

The Catholic Register

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

VOL. XVI., No. 11

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MATTERS OF MOMENT

The Devotion of the Forty Hours—Italian Immigration—A Subject for Thought.

Of all times of the year there is none like the present for the pouring out of that plenitude of good things which our kind Mother the Church has in store for her children. Despite the sometimes opposing forces from the outside, we in Toronto are rich in spiritual environment, and have, ordinarily speaking, so much of the warmth which familiarity with the beautiful and expressive rites and ceremonies of the Church affords, that we are apt to take things for granted and imagine that others share as largely in these privileges as do we ourselves. How far we are astray in this requires but a moment's reflection to determine. The thought of the thousands still living in the pioneer life in our as yet sparsely settled territories, the numerous villages and small settlements that are still without a church and which have Mass perhaps but once a month, recalls to us the richness of our opportunities, and reminds us too, that a constant condition of privileges in this regard, sometimes renders us graceless enough to omit a recognition of the good things given us. Let us take, for example, the time of the Forty Hours. So accustomed have we become to this annually recurring period in our city that we doubtless think it to be the lot of Catholics everywhere to enjoy a like period of graces and favors. Not all, however, are so favored. Not even in all the dioceses in close companionship with Toronto has the practice of the Forty Hours become a permanent annual institution. Thus we can truly say that Toronto is in this way exceptionally and highly favored. While the season of Lent is for Catholics everywhere a time of rigor and austerity, these rigors and austerities are for us softened and modified by the presence somewhere in our midst of the beautiful shrine whereon reposes the Sacred Host, surrounded with all the glory that the skilled mind and hand can devise, and honored by the ceaseless prayers from unceasing throngs who in the humility of the hour cast themselves and their burdens prostrate at the feet of their viding Lord.

Beginning with the impressive ceremonial at the Cathedral on Sunday last, which inaugurated the time of the Forty Hours in Toronto, every week from now until Holy week, and again for a period after Easter, will see one of our parishes given up entirely to the devout exercises of this beautiful season. The benefits will not be confined to the parish in which the exercises are being held, for many from other parishes now make it a custom to visit at least once, the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and in this way have a share in the graces not alone of their own parish, but of every other parish. Then for the entire city there is the knowledge that every day for several weeks, hundreds are honoring our Divine Lord in a very special way, that these same hundreds are making reparation for the past transgressions of themselves and others, and that through means of this blessed time graces untold must inevitably come to our city and its people. The time of the Forty Hours is, we are taught, a time for silence and prayer, a time perhaps above all, for reparation and penance. It is, too, a season when the Church envelops her ceremonies and ritual in their most seductive setting and ornamentation. Never is she more lavish in gorgeousness of vestment, in gifts of choice exotics, in display of evergreen and palm, in offerings of incense and in all that symbolizes the homage of the creature to a loving and omnipotent Creator. At no other season is she more generous to her children in the opportunities afforded for the obtaining of spiritual graces, and the response always given by the people is of so general and spontaneous a character as to be altogether edifying. Though primarily a time for silence and meditation, it is not given over altogether to the contemplative. Many of the most beautiful and touching sermons of the year are heard during the time of the Forty Hours, the exquisite nature of the speaking entering into the speaker and expression in perfect harmony with the occasion. Like the Apostles of old, the people of every favored parish may say, "Lord, it is well for us to be here," and for them the tabernacle is already prepared, and the King of the Tabernacle has already taken possession, and with hands full and outstretched, He awaits the many who are to share in the graces He has come to distribute, and for whom the hour of distribution is even now come. This indeed is the time when the yoke of the Lord is inexpressibly sweet, and when the invitation "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you," takes on its fullest and clearest meaning.

In the last issue of the Sunday World is found an article by Prof. Carlo Cattapani of the Secretariate of Emigration of Naples, and a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Rome. In this article the writer draws attention to the question of the immigration of his countrymen in Canada, and the coloring of the article throughout is that Italians, so far, have not had the measure of thought given them which their merits as desirable immigrants entitles them to, nor is the value of the illustrious and talented nation from which they sprang, at all times kept in view. Professor Cattapani writes with the earnestness of one who has thought deeply on his subject and with a copiousness of detail, which proves his familiarity with the Italian character and nature at home and abroad. On the

question of general immigration on the national life of Canada, Professor Cattapani does not pretend to speak, but as reason for his present action in bringing the cause of his countrymen before the public, he tells us that never before to his knowledge has a word been said which represents the case of the Italian from a favorable standpoint, but on the contrary, Italian immigration has been badly abused and misrepresented of late. Remembering how the people of Ireland have been placed in a false light time and again, we cannot but sympathize with the writer when he says "It is sometimes with wonder that I read of opinions and valuations on Italy and Italians. These opinions are entirely devoid of the most elementary knowledge not only of past history, but also of modern existing conditions, and sometimes it makes me doubt if I am living in the century of the telegraph and linotype machine." In the course of a resume proving the claims of the Italian nation to recognition as a people whose ancestors worked toward their evolution to a perfect development, the Professor tells us: "The Macaulay theory of periodical rising of nations could find corroboration in the life of Italy, which gave first with the Romans, the highest civilization to the world; then the Christian faith, and only fell when forgetful of civic virtues it began to worship the golden calf."

After a fine summary of the achievements of Italy as a nation, Professor Cattapani speaks of present conditions. Canada, he says, cannot possibly work upon her resources and necessities of herself, therefore she must seek for assistance from outside. But just as it would be absurd to expect the skilled working man in Britain to leave his warm fireside to seek a strange land, and face the unknown for the known, so it is equally absurd to expect the same thing from Italians similarly situated, and those who come to Canada, the Italian peasantry, should be encouraged, for they are a class in every way suited to Canada's requirements. The Italian immigrants are described as a "very hard-working, yet honest and reliable," and the writer it seems that "a better element you could not get for your needs, and your policy should be to keep them here, taking an interest in them and recruiting from them a useful element." He reminds his readers that the United States are swallowing up Italian immigrants at the rate of a quarter of a million a year and he very logically questions, "If they are useful there, could not Canada find some use for them here?" Mr. Cattapani does not ignore the danger that has arisen owing to the habit some of his countrymen have of carrying the knife. This, he explains, is for the purpose of cutting their bread and onions, and he says, when crime is committed it is the result of impulse, and does not show corruption of moral sense, but a forest for us as Catholics. That so many of its sons have turned ingrate in their native land is attributed to the invasion of foreigners and doubtless to a great extent this is correct. Italy has given to the Church her plate as first amongst the conservers and patrons of art. It is Italy who gave us our painters, architects and sculptors, the first in the world. Her poetry and music, too, have held a place of no means secondary place. The labors of her sons have reared monuments which are the wonder of the traveller from every clime and sky. The popes of the centuries have been largely gathered from the Italian ranks. Her missionaries have never been behindhand in their services to others and for Canada, though the fact is not always brought forward, it was an Italian Jesuit, Father Nott, who made the first offering of a missionary's life, when trying to help the French soldiers near Fort St. Anne who was lost in the snow and was found frozen in a kneeling position, his last hope having been directed to heaven, when all earthly hope had fled. It seems, therefore, that many things tend to make the question of the Italian coming to Canada, one in which we might take a live interest, an interest which would show itself in helping them to adapt themselves first to their new surroundings, and then to a continuance in that Faith which has its centre and much of its inspiration in Italy, the land of the Italian immigrant.

The voice from Italy for its people should have more than a passing interest for us as Catholics. That so many of its sons have turned ingrate in their native land is attributed to the invasion of foreigners and doubtless to a great extent this is correct. Italy has given to the Church her plate as first amongst the conservers and patrons of art. It is Italy who gave us our painters, architects and sculptors, the first in the world. Her poetry and music, too, have held a place of no means secondary place. The labors of her sons have reared monuments which are the wonder of the traveller from every clime and sky. The popes of the centuries have been largely gathered from the Italian ranks. Her missionaries have never been behindhand in their services to others and for Canada, though the fact is not always brought forward, it was an Italian Jesuit, Father Nott, who made the first offering of a missionary's life, when trying to help the French soldiers near Fort St. Anne who was lost in the snow and was found frozen in a kneeling position, his last hope having been directed to heaven, when all earthly hope had fled. It seems, therefore, that many things tend to make the question of the Italian coming to Canada, one in which we might take a live interest, an interest which would show itself in helping them to adapt themselves first to their new surroundings, and then to a continuance in that Faith which has its centre and much of its inspiration in Italy, the land of the Italian immigrant.

Married in Catholic Church, Goderich

A special despatch to The Globe from Goderich says: A distinguished wedding was celebrated here in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, when Miss Lillian, eldest daughter of Mr. P. A. Peterson, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific railway, was married to Dr. Donald Hingston of Montreal, son of the late Sir William Hingston. Although only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were invited to the ceremony, yet the church was packed to the doors with friends and spectators long before the event was scheduled to take place. The groom was assisted by Mr. L. DeK. Stephen of Montreal, while the bridesmaid was Miss Beatrice, sister of the bride. The guests from out of town were Lady Hingston, Montreal, mother of the groom; Miss Buller, Montreal, niece of General Buller; Mrs. Campbell McDougall and Harold and Basil Hingston of Montreal.

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

Trenchant Address on Socialism at Birmingham by Bishop Burton of Clifton.

(Liverpool Catholic Times.)

The following is from an address given to a large and influential gathering of Catholics, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Lisley, Bishop of Birmingham, England:

Coming to the subject matter of his address, the Bishop said he was about to attempt to reply to the question: "Is the out-and-out Socialist the friend of Liberty?" This was a question which concerned them all, whether Catholics or not, for they were all citizens of a liberty-loving land. Inasmuch, however, as they were children of the Catholic Church, which was often traduced as the foe of liberty, it behooved them to be able not only to repel this calumny, but also to know how to refute the tenets of any propaganda that aimed at curtailing their liberties.

They would observe that his question was directed to the consideration of the case of the out-and-out Socialist. This man he held to be the only logical type of his tribe. But there were varieties of Socialism and of the Socialist. There was the Socialist, improperly so-called, who would limit his social reforms to the redressing of the wrongs of the poor and down-trodden, who would put an end to the unrighteous accumulation of wealth, who would harmonize the claims of private capital with those of the community at large, who would stop all sweating and award to every working man and every working woman a living wage, who would welcome the perfect regulation of labor by a wise and just Government, who would encourage the working man to acquire property, and to better and strengthen his position by means of association and organization, who would make him the contented master of a thrifty, sober, and orderly home. These were objects with which all of them were in sympathy. In this sense they were all Socialists. But they were not Socialists in the proper meaning of the term. They were but social reformers, at least in aspiration; reformers such as the Catholic Church, when wielding her proper influence and unimpeded by what is known as the world, had brought forth and reared in every age, from the days of her Founder to the days of His Vicar, Leo XIII., the Pope of the working man. The "out-and-out Socialists," with whom he was dealing were those who would give to the community the ownership of all the means of production, or who would even go further and give to the community not only all the means of production, but all capital, including land. In their system all private ownership would vanish, and the fruits accruing from the immense patrimony transferred to the State would be distributed even-handedly by the State to the members of the community. Each member of the community would be a worker, and would receive for his toil what the State would hand him in return. If he could not work he would be supported by the State. This programme involved two great questions. They might first ask if the mighty and far-reaching changes it contemplated would be just, and in the second place they might enquire whether these changes would be in accordance with the dictates of a sound economic policy into these questions, however, they could not except in so far as the answers to both of them fell in with and formed part of the answer to the question he submitted at the outset.

