us and made us take the pledge and promise to brace up and act decent. That was a bad winter, and we came back to him many times before it was over but he always made us take the pledge before he'd give us anything."

"Weren't you afraid to come back after breaking your promises so often?" I asked.

"No," he said, thoughtfully; "we always knowed he'd give us another chance. We tried to do right, but it was too hard."

"What a splendid example of patience," I thought to myself during the pause that ensued.

"During the followin' summer," he continued, "he got us a job with a man who was runnin' a lumber camp up in Maine. After that we kept straight for about six months and then broke out again. That was the last time. We went back to the lumber camp, but used to come to New York every year during the dull season. We always called on Father Van, for we knowed he would be glad to see us. The last time we went back Bill was made general manager of the camp by the lumber company. Comin' down on the train yesterday we was talkin' over matters and thinking how glad Father Van would be to hear of Bill's promotion. When we pulled into the Grand Central, we washed up and had somethin' to eat before startin' down to call on him. It was about five o'clock when we struck Sixteenth Street. The porter wasn't at the door, so we walked in and took seats in the waitin' parlor, where we'd had so many good talks with Father Van."

"Won't he be glad?" says Bill, "when I tell him all about it?" Then we fell to discussin' how we'd spring it on him. Pretty soon the porter come, and Bill spoke, independent like: 'Please tell Father Van that Mister Flood and Mister Hall would like to see him.'"

"The porter turned and looked at us for awhile and then says, right out: 'Father Van? Why, Father Van is dead. He was buried two weeks ago up at St. John's. If there anyone else you'd like to see?' But Bill didn't answer, so he turned an' walked out, leavin' us alone."

Here he paused again and shifted his weight.

"Me an' Bill jest looked at each other and then I felt a big lump comin' up in my throat. I tried to swallow it for it hurt awful, and my eyes were smartin' too. I wanted to speak, but it wasn't no use, so I started for the door. Before I got far, Bill's hand was on my shoulder. Now, Bill never got sentimental like that 'cept he was terrible in earnest, so, as soon as I felt his touch I knew that Bill'd choked up too. I looked at him and it was all off. The tears were runnin' down his rough old cheeks, and his big brown hand was brushin' them away."

His voice shook as he went on: "Them was tears—tears that come all the way up from the heart. I couldn't stand that hot room no longer, so I went out. Bill followed along, and

both of us wuz sniffin' live two kids. We didn't say nothin' as we walked down the street, but when we came to St. Peter's we stopped and Bill says in a husky voice, 'Is it open?' 'Yes,' I says, and we went in. I didn't know what prayers Bill said, for Bill ain't a Catholic, you know. At last I up and asked him, 'Why, he says, serious-like, 'I jest kep askin' God to please not be too hard on poor old Father Van.' They wasn't real prayers, I know, but Bill never learnt no prayers, so he did the best he knowed how. He'll know his prayers pretty soon, though, 'cause he's goin' to be a Catholic.'"

"Is that so?" I said, feeling a strange interest in Bill.

"Yes, he's over there now, lookin' for one of the Fathers to convert him," he answered, pointing to one of the buildings in the nearest group. While I was thinking of an appropriate remark he went on: "He's goin' to be married in May, and I'm goin' to board with him. There's Bill now."

Turning, I saw Bill coming along with Father W—

I had a strong desire to stay and meet him, but I felt that my presence would only be an intrusion.

With a hearty handshake I bade adieu to my new friend and hurried on happy in the thought that I had made the acquaintance of three wags—Bill, his friend and Father Van.—Leo O'Gorman, '04, in The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

Note—Father Van is Father Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J., who died Oct. 3, 1907.

Archbishop Ireland on America's Divorce Laws.

St. Paul, Minnesota.—Archbishop Ireland's circular on the subject of marriage and divorce was read in all the churches of the archdiocese this morning. Its occasion is the recent revision of Catholic marriage legislation by Pope Pius X.

Referring to the recent encyclical of the Pope, the circular said: "The aim of the legislation enacted in the encyclical is to throw strong safeguards around marriage, removing from espousals and from the contract of marriage the fatal peril of haste and thoughtlessness."

