

The Catholic Register

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS



ST. PATRICK'S NEW CHURCH

Blessed and Opened by His Grace Archbishop McEvay—
Impressive Ceremonies—Eloquent Sermon by Rev.
Francis Auth, C.S.S.R.—An Immense Congregation
Assists.

Sunday, the Feast of All Saints, 1908, will ever stand out on the calendar of time for the people of St. Patrick's parish, as amongst the golden days of their history, for it signalled to them and to the Catholics of Toronto, that a noble temple to the glory of the Most High had been completed, and was now amongst those dedicated to the service of God and His saints. The joy of the heavenly hosts, on this their great day of the year, was in a manner duplicated in the parish of St. Patrick's, when the doors of their beautiful new church were thrown open and for the first time the people thronged the aisles and assisted at the Mass sung before its altar.

The day had been long looked forward to with expectation and no small amount of anxiety. The magnificent edifice had not been reared without much stress and labor on the part of both priests and people, and that their plans for a temple worthy to reach their ideal, would eventually prove a reality, was not at all times during the three years of its building, a thing to look forward to with pronounced assurance. But on Sunday, when the portals were thrown wide and the people gazed upon the finely proportioned erection, with the sun streaming through lofty windows on arched and domed ceiling, graceful columns and equipment complete and artistic, when the beauty of the fulfillment fell upon them, they felt that though theirs had been the labor, it was indeed God who had given the harvest, and with the saints and angelic hosts, grateful hearts joined in the chant, "to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb, benediction and honor and glory and power, forever and ever."

OPENING CEREMONIES.

At 10.30 a.m., the hour appointed for the ceremonies to begin, every seat in the church was occupied. Admission was by ticket, yet hundreds who possessed the necessary parchment had to remain outside until after the dedicatory procession had left the aisles, before they could gain standing room in the church. Meantime the crowds remained patiently without where they witnessed the ecclesiastics as, preceded by the processional cross, they emerged from the Monastery of the Redemptorists and made the tour of the outside of the building, the exterior walls being blessed by His Grace Archbishop McEvay, while psalms and chants were sung by the processionalists. A contingent of the uniformed Knights of St. John were at "attention" as the procession appeared and these joined the ranks and formed a guard throughout the ceremonies. After the tour was made the procession entered the church, the immense congregation rising to receive it, while the Litany of the Saints was sung, the solo voice of Father Staley being answered by the ecclesiastics present. Afterwards the procession moved around the interior, His Grace sprinkling the walls with holy water and reciting the prescribed ritual. The Solemn High Mass was then proceeded with, the celebrant being Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's, Quebec, former rector of St. Patrick's, Toronto, assisted by Rev. W. H. Brick, C.S.S.R., present rector, as deacon, and Rev. C. Kelz, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. Rev. Father L. Jung, C.S.S.R., was master of ceremonies. His Grace was attended by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, and by Rev. A. E. Burke, D.D., New Bruns-

"God bless people and priests," His Grace concluded. "I wish you to be a model parish, but it will not be till you supply a sufficient number of priests," and he exhorted all to share in the work, and ended by calling down the blessing of God upon all present.

A special and generous collection was taken up to aid the fund of the church, a heavy debt being still upon it.

EVENING SERVICES.

In the evening another great congregation filled the church, when after the recitation of the Rosary, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father O'Reilly. The church under the new aspect of the brilliant electric lighting arranged on upper and lower columns, showed to fine advantage, and the wide aisles made access easy. In anticipation of All Souls' Day, a catafalque heavily draped and surrounded by tall tapers, was erected before the sanctuary. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Brick, rector of St. Patrick's, who, after referring to the joy of the Feast of All Saints', took for his text the words of Job, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends have pity on me, for the hand of the Lord has touched me." The Rev. speaker described in touching terms the condition of the suffering souls and quoted St. Augustine, who tells us that our dead are not sufficiently remembered. The immediate sorrow at the death of a beloved parent or friend, and the often speedy forgetfulness that follow were graphically pictured. The custom of sending flowers and forgetting to pray was unsparingly commented upon. If the souls of the departed could speak they would cry, away with those flowers, away with that monument, said the speaker, the only way to assist those whom in life we loved is to remember them in our prayers and by the sacrifice of the Mass. In November, the month of the Holy Souls, the exhortation was especially to be remembered. The singing of a solemn Libera concluded the services of the day.

In this manner was the whole Church united at St. Patrick's on Sunday. In union with the Church triumphant in heaven, who that day were especially remembered, the Church militant gave thanks and benediction, and the Church suffering was not forgotten, as was evidenced by the appealing discourse made in their behalf. The one-time members of St. Patrick's congregation joined to those of the present, and in one common harmony, the joyful occasion of the blessing and opening of the new and imposing church was celebrated.

THE SERMON.

The sermon of the day, preached by Rev. Father Francis Auth, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Mary's College, North East, Pa., we give in full. The Rev. speaker is the possessor of a fine carrying voice and a direct and impressive delivery. After reading the Gospel of the day, Father Auth spoke as follows:

"This is no other but the house of God, and the Gate of Heaven. Indeed the Lord is in this place and I know it not." (Gen. xxviii. 17).

In order to do justice to your expectations from the part of the speaker on this occasion; in order to be in touch with the feelings that are prompted by your joyful hearts; in order to be in harmony with the thoughts that suggest themselves to your jubilant minds, I cannot say anything more opportune than Jacob of old, when he saw the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, saw the angels of God ascending and descending and heard the voice of the Lord at the top of the ladder proclaiming himself the Lord God of Abraham, his father: "This is no other but the house of God and the Gate of Heaven." Yes, dearly beloved, this is the House of God! Therefore you can say in all truth that this morning you are really in Heaven! I am sure such thoughts are uppermost in your minds and are in accord with the feelings of your hearts, as you worship to-day for the first time in this grand edifice, this majestic temple of the Most High!

Through the sacramental presence of Jesus upon the altar, therefore, the Church becomes your Heaven upon earth. To make good this comparison, I should explain to you what Heaven is and what we find there. But how can I presume to do so, when even a St. Paul was forced to exclaim, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. ii. 9). And yet I can say it is the place for which the patriarchs and prophets of old sighed and prayed; it is the place for which the apostles and martyrs laid down their lives; it is the place for which the good fight amid the allurements of the world, the temptations of the flesh and the onslaughts of the devil! It is the place called by the Scriptures: "The land of the living, the beautiful Paradise, the realm eternal!" It is the place without sorrow, without tears, without pain! It is the place full of the most perfect joy! Full of the most complete happiness, full of eternal bliss—in a word it is best expressed in the words of St. Paul just quoted.

But whence all this joy and happiness in heaven? What is it that makes heaven what it is? It is God alone. God, the greatest and most perfect God, is the first cause of all bliss and happiness in heaven, and the nearer you stand to Him the closer you are united to Him; the more intense the joy you will experience. Thence the angels and saints obtain their happiness. They see God face to face; their minds are rapt in ecstasy as they grasp more and more

the beauty of God and His infinite perfections, their hearts experience supreme delight in the familiar companionship of God! Yes, God alone makes heaven for them what it is—let God disappear from heaven and it would become a place of exile devoid of all joy and pleasure.

But let us leave heaven for a moment and give expression to this practical thought: If God alone constitutes the joy and happiness of the angels and saints—if heaven is heaven simply because God is there, then I ask: "What more do the inhabitants of heaven possess than we Catholics upon earth? Do we not find the same God in our churches, who in heaven is the cause of all happiness? We have present in our churches the true and living God, the same that thrines in heaven; we see Him with bodily eyes under the form of bread as they see Him in heaven face to face. We can converse with Him as familiarly as they do in heaven; we can come into His presence, court His friendship and stay with Him as often as we please and as long as we please, and just as He permits the Blessed in Heaven to become extremely happy by allowing them to share His own happiness, so He imparts His perfections to all who come to Him in our churches; He gives such sweetness to devout souls, such consolation to afflicted souls, such strength to struggling souls, such power to courageous souls; that, when on the point of leaving Him in the tabernacle, in order to return to their various duties they are apt to cry out in the depth of their souls: "My Lord and my God!" (like another St. Francis of Assisi), "My God, Thy Holy will be done," (like another St. Alphonsus), "I can do all things in Him who strengthened me!" (like another St. Paul). In all truth, therefore, can we be happy with God here in our church as the saints in Heaven above!

But more than this; in one point the Church excels even the bliss of heaven. In heaven there is no communion railing, no Holy Communion! The angels and saints may see God, they may feel His presence, they may follow the Lamb whithersoever it goeth, but they may not make Him their own entirely as we do in Holy Communion; this privilege belongs to the Church on earth! Here Jesus is not only our companion, our friend, but even our food—a favor that is denied to the principalities of heaven—a union with God such as is not even possible in heaven! That tells you, beloved, what this grand Church means to you, and the Church is all this to you because Jesus in the Holy Eucharist deigns to dwell there in the tabernacle. Take away that tabernacle, remove the Blessed Sacrament and this Church is no longer a heaven, is no more the House of God, but at most a prayer-hall, a lone-some place—a body without a soul!

Learn from this what a Church is to you in which Jesus is present under the sacramental species, and you will understand how true are the words of our text: "This is no other but the House of God, the Gate of Heaven!" What a source of pleasure for each and every one of you when you realize that the beautiful house you have erected has indeed become the house of the Lord! What satisfaction in the thought that its beauty and magnificence procured by such great temporal sacrifices have been accepted by God! What a consolation to know that here at the feet of Jesus, your God, who has come to live right among you, you can kneel to ask and find joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, victory in your struggles with the world, the flesh and the devil, who, all combined, are trying to keep you out of your happy home in heaven eternal!

But alas, many Catholics will claim that in all their years they have never had such an experience, and hence may judge the picture overdrawn and that it is the imagination at play, rather than a statement of facts. To all these objections we find the answer in Jacob's words: "Indeed the Lord is in this place and I know it not." Why did these Catholics not find all that I claimed they should? Because they knew not that the Lord was in their Church their faith was weak, cold, indifferent. How often do such Catholics enter their Church? How long do they stay there? How do they act during their stay? Ah, dearly beloved, the answer to these questions will give the answer to their objections! There you will find the explanation for the apparent neglect of which they accuse our God.

For, let me ask all who may have had such an experience: Can you expect the Lord to fill your heart with heavenly sweetness, when you come to worship Him only because you must under pain of mortal sin and excommunication? Do you expect the Lord to fight your temptation, to strengthen you for the burden of your crosses, to give you courage in your tribulations if you come only by command? Do you expect the Lord to be satisfied with a Mass to which you come late or which you leave even before it is over? Do you think the Lord is contented with your presence in your pew when you are there only in body and your thoughts are wilfully at home, at scenes of pleasure, at places of sin? Do you think the Lord is satisfied with you at your Communion when scarcely five minutes after that Communion you are out on the street again returning to your home? Do you think the Lord is satisfied with a silent visitor, who has nothing to say, nothing to ask, does not pray, and disdains the use of a rosary or a prayer-book?

No, no, beloved, such will always find the Church a place of hard duty, and prayer an unpleasant occupation! They are wanting in faith, in generosity, in childlike devotion. Such will never recognize heaven in their church, such will never feel that God is here, such will never know it! Ah, my friend, if you wish to feel

the presence of God you must come here with a generous heart—not only for Holy Mass, when obliged under pain of mortal sin—but at afternoon and evening devotions, at services during the week, Mass if possible, at least now and then; you must come of your own accord at any hour of the day, for the Church is always open and our Lord is always waiting for you! You must tell our Lord your troubles and temptations and difficulties, you must ask in all simplicity for help, and with the confidence of a child. Above all, you must believe, you must have faith! You must believe that Jesus Christ, your Lord and God, is really, truly and substantially present, with body and blood with divinity and humanity, just as He is with His Father in heaven! That thought will warm your heart, engage your minds, enlighten your intellect and as you contemplate all in the spirit of faith you will cry out as did Jacob of old, on hearing the voice of the Lord. And then my friends you will know how to pray, how to ask pardon, how to implore help. Then God will raise His hand and bless you as He did Jacob saying: "I will be thy keeper whithersoever thou goest!" (Gen. 15). You will leave with regret, realizing that you are departing from heaven on earth! Here then you have the secret that kept the Saints at the foot of the altar for hours, yes, for whole nights! You now know why they had to tear themselves away, so to say, from their best friend—the Lord and God, in the tabernacle!

Whilst this much may not be required of us, it is certainly expected of us that we go cheerfully to Mass on Sundays and holidays, that we come in time and stay to the end of Mass, that we pass at least 10 minutes in prayer after Holy Communion. Again: if we are practical Catholics, full of faith, really believing that God is truly present in our churches, then common-sense judgment demands that we come here not only on business, as I might call the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays, but at times also on a friendly visit, by coming to hear Mass on a week-day, when we have time and leisure to do it just as well as not, by assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, by attending special devotions, by coming to the church any hour of the day when in trouble, in temptation, in need of help for soul or body. Oh! what an important role the church would play in a parish if all the members would think of their church in such manner! It would be too small as a rule, whilst sad experience tells us that as a rule it is too large outside of Mass! This is sad indeed, but what is the cause? Jacob answers: "I knew it not!" Catholics often do not know what their church is to them and not knowing its value, do not appreciate it and hence find it so seldom or even neglect it altogether!

My dear people, now that you have this grand new church, resolve to put new life into your faith also. Do so by coming to church as often as time and circumstances will permit. Do so by endeavoring to learn all you can about your Holy Faith in sermons, instructions, in good books, magazines and papers, and rest assured you will love your church as your own home, yes, more, you will love it as the house of your God! You will find pleasure in going there, and as you kneel devoutly in prayer you will come to the conclusion that after all nothing is too good for the Lord, nothing too grand for God! You will give joyfully and generously in order that all things used for the Lord may in truth belong to Him alone, having been paid for and consecrated to His service only, as was the stone upon which Jacob generously poured oil, thereby signifying that in future it would belong only to God! Yes, dearly beloved, only in this way can you ever expect to realize the nearness of God in your church, and become convinced like the patriarch Jacob that this is indeed the house of the Lord!