What was to become of the rights of conscience in the programme of the advanced Socialist? Foremost amongst the rights of conscience was the right to practice one's religion. Socialism, however, would either tolerate all religions equally, or would tolerate only some, or none at all. But in any hypothesis it was plain that the power of controlling the public exercise of religion must reside in the hands of that all-powerful body which was to provide the means and the men, without whom no external religion could subsist. Perhaps, too, Socialism might be tempted to impose upon all alike a religion of its own. Already they saw it composing its catechism and developing its cult. Its more advanced leaders made no secret of what their tenets were—materialism and atheism. For them there was no such thing as the soul, no hope being as God, no after life, no hope of future reward, no righting of this world's wrongs in eternity. The Catholic Church was, and ever must be, to them the arch-enemy. It had to be battered down at all costs, for they clearly saw that the Catholic Church and their out-and-out Socialism could never run together in harness (applause). What was to become of a man's right to employ his natural faculties in the way he deemed most advantageous to himself? All his energies would be absorbed into the activity of the State. His round of work would be prescribed for him. It was assumed by the Socialist that all men possessed equality of faculty, carrying with it the right to equality of reward, and on this assumption all wages would be equalized. It was assumed, too, that natural capacity and the resources of capital played a far less important part in the production of wealth than mere labor. Thus the inventiveness of genius would be dulled and deadened, the wings of ambition clipped, and the quick, and the shrews of private capital, which launched and supported an enterprise or industry would hazard perhaps all by the change. The Edisons and the Armstrongs might altogether disappear. The chief motive power of self-betterment being abolished, all would languish on the same dull level, forming a congregation of stunted growth and dismal mediocrities, inhabiting a

huge monkey, from which the joys and hopes of religion would be banished.

For Socialists to assert that the right of owning all things resided in the community, while the right to use all things resided in its members, was to overlook one of the two constitutive elements of the right of property. They ignored, namely, the physical bond between a man and the thing he owned, a bond that sprang from the fact of lawful acquisition, which fact constituted his title to possession. To say that a man needed the use of all things was untrue. To say that he could use all things was untrue. To appeal to the express will and intentions of the Creator was for them to carry the matter too high. How were they to get at the Creator's express intentions without admitting Revelation? And Revelation had settled the question once for all by recognizing the rights of private ownership and decreeing: "Thou shalt not steal." The out-and-out Socialists coolly called upon the human race to pool all their rights in property, and throw the whole of their possessions into mortmain. Then the chiefs of the world-wide combination would dispense to all out of the enormous yield according to the merits or the needs of each. He was needed by his subject from enquiring whether their scheme would be feasible, as also from enquiring whether it would redound to the common advantage of the race. But supposing that two such vast and complicated problems had been solved, and solved in the affirmative; they had still to learn that utility was convertible with justice. If all men were to divest themselves spontaneously and freely of their rights for the greater good of the community, all might go well. Justice would be saved. Their action would be beneficent and magnanimous, and on this their action, some modified form of Socialism might possibly be peacefully founded. But to convert an act of pure beneficence into an obligation of strict justice was to confuse our notions of morality.

When they turned to the domestic rights of a man, in virtue of which he might choose for himself a partner in life, they found a family, they found themselves at some loss. The older schools of Socialism would have all abolished the institution of marriage out and out. They raved about Free Love with the frenzy of Paphians. Modern Socialists promised the complete emancipation of woman, which might mean freedom from all restraints of the marriage tie. "But," said his Lordship, "we need not charge them all with such madness in order to show how subversive their general scheme would be of the liberties of conjugal and domestic life. Provisions such as marriage portions, settlements, and dowries would, of course, be unheard of, as they would be no longer necessary. All distinctions of wealth, birth and class having been swept away, a greater width of selection might be ensured for the marrying man, but would his choice be his own, or would his helpmate be assigned him by the officials of the omnipotent State? (Laughter.) Would his contract be free, stable, inviolable? Whence would its sanction flow? Might not the State, having to support all husbands and wives, and claiming their energies as to its own asset, erect its own matrimonial tribunals, and pronounce on such matters as physical fitness, polygamy, polyandry, and divorce? As it is the Socialist lays it down as a principle that a child belongs to the child of the State, and belongs to the State. The child is already regarded as a State product, and if the State is allowed to claim the product, it is but one step to allow it to claim the factors of production. Would not this be to strip parents of all parental rights and duties, and to sink them beneath the level of rational creatures?" The Socialist lays out his plans as though the world were just beginning, ignoring human nature and its legitimate instincts, ignoring long-existing facts and rights, and forgetting that the State was only called into being and only exists for the purpose of defending private and family rights.

Out of this school would issue a generation without God, tutored to despise the past, with few objects of human interest in the present, a dwarfed, uninteresting, unheroic race, the predestined fathers of savagery. Finally (said his Lordship), a man's civil and political rights would fare little better in this regenerated condition of society. To the Socialist the State was an infallible divinity. All it did must be done well. Shift authority from individuals to the being known as the State, and all our woes were to vanish as at the touch of a magic wand. This was a curious illusion, which served to show the power of mere words. The word State, which only indicated an abstraction, was taken as a proper noun and then the State appeared as a wise old gentleman, that guided the people's lot with sure hand and surer sense. But there was no such person as Mr. State. Instead of him there was a crowd of individuals—clerks, functionaries, magistrates, members of Parliament—each by himself, and as a rule in a very middling manner, helped to work a huge machine very clumsily put together. To take away a man's liberty in service of the State, which mapped out and meted out work, production, and consumption, was to deprive a man of a right that belonged to him, and to give it to a collectivity that had no existence, save as a phantasm or an abstraction. It was before this empty Moloch—not always a very capable and intelligent idol—that all were invited to fall down. They were asked to pass through its purging fires, that they might come out true metal, to be branded with the hall-mark of the new State. They might have fared ill hitherto under King Log, but would they be better off under King Stork? Concluding, the Bishop said the out-and-out Socialist was by no means the friend of

VULGAR IRREVERENCE

Incident Showing How Low the Bible Has Fallen in the Estimation of Modern Protestants.

(From the Western Watchman.)

A preacher of St. Louis, in a late Sunday sermon took occasion to stigmatize the idolatry of the Bible practiced by Protestants, and particularly their veneration for the Psalms, which he characterized as "scraps of popular melodies, oftentimes of no higher literary or moral merit than our coon songs." We do not know when we read anything quite up to this in vulgar irreverence and downright religious indecency; and the fact that such an expression, coming from a city pulpit, occasioned no storm of adverse comment only shows how low the Bible has fallen in the estimation of modern Protestants.

We have said more than once that the Bible, after a long and glorious sojourn "in a strange country," would in the end, like the poor prodigal, return to the home of its mother, asking to be saved from the company of exegetical swine among whom it had been long lived. Luther and his followers tried to supplant the Church of God with the written Word of God, and set up Bible Christianity against Catholic Christianity. The antagonism was purely fictitious. The Church has been the sponsor of the Bible from the beginning; and from now on will be its sole defender.

The Psalms are the fullest and best expression of the human heart's devotion to God that this world has ever known. As God does not change and the human heart is always the same, these Psalms are and will always remain the most perfect embodiment of vocal prayer ever given to man. David was a man "after God's own heart," because he has most happily and most aptly expressed in his psalms the love of God for man, and the yearnings of the human soul for God. That is why the singing of the Psalms constituted the song of praise of the synagogue. That is why those Psalms continue to be the official prayer of the Catholic Church for all time. In the breviary of Father Olier was a picture by himself representing our Lord, dressed as the Jewish King and with harp in hand, singing the Psalms of David. And the priest, in reciting his breviary, is repeating the official prayers of the Old Covenant and of the New, the prayer of David and of Jesus, the prayers of the living Church of God, whose brightest duty and privilege it is to sing the praise of God in language inspired by God. The priest in opening his breviary prays that his words may ascend to heaven in union with those our Saviour addressed to God while on this earth.

The occupation of the blessed in heaven is to praise God evermore. The Church of God is formed on the lines of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and the song of praise is never hushed in the Church. No moment of the twenty-four hours does her song cease to ascend on high, asking for blessing upon mankind and mercy for sinners. If God created this world for His glory, this is the glory He had in view. This is the one psalm of glory that goes up to Him from tens of thousands of hearts, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." And the degree of praise is doubly grateful to God, because it is a public homage the grandest ever offered by man, and because it is a glory expressed in words of His own choosing, and expressing His own estimate of Himself and of the glory that is due Him. No wonder the Church binds her priests to recite these Psalms seven times a day.

The most solemn duty a priest accepts on the day of his consecration is to say his office. He may never say Mass, but he must say his office. He may never hear confession, but he must say his office. He may never preach a sermon, but he must say his office. And he must say it every day of his life, and say it with attention, piety and devotion, according to the injunction of the Council of Trent. A priest who does not say his office is a "dumb dog," and no priest. It is this that makes the priest the beloved of all mankind. He prays for the people who do not pray for themselves. His prayers save the world from the fires of divine wrath kindled by the sins of men. Wrest

liberty. Still, with all its Utopian dreams, its denial of private and public right, its enforced dependence of all upon the State, so repugnant to English ideas of self-help and self-government, the Socialist movement was one that could not be ignored by any country. It warned each to put its house in order. Shorn of all errors and excesses, a sane Socialism might aid in bringing about a consummation devoutly to be wished, towards which every progressive State must perforce tend; that was to say, it might aid in establishing the just and true equilibrium between wealth and increasing population. In many of their desires and aims they were at one with the saner kind of Socialist; they differed from him largely on questions of means. The transformed state of society would be reached when the claims of capital and labor were at length evenly balanced and adjusted, when the field of co-operation was still further extended; when they witnessed, perhaps, the foundation of one vast concentric organization of labor. When statesmen could succeed in procuring the good of all in such a way as to quit each according to his rights and his stake in the State, they would have succeeded in bringing about the only equality which a State might seek to establish, the equality of all before the law.

the breviary from the hands of the priests of the Catholic Church and there is absolutely no reason why the world should be tolerate a single day.

The public in general, and even our Catholic people, are not aware of the amount of prayer the priests of the Catholic Church are in sworn duty bound to recite for themselves and the Church at large every day of their lives. Canons and those bound to choir sing the divine office and consume two full hours a day in that duty. All priests at least recite the divine office, which consumes more than one-half that time. It is not the priests alone who pray, but the Church, and Jesus Christ prays through them.