"The remedy to this haste and leads in the race to do honor to its empire. Our record in this is most shameful."

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton. FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35,200 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We MUST have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(Episcopal Authorisation) Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

A Pointed Question

Where do you have your laundry work done? Are you satisfied with the way it is handled? Is there a color and finish on it that will do you credit at your club, at the theatre or at social gatherings? If not try our up-to-date methods of laundering fine linen, and it will be a revelation to you. Our laundry work is the acme of perfection.



New Method Laundry Limited

187 and 189 Parliament St. Phone M. 3289 4546

NOTICE

Tenders for Chain for Marine and Fisheries Dept. TENDERS.

THE time for receiving tenders for Chain Shackles and Swivels required by the Marine and Fisheries Department for which tenders have been invited to be received up to the First of May, will be extended up to the 15th day of May next. Revised Specifications can be seen at the Offices of the Agents of the Marine Department at Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Montreal, P.Q., and Quebec, P.Q., and at the Department, Ottawa. Ottawa, 23rd April, 1908.

F. GORDEAU, Deputy Minister.

Tenders for Bending Machine Sorel

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa, and endorsed on the envelope "Tender for Bending Machine, Sorel," will be received at the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, up to noon of the EIGHTEENTH DAY OF MAY, 1908, for the furnishing of one machine for bending steel boiler plates, to be delivered at the Government Shipyard at Sorel, P.Q.

Specifications and detailed information can be obtained from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, from the Director of the Government Shipyard at Sorel, and from the Agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Montreal, P.Q.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Canadian Bank, for the sum of \$300.00 to the order of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. This cheque will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract to deliver the bending machine, or fails to carry out the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid.

F. GORDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 21st April, 1908.

GEO. S. EGLES

PAPER HANGER, PAINTER and DECORATOR. ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE ON APPLICATION.

880 QUEEN STREET W. Phone Park 799

JOHN DEE

House Painter and Decorator 709 Bathurst Street Phone College 1710 ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

Unexpected Visitors are always welcome when you have bread in the home made from **PURITY FLOUR** It makes bread tasty and nourishing. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON

WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd. This is the Time to Organize a Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc. Every Town Can Have a Band Lowest prices ever quoted. New catalogue, with upwards of 500 illustrations, and containing everything required in a Band, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments. Western Branch 286 MAIN ST. 158 YONGE ST. Winnipeg. Toronto Ont.

The QUIET HOUR

HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE WITH GOD. How beautiful to be with God When earth is fading like a dream...

THREE GREATEST PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

A German religious painter has recently challenged the traditional conception of Christ's physical appearance...

seem afraid that we are all secretly Manicheans. To ask a drunkard to take the pledge is excusable, they say...

SOME PHRASES THAT CONNOTE THE CATHOLIC.

(From a Sermon by Rev. D. S. Phelan, LL.D.)

You find among Catholic people certain phrases that you do not find among people who are not Catholics. That phrase, "Thank God!" It is purely Catholic...

But to be more plain, I will tell you how you can tell a Catholic from the Protestant in a much more ready manner than this. A Catholic always speaks about our Saviour as "Our Lord."

To turn from Michelangelo's lurid vision to the portrayal of Christ in Raphael's "Transfiguration" is to pass from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained."

Having escaped from Rome, Giordano Bruno left the ecclesiastical career which he had dishonored in every possible way...

It is the wonderful power and beauty of the face and figure of Christ," says Burns, "which gives this work its overwhelming attraction."

A WORD TO THE VERY WISE. There is a class that stands aloof from this work—hinders us, perhaps, more than rash enthusiasts.

HIS FIFTEENTH SUBSCRIBER

(Written for The Catholic Register by Mary E. James.)

It was one of the prettiest spots in the country—not quite a village just yet, although for a newly settled place it could boast of many advantages...

However, rural scenery such as this—no matter how beautiful—is bound to be attended with disadvantages, especially in the depth of winter...

Jack to his mother, who was industriously working away at some little garment, "I would so much like to have the fifteen."

Jack found himself in a room which had apparently seen better days although judging from its furnishings, the "better days" must have indeed been very far back.