May St. Patrick, your great patron, intercede for you so that you may not prove false to the title to which you lay claim in calling yourselves children of the Isle of Saints! May God bless your generosity in erecting to His honor this magnificent temple! May our Lady of Perpetual Help who also found a new sanctuary, ever prove a kind mother to you! May your faith remain firm for all generations to come as will the stone used to construct your church! May your faith ever soar heavenward as do these beautifully vaulted ceilings! May your faith remain free from every taint of error and corruption as are these spotless walls from every stain! May your practical Catholic faith and good example do much to gain the good will of those outside the fold and convince all the citizens of this your beloved city of Toronto, that the Catholic Church with Jesus Christ really present in the Blessed Sacrament, is indeed the house of the living God, and that her children, the children of the one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic Church, are the children of God. Amen.

THE NEW CHURCH.

The new church, which fronts on McCaul street, has a frontage of 80 feet, with a width at the transepts of 108 feet. It has a seating capacity for 1,200, but can accommodate many more. The aisles are remarkably wide and the church empties itself in the easiest manner possible. The architecture is Romanesque, the walls of Craig Valley stone, and the masonry is admired as amongst the best in Canada. The dressings are of Ohio stone. The church is cruciform in shape with circular and domed sanctuary. It is to have two towers, one 98 feet in height and the other 200 feet, not yet completed. The estimated cost is \$100,000. The coverings of the spire and pin-

nacles are copper. The ceilings are vaulted and the mouldings, cornices and groins are carved out in staff works. The interior walls as yet are in their primitive grey with white dressings. Only the rose windows in the transepts are as yet placed permanently. The architect is Z. R. Holmes. The work was begun by Rev. Father Barrett three years ago, and continued with undiminished zeal by the present Rector, Rev. Father Brick. While every individual of the community worked for the interest of the new church, a good deal of the financial engineering fell to Rev. Father Doyle, who unfortunately was absent on a mission at the time of the opening. The task of arranging for the ceremony on Sunday fell largely to the share of Rev. Father Derling. The present staff is as follows: Rev. W. H. Brick, Rector; Rev. P. N. Doyle, C.S.S.R., Rev. A. Stuhl, C.S.S.R., Rev. L. Jung, C.S.S.R., Rev. E. Mulheran, Rev. J. Derling, Rev. J. O'Reilly, Rev. F. Klennert, and Brothers Stanislaus, Landelin and Victor.

The contractors for the work of the church are: Woodwork, Kane; ironwork, Woodruff, Robins; carpenter, Mr. Wm. Menton, 16 D'Arcy street; roofing, A. B. Ormsby; alars, Depato Co., Chicago, U.S.A.; windows, Lyons; organ builders, Matthews and Breckels, 491 King St. W.; decorator, Fletcher; plasterer, Hynes; carpet, Simpson & Co., Ltd.; altar rail, Keating; pews, Crescent Valley Co., Dundas, Ont.; plumbing, gas and electricity, McGuire; steps, McGuire; concreting, A. Dunne.

HISTORY OF THE PARISH.

For the following compilation of the history of the parish the Catholic Register is indebted to Rev. Father A. Stuhl, C.S.S.R. For the older members of the parish the reading will recall many old and sacred associations, for others the account is informing and of historical value.

St. Patrick's Parish, formed in the latter part of Bishop Charbonnel's administration, is bounded on the north by College street, on the east by Elizabeth and York streets, on the south by the bay, and on the west by Peter street and Spadina avenue. It was attended for a short time by the late Father Proulx, and after him by Father A. Lauradet from 1861 to 1865. He died in Cleveland a few years ago. He was succeeded by Father Rey, until 1867, when Father J. M. Laurent was appointed pastor. "Good Father Laurent," as the people loved to call him, had charge of the parish from 1867 to 1881. The first St. Patrick's church was a frame building and was destroyed by fire in 1865. The new church was begun by Father Laurent in 1869 and with the aid of his devoted people was finished in 1870. It was dedicated by Archbishop Lynch on Nov. 20, 1870. Bishop Farrell of Hamilton sang the High Mass and the sermon was preached by Archbishop Walsh, then Bishop of London. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester preached in the evening. Father Laurent devoted himself to the welfare of his parish with the greatest zeal, so that when Archbishop Lynch wished to raise him to the dignity of Vicar-General and remove him to the Cathedral, his flock did not wish to part with him. In an address of the people to the Archbishop it was mentioned—"by his gentle and amiable disposition and his zeal in the performance of his duties, Father Laurent has attached the hearts of the people to him, that a severance of the ties that bind him to us will oppress all with sorrow." But Father Laurent told his people: "If His Grace in removing me was seeking to slight my little work, it would be different, but just the contrary is the fact. He gives me the highest honor he has to give, namely, Vicar-General." The people submitted to his persuasion and welcomed the Redemptorist Fathers as their future pastors.

It was during a mission given at St. Michael's Cathedral that His Grace, Archbishop Lynch, made known to the Superior of the Mission—Rev. Joseph Henning—the desire which he had cherished for years, of establishing the Order of Redemptorists in his diocese. Father Henning communicated this to the higher Superiors at Baltimore and in Rome, and the proposition of His Grace was accepted and the church of St. Patrick was destined to be the home of the Order in Ontario. Rev. Father Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R., was appointed Superior and he came to Toronto Jan. 15, 1881, accompanied by Fathers John Hayden and Augustine McInerney, and two lay brothers. Rev. Father Laurent removed to the Cathedral on Feb. 1st. Father Grimm remained in charge of St. Patrick's until Dec. 15, 1885. During that time the first mission was given in the church and on July 11, two new bells were blessed and fixed in the steeple. The Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family was established in 1881 the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was procured from Rome. After Father Grimm had been called away, Rev. Father Chas. Sigl, C.S.S.R., was appointed Superior. He remained in office to June 16, 1887. He established the Purgatorial Society, and on June 27th Archbishop Lynch laid the corner stone of the new Monastery on McCaul street. It was dedicated and blessed by Father Sigl Dec. 26, 1886. Father Sigl was removed to Philadelphia June 16, 1887.

On June 24, 1887, Rev. Father Joseph Henning came from Boston to succeed Father Sigl as Rector of St. Patrick's. He remained until June 17, 1890. He established the "Young Men's Catholic Association" in 1889, and in the same year the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association. He left for Annapolis in 1890. Rev. Father Aug. McInerney succeeded Father Henning. He arrived June 27, 1890. It was on Dec. 19th that Good Father Laurent died rather suddenly (Continued on page 8.)

.....The HOME CIRCLE

A LITTLE PINK TOE. Only a little pink baby shoe. That is stained and wrinkled and torn.

to take my pupils to the library, but I said to him: 'I don't wish to teach history there.'

PICTURES IN OUR HOMES.

Among the good resolutions adopted at the recent convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies in Boston was a strong recommendation in favor of good pictures—pictures uplifting and suggestive in the best sense—in Catholic homes.

In regard to religious pictures, "I refrain," she said, "from speaking about the so-called 'dubs' that many deplore, inartistic representations of Our Saviour, of Our Blessed Mother, and the saints—except to venture the assertion that such pictures may, sometimes, be too severely criticized; for in many cases, they have done what some of the greatest works of art may have failed to do.

"Not long ago I visited the home of a friend, a newly married woman, who had in her arms a little girl about a year old. On the wall of the sitting room I saw a picture—a pretty picture. The woman noticed that I looked at it rather disapprovingly, and asked: "Don't you like it?" I answered that I thought it a pretty picture.

"But you do not like it?" she went on. "I do not like it, particularly in your sitting room." "Why not?" she persisted. "Surely, Lady Hamilton was a very handsome woman."

"Oh, no; if you look it up, you will not want to tell her," I said. "You will think it wrong to tell her. But when she is old enough to study English history, and she reads the record of Lord Nelson, she will learn the story of Lady Hamilton, and she will look back to the time when her mother had that picture in the family sitting room; and, perhaps, she will wonder that her mother kept her for so many years there under the influence of Lady Hamilton's picture, when she might have had her under the influence of the Blessed Virgin."

"The closing protest of this no doubt well-meaning woman was: 'We have some beautiful religious pictures upstairs in the bed-rooms.' "And that is the way with so many. They have religious pictures; but only in the sleeping rooms. The few minutes they and their children can look about them in those rooms, they are under the influence of Our Saviour and His Blessed Mother, and the saints; and all the rest of the time they are under the influence of pictures like Lady Hamilton's. Pictures of that description are one of the kinds that are objectionable.

"Then there is still another kind which I will try to describe through another experience, if you will pardon the personality.

"Some years ago I was teaching history in a high school in my home city. There was a picture hanging in the library there, that, as soon as I saw it, I wished very much to have it removed. At that time, however, there was only one Catholic on the school committee, and I was the only Catholic among the teachers; so I was afraid to protest against that picture. Time passed, and we became a little stronger. One day there were repairs being made in my class room, and the principal told me

"These are instances of two kinds of objectionable pictures for Catholic homes. There are many others that might be mentioned.

"Now, in this connection, I would like to offer a suggestion. There is everything grand and glorious about art—about Catholic art—everything to make us rejoice in and thank God for it; but, as far as I know, in our Catholic schools and academies there is not much said about it. I believe they have a fine picture gallery at Trinity College, but not many of our girls go as far as that; and, it seems to me, it would be a good idea if there could be more said in our Catholic schools and academies upon Catholic art, and upon the kind of pictures Catholics should surround themselves with in their homes. Protestants are lecturing and writing on art, and they are, in most cases, sadly misrepresenting it. I have heard descriptions and read explanations of Catholic masterpieces that were an insult to art of any kind.

You can make richer, more fragrant, more delicious tea if you use "Salada." One teaspoonful makes two cups. Use absolutely boiling water. Steep five minutes.

HONEY FOR THE SKIN.

A very good cosmetic is pure honey strained and bottled. A very little of this is rubbed into the skin with a bit of cotton wool. This is done just after the face has been thoroughly washed and cleaned—washing is not always cleaning—and the honey applied while the face is wet. After rubbing the honey in let it dry on the face. It will be absorbed by the pores if too much has not been used.

Another cosmetic, for greasy skins is a combination of rose vinegar and rose water. To make the vinegar, half an ounce of dried rose leaves should be placed in a gill of white wine vinegar for five or six days, and the liquid strained off. To this sufficient rose water is added to reduce it to an agreeable strength. It may be used twice a day, or once daily, if the skin is not very oily.

HER TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two children," said I. "I have four," was the reply; "two on earth and two in heaven."

Thus spoke the mother! Still hee, only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved, and cherished by the heart and at the board—their places not yet filled even though their successors rest upon the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the loving fold.

"Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive, eternity nearer; maternal cords drawing the soul upward. Still small voices ever whispering, "Come!" to the world-weary spirit.

Acquired tastes are said to be the most permanent. The taste for saving has usually to be acquired and its benefits are the most enduring. Open a savings account with

THE NORTHERN CROWN BANK

And you will realize a new pleasure. One dollar opens the account and secures a Pocket Savings Bank. Interest added four times a year.

will pass muster even if the time when she had a new outfit has been so long past that it is forgotten.

But if, when she undresses at night, she throws her clothes in a heap on a chair or on the floor, if she leaves her hat in the hall or on some convenient table or chair, if she hangs her coat by one sleeve or even by a loop in the middle of the collar.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action.

pose, did not realize the consequences of contracting an invalid marriage. Any Catholic worthy of the name would rather face death than incur the invalidity of a first marriage as an excuse for a second venture.

At best, these cases are far from edifying, but the fault generally lies farther back than the last act in them. The trouble is that most people are inclined to be scandalized at what is harmless enough in itself, while they never think of being disedified at the really blamable conduct that too often gives rise to those "marriage cases."

Fifty Thousand Men in Holy Name Processions.

Nearly 50,000 Catholic men and boys paraded in various towns of northern New Jersey last Sunday as a part of the annual demonstration of the Holy Name Societies against the use of profanity. More than 150,000 persons viewed the processions or participated in the open air services that followed.

With golden and silken banners waving in a breeze and bearing the inscription "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," 16,000 men in all walks of life, under the leadership of their respective pastors, paraded through the heart of

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon and contact information.

we carry with us through life. "A young man in his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Marriage Cases That Scandalize

It is hardly necessary to explain to Catholics that the Church does not recognize the power of the State to dissolve the bond of a valid marriage. Yet from time to time a case crops up where one of the parties to a civil divorce is married to another with the sanction of the Church.

The Church recognizes or establishes certain impediments as a bar to valid marriage. Where such impediments exist and have not been removed, the parties may go through the form of entering a marriage contract, but they are not married.

There will always be some who do not understand the facts in such cases when they do arise, and who are scandalized when one who has ever been divorced is married with the sanction of the Church.

Newark to the cathedral grounds. Bishop O'Connell presided at the services held in the open and made the first address, congratulating the thousands of men for the public demonstration of their faith.

The other speakers were John L. O'Toole, city editor of the Newark "News," who represented the laity, and Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J., who spoke for the clergy. There was a remarkable scene at the conclusion of the ceremonies, when the Bishop gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. As he held aloft the ostensorium containing the Host, the thousands, irrespective of creed, knelt with bowed heads on the street curb, lawn or wherever they were.

In Jersey City 15,000 men marched to the music of many bands. The rally was at the new West Side Country Park. The grandstand was erected opposite St. Aloysius' Church, and a temporary altar was erected on the steps of the rectory, and from it was given the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Rev. H. B. Ter Woert of St. Mary's, was the celebrant. On the reviewing stand were Monsignor John A. Sheppard, vicar general of the Newark Diocese, Monsignor Charles Kelly, of Jersey City, and Monsignor Mooney of New York, the orator of the occasion, who said that the great turnout was a magnificent demonstration of religion, morality and civic virtue. It was estimated that 25,000 people witnessed the ceremony.

At Paterson there were 6,000 men in line; at Bayonne, 5,000; at Hoboken, 2,000, and at Madison, 2,900.

The memory of the great St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of Japan, and the vast array of saints and martyrs of the Society of Jesus and the other congregations, who in days past labored and died for Christ in this fair land, lingers in the mind of modern Japan. A splendid picture of St. Francis Xavier adorns the public library of Tokio. The new Catholic university under the direction of the Jesuits will attract some of the fifty thousand students who are at present pursuing their studies in the pagan colleges.

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The Children's Page

AT SCHOOL. I like to sit in school and look at all the girls I know...

MARCIA'S HOME. Baby Bobby's bedtime was near and he was fretful and impatient at the delay his mother saw fit to impose upon him.

"You neglected little mortal! But what can I do?" she cried in pretty despair, snatching his lordship up in her left arm and bestowing a conciliatory caress on the smooth, round cheek...