"The Bishop of the Lepers"

(The Monitor, San Francisco.)

The visit recently made by Rt. Rev. Bishop da Silva of Portugal (recently a guest of this Archdiocese) to the Hawaiian Islands, renews the interest of our Catholic people in that fair land where so many leprosy-stricken men and women pass their days. The wonderful spirit of cheerfulness that seems to never die in the hearts of these unfortunates was, not long ago, beautifully dwelt upon in these columns by Rev. Henry I. Stark, C.S.P. (see the Christmas number of The Monitor), and later exemplified in that cheerful message of Father Joseph's, which we commented on a couple of weeks ago. What is the secret of this joy and cheer? It is easily found—the Faith, the love of Christ which Holy Church has planted in the souls of these mortally unhappy but spiritually joyful people; this is the secret. What a tribute it is to those soldier-priests who have sacrificed their lives to the cause of Christ!

These "soldier-priests" are indeed a great army, small in numbers, but invincibly great in the strength of God. And like an army, they have a general; and he, like a true officer, is, first of all, himself a soldier. Right Rev. Bishop Libert Boeyens is the man—lovingly known the world over as "the Bishop of the Lepers."

Notwithstanding the inevitably tiresome and nerve-racking labors which are the lot of a missionary bishop in a tropical country, Bishop Libert is a magnificent specimen of virile manhood. A descendant of the energetic Flemish race, he has the stature of an athlete. His strong and manly physiognomy is softened by the reflection of a paternal goodness. In him one feels that an indomitable and generous heart is beating.

How did I ever come to exile myself in that far-away country? Oh nothing was ever more simple. One day the question "who is ready?" was asked the entire membership of the congregation of the Sacred Heart. As I was ready, my traveling orders were signed and I departed for that land which was then known as the Kingdom of Hawaii.

"My diocese is, as you know, a very large one. It numbers eight islands and has, in rough number, an area of 17,000 square miles. This is not an advantage from a Bishop's point of view.

"The cosmopolitan population must also be taken into consideration. The native element is disappearing with a startling rapidity. From 1832 to 1900 it had decreased from 132,000 to 39,500. It does not represent at present more than one-quarter of the entire population.

"We had up to a few years ago a large and valuable Portuguese population, but unfortunately it is also decreasing on account of the ever-increasing Japanese immigration."

It was these Portuguese Catholics whom Bishop da Silva went to visit and minister to.

"The Catholic population of the Territory is about 35,000, which means—if we except the Chinese and the Japanese—99 per cent. of the entire population. To minister to the needs of this cosmopolitan population I have at my disposal twenty-nine priests—Belgians, Hollanders, Germans, one Portuguese and half a dozen Frenchmen. Ah! we are far from having the best of times. Very often it is with difficulty that we succeed in having both ends meet."

"But upon the ground of devotion to duty, of real services to mankind, there should be no doubt of your pre-eminence, Father Damien!"

"Father Damien!" "His memory is universally kept in deep reverence all over the Hawaiian Islands, and there is but one voice to admire the devotion of which he has given such an example.

"There are some, it is true, who have endeavored to tarnish his title to the reverence and admiration of mankind, but I am pleased to say that a deep sense of justice long ago carried the day against fanaticism and bigotry.

"One thing, however, I desire to call your attention to. Some well meaning writers have painted the situation a little too black. The number of lepers in the islands is not on the increase and neither is it decreasing. It is stationary. Like the sea, in its regular tides, there are always about one thousand inmates at the Leper Settlement. As soon as the dreadful disease has been recognized by a bacteriological examination, the unfortunate victims are doomed to perpetual banishment. It is a sentence for life, leprosy being an unforgiving enemy, to which the great army of doctors has, as yet, found nothing to oppose."

CANVASSERS WANTED

Canvassers wanted for "The Catholic Register" First-class remuneration to good workers. References required.

.....The HOME CIRCLE

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by; Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I,"

Russia is becoming a great buyer of British-grown teas. Partly owing to the enormous increase in the quantity they are using, the price of tea at the gardens has advanced greatly during the past year, making it necessary for the "Salada" Tea Co., in order to maintain the high standard of quality for which "Salada" is noted, to advance the price of "Brown Label" from 25c. to 30c. per pound.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

The sun warms us by his beams, one day at a stretch, and then disappears until the next day. Each person lives best who does his best for one day at a time, and then refreshes himself for his level best the next day.

SICK AND CONVALESCENT CHILDREN.

The amusement and diet of the little ones confronts the mother after a siege of scarlet fever, measles or perhaps some less serious disease in the nursery. When children have been confined to the house for weeks and months, toys lose their charm; books and pictures become tiresome and still the little busy bodies demand entertainment.

Golden Yellow CALLA LILY BULBS 200 KINDS Flower SEEDS and Bulbs 25c. Includes Tuberoses, Frezias, Tulips, Water Hyacinths, Blue Bells, Crocus, Buttercup, Oxalis, Gladiolus, and Teddy Bear Free.

brown paper, the leaves from green and the grapes from purple; then glue them on the card or paper. The child will enjoy this much more than a pretty picture because of the pleasure derived from helping to make it.

Of course there are many mothers who know absolutely nothing about kindergarten work, but those who have an opportunity to look into it should do so. This does not mean that they would have to enter a training school for teachers, but by reading some books or a bit of blank-mange or relating to the subject occasionally, a fairly good knowledge of the work may be obtained.

In regard to the feeding of sick children arises another difficulty. To have the cup of gruel or hot milk handed back with the piteous pleading not to be made take it is hard for the fond mother, yet she knows that she must do her duty.

To Know is to Prevent.—If the mothers who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold.

NOTHING TO DO.

She said she had nothing to do. But her mother sat in an invalid's chair. In the city's stuffy, stifling air—Sat and longed in her loneliness For a smile of love or a tender caress.

She said she had nothing to give. But stored in her closet were pictures and toys. Enough to gladden a hundred boys, Molding and fading for lack of use, That was working more havoc than daily abuse.

Perhaps she thought she had nothing to give, Perhaps she thought it was useless to live. She had eyes, but she never saw life's need; She had ears, but she heard not the suffering plead.

Look at the world as it lies around, At the teeming air, at the fruitful ground. That's not one thing, to its mission true, With nothing to give and nothing to do. The flowers must bloom, the grass must grow, The birds must sing, the wind must blow.

THE VOICE OF THE SOUL.

If you teach a man to keep his eyes upon what others think of him, unthinkingly to lead the life and hold the principles of the majority of his contemporaries, you must discredit in his eyes the authoritative voice of his own soul.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

The Branch System of Canadian Banks keeps money continually moving.

Each Bank wishes to have its own notes in circulation, and keeps pushing on the notes of other Banks.

This competition is wholesome; it is one of the signs of healthfulness in our Banking System.

Christian Meekness

Among the most prominent characteristics of our divine Lord, meekness, mildness, gentleness of disposition, amiability of temperament and deportment hold a prominent place. Our Lord was essentially meek, uncomplaining, patient and self-sacrificing. In his whole public life He gave continued evidence of this. Meekness shone in his face and was visible in all His actions.

ers tell us, and yet one of the mildest of men. He had troubles plenty to bear, his episcopate was in and around Geneva—the haunt of heretics—yet he so far fascinated the infidel and scoffer that seventy thousand of them were brought by the beauty of his character, more than by the eloquence of his word, into communion with the true Church. His example ought to encourage us to be "meek and humble of heart."

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 254, Montreal, entitles holder to one package of our fine Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

alone upon our altars, with a few to do Him reverence, so many, alas, to even despise and hold Him in contempt! What blasphemies, even within the shadow of His temple! What levity in sight of His holy presence!

us the blessings of God; we shall be a ray of sunshine among men, giving warmth and light to those who make us a center and bringing the same to other centres around which we circle.

Children and Late Hours. Put children to bed early. If you have to look after your children yourself don't let them sit up late as a rule on any terms. You need and ought to have some time to yourself for rest and recreation, and it will be bad for the children as well as yourself if you don't get it.

Legal

JOHN T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO Telephone Main 636.

L. E. O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Office—Dineen Building, Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts. TORONTO

HOLMAN, DRAYTON & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES ETC Commissioners for Quebec Registered Cable Address "Holman Toronto" Phone Main 1366 28 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

JAMES E. DAY, JOHN M. FERGUSON, EDWARD V. O'SULLIVAN BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS LAND SECURITY CHAMBERS, 34 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO, CAN.

MCCERADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 64 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 2625.

HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1040.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC. Survey, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto. Telephone Main 1336.

Architects

D. C. MAYHUE CARPENTER AND BUILDER Jobbing and repair work solicited. Plans and estimates furnished. 237 Victoria Street.

J. M. COWAN & CO. ARCHITECTS 65 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Phone—Evenings Park 2719.

HENRY SIMPSON ARCHITECT 17 Toronto Street Phone Main 2053 Residence Park 596

BELLS. St. Alley Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR

TREMONT HOTEL Corner QUEEN and YONGE STREETS TORONTO Directly Opposite Departmental Stores

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS. Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

MCELROY BROS. Landaus, Coupes, Victrolas, Light Livery and Express. Boarding and Sales Stables. 8 and 10 Duke Street, Toronto

JOHN J. GRAHAM PLUMBER 49 Churchhill Avenue TORONTO Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitting

World's Greatest Bell Foundry Church, Peel and Chime Bells Best Copper and Tin Only. The W. Vandusen Company Buckeye Bell Foundry, Cincinnati, O. Retained in U.S.A.

Educational

Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

St. Joseph's Academy ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every Branch suitable to the education of young ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FOREIGN ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

Young Man or Woman who invests in a Business, Short-hand, Telegraphy or English course at CANADA'S HIGHEST GRADE Business School. Dominion College Business TORONTO

MISS E. GRAHAM PIANOFORTE TEACHER 49 Churchhill Ave. Phone Park 1744

Marie C. Strong Tone Production and Singing Soloists Supplied for Sacred and Secular Concerts Studio—Gerhard Heintzman's 97 Yonge Street.

MEMORIALS GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS Most Artistic Design in the City PRICES REASONABLE WORK THE VERY BEST McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited Phone N. 1349 1119 Yonge St TORONTO

Every Town Can Have a Band. This is the Time to Organize a Brass Band. Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc. Lowest prices ever quoted. New catalogue, with upwards of 500 illustrations, and containing everything required in a Band, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Ltd. Western Branch 356 MAIN ST. 158 YONGE ST. Toronto Ont

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established fifty years. 91 Spadina Avenue. Phone Main 53.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 640 Queen W. Tel. M. 938 Tel. M. 1408

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

RYAN & SON Undertakers & Embalmers 37 Arthur St., Phone College 4816 TORONTO

W. K. MURPHY The Leading Undertaker. Funerals Furnished at Moderate Prices. 479 QUEEN STREET WEST PHONE MAIN 1731

The Children's Page

"MUVVER."