Jack found himself in a room which had apparently seen better days although judging from its furnishings, the "better days" must have indeed been very far back.

He was arrested and conveyed to prison. He was examined several times by the tribunal, but was never tortured; and as the judges thought they detected signs of coming repentance...

GILLETTS PERFUMED EYE CAUTION. Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time. Always look for the name "Gillett's."

the O'Connell family had exhausted their games and tired of books in their endeavor to make the most of it and were now looking forward to a clear-up that they might get out.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received until 4.30 p.m., Friday, May 15, 1908, for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Ontario: Tiffin, Victoria Harbour.

Jack could not help thinking what a grand, handsome old man he would make if he were properly cared for and tender-hearted Jack felt sorry for him.

It was quite late when he reached his home and his mother was naturally anxious and worried, but before Jack had finished taking off his wraps, he had excitedly given her the whole history...

Church, but secretly, a young girl whose parents were as much opposed to the match as were his own account of religious differences.

Test Gin Pills at Our Expense A CURE—OR MONEY BACK. We don't ask you to buy GIN PILLS—but to try them. We simply want you to see for yourself what GIN PILLS will do for you.

In and Around Toronto

UNAVOIDABLY LEFT OVER. Owing to press of matter several items found in this week's issue were unavoidably left over from last week.

PERSONAL. Dr. J. A. McKenna of College St., who has during the past year been doing special work in nose, throat and ear at the New York post graduate school and hospital, has returned to the city, and will resume practice.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. JOSEPH COOLAHAN. Friday last being the 76th birthday anniversary of Mr. Joseph Coolahan, the office of the Catholic Register presented him with a handsome leather bill-wallet and congratulations on the event. We trust that Mr. Coolahan will yet have many years to carry on his active and energetic work as collector for our paper.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. FRANCIS. At St. Francis' Church on Sunday after the High Mass, of which Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., was celebrant, His Grace Archbishop O'Connor conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation upon 63 children of the parish and 7 converts. The Archbishop previous to the ceremony spent some time in catechizing the class on their knowledge of Christian doctrine, and found them exceptionally bright and well prepared. The Archbishop was assisted by the pastor, Rev. W. A. McCann, Very Rev. Father Roche of St. Michael's College, and Rev. Father O'Donnell of St. Mary's. The temperance pledge was given the boys, after which a discourse, embracing much good advice appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Archbishop.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE. The regular meeting of the Gaelic League was held on Thursday, April 23rd, in St. Lawrence Hall, the President, D'Arcy Hinds, in the chair. The Hurling Committee reported that the Club was fully organized and now only awaited the arrival of the outsiders from Ireland. After the usual business routine, the teaching of the language was taken up. Owing to the absence of Mr. McCarthy, both classes united under Padraig O'Ludh. It is very encouraging to see the enthusiasm and earnestness with which this, the principal work of the Society, is being carried out. This earnestness is more pronounced amongst the senior members, every one of whom seem determined on mastering the difficulties of the grand old Gaelic. The lessons were followed by an impromptu "ceiliad" of which the following is the programme. The old-time favorite, "The Hard of Armagh," in traditional style, by Mr. Smyth, met with a hearty "aris." Mr. Carrigan and Mr. McLaughlin in Irish jigs and reels were unequalled successes and were very well received. Of the younger members Miss G. Kelly and Miss McGinnis deserve special praise. Miss Kelly's beautifully rich voice was heard to advantage in her rendition of the Sweet Vale of Avoca and other Irish airs. Miss McGinnis although yet quite young, surprised the audience with her knowledge of the keyboard. Seidom, if ever, have we had the pleasure of listening to such a fine display of elocutionary powers as that offered by Miss McNulty. Her splendid effort met with a well-deserved "aris." We hope to hear more from her in the future. It is often said that the good things come last, but this is not so at an Irish concert, because everything is good there. Miss Angela Toney Breen's piano solo surpassed all previous performances of the kind. In fact it was asserted, by "one who ought to know," that she would compare very favorably with some of the brilliant pianists who visited Massey Hall recently. The Gaelic League owes a good deal of its success to its talented pianist.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday, May 14th. RUNGIRE.