"In exchange for a home, a young girl will help with housework, take care of children, and make herself generally useful after high-school hours. Address K., Tribune."

"Which high-school do you attend?" Mrs. Jameson asked, having invited the caller indoors.

"North Garfield, three blocks from here. It's nice it is so convenient, isn't it? Please let me," Marcia interrupted herself to say, as Baby Bobby made friendly overtures to her.

"I'm sure I'll do my utmost," Marcia promised earnestly. And the matter was decided. The next afternoon Marcia came. When she entered the kitchen, Baby Bobby, seated in his high-chair, was fretting, and Mrs. Jameson was trying to pacify him, and, at the same time, make an apple pie.

will leave us, though she has helped me through the hardest time, and Bobby is now more easily cared for. She has been a real comfort—just like an older daughter—and I could not refrain from telling Mrs. Dale so in my last letter.

"Marcia has indeed been a treasure," Mr. Jameson responded heartily. "I must confess I was a little doubtful at the beginning as to how the venture would turn out. But all I can say now is, I wish there were more girls like her."

IT PAID TO BE KIND. Snow lay deep on the ground, and during most of the week a slow, half-freezing rain chilled everyone who stepped out-of-doors.

Hurt and surprised at such a statement, I said: "She is cold and hungry and so small. I wish you could find a warm nook for her. The storm is dreadful for us, and not less for a homeless dog."

Burdened already with the care of many animals, I took her home. She nestled into my arms and sobbed almost as if human. I could not see any way to keep her after she had recovered from the exposure, and advertised in the newspapers that a home was wanted for a pretty spaniel dog.

I learned that he was a mattress maker by trade, that he repaired many at his little shop, and was eager for more work. A well-known Episcopal clergyman had interested himself in the family, and influenced several of his parishioners to send him work. The minister's words and acts went hand in hand.

How much the well-to-do woman missed in her usefulness! And yet there are many like her. It will take a good deal of preaching from our pulpits, and teaching in our schools, before we are awakened to our duty to the dumb, and like up to our high privilege of following Him who said, even of the sparrows: "Not one of them is forgotten before God."

A SONG OF SHOPPING. When mother shops She sends home mops Or muslin sheets, or maybe It's kitchenware or cheese and crops Or buttoned boots for baby; But always something that will be A nice surprise for Meg and me.

GREATLY UNDERESTIMATED. "Bobby," asked his Sunday-school teacher, "do you know how many apostles there were?" The little boy promptly said that he did, and answered, "Twelve." Then he went on: "And I know how many Pharisees there were, too."

"Indeed?" "Yes'm. There was just one less than there was apostles." "Why, how do you know that? It is no where stated how many Pharisees there were."

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— Pope Pius X.

TORONTO, NOV. 5TH, 1908.

ALL SAINTS.

The explanation given in our Catechism of the reasons which guided the Church in the institution of holy days receives an excellent illustration from the Feast of All Saints. Holy days, we are told, have been instituted by the Church to recall to our minds with praise and thanksgiving the great mysteries of religion, the virtues and rewards of the saints, and for the glorification of God.

No one could glance over the Epistle of All Saints, wherein St. John depicts the "great multitude" which no man could number, of all nations and peoples and tribes and tongues, standing before the Throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, without being reminded of the great mystery of Redemption. The shining gates through which the Church invites us to survey in spirit the countless ranks of her children were opened to them by the risen Saviour, as their hymn of thanksgiving proclaims: "Salvation to our God Who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb." No Catholic can think of Heaven without seeing in spirit the way of the Cross which leads to it—the way on which Nazareth, Calvary and Olivet are stations—the way Jesus first trod and the saints after Him—the way we must tread if we are to be one day of the number of those the Church honors on All Saints. Heaven, therefore, is for us inseparably associated with the fundamental mysteries of our faith, with the Father Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for its redemption—with the Son Who out of obedience to His Father and compassion for man's fallen state, condescended to clothe Himself with our humanity in order that we may be made partners of His divinity—with the Holy Spirit through Whom the union of God with man was brought about and the union of man with God by grace is being daily accomplished.

It is needless to show how such thoughts as these stir up sentiments of the warmest praise and thanksgiving. Thus does the feast of All Saints accomplish the first of the three great objects of the Church in instituting holy days. That this feast reminds us of the virtues and rewards of the saints is evident from its very name. It passes in review before us those blessed ranks in which every hand holds a palm, the emblem of victory. We behold there penance crowned, poverty robed in Heaven's purple splendor, obscurity glorified, suffering for justice sake rewarded by joy unspeakable. What an encouragement to us to bear with patience the momentary sufferings of this life! Amongst that countless array of those who have fought the good fight are multitudes whose position in life was just such as ours—the same crosses to be borne! the same temptations to be overcome! And on this day they say to us: "Where you are we were a little while ago. Where you are you can soon be. Put on, then, the armor of God, place your trust in Him and the victor's palm will be surely yours after a momentary struggle which will make the welcome we will give you to our ranks doubly delightful."

Not only does All Saints thus bring before us the virtues and rewards of the saints and thus stimulate us to follow in their footsteps, but it reminds us of the intimate union existing between us and them. When we picture these blessed ones encouraging us in our trials and temptations we are going no farther than our Lord's own words authorize us to do. He tells us that the angels of God rejoice over the conversion of a single sinner, and the same is true of His saints, for they are in every respect as the angels, according to the express testimony of our Lord. One of the greatest encouragements to a

man who is trying to win a race is the sympathy of his friends. Their presence, their approving shouts spur him on to exert himself to the utmost, in order to prove himself worthy of their confidence and receive their congratulations. Our race to Heaven is a sharp but a short one. And the Church on the feast of All Saints points to us Heaven's battlements lined with God's victorious army looking encouragement upon us, warning us to beware of the pitfalls which beset our way and eager to welcome us with acclamations to their ranks. What an inspiration to good we have in this celestial sympathy on the part of those who were a little while ago where we are!

The final reason given in our Catechism for the institution of holy days must not be passed over in dealing with a feast in which some fancy that they see the contrary. The Church, we are told, marks out certain days as holy days that we may glorify God on them. Now critics of Catholic devotion to the saints deem that it detracts from God's glory. How false this is, let the Feast of All Saints bear witness. Every word of the Church's liturgy on that day palpates with exultant adoration of God Who has placed such happiness and the means to attain it, at man's disposal. "Let us all rejoice in the Lord"—Come let us adore the Lord, the King of kings, for He is the crown of all the saints." Such are the opening words of the Mass and the Office of All Saints.

These words express the spirit which runs through all the service of this and indeed every other holy day of the Church. Glory to God in the highest is the song she is perpetually singing, and never with greater heartiness than on the day in which she sees that glory reflected, as in clouds at sunset, in His saints.

A NEW FAKE RELIGION.

It is a fact which cannot have escaped the notice of observant persons that despite the general intelligence of the American people, a certain percentage are open to the allurements of the grossest superstitions and follies. As an evidence of this we have only to open our eyes to see the extent to which some darning, though not in every instance very clever, imposters have succeeded in duping their simple followers. Among these fakes such delusions as Mormonism, Eddyism, so brazenly termed by its upholders as Christian Science, etc., must be counted. Dowleism is apparently now a dead issue since the decease of its founder, but while it lasted, it had a wonderful success in the number of its followers, who were to be reckoned by thousands in all parts of the United States and Canada, but it was as a financial venture that it was chiefly remarkable as a success for the adventurer, who is said to have had hypnotic powers of such force that he brought under his influence even men who were well known for their business ability and acuteness of intellect.

It is an undoubted fact that Alexander Dowie was at one time a Congregational preacher to a small congregation near Sydney, Australia, and that he had an unusual flow of eloquence in speech, and especially in his powers of vituperation. Being ambitious and grasping, he did not think he was sufficiently rewarded by promotion, and looking about for methods of speedier enrichment than seemed possible to him in that humbler capacity, he conceived that Chicago would afford him ampler opportunities than the position he filled, and accordingly to Chicago he came about 17 or 18 years ago.

His ability as a powerful speaker made him many friends, who fell easily into his plans, some of whom were even residents of Toronto and other Canadian towns.

About this time he put into execution a plan to bring his followers to a farm which was afterwards turned into a city named Zion City. In this scheme he met with such success that he enlarged his ideas and proposed to carry out his design on a much larger scale in Mexico. He said in one of his addresses in regard to this plan: "I have looked at the whole situation, and my conviction is that \$150,000,000 will flow into Zion City in less than five years." The property he had already acquired in his Zion City near Chicago was already reckoned as worth millions of dollars, but this did not satiate his appetite. He wished it to go into the hundreds of millions. But he undertook more than he could manage, and died within a few years after preparing in part for this vast undertaking. The money on which he accomplished these results was borrowed money, and there was much litigation before a settlement was effected, and this was folly attained by his death and the partition of the Dowie property between various claimants.

We will not here go into the particulars of other schemes which under the guise of religion have proved to be remarkably profitable from the money-hoarder's point of view, as we intend here to mention one scheme of

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this kind which has Canada in part for its objective. The system which is proposed to be thus propagated is called "Sun-Worship," or Mazdaznanism. This cult has hitherto found any countenance from people in the rural districts, but it has places of worship in a few American cities among which are New York and Lowell, Massachusetts. Its propagators propose to build one now in Montreal if they can raise the funds.

The worship of the Sun as the emblem of purity and the source of light is professedly derived from the writings and teachings of Zoroaster, who is supposed to have been a great Persian saint and miracle-worker who flourished perhaps six thousand years before the Trojan war, which is generally believed to have begun in or about the year 1103 before the Christian era. It is believed by the learned that Zoroaster was a real personage, but his life and deeds are so enveloped in fable that no one endowed with ordinary intelligence can regard him seriously as the founder of a true religion—nevertheless it is upon what are supposed to be his writings that the Mazdaznanists base their faith.

The chief personages who propagate this fakir's religion are one Dr. Hanish of New York and Mrs. Dr. Hilton of New Lowell. One, or both of these persons, succeeded in persuading a Mrs. Shaw of the latter city to leave a part or the whole of her property, valued now at about \$30,000, to the Sun-Worshippers for the purpose of erecting a temple of the Sun in Montreal. Mrs. Shaw's relatives object to this disposal of her cash, not, as they say, that it may not be reasonably disposed of, but that it may not be wasted on a folly which is also an immorality. They prove the immorality by means of a book which is a text book of the Sun-Worshippers, the title of which is "Inner Studies." The matter is at present before the court at New Lowell. The immorality of the "Inner Studies" appears to have been satisfactorily established; but whether or not this may be the case, we cannot but express our hope that the court may issue an injunction against the application of the money as Mrs. Shaw proposes. There is no doubt that the Sun-worship is a fake religion, and it is asserted that the high-priest and high priestess of it want to get hold of the money for carrying on their business in connection with their cult. At all events a Paisee temple is not wanted in Canada.

Mrs. Shaw's relatives assert that she is not capable of disposing of her property, as she has already wasted \$30,000 of the money she received on the death of her husband, who while living was bitterly opposed to the Sun-worshippers, but who since his death appeared to her in a vision, stating that he had been in error, as he has found out that Sun-worship is the true religion. There can be no doubt that the vision is part of the plot to get possession of Mrs. Shaw's money.

COMPARISONS IN CULTURE.

One of Canada's philosophers, who is perhaps better known as one of her poets, has given us the results of his thoughts on the subject of education, as carried on in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and though himself a native and resident of the home province, he gives his weight as decidedly in favor of things as done in the sometimes disparaged Province of Quebec.

Canada's "Khan" in his dialogue between Old Twilight and Aunt Lucy, remarks, "I see that a lot of kids the other day on a public street in a big Canadian city gazed a bishop because he wasn't dressed jes the same as Paw dressed. Cuz he was dressed 'ordin' to his station they hed to folly him round an' yell, 'Go up, thou baldhead,' or words to that effect. "It was their bringing up," suggested Aunt Lucy, to which Old Twilight musingly replies: "I don't know about the bringing up, I blame it mostly on the Public school." Our philosophic poet then proceeds to expose the deficiencies in the tuition imparted in the schools, a tuition which he calls a "job-sided education." He explains that the Public school teacher is paid to teach the children things usually expressed under the headings, "readin', writin', an' arithmetic," and that they are not expected to teach them to be civil either to one another or to outsiders. How much truth there is in this matter worthy of consideration. The late escapades of the students in our University seem to bear this out. Training tells and after all what are

the pupils of our higher schools but children of a larger growth. If their earlier steps were not directed in the way of a gentlemanly mien and chivalrous deportment, how can they be expected to don the garb of the command of even the caput of a university. The soul and bearing of a gentleman are not like the cloak of Prospero, to be donned or discarded at will.

The picture of Quebec, as seen by Old Twilight, would lose if told in any words but his own. Here it is: "Now, when I was down in Quebec las' summer seein' Aunt Julia, I meets up with a little French boy on his way to school, and I up an' ast him if he could direct me to Kinneear's Mills. Well his face was all over smiles. He lifted his cap like a little prince, an', says he: 'Pardonez moe! I spik not ze Anglais so ver well. Permit me—I will go wis you—I show you. Allons!' 'But it will be too much trouble, I am afraid,' sez I. 'Non, non!' he cried, 'et will be a plaisir—a what you call heem in ze Anglais—a pevelege.' 'But you will be late for school.' 'He bowed like the son of a thousand earls. 'I assure you, monsieur, zat ze good sisters will be de-lighted; zay will be charmed to tink zat I have been of some service to a stranger.'"

Now, you see, the sisters were not only interested in seeing that this little kid learned to read and write, but they were also profoundly interested that he should be a little gentleman—that he should have due reverence for people who were older than himself. And how beautifully it sat upon him! The sisters not only looked after his precious little body, but they were deeply concerned for his still more precious soul. They not only saw to it that his hands were clean, but that his heart was clean also, and that his young mind was stored with beautiful thoughts and images.