(By Tom Masson.)

My family's such a busy one! They've doin' things all day. They have to work so dreadful hard. They have no time to play; 'N' when I'm tucked up in my bed, At night, they're working, too; Seems though they never could quite stop.

They have so much to do— That is, exceptin' Muvver, 'N' somehow ruther, she is never doin' anything But havin' fun wif me.

My sister goes to school all day, She is so dignified! She reads 'r writes 'n' studied books 'N' only once she cried When I was sick, figs in my crib, 'N' then my sister said That no one else knew how to fix.

Curly-papers on her head, 'N' then my Muvver laughed at her 'As nice as she could be 'Cuz she was makin' toast 'n' gruel 'N' other things for me.

My Daddy's such a busy man He can't have any fun. My Muvver says he fights wif giants 'N' whips 'em one by one. I guess he can, he is so strong, But he's so tired at night He kinder fops down in a chair That Muvver sets just right, Or else he lies down on the couch 'N' Muvver rubs his head 'n' nen Makes goo-goo eyes at me.

I'm glad my Muvver never has A thing to do but play. I guess I'd be so lonesome If she ever went away. Sometimes I wake up early 'N' nen, when she's asleep, I try to push her eyelids up 'N' inside take a peep; 'N' that's the only time she's cross. I wonder why, when she Has nuffin' else to do all day But just have fun wif me.

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

JEAN PIERRE'S GOOD FORTUNE. The day was warm and the sermon long; yet such was the eloquence of the preacher that the large congregation which filled the church of St. Thomas gave no sign of impatience or fatigue. One stout old gentleman, however, was a solitary exception. Seated in a distant corner, the words of the text had, indeed, reached his ear, but his attention had wandered from the pulpit to the red and blue dots which danced in through the stained windows, thence to the motley crowd which surrounded him, and lastly to a small urchin who stood leaning against one of the pillars.

This boy was the picture of poverty from the crown of his rimless hat to his hobnailed boots,—boots which would have fitted one twice his size. But the crowning feature of his attire was his coat, which was one mass of patches, each of a different hue; and the onlooker fell to wondering whether anything of the original material yet remained. The lad himself seemed totally unconscious of the oddity of his appearance, and stood listening to the sermon with such rapt attention that the stout old gentleman felt tacitly rebuked, and finally made an earnest effort to catch the purport of the preacher's words.

The sermon, however, was drawing to its close; and a few minutes later the congregation had broken up and was streaming out of church, the stout old gentleman himself being caught in the vortex and deposited outside in the Rue du Sac. As he started, walking briskly toward the Seine, he again caught sight of the strange little figure which had attracted his notice in church. To his surprise he saw the ragged urchin stop before a beggar and drop a penny into his hat. The next minute the boy had sped onward, until, meeting a second beggar, he again drew a copper from his pocket. This time the gentleman was unable to restrain his curiosity.

"Look here, youngster! What is your name?" "Jean Pierre, monsieur."

"Well, Jean Pierre, you don't look overburdened with this world's goods, yet here you are throwing away your money right and left."

The urchin thus addressed hesitated only a second. The Paris street boy is not shy, and the old gentleman did not look so very formidable.

"You see, Monsieur, this is how it is. I want a new coat very badly, and mother can't afford to buy me one; and the preacher told us just now that what we gave to the poor God would return to us many times over; so I thought that for my two pennies God would perhaps give me a coat. They were my two pennies, Monsieur; I earned them this morning by carrying a lady's parcel."

The old gentleman had stood an amused and interested listener to this quaint explanation. As he met the boy's artless gaze his face softened.

"You will get your coat, youngster, never fear; and to lose no time, we will go and choose one this very minute. Come along!"

And this oddly assorted couple set off down the street, peering eagerly into every shop that seemed likely to contain the coveted article.

Half an hour later a casual passer-by might have seen a delighted urchin tearing down the street with a large brown paper parcel under his arm; while a stout gentleman stood gazing after him, with a smile on his face and a warm feeling at his heart, such as he had not known for many a long day.

Jean Pierre's good fortune did not end here; for some weeks later, through the old gentleman's interest, he obtained a situation as errand boy in a large warehouse. Great was his de-

light when for the first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first thought was for his kind patron; and emboldened by the splendor of his attire, he marched straight up to the great house and pulled the bell. His delight was further increased when the old gentleman failed to recognize him at first, then thumped him on the back, vowing he had never seen such a change—never—and admired him to his heart's content.

"Live up to your buttons, my boy! Keep straight, please your employers, and you will get on in life."

The old gentleman's parting admonition became a true prophecy; for several years later Jean Pierre rose to be manager of the very same warehouse he had entered as an errand boy.—Ave Maria.

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

WHICH WAY IS BETTER? The two girls had been in the blackberry patch since early morning, and the tin pails they carried, into which, in the beginning, the blackberries had dropped with a tinkle, were now almost full. One of the two stopped to wipe her moist forehead and to regard ruefully her finger, pierced by a thorn.

"Oh, dear! I shall be glad when we're done!" she sighed. "Do you think Mr. McGuire will give us five cents a quart, Mamie?"

She looked anxiously down at the big pail, trying to calculate her probable wealth. "It's worth it, anyway," she burst out, suddenly. "Such horrid, tiresome work!"

"The other girl looked up surprised. 'Horrid! Why, I love it! The blackberries are just delicious!'"

"I haven't tasted any," said the other girl, severely. "But it's plain you have. Your lips are as stained as anything!"

"Why not?" laughed Mamie. "I'm going to fill my pail, anyway. Why shouldn't I enjoy the berries as I go along? And then I've been listening to the birds. It's been a regular concert, hasn't it?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I didn't notice. When you're working as fast as you can to get your pail filled, you don't have much time for listening to birds."

"That's your way, Nattie," said her friend, smiling. "But it isn't mine. All you think about is getting your pail full, except when you prick your finger and scold about that. I don't get my pail filled as quickly, but I enjoy myself all the way along. Blackberry picking would be a real treat to me, even if I didn't expect to earn any money by it."

"There are some people who work hard and conscientiously, but disregard the little pleasures that might sweeten to and loo upon work as drudgery. There are others who are as faithful in their work, but think it no wrong to taste the sweetness of things as they go. Which way is better?"

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no purpose evidently than to beset painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

THE MUSKRAT GLOVES. The summer when Hugh Greenwood was eight years old it was decided that he ought not to go to school for a while, and must be out in the air of the fields and woods a great part of every day. That was why Hughie was left on his grandfather's farm when the rest of the family went back to the city in the fall.

Of course, in a way, Hughie was glad. He missed father and mother and his sisters; but being on the farm meant all kinds of outdoor fun which he could not have in the city.

What he wanted most of all was to do some trapping. This was because of the gloves, of course. Uncle Norman had given them to him when the mornings began to get real sharp and snappy with cold. They were very warm gloves, made of muskrat fur, and Uncle Norman had said that Oliver Humstred had caught the muskrats himself, in Hughie's grandfather's swamp.

Were there any more there? Oh, yes, probably hundreds of them; and sometimes there were mink, and now and then, but not often, an otter.

"Why, just think of it, Uncle Norman!" said Hughie. "If I had no more traps I could go down to the swamp and catch muskrats enough for a fur coat for mamma and a nice Buffalo robe for papa!"

"Well," said Uncle Norman, "you might get enough for the fur coat, but I don't know about the Buffalo robe. It takes an awful lot of muskrat skins to make a Buffalo robe." And then he laughed. But he also said there were plenty of traps in the shed, and he got some of them down and cleaned them, and showed Hughie how to set and place them.

It was a great day for Hugh when he started out the first time to visit his line of traps. The sun was bright and the crust of the snow frozen hard so that walking was easy; but it was very cold. I tell you, those fur gloves felt good then, and so did the woollen muffler which grandmother had tied about his ears.

The first trap, to Hughie's disappointment, held no muskrat, and had not even been sprung, and it was the same way with the second one. The next was quite a long way off. The sudden before Hughie reached it, a big rabbit jumped out of some bushes

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, sections 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or of a homesteader entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

and dashed away into a hole at the roots of a big tree. The traps were forgotten then, and Hughie rushed to the tree, and kneeling down, looked into the hole. The rabbit was no where in sight, and so Hughie pushed his hand in, and then his whole arm and felt around. Still he could not feel any rabbit, but his fingers did find a little place, way in, through which he could just push his hand. Perhaps the rabbit had squeezed through. He pushed his hand in and felt. No, there was no rabbit. And then, when he tried to pull his hand out, he found he could not, because his fur glove caught on something sharp and rough, that felt like ice. Every time he pulled the glove caught and held fast. Perhaps if he pulled hard it might give way and come off; but he knew that if it did it would drop away down into the hole, and he would never see it again.

If he could only get his knife out and cut the hole bigger! But no, his knife was in his right-hand pocket, and it was his right hand that was caught. He could move it back and forth a little way and in and out a little way, but he could not get it free.

Hughie began to feel very cold. When he had been running or walking fast he had felt warm enough, but lying still, face down, in the shadow of the great tree trunk the chill struck through him like a knife. Perhaps he would freeze to death before any one found him. The thought set him to shouting, "Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa-a-a!"

It hurt him to lie so still, with his arm stretched out, and he began to bear more of his weight on the hand in the hole. Something under the hand felt very cold where his bare wrist rested on it, and then he could feel his hand and sleeve growing wet.

After a long time, as it seemed to Hughie, his arm tingled so that he just had to move it; and then, to his surprise, the hand came out of the hole with the glove on it. It was some icicles and ragged edges of ice that had caught, and his warm hand, resting on it so long, had thawed it enough to set him free.

It was a very thankful boy who got up and walked away. The first thing he did was to go back and pull up the two traps he had passed. Then he went to the others and pulled them up, too, and took them back to the house.

"I don't want to catch any muskrats or anything else," he told grandpa, "because now I know myself how it feels to be caught in a trap. And if I had been a muskrat and got caught and hollered as loud as I did, anybody had heard me and come, he wouldn't have helped me out, would he, grandpa?"

"No, my boy, not if the hunter wanted a buffalo robe."

"Well, I don't want mine that way," said Hughie.—E. W. Frenz in Youth's Companion.

A sure way to success—advertise in the Catholic Register.

WHEN DISTANCE LENT ENCHANTMENT. Little Helen was very much frightened once by a Jack-in-the-box; but she was a dignified little maid and kept her sensations to herself. Not long after her grandfather came to visit her, and called upstairs:

"Helen, come here, I have something for you!" Helen leaned over the banisters and called back:

"Grandfather, if it is anything in a box, thank you just the same, but I won't come down."

So popular is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure, to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it insures freedom from throat and lung diseases.