AT HOLY ROSARY. A very important event in the Holy Rosary Chapel, Toronto, was the canonical erection of the Chapel into the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Rosary on a late Sunday, when the entire congregation as well as numerous strangers from other parishes were enrolled by Rev. Father Ryan, C.S.B., who has the power of conferring the Dominican blessing with all the privileges and indulgences attached thereto, by special permission of Rev. Father Gormier of Rome, Superior-General of the Order of St. Dominic.

The little chapel was prettily decorated with lights and flowers and the singing of Veni Creator opened the ceremony. Then followed a very impressive and eloquent sermon by Rev. Father Teely, C.S.B., who spared none of the talent with which he has been so abundantly endowed in explaining the real meaning of the Rosary in its present form and how the simple prayers together with the meditations of the fifteen mysteries which compose the same are a complete history of the life of our Lord. He then gave a brief sketch of the origin of this great universal devotion when away back in the 13th century its founder, St. Dominic, was sent by Innocent III. to preach to the Albigenses, a tribe of heretics in the south of France. The good Father dwelt on the fact that the devotion of the Rosary as we have it to-day is the same as established in the 13th century—that there was no doubt as to its origin and authenticity and how this great Confraternity had spread throughout every country in the world as universally as Catholicity itself—the same in every clime. He also spoke very fluently and touchingly of the love we should bear the mother of God and her power of intercession for us with the Most High. After the sermon Rev. Father Ryan blessed the statue of the Holy Rosary and then with all the ceremony connected with the Dominican indulgence, proceeded to bless the rosaries and distribute certificates of enrollment—the congregation filing to the altar railing for the purpose while the hymn of St. Dominic and several others were being sung. A procession followed and Benediction of the Bless-

ed Sacrament closed the evening's service.

The Forty Hours' Devotion opened with High Mass and Procession in Holy Rosary Chapel on Friday morning and closed Sunday evening. The little Altar was kept fresh and beautiful throughout the three days by an abundance of flowers and candles, the oratory of the occasion being sustained by Rev. Fathers Ryan, Teely, Roach and Hurley. M.J.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. At the last regular meeting of St. Ann's Commandery, No. 122, Knights of St. John, the following resolutions were adopted:

Through the will of Almighty God, the grim reaper, Death, at whose touch we must at some time part from earthly friends, has taken from us our Brother, Charles March, who was especially dear to us.

In him was embodied all those sterling qualities of mind and soul which make a true, noble and manly man—a good citizen, a tender and affectionate husband, father, and a faithful and highly esteemed member of our Order. We all realize that his loss will be felt—not only by immediate friends and relatives of the absent one—but by the entire community in which he has resided for so many years.

To his wife and relatives in their great sorrow St. Ann's Commandery No. 122, Knights of St. John, extend their heartfelt sympathy, and trust God may give them strength to bear their affliction.

In memory of the deceased, St. Ann's Commandery No. 122, has resolved to drape the charter in mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife and spread on the minutes of the Commandery, and be sent to Knights of St. John and also for publication in the Catholic Register.

Signed on behalf of our Brothers, J. A. DEMPSEY, President. RICH. PRIOR, Secretary.

TORONTO MARKETS. Grain:—Wheat, spring bush 0.91 0.92

Wheat, fall, bush 0.94 0.95
Wheat, goose, bush 0.90 0.00
Wheat, red, bush 0.93 0.00
Rye, bush 0.84 0.00
Peas, bush 0.90 0.00
Buckwheat, bush 0.70 0.00
Barley, bush 0.55 0.00
Oats, bush 0.51 0.00

Seeds:—Red Clover, No. 1, per bush, \$14.40
Red clover, No. 2, per bush, 14.10
Alsike clover, No. 1, per bush, 12.30
Alsike Clover, No. 2, per bush, 11.10
Alfalfa, No. 1, per bush 13.80
Timothy, No. 1, per cwt 7.75
Timothy, No. 2, per cwt 7.25