Then things are summarized, and taking our public men when they rise to speak, they are described as if "they want to hang on to something—a pitchfork would be very handy—while the French member fits into the great scene without a discordant note." Who can contradict the Khan? He ought to know what he is talking about, as all his life he has lived in the environment which he now criticizes. That he penetrates to the deficiencies, he owes to his poetic temperament, which, reaching out to clasp hands with the harmonies and amenities of social life, finds nothing but emptiness—the things he would grasp are non-existent. Comparisons are never gracious, and for ourselves we consider the Public school teachers of Ontario a painstaking and conscientious body, but that something is lacking in their training is everywhere evidenced. It is but stating facts patent to all, when we assert that our Catholic schools not alone in Quebec, but in Ontario, are immune from any numbers such as those found in Hallowe'en celebrations of outside colleges, and that politeness, expressed or understood, is found on every curriculum. All, however, may profit by the concluding words of Old Twilight's discourse:

"They are going to teach the boy pupils in the Public schools how to shoot, and they are going to give them military drill, I hear. If they would teach some of them good manners it would be a great site better for the boys, and the country too."

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST OBSCENE POSTCARDS.

We are glad to be able to commend the vigor with which the dealers in obscene postcards have been recently dealt with. Stores in which these agencies of corruption were for sale have been raided, and three of their proprietors sent to jail without the option of a fine. In one of these stores 7,000 cards of a grossly immoral nature were found—an indication of the extent to which this evil prevailed. Others whose exhibits were on the border line of indecency were let off with a warning.

It is humiliating to think anything in human form could be so degraded as to seek to make a living by pandering to the vilest passions. That, however, this species of degradation is quite common is evident from the displays which have been so vigorously dealt with, as well as from the posters which tell of theatrical performances just as corrupting as the immoral post-card trade. It is to be hoped that the organized moral forces that have done such good work regarding the post-card evil will effect a similar cleaning up in our theatrical bills and performances some of which are of a character that should long ere this have secured their suppression.

Our daily prayer should be "deliver us from evil," and our daily praise should be fervently given that we are delivered from great unknown evils.—Dr. S. D. Gordon.

COMMUNICATION

To the Catholic Register:

Westminster Abbey, with the historic Hall and magnificent Parliament Buildings adjoining it, claimed all the space of my last letter. It is not necessary to remind your readers that many letters would be required to treat these subjects with anything approaching completeness, a mere "snap-shot" surfe, being all your correspondent can attempt.

On this occasion he turns his attention from Westminster to what was known in ages long ago as Eastminster, now St. Paul's. The site of Westminster Abbey, hallowed by religion for more than a thousand years. The immediate predecessor of the present St. Paul's was a magnificent Gothic structure, which was consumed in the great fire that in the year 1666 destroyed a large portion of London. Had it not fallen a prey to the flames, this church would today eclipse the glory of the famous Abbey, which it excelled in grandeur and loftiness, its spire reaching the height of 520 feet and thus overtopping the highest pinnacle of any ecclesiastical edifice of the present day. From its commanding site the old St. Paul's must have presented a truly magnificent appearance. It would also have retained that aroma of Catholicity which still clings to its sister church.

No one, however, can find a suggestion of Catholicity in its successor, the present St. Paul's. Probably the one connexion with Catholicity it has is that it was evidently inspired by a desire to rival St. Peter's in Rome. As the latter was the great Catholic cathedral of Christendom, it was determined by the advisers of Charles II. to make the new St. Paul's in London the great cathedral of Protestantism. They were fortunate in having at hand an architect of the highest ability in the person of Sir Christopher Wren. With the great St. Peter's for a model he constructed a noble edifice which, viewed from Ludgate Circus, looms up most imposingly, its magnificent dome seeming from its elevated site to dominate the city. Interiorly its great size and fine proportions are quite impressive, but as far as stirred (Continued on page 5.)

THANKSGIVING OFFERING



Just to brighten up Thanksgiving time we're putting on some specials—some exclusive Fur specials.

Furs for Ladies
Best quality of natural Alaska sable set. Scarf lined with best quality of satin. \$20.
Muff, finished head and tail, lined with satin and cord at wrist. \$15.
Similar style made of blended sable. Scarf, \$13.50. Muff, \$8.75.

Furs for Men

It is impossible to put everything on the list so here are a few random prices taken on a walk through the showroom:
Men's Fur-lined Coats, similar to styles illustrated, with Otter or Persian Lamb Collars, Muskrat Linings of very best quality—\$50, \$60 and \$70.
Men's Canadian Coon Coats, in full automobile length—\$40, \$50 and \$60.
Men's Wombat Coats—\$25.
Men's Persian Lamb, Otter, Beaver and Seal Gauntlets—\$12 to \$50.
Men's Persian Lamb, Otter and Seal Caps, from \$8 to \$25.
Grey, Black and Brown Goatskin Robes—\$7.50 to \$15.
Canadian Bear, Musk Ox Robes, single or in pairs to match—\$50 to \$250.
Cosmen's Sets, in Bear, Wolverine, etc.—\$25 to \$150.
And all the above lines carried in the lower and medium priced furs, including Coats, Robes, Gauntlets, etc.

The W. & D. Dineen Co.
Limited
Fifty years Canada's Greatest Furriers.
Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

Miss Christina Charlebois
Teacher of Vocal Music. Concert engagements accepted. Apply at 5 Mulock Ave.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa
Let the children drink all they want. Healthful, nutritious, delightful.
Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor.
Very economical.
The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

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ONE OF THE FEW LEADING MUSIC SCHOOLS IN AMERICA.
Faculty of 88 Specialists. Carefully graded and fairly conducted examinations. Local centres throughout Canada. Scholarships, Lectures, Recitals, Orchestral and Ensemble Practice and other free advantages. Pupils registered at any time.
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Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Voice Culture, Dramatic Art, and Literature.
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Guarantee Bonds

We issue guarantee and fidelity bonds for the security of those employing trusted officials and clerks. Cashiers, secretaries, collectors, lodge officials, and officers of similar capacity, guaranteed to the extent of their monetary responsibilities.

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KEPT NEW

Up-to-date means clean, spruce, natty, quick, sharp. The old way of putting on a new suit and wearing it until it was not fit to be seen, is gone.
Up-to-date people have their clothing cleaned, brightened, cared for. **KEPT NEW.**

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"

Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing
30-34 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 5900.

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Capital (paid up) \$3,000,000.00
Rest and undivided profits 3,327,832.48
Assets over 32,000,000.00
Interest on Savings Deposits credited quarterly.
Offices in Toronto:
37 King Street East
367 Broadview Ave.
Corner Queen St. and Pape Ave.

SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES OPERA GLASSES

THERMOMETERS

That you can swear by. If you wish to know how hot, or how cool it is call and see our assortment.

F. E. LUKE Refracting Optician
11 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

KELLY'S

CUT RATE DRUG STORE

544 Queen St. W.
BETWEEN PORTLAND and BATHURST STREETS.

Is the place to get the purest quality of drugs at the lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully dispensed at a great saving from regular prices. A call is solicited.

New Vocal Studio

MISS MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing.
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East

British American Business College

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ESTABLISHED 1860
Those who attend this old-established, reliable institution enjoy special advantages and privileges not afforded by the average school. Catalogue with full particulars mailed on request.
T. M. WATSON, Principal.

MISSION GOODS
A
DISTINCT SPECIALTY

We have the largest and most varied stock in the Dominion of Canada of Mission Supplies. Rosaries, Statues, Prayer Books.
We have Prayer Books in French, German, Italian, Polish, etc.
We have innumerable testimonials from our pleased customers all over the Dominion of Canada.



Our stock of Controversial and Devotional Literature, for this purpose, is admittedly the **very largest and best.**
Our terms are most liberal. **Write us first.**

W. E. BLAKE & SON

Importer and Manufacturer Altar Supplies, Vestments, Church Furnishings, etc.,
123 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

ring religious emotions is concerned, it has about the same power as a custom-house. It evokes none of the exaltation of soul experienced in the mighty temple of which it is an imitation. It is wanting in the haunting spirituality which lingers round Westminster Abbey. The deepest emotions evoked by St. Paul's arise from the ashes of the great men, such as Nelson and Wellington, entombed in its crypts.

After lingering round some of the tombs which make St. Paul's famous, and which, as Chamber's Cyclopaedia, in its article on this cathedral remarks, savor far more of paganism than of Christianity, your correspondent paid a visit to the Tower of London. Unfortunately the hour of arrival was too late to visit the interior of the oldest and most forbidding mass of buildings in London. To the visitor it would seem that the plural instead of the singular would be more appropriate, for the "Tower" is a collection of towers, turrets, battlements, parapets, with here and there a stretch of daintily draped windows which seem curiously out of place amidst their grim surroundings. Since the Bastille disappeared, there is not probably in Europe a spot that could tell of darker deeds of torture and murder than these old walls, whose foundations, according to tradition, go back to the days of Julius Caesar. Midway in the river front of the Tower buildings, your correspondent saw a sunken archway, evidently communicating with the Thames. When the tide is at its full the water of the river rises there for several feet; and a favorite way of getting rid of political offenders, or characters whose standing or opinions rendered them obnoxious, was to chain them to the gate of this archway and let the gradually rising waters drown them. This refinement of cruelty, which was after all more merciful than other modes of death familiar to these walls, was enough for your correspondent. He did not want to see the spot where Henry VIII had the heads of his wives chopped off, and therefore, instead of returning to the Tower, he betook himself next morning to the National Gallery to view its fine collection of paintings.

Want of acquaintance with the customs of the country limited very much the time he would like to give to this congenial spot. He arrived there at ten in the forenoon, expecting to find the Gallery open at that hour, but eleven o'clock had passed before he could effect an entrance. The time at his disposal was all too short for the feast of beauty which lay before him. The masterpieces of English artists, of Landseer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough and Turner, were naturally to be found in England's most notable picture gallery. As a student of Ruskin your correspondent was strongly interested in Turner, and admired some of his landscapes very much, his picture of the Grand Canal of Venice being particularly attractive. Some of his paintings of classical subjects seemed to your correspondent not to be so happy. Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of heads of cherubs was as charming as its many copies would lead one to expect. But in this great collection of the art of many lands, the paintings of the Italian school, especially some fine specimens of the work of Perugino and Raphael, absorbed the principal portion of the time your correspondent could devote to the artistic side of London.

But the advertisements of the Franco-British Exhibition confronting the visitor everywhere and the number of foreigners to be seen on the streets, reminded your correspondent and his companions that the National Gallery was not London's only palace of art just at this time. It was determined, therefore, that of the three days the Angelus party could spend in the world's metropolis, one evening should be devoted to the Exhibition. An evening was selected in order to see the illumination which was described as exceedingly fine. When your correspondent entered the Exhibition premises, and passed through the vast array of booths in which the varied products of British and French manufacture were arrayed, he stepped out into an open court surrounded on all sides by illuminated buildings. The sight was beautiful beyond description. The well-known Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo, some years ago, in which the angel of light from his watch tower all ablaze with myriads of electric lamps, heralded the advent of the electric age,

was the first great revelation of the wonderfully grand effects which could be produced by this mode of illumination. No one who saw the marvellous beauty of the electric lighting of the Buffalo Exhibition which on account of its proximity to Niagara Falls, had exceptional opportunities in that way, can forget the manner in which the grounds were first lit up by a rosy glow as of the dawn, which gradually grew as the power was increased, until the buildings, fountains, the very flower beds, were flooded with a brightness as of the noon-day, or as if the countless stars had grouped themselves on every spot around and concentrated their splendor there. But the illumination of the Buffalo Pan-American Exhibition was altogether eclipsed by that of the Franco-British Exhibition. The latter is many times larger, and its buildings are far more beautiful and varied in their designs. In fact French ingenuity and British perseverance and resource have been combined to produce a marvel of taste, vastness, variety, and ingenuity. All that is most beautiful in the architecture of the world, the weird and fanciful and fairylike structures of India, the loveliness of the Moorish Alhambra, the exquisite lines of Greece, the majesty of Rome, together with all that is best in modern architectural art, are all here combined in this immense collection of buildings, stretching away seemingly to the horizon. The visitor entered one courtyard and he saw every curve and line of the structures around him covered with electric lights. There was no sameness. No two designs were alike, yet all blent into delightful harmony. One passed from this courtyard to another, and there was another group of buildings of a new pattern lit just as attractively as the other. Indeed at every turn the illumination seemed to outdo what was seen just before. Together with the illuminated buildings, so many that it was tiresome to walk through them, there were fountains, cascades, vistas, colonnades, arbors, a bewildering but always pleasing variety of designs all through the grounds, ablaze with electric lamps. One cascade especially was a miniature Niagara. A great volume of water formed a succession of waterfalls all luminous with rays of various colors. The effect was perfectly enchanting.

It was a tribute of which every visitor from Canada was justly proud, to Canadian Government enterprise that on every side the Canadian exhibit, for richness, artistic setting and fertility of design was on every side declared to be the finest thing on the grounds. John Bull is not given to praise his boys at his own expense. The old man likes to show the young chaps that they must not be too frisky. Therefore, when the old fellow admitted as he did ungrudgingly that Johnny Canuck deserved first prize, this young gentleman may be quite satisfied that the glory was well earned. The splendid showing of Canada at Milan some two years or so ago, at Dublin last year, and at London this season, has helped immensely to advance this Dominion's prestige amongst the nations.

But your correspondent must not pursue this theme longer lest he may be accused of attempting to make political capital, though, as the Dominion elections are over, there ought not to be so much danger of suspicion of that kind. Moreover it is time to conclude this letter, and my comments on London, with a few words concerning the new Westminster Cathedral. Exteriorly it is a splendid edifice, built in the Byzantine style, the great feature of which is the grouping of cupolas or domes. Its campanile or bell tower can be seen on every side for a long way, and as the building is not yet blackened by smoke, its exterior presents a delightful rosy freshness. Interiorly its vastness impresses, but it is in an exceedingly unfinished condition. Its arches of bare brick would remind one of a big railway station. One or two chapels have been finished in marble, and these give some idea of what the magnificence of the church will be when it is all encrusted in this manner.

Its grand proportions speak eloquently of the progressive spirit of English Catholicity, and the preparations then being made for the now famous Eucharistic Congress confirmed the impression the dimensions of the great cathedral produced. There is not on earth a more go-ahead body of Catholics than those who have raised Westminster cathedral, and with this tribute I bid farewell to London. L. MINEHAN.

ST. MICHAEL'S BOYS' NOBLE WORK.

Editor Catholic Register:
Sir,—The College Column, which begins in your paper to-day, is truly a grand feature of Catholic literary endeavor. I read from beginning to end all the lads had to say, and I must say I was greatly interested. I can but wish St. Michael's boys success in their work, a work which will in after life prove a great benefit to themselves. Well done, boys of St. Michael's! Receive my best wishes for your noble enterprise!
PETER J. DOHERTY.
Montreal, Oct. 27, 1908.