WESTERN Assurance Co. A.D. 1851

Assets.....\$3,570,821.20 Liabilities.....\$1,170,011.08 Security to Policyholders.....\$2,400,810.12 Income for the year ending 31st Dec. 1906 \$ 3,609,179.65 Losses paid since organization of the Company.....\$46,653,130.17

DIRECTORS: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President; W. R. Brock, Vice-President; Robt. Bickerdike, M.P., E. W. Cox, D. B. Hanna, John Hoakin, E.C., LL.D., Alex. Laird, Z. A. Lash, K.C., W. B. Melick, Geo. A. Morrow, Augustus Myers, Frederic Nicholas, James Kerr Osborne, E. R. Wood, Sir Henry M. Pellatt.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO Wm. A. Lee and Son, AGENTS, 22 Victoria Street, Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND ASSETS 62,000,000 DOLLARS.

PERCY J. QUINN Local Manager. JOHN KAY, Asst.

WM. A. LEE & SON General Agents 22 Victoria Street, Toronto

Phone-Main 592. Residence Phone-Park 667

FIRE INSURANCE New York Underwriters' Agency

Established 1864 Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87

JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent, 16 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

WM. A. LEE & SON Toronto Agents, 22 Victoria St. Toronto

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED

LONDON, ENGLAND ESTABLISHED 1803 CAPITAL \$11,000,000

SMITH & MACKENZIE General Toronto Agents 24 Toronto St.

WM. A. LEE & SON Agents 22 Victoria Street, Toronto Telephone-Main 592 Residence Tel.-Park 667.

GEO. S. EGLES PAPER HANGER, PAINTER and DECORATOR.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE ON APPLICATION.

880 QUEEN STREET W. Phone Park 799

BELLS Church Chime Peal Memorial Bells a Specialty. Babbas Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES

Dyspepsia, Boils, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Mrs. A. Lethbridge, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was afflicted with severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all men and women."

Buy McConeky's Chocolates Dine at McConeky's Restaurant

You'll Fancy Yourself in Berlin or Hamburg or Dresden when you drink O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager. It's our new brew—just like the famous light beers of Germany. Brewed of choicest hops and malt—and stored until fully aged. "Pilsener" is the newest of the O'Keefe's brews and it bids fair to be the most popular. Try it. O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER "THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"

THE THORNTON-SMITH COMPANY, leading Church Decorators of Canada, have under contract several of the leading Churches of Ontario and have recently added to their staff an artist who was associated with Sir William Richmond, R.A. in the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, London England. Colored sketches drawn to scale submitted free of charge. Write for list of references and Churches decorated by us.

THE THORNTON - SMITH CO. 11 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO Church Decorators

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY Head Office: 24 ADELAIDE ST. EAST TORONTO

Capital \$1,125,000 Reserve 50,000 Assets 2,250,000

President: Alexander Sutherland Vice-Pres. and Mgr. Director: W. S. Dinnick

Right Honourable Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, K.C.M.G. Debentures for one, two, three, four and five years issued, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum, payable half yearly. Write for booklet entitled "SOME CARDINAL POINTS."

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS BUY "TOMLIN'S TEA LOAF"

None of it is wasted, no stale, unsightly pieces left from one meal to the next. It has a zest and snap about it that invites you to eat another piece.

TO TRY IT IS TO BUY ALWAYS H. C. TOMLIN, Manufacturer, Park 553

Your Executor May Die

Are you satisfied that your estate will be properly administered by the person appointed in his place? The Trusts Corporation never dies; it does not abscond or leave the country. It furnishes continuity of service, absolute security and efficiency at a minimum of cost.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION 59 Yonge Street, Toronto CAPITAL \$1,000,000 RESERVE FUND \$375,000

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale TORONTO ONTARIO

Established 1856

P. BURNS & CO. Wholesale and Retail

COAL and WOOD MERCHANTS

HEAD OFFICE 44 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. Telephone Main Nos. 131 and 132

BRANCH OFFICES: Front St., near Bathurst. Tel. Main 449 302 Queen East, Tel. Main 13. Princess St. Docks, " 190 479 Spadina Avenue, " 2119 472 Queen West, Tel. Col. 12 1312 Queen West, Tel. Park 714 526 1/2 Yonge St., Tel. Main 329 274 College St., Tel. North 1170 324 1/2 Queen Street West, Tel. Main 1407 449 Logan Ave., Phone N. 1601 Huron and Dupont, Phone N. 2504

Sunnyside Parlors Perfect in its appointments, is open the year round. Perfect Floor, Card Tables. Menus prepared to suit the tastes and pockets of all. For information telephone PARK 905.

Humber Beach Hotel A splendid Place for Automobile and Driving parties. First-class meals. A select stock of foreign and Domestic drinks supplied. Open daily, till 10 p.m. Tel. Park 926. P. V. MEYER, Proprietor.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
119 WELLINGTON ST. WEST,
TORONTO

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
In City, including delivery..... \$1.50
To all outside Canadian points..... 1.00
United States and Foreign..... 1.50

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops,
Bishops and Clergy.

ADVERTISING RATES
Transient advertisements 15 cents a line.
A liberal discount on contracts.
Remittances should be made by Post Office Order,
Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered
Letter.
When changing address the name of former Post
Office should be given.
Address all communications to the Company.

JOSEPH COOLAHAN is authorized to collect
details in the work upon which the
Commission would be called to adju-
cate, bears testimony to his usefulness
and the esteem in which he is held by
all with whom he has business deal-
ings, bespeak an intelligent and fear-
less adjustment in all matters upon
which he might be called upon to act.
That his claims will not be over-
looked in this connection is the conclu-
sion to which we look forward with all
confidence.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1908.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AND ITS
MEANING.

Before another issue of the "Register" reaches the hands of its readers, the Day which turns the thoughts of the Irish race the world over to the fountain head of their faith and their blood shall have been celebrated in the usual manner. That manner is entirely worthy of the character of the great apostle of the Irish race, who combined zeal and gentleness in an almost unexampled degree. Taken captive in early youth and treated for years as a slave, he was so far from harboring any resentment that he learned to love the people by whom he was robbed of home and liberty, and dedicated his life to their conversion to Christianity. What gentleness and zeal are here manifested! Furthermore until death caused the crozier to drop from his hand, withered with extreme old age and worn by incessant toil, St. Patrick prayed and preached without ceasing for the conversion of Ireland. And such were his prudence, benignity, and love that ere death closed his eyes he had the satisfaction of seeing the whole land bright with the rosy sunrise of faith without the effusion of a drop of blood.

Well are his zeal and gentleness perpetuated in the way in which the day of his translation to Heaven—March 17th—has ever since been observed by his spiritual children throughout the world. In the morning they crowd the churches; in the evening they meet together in social intercourse to recall the glories of the past and freshen their love for the cradle of their race. Faith and Fatherland! Devotion and sociability! Loyalty to our Faith, fidelity to the traditions of our race and kindness to all—these are the workings of the spirit of St. Patrick, these are what he practised and wished his children to observe. And we rejoice to say that these mark the St. Patrick's Day celebration in every land.

We rejoice also that throughout the earth there is an increasing jealousy of the honor of the Irish race and an ever-deepening determination to put down whatever savors of insult thereto. And in this regard we are delighted to mark the action taken by those guardians in our midst of the best traditions of the Irish race, namely, the Ancient Order of Hibernians. They have protested against vile caricatures of the Irishman to be seen on post cards on sale at some of our stores and appealed to their Protestant fellow-citizens of Irish descent to join with them in the work of stamping out these gross insults to their race. They have succeeded in wiping out pretty well the walking caricature—the stage Irishman. We trust they will be equally successful in their warfare against the vile caricature of the Irishman on post cards and comic papers. And a debt of gratitude is due the Toronto Globe for publishing their protest on the front page of its issue of March 10th.

Furthermore we trust that they will put themselves on record against caricatures of any nationality. May the shamrock, emblem of the fundamental mystery of the Christian religion be also the emblem of sobriety, industry, and charity. Thus bound together in its world-encircling chain, the children of St. Patrick will make the future worthy of the highest traditions of the past.

AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING
CATHOLIC WANTED.

Much talk both in the Press and on the street is heard at this moment, pertaining to fresh appointments on the Railway Commission, due to the vacancy made recently by the death of Judge Killam. The moment is opportune to remind ourselves that up to the present no English-speaking Catholic has had place on this Board. Though the omission could not fail to strike any who give public affairs the consideration due them, yet as long as the old order existed unchanged by the falling off of any of its members, no action was taken. Now, however, it would be supineness amounting to criminal indifference, were we not to advance a claim which from all counts is justly ours.

Railway affairs are not so well managed that we can afford to overlook the chance to avail ourselves of any whose experience and integrity leave no doubt but that the interests

of the public would not be overlooked, but on the contrary, would receive first place in the adjusting of affairs. Catholics in the past have too often had no mention either on this Commission or in the affairs of the road. Compensation can now be made. Technical knowledge which nothing but length of experience along a special line of work can give, is necessary to the success of any board such as the Commission in question. Among Catholics the possessors of this requisite knowledge are not wanting. In Toronto we have one who is perhaps better equipped by reason of his long and honorable connection with railway interests, than any to be found elsewhere, for a place on the Commission. That this gentleman will not be overlooked when the appointments are being made is what we confidently believe. His past experience, which gives him a knowledge of every detail in the work upon which the Commission would be called to adjudicate, bears testimony to his usefulness and the esteem in which he is held by all with whom he has business dealings, bespeak an intelligent and fear-
less adjustment in all matters upon which he might be called upon to act. That his claims will not be overlooked in this connection is the conclusion to which we look forward with all confidence.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

Terrible are the revelations which come to us from London sweatshops. "Trousers made at two-pence a pair—cheap shirts put together for sixpence a dozen—starving women pawn material in order to get food—these are some of the headings which have recently appeared in one of our morning papers concerning conditions in London. It is to the credit of our papers that they give prominence to and arouse public opinion on the sweating system. Expressions of outspoken indignation that such a state of things should be permitted to exist in the metropolis of the British Empire will help the present Imperial Government in its efforts to remedy labor conditions. Canadian opinion has been freely invited in matters pertaining to British defence. It should be equally effective in protesting against conditions which are eating away the heart of the British Empire.

Moreover, we have a lesson to learn from the awful conditions revealed in London, England. We must take effective measures to prevent the slum and the sweatshop from ever taking root in our midst. We are comparatively free from these cancers as yet; we must see to it that our body politic shall remain so.

"PHAROS" BECOMES OBSCURED.