Hay and Straw:—Hay, per ton \$16.00 \$18.00
Mr. Carrigan and Mr. McLaughlin in Irish jigs and reels were unequalled successes and were very well received. Of the younger members Miss G. Kelly and Miss McGinnis deserve special praise. Miss Kelly's beautifully rich voice was heard to advantage in her rendition of the Sweet Vale of Avoca and other Irish airs. Miss McGinnis although yet quite young, surprised the audience with her knowledge of the keyboard. Seidom, if ever, have we had the pleasure of listening to such a fine display of elocutionary powers as that offered by Miss McNulty. Her splendid effort met with a well-deserved "aris." We hope to hear more from her in the future. It is often said that the good things come last, but this is not so at an Irish concert, because everything is good there. Miss Angela Toney Breen's piano solo surpassed all previous performances of the kind. In fact it was asserted, by "one who ought to know," that she would compare very favorably with some of the brilliant pianists who visited Massey Hall recently. The Gaelic League owes a good deal of its success to its talented pianist.

Butter, lb. 0.28 0.33
Eggs, strictly new laid, per dozen 0.18 0.20
Fresh Meats:—Beef, forequarters, cwt. \$6.00 \$8.00
Beef, hindquarters, cwt. 8.50 11.00
Beef, choice sides, cwt. 8.00 9.50
Lamb, dressed, cwt 14.00 16.00
Lamb, spring, each 3.50 8.50
Mutton, light, cwt 9.00 12.00
Veals, common, cwt 5.50 6.50
Veals, prime, cwt 8.50 10.00
Dressed hogs, cwt 8.50 9.00

Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

At this moment there is one in England who though neither prince nor potentate, in the usual sense of the word, partakes in a measure of the nature of each, owing to the rule and influence he exercises over those who come under his sway, and this rule and influence are felt whether the sway be near or remote. This one is the now celebrated priest and preacher, Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, a simple though renowned member of the stalwart Society of Jesus. Father Vaughan, who was born in 1847, is the son of an English officer, Colonel Vaughan, and brother of the lamented late Cardinal of the same name. He was educated at the world-renowned English Jesuit College, "Stoneyhurst," and while in Manchester he took a pronounced interest in the civic and religious life of that city. Coming to Farm Street, London, in 1901, he became known as a tireless and practical worker amongst the poor of Westminster and in the East end. Here he had (and presumably has) a room where a day or two of each week were spent. Living very much as did his neighbors, being his own cook and caterer, and visiting amongst the people of the vicinity he entered into their life so exactly in many ways, that he could easily portray their situation and suggest remedies for its evils. To ameliorate the sordidness and sadness of the congested districts he organized clubs in which he managed to get at the hearts of the people and gave them at the same time a recess of happiness in which the misery of their usual surroundings was forgotten. Attention to the spiritual and physical went hand in hand, and whilst uplifting their temporal condition, the spiritual mission of this great priest was, and is always, of the kind that attracts many to the Master through the sincerity and tact of the ambassador. Not to the poor

alone does Father Vaughan confine himself, the rich and worldly come in for a share of his attention. With these, however, his mode of propaganda is different and he has scathed society and its sins until both have often times withered under the fire of his denunciations. His sermons on "The Sins of Society" have gained him a reputation on two continents, and have drawn audiences in which an overflow of hundreds found a place only on the outside. His sermons and lectures have been compiled and have given us the following publications in addition to that mentioned above: "Lenten Lectures," "The Sins of Society Guaged by the Passion of the Saviour," "We believe in Christ and Christianity," "The Roman Claims," "Faith and Reason," "The Triple Alliance," "Demon of Drink in the Temple of God," "Her Golden Reign" and numerous pamphlets dealing with religious and social life. Amongst the most noted of his sermons is that entitled "Sinless Mary and Sinful Mary," which was delivered by Father Vaughan when chosen English speaker at the Marian Congress in Rome in 1904.

Father Vaughan is a man still in the heyday of his physical prime. His portraits show him to have the clear-cut features and often signalizes the English aristocracy. He is one who believes in a sane mind, in a sane body, thus we know him as an adept cyclist, and doubtless other athletics claim a share of his time. His personality is certainly unique in its strength, and his appearance would of itself attract attention and command respect. Father Vaughan is amongst the few who to-day stand prominently forth as amongst the saviours of the world at the time when faith has lost its hold on many and when the economic problems of the day are found to be almost beyond solution.