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Send in for prices and samples. You will be greatly benefited by ordering your Mission supplies from me.

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OUR Big Fall Catalogue contains many items that are very acceptable as holiday remembrances. If you do not see just what you want in it, this **CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE** has a varied list, specially selected as suitable gifts.

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THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
TORONTO **CANADA**

A Great Gathering

It is somewhat to be regretted that more time is not now available to prepare for the coming great Catholic Missionary Congress, which will be held in Chicago, from the 15th to the 18th of November.

The officers of the Church Extension Society, under whose care the Congress will be held, certainly never could have foreseen the wide-spread interest the idea has awakened. They had the congress in mind, however, for over a year before the formal announcement was made, and, if truth must be told, they were so timid about it that they put it off fearing the time was not yet ripe. But, when the time is ripe, indeed, for missionary activity in the United States. The very success of the Extension Society itself is proof enough of that fact; but the welcome given of the congress idea is proof complete. It was scarcely to be hoped that so many bishops would respond with assurances of their presence.

To give an idea of the response from the clergy and laity, the mail on Monday, the 19th inst., addressed to the American Catholic Missionary Congress numbered over four hundred sealed letters. This for one morning's work. Ten stenographers are working under the direction of secretaries of committees in trying to take care of it.

The preparations in Chicago are now on a far more extensive plan than they were in the beginning. Archbishop Quigley said at a meeting of the priests, "that he never dreamed that there would be so much to do, and that the response would be so wide-spread." Two meetings have already been held under the Archbishop's direction, at which he was present, one of the pastors of the city, and one of the Catholic laity.

Both were attended by a large number of enthusiastic men. An official guide to the congress was ordered and is now in preparation. It started as a very modest folder, but is being published as a two hundred page book with a cover in purple and bronze, and containing a complete Catholic directory of Chicago and her religious institutions, names of committees and officers as well as the principal delegates, pictures of the bishops attending and information concerning Catholic missionary work all over the United States. Printing of the guide has already been started and it will cost nearly \$4,000. There will be an edition of 25,000. The books are to be sold at 25c. each. As souvenirs, and for the actual information they contain, they will not be expensive at this price.

The official badge of the congress is almost finished and is just as much a thing of beauty as is the guide. It takes the form of a bronze medal about the size of a silver dollar. On the face is a reproduction of the seal of the Church Extension Society, showing the figure of Christ seated on a great throne with a globe of the earth as His foot stool. From His extended hands fall rays of light all over America. Above the throne is a dove, representing the Holy Spirit. To the right is the papal shield, and to the left the shield of the United States. Across the top is a scroll, with the society's motto, "Adveniat Regnum Christi." The medal is suspended from the bar by a ribbon which is surely destined to become very popular with Catholic societies and gatherings. It is a real American Catholic ribbon, being especially made for the congress in the papal colors, white and gold, with a sector down the center of the national colors, red, white and blue.

In the face of the evident success that is going to be the portion of the Missionary Congress, a great many will ask themselves again, what secret the Church Extension Society possesses. If you ask any of the officers, he will probably say to you that the work was needed and that God's blessing is on it. Without doubt, the blessing of God is with every effort to bring the United States to a realization of her missionary obligations. But, a part of the secret is in the thoroughness of everything the society does, and the enthusiasm and largeness of all its operations. A great many of us smiled at the pretentiousness of the Extension plans when they were first published. It looks odd that a society, having less than \$1,000 resources, should throw away all their money in printing and postage, before it had been a week in existence, and the stories that floated around of the business-like aspect of it's offices made many think that it might be growing too fast.

But the Extension Society has demonstrated now that the "soap box" methods of the past should be relegated to the junk heap; that they stand for economy; but for an economy which will never produce great things. Small methods mean small returns. Extension grasped big methods and success followed. An odd story is told of the manager of the Bookery building, when the society had moved into what is the financial center of Chicago. The gentleman sizes up things from his own point of view. "There were two institutions," he said, "which I greatly admire in the United States for their strength, one of them is the Catholic Church, and the other is the Standard Oil Co. I am glad to have one of them in the building. The business-like conduct of the offices of the Extension society gives the manager an opportunity of holding on to his belief. It is worth any one's while to pay a visit to these offices, and note the systematic arrangement."

In line with the large policy of Church Extension, is the visit of the Chaplain to the East for the second time. The officers figured that they would get in advertising the full value of the money expended; yet they were not surprised at the actual results over and above. Not only

A Sign

of good business is an Electric Sign. With a brilliant sign lighting your store front, any middle-o-the-block location is just as prominent after dark as the best corner. It is a significant fact that during the past year Toronto merchants have maintained their electric signs throughout months of dull trade.

SUCH PUBLICITY IS TO PROFITABLE TO CURTAIL AT ANY TIME. MERCHANTS REALIZE THIS VALUE

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED
12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST



did they get the publicity required, but everywhere priests thanked the society for sending the car, because of its effect upon the people. One enthusiastic priest in Cincinnati, said "that the visit of the car is the greatest thing for the Church which has occurred for years." Enthusiasm in the people was awakened when they saw this practical application of missionary zeal. But the car not only did all this, but everywhere paid its way from the mite offerings in the contribution boxes. After the return of the car after its trip along the Lake Shore Railroad, the secretaries brought in the offerings which they had gathered. There was about \$100 in pennies alone which made quite a showing; but the managing editor wanted a photograph taken of the general secretary's desk—a six foot wide flat top affair—when it was completely covered with a pile of quarters, dimes, and nickels, amounting to nearly \$2,000. Two thousand dollars in quarters, dimes and nickels probably represents the little gifts of 50,000 people.—Exchange.

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

JNO O'NEIL, J. J. SHEEDY,
President. Secy.-Treas.

A Dressmaker's Altar

The will of the late Mrs. Catherine Donovan, a well-known New York dressmaker, contains a bequest of 120,000 for an altar to be erected to the memory of the testator. As the will did not specify the church in which the altar is to be placed, the counsel for the estate has chosen the church of the Paulist Fathers.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Head of Long Sault Dam, Bulkheads and Slide, Ottawa River," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Thursday, November 19, 1908, for the construction of a Dam, Bulkheads and Slide at the Head of the Long Sault Rapids, Ottawa River, in the Township of Gendreau, Que., according to a plan and specifications to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application of the Postmaster at North Bay, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for eight thousand dollars (\$8,000), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAP. TESSIER,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 20, 1908.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

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Also showing a magnificent variety of

Diamonds
Rings. Pins
Watches
Cutlery, etc.

Our catalog this year will be greater and bigger than ever, and is of great convenience to all at Xmas time. A copy is sent to YOU FREE on request.

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Lowest prices ever quoted. New catalogue, with upwards of 500 illustrations, and containing everything required in a band, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.

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LAND FOR SETTLEMENT

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Write for information as to terms, homestead regulations, special railway rates, etc.

THOS. SOUTHWORTH,
Director of Colonization,
Toronto.
Hon. James S. Duff
Minister of Agriculture.

Edited by St. Michael's College Boys

College Column

The college halls are now well thronged with students. The campus rings with their gay laughter. Many of the old faces are absent, and missed with regret by friends of last year.

The new boy, however, is everywhere in evidence. With the characteristic freedom and geniality of the Canadian and American youth he has become acquainted easily, and is already to be found on the rugby field, the hand-ball alley and in the club-room. The routine of work and play soon removes any homesickness from his heart, and his solicitous mother and sisters soon begin to notice the absence of the word "lonesome" from his letters.

The incidents of the class-room, play-ground and dormitory serve to unite the boys, and before long the new-comer has been enrolled in the great body of students.

For the first few weeks the novelty of everything, the forming of new associations, new friendships, and plans for some rousing fun occupy his mind. Very soon, however, things settle down somewhat and he begins to think of serious study. A call in class from his professor, and the proximity of mid-year examinations remind him that he has something to accomplish. He seldom fails to realize his responsibility and the result is satisfactory to all concerned. He is a peculiar chap this new fellow. He comes to school a trifle backward and retiring, but before a month has passed, his adoption of college interests and his easy, assured manner mark his progress in manly spirit.

You cannot help liking him. He adds new life and variety to the veteran student-camp. His interest in his new life inspires the older boys, and his brightness and vivacity are a sort of revelation to the older and more serious students.

We are all glad to see him and bid him welcome. We hope he is here to stay, and we wish him luck and success in this his first year at St. Michael's College.

In August, 1852, the first Basilian Fathers landed in America to found a college. They came from France at the request of Bishop Charbonnel, who, in his zeal for education, wished to found a college in which young men might be properly educated for the priesthood.

The Institution opened with Father Soulerin as Superior, in a house on Queen street, opposite the present Metropolitan Methodist church. After a short time it was moved to a wing of St. Michael's palace, which was built for the purpose, from which connection the college received its name.

Here in this humble beginning, Father Soulerin and his staff, Fathers Maloney, Malbos, Vincent and Flannery, burnished the talents and moulded the character of men, who are now shining lights in the hierarchy of God's church, and prominent among the professional men of the country.

Though many years have fled since Father Soulerin was Superior of St. Michael's College, the recollection of his name arouses fond memories in the hearts of all who knew him. He was born near Argentiere, a small town in the south of France, in the year 1807. He was educated by the Basilian Fathers and afterwards joined them in their work of teaching. In 1828 he accepted the professorship of Philosophy in the Seminary of Grenoble diocese. Two years afterwards he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in the college of Fesyn, Isere. Later Abt. Soulerin was made director of the college of Annony. It was from here that he was sent by his Superior-General across the ocean to found a college in Toronto.

With characteristic zeal and prudence he continued the management of the college in its early beginning. The number of students under his superintendence was small indeed, nevertheless many of our Bishops and distinguished men began their college career under his guidance. In May, 1865, he was elected Superior-General of the Community of St. Basil. This required his return to France, where after governing the community for fourteen years with the same zeal which characterized his work in America, he rendered his soul to God in November, 1879.

Such was the beginning of the educational institution in which we are now sheltered. To such men as Father Soulerin we owe more than this trifling tribute. Later, as space permits, we will further continue our review of the early history of the college.

The sodality of the Blessed Virgin

Mary has elected the following officers for the coming year: Prefect, Joseph McDonald; Asst. Prefect, Leo O'Reilly; Secretary, James Walsh. The Glee Club, which was organized a few weeks ago, has become very popular around the college. Father Murray has appointed Mr. Casey to assist him in the work and as a result of their activity the club has become a very prominent feature in our entertainment.

The second regular meeting of St. Michael's Literary Society was held Friday evening, Oct. 23rd. The meeting accomplished much business, amongst which was the drawing up of a constitution for the society. Father Hurley announced that he had procured some prominent men, most of them graduates of the college, who will deliver a course of lectures to the society in the near future. Those men, he said, at one time were students of the house, and wrote their virgin compositions in the places we now occupy.

He also warmly congratulated the representatives of the society who took part in the commencement exercises on October 21st.

Rev. Father Parr, C.S.S.R., who preached the mission in St. Basil's church recently, addressed the students of the Commercial Course, while a guest of the college. He spoke about the successful business man and the requirements of such a state. The first great principle, he said, was to put into practice the duties which we owe to God and necessarily our worldly welfare will follow.

The monthly entertainments, literary and musical, which have proved so successful in past years and from which so much benefit has been derived, are being anticipated with a great display of interest, both by the faculty and the students, because of the exceptional talent at present in the house.

Among the graduates of last year the following have chosen the priesthood as their vocation in life: D. F. Kelly, John Egan, Henry Julian and D. McBride. They are at present in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and we take this opportunity of expressing our interest in their future progress.

Frank Coughlin, Bernard Fitzpatrick, J. C. Casey and Mr. Brazil, our vocal director, compose a quartette which very creditably distinguished itself at the commencement exercises. Under Mr. Brazil's capable direction they will no doubt be heard to even greater advantage in the house entertainments of the future.

The Executive Committee of the College Alumni Association are displaying considerable activity. At a meeting held in the college on Wednesday evening last much useful business was transacted. Dr. Amyot presided and a system of business was outlined, which the members present agreed to carry out in its real spirit. Other meetings were also arranged for.

The past week has been an unusually active one in the field of sports. Hand-ball and rugby came in for their share of attention, the latter holding the stellar position.

Hockey talk is beginning to monopolize attention, and here and there may be seen groups of students discussing the probabilities for the coming season.

A basket-ball league is one of the possibilities among the winter sports, and definite action on its formation is expected in the near future.

The Isand Aquatic Club defaulted to the College Inter-Provincial Rugby team on Saturday last. The second team had a bye in its series and the college third team was obliged to postpone its O.R.F.U. game on an impossible field. There are two games yet to be played in the senior team series, and the college fourteen are working steadily in the hope of annexing both.

The second squad is still in the running for premier honors and Captain "Jack" Powers has his men hard at it. The third team still keep up the lively pace set by their midget captain, Harry Belisle. The little fellows showed their real worth in recent practice games with the second team. Present indications point them out as factors in the championship of the City League.

The Inter-Collegiate hand-ball series opened Monday and St. Michael's lost to Victoria College by the close score of 18-21. On Wednesday the Dental College representatives took the collegians into camp. Score 11-21. St. Michael's players have not yet struck their stride owing to the lack of practice. A few more days will see them in shape, and we hope to be able to show that the cup, so long held by the college, has come back to St. Michael's.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE

Cynthia Barlow eked out her slender income of eight dollars a month, which she received from the Government as a war widow, by weaving rag carpets and rugs, and by doing the small amount of plain sewing she could find to do in the little village near which she lived. She owned her small red cottage, a mile from the village, and her pension, supplemented by the garden in which she labored so industriously every summer, would have supplied her own simple wants. But Cynthia was a woman whose natural kindness of heart found expression in "forever doing for some one else," as her friends put it.

When her husband's mother, who was a good deal of a virago, was left a widow, and not one of her children would give her a home or contribute to her support, Cynthia had "taken her in," and had done a daughter's duty by her for twenty weary years; and each year the old lady had shown less and less gratitude and more and more of a disposition to be tyrannical and to accept as her just due that which no one else that Cynthia owed the old woman. Cynthia, being a woman who would have gone removed to the stake for anything she conceived to be her duty, bore in silence the fault-finding and the complaining of old Jane Barlow, and

when a shock had made Jane utterly helpless, thereby adding to the burden of her support, Cynthia indignantly refused to listen to a suggestion that the old lady be sent to the county farm.