Near Alexandria, in Egypt, stood a lighthouse called Pharos, which was one of the wonders of the ancient world. The name has been used as a nom-de-plume by the directing spirit of a delightful page on books and authors in the "Saturday Globe." "Pharos" usually is illuminating, but the oil must have run low on last Saturday, and the generally clear lamp smoked abominably. What an amount of soot there is for example, in the following criticism of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." In that celebrated romance the great English Chancellor of Henry VIII. gives a description of the laws, manners, civilization, of what he pictures to be in his view a perfect Commonwealth. "Pharos" pays a just tribute to the breadth, boldness, sagacity and nobility of thought evidenced in "Utopia." But when the writer turns from the product of More's pen to More himself the following extraordinary comment is made: "Was it not curious that More who had been so zealous a disciple of the New Learning—the whole spirit of the Renaissance breathes through "Utopia"—should have become so reactionary as to quarrel with Henry VIII. over the fiction of spiritual supremacy." It would be hard to crowd more misrepresentation, more shallowness, more offensive materialism than the foregoing words contain into one sentence. In the first place the "New Learning" is made to appear incompatible with More's adhesion to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. Now the most cursory student of the period known as the "Renaissance," ought to know that, whilst there was a "Renaissance" which was Pagan in its character, there was at the same time a "Renaissance" thoroughly Christian and Catholic. Of this latter Sir Thomas More was a fine example.

In the second place Sir Thomas More is represented as "becoming so reactionary as to quarrel with Henry VIII." This statement makes it appear that More was responsible for the quarrel. It was his "reactionary" spirit that caused him to quarrel with Henry VIII. Anyone having the slightest knowledge of the history of that time knows full well that More did not quarrel with Henry. The latter it was who sought to compel More to renounce his allegiance in spiritual matters to the Pope, to whom Henry also for years professed the same allegiance and from whom he received the title, still borne by English sovereigns, of Defender of the Faith, because of a book written by him against Luther. From being a defender of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, Henry became its deadliest enemy when the Pope refused to sanction his putting away of his lawful

wife and marrying his paramour. Then when More would not deny the Papal supremacy in spiritual matters in which he believed with his whole heart—when he would not renounce his allegiance to the Vicar of Christ and acknowledge the spiritual supremacy which Henry blasphemously arrogated to himself—that bloated and sensual tyrant struck off the head of the great Chancellor. Chambers' Cyclopaedia, a non-Catholic authority, says of Henry VIII.: "It is little wonder that every Catholic should detest the memory of him who sent More to the scaffold for adhering to opinions which he himself held shortly before, or that Protestants should execrate the memory of the man who violated justice and consistency to put to death the first great illustrious minister." And yet "Pharos" has not one word against the royal monster scourged by this Protestant authority, whilst the great More, martyred for his faith, is styled a "reactionary." "Pharos!" The oil is detestable this time, and the lamp wants scouring.

Then what a worse than shallow impertinence is the expression "fiction of spiritual supremacy." Spiritual supremacy was not a fiction for Henry; the monster arrogated it to himself. Spiritual supremacy cannot be a fiction to anyone who is not a Materialist. If there is a God, that God must manifest Himself to man in some authoritative way; in other words there must be some form of spiritual supremacy.

Really, "Pharos," we expected better things of you. You evidently got out of your depth this time. Keep to your talks on books and authors and you will continue to instruct and delight, but do not venture on religious topics.

A PARK COMMISSION.

Toronto is at present wrestling with many questions fraught with importance for her future welfare. Not the least of these is her parks' system. A city's parks have been happily styled its lungs. To them its citizens have recourse to escape the dust and din of the traffic-laden streets, from the whirr and grime of the factory, from the hot and stifling office and store. Beneath the shade of great trees, they breathe a purer air, and the soft murmur of the wind in the branches is as balm to nerves overworked by the incessant rush and clamor of high pressure city life. The fragrance of flowers, the flow of waters, the freedom from the clang of cars, the opportunity of getting near for a little to the great heart of mother Earth, makes the tired citizen feel the joy of living. This is particularly true of the citizens on whom the burden of city life particularly rests, namely, the artisan and the working man. The wealthy citizen can have a miniature bit of country around his home. Or he resides in the outskirts where city and country meet. But for the humble city toiler the only glimpse of Nature's charms is that afforded by city parks. At rare intervals, but only then, can he have a brief run into the country. Hence a well-ordered system of parks, and let us add, a generous playground provision for children, are factors of very great importance to the health and attractiveness of a city.

Now Toronto is blessed by Nature in the matter of opportunities for a splendid park system, as are few cities in the world. With the cliffs of Scarborough to the east and the lovely undulating tract of High Park to the west, with Hillcrest and the ravines of Rosedale to the north, and the grand stretch of Ontario's crystal waters to the south, where the shifting currents have raised a barrier of sand which has been, and is capable of being still more, transformed into a delightful island stretch of park for miles—with all these advantages, Toronto should have a park system which would be worthy of any city in the world. And we are glad to be able to add that public purchase and private munificence have put her in the way of utilizing these advantages to a large degree. However, what has been done is only a fraction of what may be done; and the city has now arrived at a stage when a permanent and well defined plan of city park development, carried out with steady persistence, is demanded. The general sentiment seems to be that a Commission such as that which has done such splendid work around Niagara Falls is the best solution, because the result of recent investigations has rendered an immediate reorganization of the parks staff necessary. And if we are to have a Commission, that work ought to be done by its members.

PARSONS IN POLITICS.

At a recent interview between a delegation of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance and Premier Whitney and his colleagues the following language was used by a leading Methodist divine: "We are in politics to fight for the betterment of this community and for the coming generation. I want to declare it before this assembly. I am in politics. I am in politics in this moral question, and I am going to continue in politics."

We have no objection to this honest and outspoken declaration; indeed we admire it. But let us suppose that the same words were addressed to the Legislature of any Province in this Dominion, or to any public body, by

a Catholic Bishop, what a howl would be raised! The Catholic Church was going into politics! Protestantism was endangered! Associations like the P.P.A. should be started to save the lives and liberties of Protestants against the aggressiveness of these terrible Catholics. From one end of the Dominion to the other Lodge would be meeting and passing resolutions. Leading articles of a gravely disapproving character would be met with in our principal organs of public opinion. And "religious" journals would go into hysterics. Nothing of this kind has taken place over the frank declaration of an outstanding figure in the Methodist ministry that "we are in politics." What is all right for Methodism would set the heather ablaze if it came from an equally prominent Catholic source. There is certainly room for improvement in Canadian notions of religious equality and freedom in practice.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The latest of the series known as "The Makers of Canada," from Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto, is a life of Sir John A. Macdonald, by Mr. George R. Parkin, who has had the good fortune to have allotted him for portrayal, one of the most important and from some points picturesque characters, amongst those who were in very truth the makers of Canada.

The merit of Mr. Parkin's work is the judicious delineation and fine enthusiasm he brings to its service. In his preface he places his subject upon a high plane both as a man and statesman, though humanly speaking, he sees in him one who was neither above error nor defect, yet one who played so high a part in forming the destiny of our country that he was par excellence the true maker of the Dominion. Speaking of Sir John his biographer declares that "no public man has ever in Canada won in an equal degree the sustained admiration of his fellow-citizens, and at the same time their affection, as had Macdonald at the time of his death. That he should have done this in spite of grave political errors and acknowledged personal defects, and as the general outcome of a life spent in the very furnace of party conflict, makes the achievement all the more striking." The paragraph quoted is the key to the broad and comprehensive outlook from which the writer approaches his subject, and gives in no small measure a hint to the classical and graphic manner in which Mr. Parkin presents his favorite statesman to the public.

While the work touches upon the career of Sir John A. Macdonald both in private and public life, it is to his labors and characteristics as a statesman that the author devotes his best endeavor and directs the attention of the reader. The events prior to and leading up to Confederation, the work of Canada's first Premier, the great questions of the National Policy, of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the North-West, of Provincial Rights, and unrestricted Reciprocity, are all here treated in a connected and illuminating manner, the whole presenting a readable volume of no small value as a portrait of Canada's most important period of transition and the man who piloted her in safety through the many and diverse political shoals by which she was at that time surrounded.

Other lives of Sir John have been written, but they have proved too voluminous and detailed for popular use. The merit of the present work is that while the thread has been in no wise lost sight of, details oftentimes useless have been eliminated, and the life of Sir John and his times is presented to the reader in the concise and continuous form which always tends to impress itself upon the student by the strength and crispness of the pictures presented. For busy men in these busy times no better method of acquainting themselves with this statesman and his benefits to Canada could well be suggested than that of providing themselves with this volume from the virile pen of Mr. George R. Parkin.

MONUMENT TO D'ARCY MCGEE.

The editorial comment of the Catholic Register on the eulogistic appeal for a monument to D'Arcy McGee, which appeared in the Globe of Feb. 15th, from the pen of Byron Nicholson has been the means of drawing forth interesting communications from divers quarters, proof of which will be found elsewhere in this issue. We note in passing that our old friend and often-times contributor, Mr. Matthew F. Walsh, of Ottawa, has somewhat misunderstood our editorial in the matter, when in his letter to the Ottawa Citizen he says: "You unite in commendation of the Catholic Register's endorsement of Mr. Byron Nicholson's suggestion which he has followed up for some years past, of the erection by public subscription of a monument to the distinguished Irish-Canadian statesman." This is scarcely what we meant to convey, our only wish being to aid to our utmost in the erection of that which should be a public testimony of the worth of the great Irishman whose name and work are under discussion. The Ottawa Citizen seems to have grasped our meaning more exactly when it says, "The Register would have the government discharge its duty to McGee's memory by undertaking the erection of the monument at the ex-

Who Should Open
Accounts With Us

2.—The laborer, mechanic, clerk, teacher—all those who work for wages or on a salary, and whose thrift prompt them to save a little out of their income.
BECAUSE if their income be small it is of the greater importance to them that it be safely invested. With this Corporation ABSOLUTE SAFETY is the first consideration. No speculation is permitted. Its large paid-up Capital and Surplus, exceeding EIGHT AND THREE-QUARTERS MILLION DOLLARS, its long record of more than half a century, and the personal character and experience of its Directors and Officers, combine to assure its Depositors of freedom from all anxiety.
BECAUSE we welcome the small deposit as much as the largest.

One Dollar Opens an Account
**CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation**
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

pense of the country, but the government failing in its duty, individual admirers of McGee should take up the work.

Amongst the communications to be found on our pages of this week is one from Mr. P. Mungovan to the Ottawa Citizen. Mr. Mungovan (Rambler of the Catholic Register) speaks with the warmth and knowledge of one who had, as he himself tells us, a large share in the personal friendship of McGee, and it is easy to understand what glowing recollections such a friendship makes it possible to evolve. Mr. Mungovan is able to tell us with the authority of one who saw with his eyes and heard with his ears the actions and oratory of McGee and his warm testimony to both at this interval of time should have considerable weight. Readers of the Catholic Register will remember also the many references of our "Old Timer," whose admiration of McGee was certainly as sincere as it was unstinted. There seems to be no room for doubt but that the moment is opportune for the graving in marble or brass of that which shall tell to succeeding generations that Canada and Canadians are not unmindful of the work of those who helped in no small degree to make her what she is to-day and amongst those few can claim a larger share than the patriotic McGee. As he himself tells us, in his beautiful song, "Am I Remembered in Erin," there was no lover of the Green Isle more fervent than he, "Never heart more true to Erin Than beats within this breast." Neither was there anywhere one who in all that concerned the land of his adoption worked more earnestly for its advancement and development, without ever faltering even for a moment, in the devotion and faith claimed by his first love, the land of his birth. That the erection of a monument will now be a speedy reality is something to be hopefully expected. Delay has already been too long. This seems to be the opportune moment. To embrace it will surely be the will and duty of every patriotic Irishman and Canadian.