Victimae Paschali Laudes (Prose for Easter.) O Christians, through the Easter Day, Our praise to Paschal Victim pay.

The Lamb hath ransomed back the sheep; Our Christ the erring now will keep In Father's shielding bosom deep. And Death did join with sorrow life To pay sin's debt with sorrow rife; The Lord once dead now rules the strife.

APOSTLES: "Ah! tell us, Mary, what didst see, While on thy way? This know would we."

MAGDALEN: "What!—The tomb of Living Lord And victory of the man-made Word. And spirit-keepers, too, were there; The death-shrouds folded, placed, with care. My Christ, my Hope, hath risen, true, In Galilee He'll wait for you."

APOSTLES: "We know the Lord hath left the grave; Hath vanquished death; this pledge He gave: Victorious King, Thou'st won; Thou'lt save!" Amen, Alleluia!

—(Rev.) R. H. Fitz-Henry. Easter Friday, 1908.

W. D. McVey, the Photographer, will make your photograph day or night. Studio 514 Queen St. W. Mention this paper.

Time Has Tested It.—Time tests all things, that which is worthy lives; that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of the manufacture the demand has risen so that now the production is running into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

HIS FIFTEENTH SUBSCRIBER (Concluded from page 7.)

the city that night after their own priest, but then he thought, with his mother, as this was not a really urgent call, and besides was out of his own already very extensive parish, perhaps good Father Wright would be too busy to go and he would gain nothing by his journey. The next morning the O'Connell family attended Mass as usual, and after Mrs. O'Connell got the dinner over she filled

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

We guarantee the durability and artistic workmanship of all our windows, of those of moderate prices as well as the most expensive, and all are made of English Antique Glass The N. T. LYON GLASS CO., Limited 141-143 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. Established 1862.

Monuments Prices Reasonable Work the Very Best Thomson Monument Co., Limited 1194 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

Confidence when eating, that your food is of highest wholesomeness—that it has nothing in it that can injure or distress you—makes the repast doubly comfortable and satisfactory. This supreme confidence you have when the food is raised with ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar There can be no comforting confidence when eating alum baking powder food. Chemists say that more or less of the alum powder in unchanged alum or alum salts remains in the food.

The Home Bank of Canada DIVIDEND No. 6 Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum upon the paid up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the Three Months ending the 31st May, 1908, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Monday, the first day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. JAMES MASON, General Manager Toronto, April 15th, 1908. HEAD OFFICE: 8 King Street West, Toronto.

a basket with little dainties such as she thought the poor sick man would care for and taking Tom with her, repaired to the home of old Mr. Grant. Upon her arrival there she was treated very cordially by the old lady, who immediately conducted her to the sick man, who, thinking she was one of Jack's prospective customers for his (Mr. Grant's) cow, asked her if she had come to see about it. "No," Mrs. O'Connell replied, "I heard of Mr. Grant's illness and came over to see him, thinking possibly I could be of some assistance." Experienced as she was, Mrs. O'Connell could tell at a glance that the old man was fast sinking and though at the present time was not in any imminent danger, was liable to another stroke. In answer to her inquiry as to what had been done for the old man, Mrs. Grant said she had not called the doctor, as John did not wish it, and besides the doctor's fee was really more than they could afford. "Latey," she said, "I cannot get him to eat anything at all, he seems so very weak and so fretted and worried all the time. I have a quantity of beef in the house now, but I can't get him to eat a bit of it."