"I'd never dare face my husband in the world to come if I allowed his mother to be sent to the county farm while I was able to do for her," Cynthia had said. "I know my duty; and I'm willing to do it as long as the Lord gives me strength."

This faithful performance of her duty made it necessary for Cynthia to rise earlier in the morning and sit up later at night, sending the wooden shuttle back and forth in the warp of the clumsy carpet-loom set up at one end of her long and narrow kitchen made by removing a partition between the kitchen and a bed-room. Often she sat up until midnight plying her needle on her sewing, or drawing her hook to and fro through the meshes of the "drawn rugs" she sometimes received an order for.

A dozen—sometimes twenty or thirty—times a day there would come from the near-by room of old Jane Barlow a querulous, imperative cry of:

"You, Cynthia!"
 "Yes, mother, what is it?"
 "You come here."
 "Yes, I'm coming."

Then the withered, domineering old autocrat on the high old "four-poster" bed with its snowy valance and

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clean linen and its tester would order the patient Cynthia to perform some useless task for which she received never a word of thanks.

One sweltering day in July, when every throw of the shuttle brought pain to Cynthia's aching shoulders, and she stopped only to wipe the perspiration from her brow that throbbled with one of her not infrequent headaches, there came for the tenth time that morning the usual call from the room of old Jane:

"You, Cynthia."
 "The voice was so much weaker, so much less authoritative, than usual that Cynthia, whose loom chanced to be silent for the moment, noted it and said a little anxiously:

"Yes, mother. Aren't you feeling well?"

"No, I ain't, Cynthia. I wish you would come in here."

"Yes, I'm coming."
 The moment she entered the room Cynthia was struck with the unusual pallor of the old woman's face, and she seemed to be breathing with some difficulty.

"Why, what is it, mother?" asked Cynthia, with startled solicitude.
 "My time has come, Cynthia. I'm going to die, and I—"

"No, no, mother; it's just a sudden—"

The old woman held up one trembling, shriveled hand for silence, and said with something of a renewal of her old usual sharpness of speech:

"I am, too, Cynthia Barlow. I guess I know. Sit down in that chair."

Cynthia sat down in the old wooden rocking-chair toward which Jane pointed. Then the old woman said: "Cynthia Barlow, you're one of the best women the Lord ever made. I've allus intended to tell you so 'fore I died; and, as my time's short, I'll tell you so now. I dunno why I've acted so ugly as I've acted. It was the devil in me, I reckon. If any one ever tries to argue with you that there ain't no such thing as a 'personal devil,' you tell 'em that you lived with one twenty years, and that—"

"O mother! You know that—"

"Again the unsteady hand was held up for silence.

"Let me do the talking, Cynthia. I feel myself weakening, ev'ry minute, and I tell you my time's short. I've lived a lie all my life, the years I have been with you, Cynthia Barlow. I've pretended to be without a penny on earth, and I've let you slave and skimp to give me medicine and comforts. I've let you go so shabby I don't see how you'd face to go to church in such poor old things as you've had to wear for years, because of what you've done for me; and I could of bought you silks at any time. Any woman but you would of nosed round among the things in the old half-covered trunk and the red chest I bring here to do of seen what I had in 'em; you would have found out what I was up to, and they'd both been left standin' wide open and me ten miles from home."

"No, mother, I wouldn't. I wouldn't of felt it right to do so."

"Pity more folks didn't have your tender conscience, Cynthia Barlow, there's more than five thousand dollars in that old-fashioned rosewood workbox in my red chest—the box I showed you once, and told you it was one that Barlow gave to me when he was sparin' me. You little dreamed that it was packed full o' money! It is. Barlow 'kimped and saved all our lives, and both of us distrusted banks. That workbox was a good-enough bank for us. And we kept our mouths shut, and didn't breathe a word to no livin' soul about our savings; so Joel Bean's barn-raising more than twenty years ago, no one but me knew a thing about what was in that box; and I kept it. I had the right!"

Her voice suddenly rose high, and took on a defiant note as if some one had challenged her.

"I didn't feel that I'd any call to divide that money with our children. They hadn't slaved for a penny of it as I had, and not one of 'em offered to lift a hand for me when I was a penniless widow so far as they knew, and in ill-health. They left that for you to do, and you only a daughter-in-law and a widow yourself. If your husband, my son Jim, had lived,

he'd of been quick to offer me a home, for—"

"Indeed he would, mother! I'm glad you feel so sure of that."
 "So I am, Cynthia. He was the best one of my five children, Jim was and—"

She choked for utterance and there were tears in the faded gray eyes so soon to close in death. Cynthia changed her seat suddenly from the chair to the edge of the bed, and took one of the wrinkled old hands in hers before Jane said:

"Ev'ry penny of that money is yours, Cynthia—ev'ry penny. Yes, and my good black silk and my nut-brown silk that I ought to of given you years ago to make over for yourself. That was part of my wedding outfit, and I've kept them just as nice as the day they was made. All you'll find in the chest and the trunk are yours—money and all. Lord knows you have earned 'em over and over. I ain't made no will, because that I had money, and my children I was afeared if I did it would git out would put up a fight for it. It's all yours, Cynthia. Take it and keep your mouth shut. They'd put up a fight for the part of it they'd claim was theirs when the father died, and I—"

She clasped a hand to her breast suddenly, and a look of pain came into her face. Her voice was little more than a whisper when she said: "Would you mind—mind—stooping and—kissing me just once, Cynthia? and then—then—pray for me!"

Cynthia stooped and kissed the homely, wrinkled face twice, and then slipped to her knees; but before the "Amen" was uttered old Jane was gone.

The dead woman's undutiful children lived in near-by towns, and Cynthia notified them of their mother's death; and they had the grace to come to her funeral. Ben, the only son, had not seen his mother's face for seven years until he saw it in her coffin. Sue and Lide, two hard-favored and coldly unsympathetic women, came together from their home in the town of Bentley, ten miles distant. Neither of them had seen their mother for several years, and never had they contributed anything to her support. They expressed no gratitude to Cynthia for the care she had given their mother, but they had not been long in the house before Sue asked several questions in regard to "mother's things."

"I'll tell you about them after the funeral," said Cynthia.

Ben would have driven from the cemetery directly to his home, nine miles distant, but Cynthia said to him:

"I want you to go back to my house first. I have something to say to you and to your sisters."

When they were back in Cynthia's home after the funeral, she said:

"I s'pose it will surprise you, as it surprised me, to know that your mother left considerable money and—"

"Money?" said Sue and Lide in the same breath; and Ben, who had been afraid that Cynthia had wished to detain him for the purpose of claiming thing for his mother's support, suddenly became eagerly alert.

"You say that mother left some money?" he asked.

"Yes, Ben; something more than five thousand dollars."

Sue's mouth opened and closed in silent amazement, while Lide fairly gasped. Ben rose from his chair, and came over to where Cynthia stood, and assumed almost a threatening attitude.

"Where is it?" he asked, his beady, crafty black eyes fixed on Cynthia.

"In the oldest, and I ought to take charge of it. If she's willed it to you, Cynthia Barlow, I'll give you to understand that the will wouldn't hold in law."

"She didn't will it to me; she gave it to me," said Cynthia quietly.

"You can't hold it!" cried Lide, fiercely.

"Of course you can't! You ain't any blood kin, and you know it!" almost shrieked Sue.

"I am not trying to hold it," replied Cynthia. "I might have kept it all if my conscience would have permitted me to do so, and you nor no one else would have been any the wiser. Your mother begged me with her dying breath to keep it, and also to keep silent about it. I didn't think that would be right, so I took the box the money was in, and carried it over to Judge Pemberton in the village. He has it now, and you will have to see him about it. He says it belongs to you and to your dead brother John's son Edgar."

"I don't see why Edgar should have any of it," said Sue. "He's been away off out West for thirty years, ever since he was ten years old, and his father died and his mother's folks came and got him. Why should he have any of it? I'd like to know."

"It is the law," replied Cynthia, quietly.

"Then the law ain't just."

Cynthia then added that she felt that the red chest and the trunk with their contents belonged legally to old Jane's children, and they were quite sure of it. They made no offer to compensate Cynthia for the care she had given their mother, and were secretly fearful that she would present a claim for board and service, and they were ready to combat such a claim, should it be presented. Cynthia had told all there was to tell, and Jane's children had risen to defend.

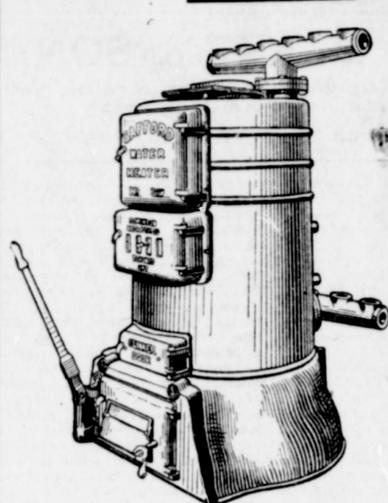
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 841

part, when Sue, eyeing Cynthia sharply, asked with a note of suspicion in her hard voice:

"I reckon, Cynthia, that there was not but just five thousand and seven hundred dollars in that box. You're sure that was all there was?"

Her meaning was clearly manifest to even Cynthia's not very acute perceptions. A sudden color came to Cynthia's pale and sunken face and a light into her brown eyes. She rose to her feet, threw open the door leading into the little hall of her house, and said coldly in the tone of one whose sense of propriety, of decency, had received a mortal hurt, and whose honor had been assailed:

"I want you to walk right out of this house, Sue Means, and never do you enter it again! Judge Pemberton urged me to present a claim for every cent of the money in return for the twenty years I have cared for your mother when her own children wickedly refused to do so. He said he was sure that such a claim would hold good in any court, but I refused to present it. Go out of this house without another word, all three of you, or I will present my just claim before the sun goes down. Out with you all—out!"

They fled out in silence, and Cynthia closed the door behind them. Then she threw open the windows and again opened the door, saying a little grimly:

"The air of this room needs purifying."

Three weeks later Cynthia was sitting at her carpet-loom when her door-bell rang.

"I reckon it is Myra Trimpy with some more rags for her carpet," said Cynthia to herself as she left the loom to open the door.

It was not Myra Trimpy. A tall, well-dressed man with the unmistakable manner of a gentleman stood on the little porch in front of the door.

He put out his hand and said heartily:

"How do you do, Aunt Cynthia? Do you know me?"

Cynthia replied almost immediately: "Of course I know you, even if I haven't seen you for thirty years. You are John Barlow's son, and you favor him mightily. I'm real pleased to see you, Edgar. Come right in. You're the last person I ever expected to see."

"I had no idea a week ago that I should ever be in this town again. You see I have lived out West ever since I was ten years old, and I had rather come to the conclusion that my father's people cared nothing for me. They never wrote to me, and

they never replied to any of the letters I wrote to them when I grew older. I had one or two letters from my grandmother many years ago, and I supposed she had been dead for years. She must have been a very old woman when she died a few weeks ago."

"Nearly eighty-seven," said Cynthia.

"I received a letter from Judge Pemberton, telling me of her death and about some money she left, a part of which he said belonged to me. I had to come East as far as Chicago, so I thought I would just come on this far and see about it. And, to tell you the truth, Aunt Cynthia, I got such a cold reception from my father's brother and two sisters that I was about to go back without coming to see you and running the risk of another rebuff, for—"

"Rebuff, Edgar? I never was gladder to see any one in all my life, and I want that you should make me a long visit if you can."

"I'd like to stay a few days and look around among the scenes of my childhood, and I felt pretty sure that you, at least, would be glad to see me after a talk. I have just had with Judge Pemberton. He told me all about your faithful care of my grandmother when her own children practically cast her off. He told me some things that will cause me to be unchristian enough to give the rebuff if I should meet my precious uncle and aunts again, for they have forfeited the right to your respect and mine. I shall be impertinent enough to write and tell them so."

"They haven't done right, Edgar," Cynthia said calmly.

"I should say not! And the way they acted about grandmother's money when she had given it to you as a just return for your care of her was—was—well, we Westerners are pretty outspoken, and I'll say frankly that it was simply beastly. You see, Judge Pemberton has told me the whole story. You know that he was made executor of the estate, and he has just paid me my fourth of it, and there it is."

He drew from his pocket a large roll of bills, and tossed them over into Cynthia's lap.

"They are yours, Aunt Cynthia," he said. "Nothing could induce me to take that money after what Judge Pemberton has told me. I should feel like a thief if I kept the money. You should have had every cent grandmother left, and more. Indeed you shall have more if you will let me. They never wrote to me, and

(Continued on page 7.)

The QUIET HOUR

OCTOBER'S QUEEN. (By Denis A. McCarthy.) When the grass was springing, When the fields were gay, When the winds were singing, All the happy day,— Then we gathered 'round thee, Mother dear, and crown'd thee With the brightest blossoms Of the meads of May.

Now that winds are grieving, Over summer dead, All the woodlands reaving, Of their riches red,— Once again we're kneeling, To thy heart appealing, Twining other garlands For thy holy head.

Rosy crowns we wrought thee, In thy month of flow'rs, Rosy crowns we brought thee From the Maytime bow'rs. But when roses fall us, Rosaries avail us; 'Tis with these we crown thee In October hours.

—Ave Maria. JUDGE NOT. There are souls who are never at peace. There are always troubled about someone or something, and strange to say, those souls are often found among frequent communicants.

LIKE THE LILY. Those who live chastely are like the lily. Every tiny insect that rests upon the snowy petals of the lily mars its dazzling whiteness and disfigures its beauty; so the mere thought of evil is a stain upon the minds of the man who lives chastely.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. "On these two commandments dependeth the whole law."—Gospel of the Sunday.

SATAN'S AUXILIARIES. I ask you, Christian parents, writes a Paulist Father, what do you think of those who dress out their windows with bad pictures to lure passionate youth to the early wreck of soul and body?

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT. Rev. Thomas I. Ganon, S.J., professor of ethics in Boston College, in a recent lecture, spoke on "The Teaching of the Catholic Church Regarding Hell" and said in part: "We must carefully distinguish between the calm, sober teachings of theology and the assertions of the fervid preacher who strives by vivid coloring and by verbal emphasis to impress his hearers with the weightiness of his theme."

habitants of which enjoy the direct vision of God. "For those who merit heaven a state of endless happiness in the fruition of the unveiled vision of God is promised; to others who die in a state of rebellion, in a condition of voluntary separation from God, there will be awarded the punishment of endless banishment from the home of everlasting joy.