A Popular Young Lady Passes Away

(Peterborough Review.)
On Saturday afternoon Miss Kitty Hurley passed away at the home of her parents, corner of Hunter and Stewart streets. Her death had been expected for some time. She had for many years been organist of St. Peter's Cathedral, and at the same time taught with much success large classes in music, and was generally accounted a pianiste of rare ability. Too close devotion to work brought on failing health. To recuperate she spent the winter of two years ago and last winter in Houston and Galveston, Texas. The benefit, however, proved to be merely temporary. Miss Hurley received her education here at St. Peter's Convent School, afterwards attending for a time Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, and the Toronto Conservatory of music. The deceased was a young lady of affable, gentle and refined manner, universally esteemed at home and beloved by many a friend in the South.

Left behind to miss her winsome presence are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hurley; three sisters, Mrs. R. Coughlan of Hastings; Mrs. E. J. McCarthy and Miss Lily Hurley, of Lown; and one brother, Rev. A. F. Hurley of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

The funeral Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's cathedral by the deceased young lady's brother, Rev. A. F. Hurley, of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Rev. N. Roche, president of St. Michael's College, officiated as deacon. Rev. P. J. Galvin was sub-deacon and Rev. Dr. O'Brien master of ceremonies. Rev. W. J. McColl, rector of St. Peter's and Rev. P. J. Kelly were present in the sanctuary. Out of regard for their late organist, the members of the choir all attended to sing the Requiem for her who had played so many for others. Mrs. Jas. Weir rendered "Face to Face" as the cortege entered the cathedral, and Mrs. George Ball "Angels ever bright and fair," as it departed. The offertory selection was "De Profundis," by Misses Lavina Hallihan and Annie Simons. Special friends of the deceased acted as pall-bearers. Messrs. Galloway and McNulty, Messrs. Myles Henry, George Ball, M. J. O'Leary, Toronto, and James McNeil. The large number of floral offerings, spiritual bouquets, letters and telegrams from far and near as also the

A Luxury That Everyone
May Enjoy

Cowan's
Maple Buds



Absolutely Pure and
Healthful
THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Zinc & Half-Tone Engraving
PHONE 7-1115
**ALEXANDER
ENGRAVING Co.**
DESIGNERS & ENGRAVERS
16 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO.

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.

London Guarantee and
Accident Co., Limited
Cor. Yonge & Richmond Sts.
Toronto
Phone Main 1642.

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.

The Bank of Ottawa

Capital (paid up) \$8,000,000.00
Rest and undivided profits - - - 3,827,832.48
Assets over - - - 12,000,000.00
Interest on Savings Deposits credited quarterly.

Offices in Toronto:
37 King Street East
(King Edward Building)
367 Broadview Ave.
(Corner Gerrard)

The Western Business College
And Academy of Languages.

College and Huron
Principal at Huron Street, A. J. HOARE, Main 3186
Principal at Dovercourt, P. M. DOUGLAS, of the Douglas "Speed Class"
Shorthand, Typewriting, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Spelling, Punctuation, Composition and Telegraphy
Matriculation, French, German, Spanish, Speed class in Stenography a specialty. School every night from seven until ten o'clock, except Saturday. Students can begin at any time, and will receive personal attention.



YOUR EYESIGHT
Is too precious to trifle with. When your eyes need attention consult me. My record is a guarantee of my successful methods.

F. E. LUKE Refracting
Optician
11 King St. West, Toronto.

number of friends that thronged the house and cathedral, testified to the high esteem in which the gentle Miss Kitty was held during life and in her death. R.I.P.

Mgr. Ehrhard, the German professor who has been accused of Modernism, in a declaration which he has published, says he did not think his article in the "Internationale Wochenschrift" on "The New Position of Catholic Theology" would cause disquiet in Catholic circles. To remove all doubt as to his attitude he expresses his sincere regret that his arguments, which were intended to serve the interests of Catholic theology in Germany, had led to results he did not anticipate, and his reverence for the venerable person of the Holy Father was discovered therein. As a faithful son of the Catholic Church he rejects the dogmatic errors of Modernism condemned by the Encyclical.

W. E. BLAKE

MISSION SUPPLIES A DISTINCT SPECIALTY

Manufacturer and Importer of Altar Furnishings Vestments Statuary Stations of the Cross Candles and Oils Pictures Prayerbooks Artificial Flowers

W. E. BLAKE Importer and Manufr., 123 Church St. Toronto, Can.



NOTES FROM OTTAWA

(From our own Correspondent.) Rev. Father Lalonde of the Jesuit Order, Montreal, will assist in delivering the Lenten discourses at the Basilica.

The plans for the new Roman Catholic Church, which is to be built in Rockcliffe this coming spring, have been prepared by Mr. C. Brodeur, the architect. The contract for the building will be awarded shortly.

On Ash Wednesday—the first day of the Lenten season—the customary distribution of the blessed ashes was held in all the local churches. At the Basilica Mgr. Routhier, V.G., officiated and His Grace the Archbishop presided at High Mass.

Rev. Father Bouillon, who for the past seven years has been engaged in missionary work in the diocese of St. Boniface, Man., has been visiting in the city and recently officiated at High Mass in the Basilica. He is a nephew of Rev. Canon Bouillon of this city.

The Grey Nuns' Community in Water Street Convent, have concluded a week's retreat. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, officiated at Mass on the closing Sunday and Rev. Father Prudhomme, of the Oblate Order, delivered the sermons throughout the week.

In celebration of the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the renowned theologian, doctor of the church and priest of the Dominican Order, a solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Jean Baptiste Church. His Grace the Archbishop presided at the ceremony. The church is in charge of the Dominican Order.

Mr. R. Belanger, former Separate School Trustee and now Grand Secretary of the Union St. Joseph, was the recipient of a purse of gold recently on the occasion of his thirty-first birthday. An illuminated address was also read and presented to Mr. Belanger, who is a popular worker in the affairs of the Society.

A month's mission, one week of which will be for the men, one for the women, one for the young ladies and one for the young men, has been opened in Notre Dame De Grace Church, Hull, and will be conducted by the two well-known missionaries of the Oblate Order, Rev. Fathers Louis and Heneault. There are three services daily and the attendance is gratifying.

The Encyclical on mixed marriages, which becomes effective at Easter, will, in at least the Ottawa Archdiocese, permit the contracting of matrimony by a Catholic and non-Catholic party, if the ceremony is performed by a Roman Catholic clergyman. But should a clergyman or other than Roman Catholic denomination officiate at the wedding, the marriage will not be recognized as valid by the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities.

A series of Lenten sermons for St. Joseph's church has been arranged. Among the subjects of discourse will be "The Recent Decree Concerning Marriage," by Rev. Canon Sloan; "Modernism," by Rev. J. T. McNally; and "The Spiritual Conflict," by Rev. J. A. Dewe, of Ottawa University. At High Mass on St. Patrick's Day, Rev. J. P. Fallon will deliver a sermon on "The Apostle of Ireland."

The local ecclesiastical authorities have decided upon the erection of a seminary to replace the one which was destroyed in the Ottawa University fire some time ago. The location for the new building has not been decided upon as yet. A special annual collection which will be taken up in the churches on the third Sunday of this month, will be used to augment the funds for this purpose. The proceeds are usually utilized for colonization.

A splendid tribute to an energetic and upright life was the funeral of

J. J. M. LANDY

Importer and Manufacturer of Religious Goods

FLORIDA PALMS ORDER NOW

MISSIONS SUPPLIED Send For Prices

416 Queen Street West, Toronto, Canada

Dial Phone, Col. 305. Res. Phone Coll. 452.



Mr. James White, who was an exhibition Association, a popular member of the C.M.B.A., and a prominent attendant of St. Joseph's church. That edifice was filled largely with the many friends of deceased as Rev. Father T. Murphy chanted the requiem service. Interment was made in Notre Dame Cemetery. Among those in attendance were representatives from St. Patrick's Branch, C.M.B.A., Senator John Costigan, Hon. F. R. Latchford, K.C., Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor Scott, Mr. J. B. T. Caron, M.P., and Senators R. W. Scott and N. A. Belcourt.

A well-beloved clergyman has passed away in the person of Rev. Father Alexander Motard, parish priest of St. Joseph's d'Orleans, Montreal, P.Q. Born in Ottawa on July 30th, 1864, deceased was ordained by Mgr. Routhier, Vicar-General, on the 8th of March, 1891. For several years he was stationed in the parish of Maynooth, diocese of Pembroke. From there he was appointed to Cantley, Que., and finally was called to take charge of St. Joseph's d'Orleans, where he has been for about eight years. Several months ago his health began to fail with the result that he was forced to undergo treatment in a local hospital, but though at first his condition seemed to improve, it was but a temporary rally, and he passed calmly away in that institution. Death was due to nervous debility. Of a kindly, energetic disposition, he endeared himself to all his parishioners—so much so that at their request the body lay in state in St. Joseph's d'Orleans. The funeral was held in the Basilica, where Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by Mgr. Routhier, V.G., and Rev. Canons Campeau and Bouillon, officiated at the impressive service. Rev. Fathers Gascon and Poulin were the deacons of office. Interment was made in the clergy's plot in Notre Dame cemetery.

D'Arcy McGee

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

Editor Citizen: Under the above heading there has recently appeared in the pages of the Citizen a well written article, as also a few days subsequently a contribution from the pen of Mr. Matthew F. Walsh, in both of which the justice of having the name of that lamented statesman engraved on bronze or marble, is strongly but moderately urged. As an admirer of that truly great man, and as one who enjoyed in a large measure his warm personal friendship, permit me very briefly to add my feeble testimony to what has been already placed upon record. Looking upon the events which preceded Confederation, and reviewing the conventions, conferences, and controversies which resulted in blending a number of scattered provinces, devoid of any community of interest, into one harmonious organization, I write not in any spirit of disparagement when I say that in the long and able roll of fathers and founders of a great Dominion, at that momentous period, the magic charm of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's utterance, the conciliatory character of his argument, the pertinency and originality of his argument, the breadth of his statesmanship, all united in forming a most valuable instrument in influencing and guiding deliberations. It was whilst engaged in solidifying the great triumph of clever statesman that he fell a victim to the assassin's bullet.

Whether on the scaffold high, Or in the battle's van, The fittest place for man to die Is where he dies for man.

It was not on the open battlefield, nor whilst scaling frowning fortresses nor towering ramparts that poor McGee lost his life. The cause for which he suffered was equally glorious, perhaps more so. It was for unselfish love for the land of his birth not less than that which he had for the land of his adoption.