"Why don't you make him some beef tea?" said Mrs. O'Connell, "he could take that and it would do him good." The old lady took the suggestion kindly enough and said she had not thought of it before, but would get some ready right away. While she went about preparing it, Mrs. O'Connell, seating herself beside the patient, began chatting away to him on indifferent topics, though intent on acquainting him with the fact that the priest had already been sent for. At first the old man seemed rather puzzled as to why she was and how she knew he was ill. He said her face was strangely familiar, yet he could not place her. "My son, Jack, told me you were ill," said she. "He came over to see you yesterday and"—"You are a Catholic, m'am, then in God's name send me a priest," interrupted the old man. "Yes, we have already looked after that," replied Mrs. O'Connell. "Jack explained to me the circumstance of your wife not being a Catholic and how ill you were. We did not know whether or not Mrs. Grant would be opposed to his coming, but we thought it best to send for Father 'C' while there was yet time and let him trust to God to make his way all right. It was about this matter particularly that I came to see you. But now, my good man, I must be going. We wrote Father 'C' last night and he will likely be out to-morrow. I will come over and prepare the room for him. In the meantime, don't forget to say your beads and ask our Blessed Lady to help you." "Beads," the old man repeated rather vaguely; "beads! I don't know when the other day last, I thought of them the other day and asked my wife where they were but she has mislaid them somewhere or other," and the old man sadly shook his head. The beads had been "accidentally mislaid," of course. That's the way accidents generally happen under the circumstances. However, Mrs. O'Connell left the old man in a great deal more peaceful state of mind than she found him and heartily grateful to Almighty God for giving him the means of final repentance.

Evidently Father "C" must have received Mrs. O'Connell's letter very early on Monday morning, for as soon as that good woman could get the more urgent part of her household duties over and the children off to school, she hurried over to see how the good priest had already been there. A decided change had come over Mr. O'Connell since the day before and although he looked feeble and more emaciated than ever, Mrs. O'Connell could not but perceive the happy, contented expression which o'erspread his countenance as he related to her how kind and good the dear father had been, how he had heard his confession and anointed him; and also gave thanks for what was again in the state of grace and that he did not now have that great fear of death which had been haunting him so terribly of late. The old man also blessed Mrs. O'Connell and said she had come to him like a ray of sunshine in the midst of darkness and with this parting expression of gratitude, she left him, promising to come over again and see him. However, this visit was destined to be her last. The next day ere she fulfilled her promise, the Angel of Death had already claimed his victim.

And now comes the sad part of this little narrative. Apparently Mrs. Grant, up to this time, was perfectly satisfied with the way matters had shaped themselves. She appeared to be as solicitous regarding the old man's spiritual well-being as the best of Catholic wives could be, as courte-

ous and affable towards Jack and his mother and even towards the priest, who, faithful to his promise to the old man, had come all the way out again on that dark, stormy evening to administer Holy Communion to the dying man, till at length Jack was convinced that Mrs. Grant had no part in her husband's neglect of his religious duties and that it was his own fault entirely that he had come so near death without final repentance or at least without seeing a priest. Mrs. O'Connell, who knew human nature better than Jack, said nothing but she was not deceived for a moment. However, no sooner had the breath left the old man than the tables turned and things began to show themselves in their true color. Now the children and friends, who seemed so very indifferent and lacking in time of such great need, came forward and Mrs. O'Connell was not at all surprised at the unfriendly attitude in which they received her. Even the old lady, when Mrs. O'Connell asked what arrangements had been made for the funeral, replied that her husband belonged to her; she did not want any Papists around her and that she would do what she liked about burying him.

Of course, it did not matter that all that was mortal of the old man lay alone in that dark room with never a prayer to rest his soul nor a blessed candle to testify to the light of the faith in which he had died, nor did it matter that his body lay in the unconsecrated soil of a sectarian cemetery. No, nothing mattered now; he was beyond all the cares and worries of this world; his soul had returned to his Maker. Nevertheless it served to demonstrate, as the most eloquent of sermons could not, what a risk a person runs who decides to follow the dictates of his own will rather than the precepts of Holy Church and take chances as to how the soul will ultimately fare; also what a powerful master, whether for good or evil, influence is. In the case of Jno. Grant it was the means of destroying the brightest gem of his career—his holy religion.

However, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" and this little instance was not without its beneficial effects on the Catholic community where these people lived, and as for Jack O'Connell, he declared that he would keep right on taking "long jaunts," if not always subscriptions, for his Catholic journal, as it was certainly through this medium that old Mr. Grant received a holy, happy death, if not a Christian burial.

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