"It is sometimes thought that this home of everlasting banishment is inconsistent with the idea of a God of love and of mercy. They who so argue forget that the doom is a self-inflicted one, that the exile is really self-imposed. Hell may not be a very cheering subject for reflection, but it is certainly a very fruitful one for it teaches most emphatically the solemn dignity of life, and it asserts most forcibly the truth that the final triumph belongs to justice and to righteousness."

Our buyer, on his last European trip, secured some charming pieces of furniture of a class rarely seen in this country. Included are dainty suites for boudoir, or reception room, in delicate ivory enamel. Cheval dressing tables, in the same finish, with the drawer fronts, etc., covered in embroidered silk. Card tables, occasional tables, work tables and cabinets in inlaid rosewood and mahogany. Carved Savonarola chairs, tabourets, chests and grandfather clocks.

These afford many acceptable suggestions for wedding and Christmas gifts. For Sitting Room, Library and Den To furniture for what may be called the living-rooms we devote a large annex to our second floor. Here is displayed a great array

of big, comfortable Morris chairs, arm-chairs, Davenport sofas, lounges, library tables, writing tables, card tables, book-cases, smokers' tables, etc., etc., in oak of various finishes—early English, fumed, weathered, etc. In still another room we show luxuriously upholstered Chesterfield sofas, box lounges, armchairs, davenports, easy chairs, etc., some covered in English mohair, others in hand buffed leather, and others again in green denim, ready for the final choice of material.

All these pieces, like the drawing room furniture, are upholstered here on the premises, and passed on to our customers at one small profit on the cost of production.

The immense quantities we sell in goods of this class is the best possible tribute to their superiority in make and style, and to the unequalled value we give.

The Dining Room For this room mahogany probably holds first place in public favor, with oak, in various finishes, a good second.

We have just now an exceptionally fine collection of Colonial reproductions—Sideboards, Extension Tables, Side Tables, Cabinets, Chairs, etc., in fine mahogany. The lighter styles of Chippendale, Sheraton and Louis XVI. are well represented by many handsome pieces.

In oak—cathedral, early English, fumed and golden—there is a full assortment to choose from. As representative items, it may be mentioned that a compact and well-designed sideboard, built of fine oak and finished in early English, sells at \$28.50. Between this and an exquisite Chippendale Pedestal Sideboard at \$300.00, the prices are graded by easy steps.

There are, of course, tables, chairs, cabinets, etc., etc., to suit these various sideboard designs, at proportionate prices.

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Enlarged Showrooms, Greater Stocks and Better Assortments than Ever. A Display Marked by Distinction, Quality and Exclusiveness.

Enormous strides have been made of late years in the production of high-class furniture. Specialists in design have ransacked Europe and the older settlements of America for things artistic and tasteful. They have gathered from the museums and historic homes of England and the Continent a multitude of designs and suggestions which clever hands have since reproduced, sometimes in every detail, but more often in modified form to suit local conditions and modern ideas.

As a direct result we are to-day able to show a wonderful assortment of furniture for every room—reasonable in price and yet conforming to the highest ideals in design and construction.

A few details concerning our showing of furniture for some of the principal rooms are given below.

Drawing Room Furniture Suites and individual chairs, armchairs, settees, lounges, ottomans, footstools, etc., in mahogany, gilded wood and stained birch. Included are reproductions of famous designs by Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Adam, Sheraton and the French cabinet makers of the period of Louis XIV., Louis XV. and Louis XVI. It is worthy of special note that every piece of furniture in the collection, with the exception of a few samples, was upholstered in our own workshops by our staff of expert upholsterers.

Fancy Furniture Our buyer, on his last European trip, secured some charming pieces of furniture of a class rarely seen in this country. Included are dainty suites for boudoir, or reception room, in delicate ivory enamel. Cheval dressing tables, in the same finish, with the drawer fronts, etc., covered in embroidered silk. Card tables, occasional tables, work tables and cabinets in inlaid rosewood and mahogany. Carved Savonarola chairs, tabourets, chests and grandfather clocks.

For Sitting Room, Library and Den To furniture for what may be called the living-rooms we devote a large annex to our second floor. Here is displayed a great array

of big, comfortable Morris chairs, arm-chairs, Davenport sofas, lounges, library tables, writing tables, card tables, book-cases, smokers' tables, etc., etc., in oak of various finishes—early English, fumed, weathered, etc. In still another room we show luxuriously upholstered Chesterfield sofas, box lounges, armchairs, davenports, easy chairs, etc., some covered in English mohair, others in hand buffed leather, and others again in green denim, ready for the final choice of material.

All these pieces, like the drawing room furniture, are upholstered here on the premises, and passed on to our customers at one small profit on the cost of production. The immense quantities we sell in goods of this class is the best possible tribute to their superiority in make and style, and to the unequalled value we give.

Bedroom Furniture It would take more space than we can allow for this whole advertisement to do justice to our present stock of Bedroom Furniture. We must be content to say a few words that it covers about every possible requirement for bedrooms of all degrees. Oak, black walnut, Circassian walnut, mahogany, bird's eye maple and white enamel are represented by carefully selected designs, in sets and individual pieces. For this room, as for the dining room, the Colonial style is in high esteem. Its dignified simplicity and the absence of glued-on ornament is very appealing.

We show a number of uncommonly handsome reproductions in Dressers, Chiffonieres, Roll-end Bedsteads, Four-Poster Bedsteads, Somnoes, etc. Our assortment of Bedsteads is worthy of a special word. It includes: Iron Beds in white enamel, from \$3.10 All Brass Bedsteads, in round or square tubing, from \$21.00 Oak Bedsteads Mahogany Bedsteads Walnut Bedsteads Four-poster Bedsteads Enamelled Wood Bedsteads Roll End Bedsteads

Choice enough to make selection pleasant and easy, and good value in every case. Sanitary Bedding We give special attention to this important matter, and our customers may depend on getting only clean, wholesome mattresses and pillows from us. A Price List of our Bedding will be promptly mailed on request.

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honesty toward all, and holy purity. But it may be asked, is nothing required of us except what is required by these ten commandments? Certainly there is, if we take them strictly or explicitly. For instance, many laws were given through Moses to the Jews, and recorded in Scripture, as to sacrifices, ceremonies, etc. But these had reference to the worship of God, as the rubrics of the Church have to-day. Similarly the laws of the State, here and now, require many duties from us, and put restraint on our liberty in many ways; but they are all based on our duties to our neighbor, either as an individual, or as the community forming the State. They are intended and designed to secure the general welfare, and the presumption always must be that they are wisely so designed. The State has a right from God to make arrangements in accordance with the general commandments concerning our neighbor which He has given in the Decalogue. And so, of course, has the Church, especially in matters concerning God's service and our spiritual welfare.

completely the ten commandments to our service of God, and our mutual service to each other; not to put us into any slavery or unjust subjection to a merely human master's will, but to make us keep the two great commandments which God Himself has given, and from which all laws proceed.

In England The Catholic Sacrificium was inseparably bound up with the Catholic Sacrament, and the English "Reformation" pursued its enemy, the Sacrificial idea, from the Missal into the source in the Pontifical, which gave to the Church a Sacrificing Priesthood. Hence Cranmer promptly followed up the introduction of a new Prayer Book by that of a new Ordinal. While maintaining the distinction of the three Orders of Bishops, priests, and deacons, in the sense of which he and his fellow-revisers believed them to come down from the Apostles, he removed from the Ordination services all that expressed or implied the conveyance of sacrificial powers, or the idea that those who were ordained were in any sense sacrificing priests empowered to offer a sacrifice upon the altar. In the Ordination service of the Catholic Church there are no less than sixteen different parts in which the sacerdotal or sacrificial character is clearly expressed. Of these, not one was suffered to remain in the new Ordinal. Thus taking the Ordinal with its natural accompaniment, the Communion Service, corresponding to the Missal and Pontifical which they replaced, there are forty distinct cases of deliberate suppression of anything which would indicate a sacrifice of the Mass or of a Sacrificing Priesthood empowered to offer it.

Germany and by the reforming party in England. More than three hundred and fifty years have rolled by. The blood of our martyrs has borne its fruit, and the loyalty and prayers, and the suffering of our faithful people under God's good providence have won their reward. The natural sense of goodness and fair play, of justice and liberty inherent in the English people, has gradually righted itself. The penal laws have passed away like a nightmare, and have become a memory of shame to those who made them. Under the British flag wherever it waves throughout the world, is found a freedom for the Catholic Church and for the Mass, which is second to none in Christendom. Throughout this realm of England there is hardly a town of any importance where the Catholic Altar has not been raised, and where the Mass is not offered. Under the shadow of Tyburn itself, on the very spot where our martyrs mounted the ladder that reached to Heaven, the Mass is not only said, but the Most Blessed Sacrament is adored perpetually.

No one questions that it can be said to each one of us: "Blessed is He whom Thou hast chosen, and taken to Thee; he shall dwell in thy court." To our hearts He says again and again: "Fear not for I have redeemed thee, and have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." Our difficulty rather lies in recognizing the call, in being certain that it is His voice. Can we then know that our Blessed Lord is speaking to our souls, as truly as if we had been on the hill that morning when He came down from the mountain and we had looked into His face and seen the love beaming from His eyes? Most undoubtedly we can, else there were no obligation to follow His bidding when He speaks.—Jno. H. O'Rourke, S.J., in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE (Continued from page 6.) me give it to you, for I am quite a rich man. You need not work any more unless you choose to, Aunt Cynthia.

It has been sometimes pleaded in these later days that this suppression was directed not so much against the Sacrificial idea as against theological exaggerations or abuses connected with it, and that the main object of these liturgical changes was the simplification of the services and their translation into the vernacular. To that it is enough to observe that if the authors of the Prayer-Book and Ordinal believed in the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacrificing Priesthood, nothing in the world would have been easier for them than to have said so. There was absolutely nothing to prevent their shortening and simplifying and translating the ancient services and still expressing the Sacrificial and Sacerdotal idea. A single sentence in each book would have sufficed for the purpose. Moreover, had the "Reformers" been striking at mere abuses or exaggerations, it is a matter of common sense that in that case they would have been all the more careful to safeguard the true use, and the Sacrificial doctrine, as marked off from the abuse, and the necessity for such safeguarding would have been all the more imperative as they saw that the whole Sacrificial idea was being utterly denied and censured in France and

England. We read in it the growing fulfilment of the well-known words of sacred prophecy. "In that day, I will raise up the Tabernacle of David that is fallen; and I will close up the breaches in the walls thereof, and repair what was fallen, and I will rebuild it as in the days of old."—Amos, ix., 11.

All Have Special Work The story of the selection of the twelve is daily repeated from the lips of our Saviour in the hearts of thousands of the Church's children. All of us are destined from the years of eternity for some special work in His vineyard. We cannot now possibly imagine that He, who clothes the lilies of the field and feeds the sparrows of the air, would cast the children of His love and His blood aimlessly adrift out upon the world without assigning them some definite work, some fixed calling. For "He made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all. His eyes are upon the ways of men, and He considereth all their steps." General speaking, we all admit the fact that our Lord comes to the heart of each one and whispers with more than a mother's love His wishes.

"How good you are, Edgar! I do feel dreadfully tired out. Your grandmother was a great care the last years of her life, but I'm thankful to feel that I did my duty to her. And I will keep this money if you really don't need it and you would like me to have it. It will help me to take a little easier hereafter."

"You needn't work at all, Aunt Cynthia, for I—say, Aunt Cynthia, wouldn't you like to see the great, splendid West?" "O, Edgar, I've always thought that I would rather see the West than any country in the world. I have some folks of my own out there that I'd love to see, but I'd never go alone that far."

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Rev. Father Redmond of Montreal is now assisting in the work of St. Joseph's and St. Augustine's parishes.

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The entire furnishing of St. Joseph's church, with the exception of the pews, was supplied by W. E. Blake & Son.

FEASTS CELEBRATED.
The Feasts of All Saints and All Souls were observed with much devotion throughout the city, large congregations approaching Holy Communion in every parish.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, DIXIE.
Sunday evening, Nov. 8th, St. Patrick's church, Dixie, will be reopened after being decorated throughout by Decker and Carlisle of Toronto. Musical Vespers will be sung at 7.30 p.m. by a full choir, and Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., will deliver a lecture.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.
On Sunday next, at 10.30 a.m. His Grace Archbishop McEvay will preside at the inauguration of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel—old St. Patrick's—which in future will be devoted to the needs of the Italians of the city. Rev. Carlo Doglio is now in charge.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.
The annual election of officers of St. Peter's Sanctuary Society resulted as follows: Hon. 1st Vice-President, John Elliott; Hon. 2nd Vice-President, Chris. Bennett; President, Bernard Donville; Vice-President, Wm. Murphy; Secretary, Frank Clancy; Sacristan, Donald Rose; Librarian, Bertram Murphy; Curator, L. Donville; Choirmaster, Mr. P. Costello; Director, John M. Bennett. Boys of the parish who wish to become altar boys will apply to either Rev. Father Minehan or to the director.

LECTURE AT ST. PETER'S.
In St. Peter's Hall on Thursday evening of last week, Rev. Father Minehan, pastor of the parish, gave a most interesting and instructive lecture to the young men of the parish and their friends, on the great namesake of their church, St. Peter's at Rome. This world-renowned temple has had many describers, both by tongue and pen, but in detail and artistic appreciation, few surpass the narrator of Thursday last. Father Minehan has the one great essential for those who would teach; he is able to impart what he knows to others. There were none present but must have been benefitted and charmed with the descriptions given.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Seeds, Hay and Straw, Fruits and Vegetables, Poultry, Dairy Produce, and Fresh Meats.

ST. PATRICK'S NEW CHURCH

(Continued from page 1.)
On his way home from Parkdale. A solemn Requiem and Libera were celebrated for him in St. Patrick's church on Dec. 24, at which most of the parishioners attended. Father McInerney left for Boston June 8, 1893. Rev. Father Patrick H. Barrett succeeded as Pastor of St. Patrick's on June 7, 1893, but was transferred to Kirkwood, Missouri, Nov. 25, 1894, to take charge of the young students of the Western Province. On Dec. 6, 1894, Rev. Father Andrew Wynn became Pastor of St. Patrick's. At the request of the Archbishop the Fathers took charge of St. John's church June 9, 1895—so say Mass there until he would have a priest to take charge of the church, and the Industrial School at Blantyre. In June, 1895, the "League of the Sacred Heart" was established in St. Patrick's. It numbers at present more than 1,000 members.

Father Wynn left Toronto May 6, 1898, and was succeeded at St. Patrick's by Rev. Peter Ward. As the church seemed to be too small for the accommodation of the people, plans were drawn up to enlarge the church, and collections were taken up in the parish to carry out these plans. Father Ward left St. Patrick's May 27, 1901. The Rev. Father P. H. Barrett succeeded Father Ward as pastor, and as many were of opinion—both of priests and parishioners—that it would be better to build a new church, this was adopted. At a meeting of the parishioners it was decided that people should contribute one day's wages every month towards the new church and this has been carried out since. Besides this many of the parishioners offered voluntary contributions according to their means. Work was begun in clearing the ground Nov. 23, 1903, and on Sept. 10, 1905, the corner stone was solemnly blessed and laid by Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connor amid a great concourse of people. The work went on constantly and the walls of the church and the roof were completed, when on June 3, 1903, Father Barrett was removed to Quebec and Father William Brick took his place as Pastor of the parish. He labored necessarily, assisted by the other Fathers and parishioners, in completing the interior of the church, so that His Grace, Archbishop McEvay, has been able to solemnly dedicate the new church of St. Patrick on Nov. 1st, 1908.

During the 27 years that the Redemptorist Fathers have had charge of St. Patrick's a great deal of work has been done. About 500 missions and retreats have been preached; 2,854 children were baptized; 494 marriages were solemnized, and 470,213 Communions were distributed, so that the good work of Father Laurent has certainly been continued. Many of the Fathers of the Order have labored here. To mention their names would occupy too much space, and the good people of the parish have ever proved themselves zealous in complying with the wishes of their pastors. Of the Fathers who labored in St. Patrick's many have gone to eternity. Father Eugene Grimm, Father Stephen Krein, Father John Hayden, Father Cyril Dods-worth, Father Jeremiah McCarthy, Father Michael Corduke, Father James Rein and Father Peter Curran—also the lay brothers, Bros. Felix, Alexander, George and Louis.

Besides, the parish can be proud of some of her sons consecrated to the service of the altar. Rev. Fathers Charles Kelz, Peter Costello and Jas. McCandlish, and others, as Francis Healy, Edw. Meehan, Frank Mullins, and Denis Coll, are on their way to God's Sanctuary. May God and the Holy Mother of God, and St. Patrick, bless all the people of St. Patrick's parish, give them strength to complete the work of the new church and finally bring them all to heaven, to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and labor.

NOTES.
The visiting priests and the city pastors were the guests of the Redemptorist Fathers at a banquet after the morning ceremonies. All the statuary of the old church was retouched before being placed in position in the new church, and under the artistic fingers of Miss Annie Burns and Miss Helen McMahon, seemed even more attractive than when new. The parishioners were glad to see their old friend, Father Stuhl, who, after being retired for some weeks in order to recuperate, was able to be present to witness part of Sunday's celebrations.

Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Coughlan

(Special to the Catholic Register.)
It is our very sad duty to report the death, at Norham, Ont., on Oct. 15, 1908, of Mrs. Elizabeth Coughlan, relict of the late Timothy Coughlan, formerly of Hastings, Ont., but recently of Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Coughlan had been on a three months' visit at her mother's home in Norham, and up to the afternoon of her death, which was caused by acute indigestion, had been in exceptionally good health. The news of her sudden demise came as a shock to her hosts of friends and acquaintances, and the hearts of the community at large go out in sympathy to the heart-broken family, on whom the Angel of Death has made so great demands in recent years. Reared from infancy in an atmosphere of love, and enjoying all the worldly advantages it was in the power of an indulgent father and prosperous man of business to give his family, it was into an abyss of deepest grief they were plunged when, three years ago, death came to that kind father as suddenly as it visited the mother a few days ago. None but those intimately associated with the home life of Mr. Coughlan's family can realize just what a loss came with the death of the parent in the prime of his noble manhood, but the God-fearing children and widow with a fortitude edifying to all who knew them, sought to surround one another with such filial and motherly love that their common grief seemed to bind them together even more closely. The life of the fragile widow was indeed a sweet lesson of gentle submission to the will of God, and the family now are surely bereaved in having the home deprived of her earthly presence and prevailing influence for good. On the day of her sudden death Mrs. Coughlan walked out on the lawn, where, a few minutes afterwards she was found unconscious. Medical aid was soon at hand, and everything possible done to restore her to consciousness, but in vain, after two hours the gentle mother's soul passed away, and the sorrowing children have had her remains placed by the side of her late husband in the R. C. cemetery at Hastings. R.I.P. Sincere sympathy is also extended to Mrs. Coughlan's sisters, the Misses Tierney of Norham, and to her two brothers, who have during the last four years buried their mother, two brothers and one sister.

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LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

London, Oct. 23, 1908.
The English Pilgrims arrive in the Eternal City this evening. They certainly packed away with their luggage the last remnants of the lovely St. Martin's Summer in which we have been rejoicing, for the morning of their departure brought in the first chill winds that spoke of winter's approach. After a somewhat boisterous crossing, they dined in Paris on Tuesday evening, and then sped on once more, through the long hours of the night, and the greater part of next day, until Wednesday afternoon found them in Genoa. La Superba—that city of the Doria and their "line of long pale palaces," upon whose strand that high adventurer Christopher Columbus first learnt to shape his course by the stars and to love the soft lapping waters of the ocean. One is apt to smile just a little as one hears the groans of sympathy uttered over the fatigues of these weary pilgrims, every moment of whose journey brings them nearer to the mistress of the world, Rome, the "city of the soul," as Byron nobly called it. A vision of other pilgrims of the days gone by rises before the mind, setting out upon a journey, the difficulties and dangers of which made it fatal to many, passing through hostile lands infested with bands of robbers, crossing the eternal snows of the Alpine range, befriended then as are the modern travellers over these wastes, by the monks of St. Bernard, who for eight hundred years have kept the pass. Meanwhile we at home are deeply interested in politics just at present, although our wandering thoughts may stray at odd moments, after the fortunate representatives of the country, who will so soon be at the feet of the successor of Blessed Peter. Lord Edmund Talbot in the House of Lords and Mr. William Redmond in the Commons, have both given notice of their intention to introduce a Bill for the abolition of the disabilities and scraps of bigoted legislation under which Catholics still labor, and which gave rise to that lamentable exhibition of intolerance at the Eucharistic Congress. The Protestant Alliance, who are endeavoring to get up a thanksgiving service in the Albert Hall for the delivery of the country from idolatry, will soon begin to wish they had not moved in the matter, for they have materially strengthened the enemy's hand, as a Bill on somewhat similar lines has been introduced as a private measure and throttled in its infancy during ten succeeding sessions, but now Catholics are alive to its importance, and are prepared to support the measure heart and soul and to demand for it the consideration which it deserves. In addition to this we have the

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education question looming large and threatening in the political horizon. The latest intelligence is that Mr. Runciman, the new Minister of Education, having come to some understanding with a portion of the opposing forces—presumably the Anglican Communion—and finding it impossible to embody the arrangements made, in the present measure, proposes to introduce a new Bill, the third of its line, between now and Christmas. Catholics have little hope from this intimation. The Archbishop of Canterbury has shown himself so amiably obliging and easily satisfied, that it is very unlikely the concessions made and accepted by him, will be acceptable to us. Moreover, the recent speeches of the Prime Minister and other members of the Government are not calculated to inspire confidence in anything but a one-sided recognition of justice, which consists in satisfying the claims of their own supporters, the Non-conformists, with an utter disregard of the fact that these worthy bigots are not the only inhabitants of our island. Mr. Asquith, speaking the other day at Leeds, said he was determined to remove the disabilities which were introduced by the Act of 1902, and he and his colleagues fully sympathized with those who felt so strongly on the matter. The "disabilities" referred to by Mr. Asquith arise from the fact that others besides Non-conformists receive a share of the rates, which all pay without difference of creed. Previous to that Act Catholics had supported their own schools entirely, while at the same time paying for the education of the Non-conformist child at the Board Schools. This speech and the not unexpected resignation of the Marquis of Ripon, the only Catholic member of the Cabinet, who in his earlier days had a distinguished career, lead to no optimistic view of the situation on the part of Catholics. Speaking of politicians—and I was about to say diplomatists, but they are so far removed from each other nowadays—reminds me that another distinguished Catholic, Sir Roper Parkington, has just been appointed British Consul to Montevideo. Sir Roper, who has a charming wife, and entertains a good deal at his town house during the season, is to be seen every morning at Mass in the beautiful church of Spanish Place, to which Congregation he will be a great loss when he takes up his new duties.

A notable effort is that which is being made in Manchester, to celebrate the Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in the northern capital. It is proposed to give Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" to Elgar's splendid setting, by a band of entirely Catholic performers. The chorus is to consist of 300 voices, the orchestra of 100 instruments, no expense will be spared in giving this beautiful work in as perfect a manner as possible, and an appeal has gone forth to Catholic vocalists all over the country to come forward for the great occasion. I regret to say Sir Edward Elgar's health is not as robust as could be wished. Owing to this cause he is unable to stand the rigors of an English winter, and has therefore resigned the Richard Wagner Chair of Music at Birmingham University which he filled with so much distinction. Previous to his winter fitting, however, he conducted the other afternoon at a very fine performance of one of his own works, given to a crowded audience the other afternoon at Queen's Hall.

Two of our leading firms of Altar Candle makers, Messrs. Francis Tucker and Messrs. Hayes and Finch, have been at loggerheads over the "percentage candle" introduced by the latter firm to comply with the Papal rescript with regard to the amount of beeswax necessary in candles to be used on the altar. The action received much regrettable notoriety, the secular press being delighted to chronicle what some of them termed "a amusing evidence relative to Mass candles" and Roman Catholic practices, while the Judge—one of the jocosely specimens who adorn the Bench, and seem to think each case but a pivot for their own wit—kept the Court in roars of laughter by his naive remarks. The end of innumerable wrangles between half a dozen leading Counsel of the day employed on both sides—for the plaintiff and defendant both alleged libel against the other—was that Messrs. Tucker secured a verdict for £10 damages and Messrs. Hayes and Finch for £100, which is held by the legal luminaries to mean that the comment of one was justified and the comment of the other was not. It is a pity that such trade rivalries, when they concern services appertaining to the sacred services of the altar, cannot be settled amicably and quietly, without all the unnecessary commentaries of an irreverent press.

Glasgow is preparing a magnificent Bazaar in aid of her Training College for Catholic Women Teachers, the only establishment of its kind in Scotland, upon which rests a heavy debt of some £25,000 borne by that wonderful teaching Order, the Sisters of Notre Dame. The Duchess of Norfolk will open the Bazaar towards the

end of the present month, and many distinguished Scottish Catholic ladies are taking an active interest in its success. Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, brother of the Marquis of Bute, performs the ceremony on the second day, and Lord Lovat, who so recently visited Our Lady of the Snows, is the presiding genius for the third day. New papers and new institutions are always springing up, some blossom but to die, some seem to reach the summit of their popularity almost with their first breath, others commence in a small way and rise by continued effort to a place among the institutions of the land. The modern British Tourist feels that he could not do without Cook's ubiquitous agency, and yet that vast institution commenced life as an excursion club for a Baptist or Non-conformist Chapel among the mill hands of Lancashire. A new venture which should largely appeal to those who have a horror of the "Herd" method of seeing the sights of Europe and the Old World, is the Ladies' Courier Association which has recently opened convenient offices in the Haymarket. In the Herd, Catholics, particularly, are sure to find a large proportion of vandals with no idea of the beautiful, little reverence, and a calm disregard for the sentiments of their fellow travellers. These ladies arrange to take parties of friends, families, or even single individuals to all parts of the world, and as they are cultured gentlemen, clever linguists, and women of taste and discretion, the services of one should be an inestimable boon to the busy father who wants his girls to see something of the world, but has no time to take them, or to lonely and timid ladies who long to make pilgrimages to those heart shrines of romance and faith which time still spares this weary universe, but who lack the knowledge to set about such quests. The Ladies' Courier is a delightful luxury, but in comparison with the ordinary Courier she is an inexpensive one. PILGRIM.

OTTAWA NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)
Under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 3, Ancient Order Hibernians, the annual social evening of that organization was recently held in St. Patrick's Hall, and proved a decided success, surpassing similar events of past years.

Rev. Father A. Laroque, of Hawkesbury, recently officiated at the marriage ceremony in the Basilica of his cousin, Dr. Jos. Laroque of St. Victor de Alfred, Que., to Miss Mary S. Evanturel, daughter of Hon. A. Evanturel of the Senate.

The contract for the erection of a new church at The Brook, Ont., has been awarded to Mr. J. Fanteux at an estimated cost of \$6,000. The new parish will embrace a portion of Clarence Creek parish and Rev. Father Barrette of Holy Redeemer Parish, Hull, has been appointed parish priest. The construction of the new church will be begun at once.

The Community of the Servants of Jesus has lost an energetic member in Rev. Sister Marguerite Marie, who passed away at the convent of that order in Hull. Sister Marguerite Marie, who was thirty years of age, was a daughter of Mr. W. H. Renaud of Hull, and two of her sisters are members of the Precious Blood Community, in the local convent. The funeral Mass was celebrated in the chapel of the convent by Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by Rev. Father Prevost of Hull. Many other priests from Ottawa and Hull were also in attendance.

A splendid example of what energy and perseverance can accomplish is shown by the construction of a new church at River Joseph, Que., about nine miles above Maniwaki and the most northern settlement of the Gatineau district. Less than one year ago the present settlement was a thriving little village and will shortly hold its first ceremony of First Communion, when twelve children will take part. During last week, the first Forty Hours' Devotion was held and it is likely that at Christmas Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa will officiate at the formal ceremony of blessing the new church. All this has been accomplished under the enterprising direction of the parish priest, Rev. Father Legare, who is of the Oblate Order and formerly was stationed at Boston, Mass.

The Roman committee for the Pope's Jubilee has published a circular calling attention to the fact that the date fixed for the official celebration is November 16.

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