It has been frequently said in my presence that the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee was short of the honors which were justly its due because he happened to be an Irishman.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

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

Thirty-Eighth Annual Report TO JANUARY 1st, 1908, OF THE Mutual Life of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

CASH ACCOUNT table with columns for INCOME and DISBURSEMENTS. Includes items like Net Ledger Assets, Premiums, Death Claims, and Balance Net Ledger Assets.

BALANCE SHEET table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Mortgages, Debentures and Bonds, Reserve, and Credit Ledger Balances.

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor. GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director. WATERLOO, January 29th, 1908.

New Business written (gain over 1906, \$1,577,855) - \$7,081,402 Insurance in force (gain over 1906, \$4,179,440) - \$51,091,848 Surplus (gain over 1906, \$300,341) - \$1,503,719

Booklets containing full report of the Annual Meeting, held March 5, 1908, are being published, and will be distributed among Policyholders in due course.

am no sharer in this form of belief. The Irishman does not suffer in Canada, and if he does, the blow—I write this with a cheek crimsoned with shame and indignation—will be very apt to come from a degenerate and misguided fellow-countryman; but despite this feeling, I readily assent that if he was born in the land of the Hottentots, and was a Hottentot in race, and performed one-third of the services which he rendered in laying the foundations of a country of future greatness in North America, side by side with a vast republic, the Canadian government, whether made up of Grit or Tory material, would rise to the magnanimity of marking its appreciation by a more fitting recognition.

P. MUNGOVAN.

D'ARCY MCGEE. (Ottawa Citizen.)

Editor Citizen.—In your issue of 24th inst., under the above heading, you unite in commendation of the Catholic Register's endorsement of Mr. Byrd Nicholson's suggestion, which he has followed up for some years past, of the erection by public subscription of a monument to the distinguished Irish-Canadian statesman. Let me say that I, on the contrary, have for many years urged through the press the erection of his statue on Parliament Hill by the Dominion Government, and I fail to see why a departure from what has now become customary should take place in the case of Mr. McGee. The country owes his memory this recognition by his great services in the cause of Confederation.

Such being my impression, during last session, at my request, Dr. Chisholm, M.P. for Huron, endeavored to ascertain the feeling of the government on the subject. Accordingly, as appears in Hansard of 25th April, 1907 (page 7700) the honorable member put the question: "Is it the intention of the government to erect a monument to the memory of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee? And the reply of the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, was: "The estimates for the current year made no special provision for this item; but no one doubts that the record of the late Mr. McGee entitles him to recognition the same as that given other distinguished statesmen, and at a future session provision will undoubtedly be made for the erection of a monument to his memory."

Let us hope that the Honorable, the Finance Minister, and his colleagues will consider the present the "future session," and that when the supplementary estimates are brought down the first step will have been taken towards the fulfilment of a desire long cherished by a large proportion of the people of "this Canada of ours." Yours, MATTHEW F. WALSH. Ottawa, 25 Feb., 1908.

The movement looking to the erection of a monument to the memory of D'Arcy McGee, "whose broad and far-seeing statesmanship was a leading factor in bringing about Confederation," finds warm support in the Catholic Register. It quotes approvingly the appeal of Byron Nicholson which emphasizes "the evolution of his character from fiery hostility to the British flag, when that flag stood for the oppression of his native land in the dark days of 1848, to respect for the same flag and outspoken opposition to those who would

seek to lower it, when in Canada it stood for self-government and the fullest liberty for development." The Register would have the government discharge its duty to McGee's memory by undertaking the erection of the monument at the expense of the country; but the government failing in its duty, "individual admirers of McGee should take up the work." The Canadians are few indeed who know the life and work of McGee do not feel that there has been gross and inexcusable negligence in acknowledging this country's debt to that brilliant Irishman and devoted lover and servant of his adopted country—Ottawa Citizen.

Death of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Coulson

Mount St. Louis was the scene of a very unusual and sad event last week, when on Friday, Feb. 28th, the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. James Coulson were conveyed to their last resting place. Both had been ailing for some time, but hopes were entertained that Mrs. Coulson was out of danger, when suddenly the end came. Arrangements had scarcely been made for her burial when Mr. Coulson (whose life was despaired of) breathed his last.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Coulson were held in the highest esteem by their friends and neighbors of all denominations. They were staunch supporters of the Catholic Church, as was testified to by Rev. Father Gearin in a very feeling discourse delivered by him at the conclusion of the Requiem High Mass.

After the services at the Church the funeral cortege slowly wended its way to the Catholic cemetery, where the sight was, even if possible, more sad, seeing the remains lowered into the adjoining graves, which were surrounded by mounds of snow. The roads were almost impassable from snow, but a legion of friends from surrounding towns braved the depths to testify to the esteem in which the departed were held.

The Prtest an Every-day Man

"We have evidence continually," says the Monitor, Newark, N.J., "that the priest is an 'every-day man' and that every interest of life appeals to him. A few years ago, when the great coal strike was in progress, among the arbitrators chosen by President Roosevelt to settle the strike, was Bishop Spalding. What national effort for civic or social betterment but is voiced and urged by the kindly and tactful Cardinal Gibbons? Only the other day we read in the New York papers how Father Curry, the priest of the poor, made complaint against certain vendors of cocaine and sent them to a term in prison. During the late money stringency when banks were tottering to their ruin and when a run on a bank was almost the certain prelude of its destruction, a Polish priest in Jersey City stemmed the run of his fellow-countrymen on a local bank by his

action and averted a financial calamity. Over in the great city across the North River, the Archbishop was writing words of caution and assurance that had great effect in calming an excited and mistrustful people. Recently Monsignor Coffey of Carbondale visited Paterson for the purpose of studying its silk industries and their conditions, in order to settle a strike among similar industries in Pennsylvania, of which he had been mutually chosen as a sole arbitrator. These instances multiply from day to day and prove that the priest is an 'every day man' and nothing that concerns humanity is foreign to him."—Sacred Heart Review.

Like many a fallen monarch, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," the Empress Eugenie has been conspicuous throughout her checkered career for her devotion to the Church of her fathers, and among her many religious bequests none is more interesting than the bounty she has bestowed upon the French Benedictine Fathers of the Abbey of Farnborough. In pursuance of this benevolence, the Empress has now assigned to them the Church and Abbey of St. Michael in perpetuity, and a lengthy and sympathetic account of the learned community and their associations with their Imperial patron appears in the "Crown." Therein the writer, Mr. Edward Legge, well known for his work on "The Imperial Exiles of England," sketches the development of the foundation from its origin twenty years ago, when the Empress had the buildings erected primarily for the purpose of a mausoleum for her lamented son, the Prince Imperial.

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

GOLD LOCKETS FOR MEN

The good quality, size and splendid appearance of our Lockettes makes them sell like hot cakes. When customers see them, their minds are made up at once. They buy them. Prices run from about \$3 to \$50 each. Now is the time to order.

WANLESS & CO. (ESTABLISHED 1866) 168 Yonge Street, - Toronto

The Sample Shows

What we can do in the line of laundering. We could print pages of description, but the shirts, collars, cuffs and the rest of men's garments that are washable as well as wearable, will tell our story better than the type of our friend, the printer. Don't bother about coming around here—



New Method Laundry Limited 187 and 189 Parliament St., Phone M. 3289 4546

ROYAL MAIL TRAINS

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Canada's Famous Train

THE Maritime Express

Leaving Montreal 12.00 noon Friday carries the European Mail and lands passengers, baggage, etc., at the Steamer's side, Halifax, avoiding any extra transfer, the following Saturday.

When inward mail steamers at Halifax do not connect with the regular train, the Maritime Express, west-bound special train with through sleeping and dining cars attached, for passengers baggage and mail, will leave Halifax for Quebec and Montreal, connecting with trains for Ottawa, Toronto and all points west. For further particulars apply to

Montreal City Office, 141 St. James Street

THE ONE PIANO

That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the

Heintzman & Co PIANO

MADE BY Ye Olde Firm of Heintzman & Co.

For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

Piano Sales: 116-117 King St. W., Toronto



WE KEEP THE FINEST STOCK OF FINE LEATHER GOODS

Ladies' Bags Portfolios, Wallets Pocket Books Letter and Card Cases, etc.

NEWEST STYLES—BEST VALUE

BROWN BROS.

Limited 51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

SUITABLE DESIGNS AND SUBJECTS

For Church Decorations Submitted

LUXFER PRISM CO., Ltd. KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

FREE Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.25 and we will send you three TWO GOLD RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address to STAR MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

THE DOWER RIGHT

(By Fanny Kemble Johnson.)

The meadow and gently sloping hillside beyond ran with the highway for a mile. Midway on the hillside you could see the red dower-house, and you could not see within, to where the old lady sat beside the window of her humiliation, and looked down the long meadow where the invaders rode every day to watch their relentless scarlet machines sowing wheat as if each grain were a dragon's tooth or moving it as if they were guillotines at work upon ranks of golden aristocrats.

In the pride of youth she had chosen this window for her own, because from it she could command so wide a view of her realm. Especially she had never glanced down that great meadow without a thrill of pride—as now, in the evil days, she never beheld it without a pang.

Of all this the invaders had no idea. That she was an enemy, and the dower-house was a grim fortress, and themselves the wicked besiegers of that fortress—why, they were too young and joyous to imagine such preposterous things. So they went on sowing and reaping in her one-time fields, and riding by her white-pillared portico, innocently parading their youth and comradeship and affluence before the face of her age and her loneliness and her poverty—her bitter poverty that might not even keep the house of her fathers for her own people to inherit.

The girl invader was the worst. She was twenty-five, and she had been married to the other invader six years, and two little boys were singing out "mother" after her the whole day long; but for all that, she looked a mere girl to the enemy at her loophole in the honeysuckle on a big, rosy, delighted girl, as she cantered by on her own brown mare, Chips.

Her name, by the way, was Rose. The old lady heard him calling her by it one day—his was Terrence. And always when she caught sight of the old lady she would nod gaily and call, "Good morning!" or "Good evening!" as the case might be, in country fashion.

To the old lady these children, wild with their first freedom and their first own home, were as red flags flaunted. After such an encounter as we have indicated, she would leave the pleasant porch, and go to sit in the dusky parlor, surrounded by family portraits and memorials of past days, and open the family Bible on a marble-topped table cold as a tombstone, seeking consolation in certain verses once possessed of power to heal an unhappy and lonely heart.

But that girl's fresh face and voice would remain in her memory, would distract her, would taunt her with an invulnerable joyousness. She would not help but look up at one particular portrait set over the tall white mantel-shelf—such a boy's face it was, smiling, and whenever she looked, memory cried, "We were like them once!" Then she would sit, forgetting the book, with her tears of old age on her withered cheeks and the dull despair of old age in her heart.

Now it would simply have broken Rose's own heart to have had the faintest conception of all this, for she was just as sweet as she looked. One day, indeed, Terrence did say "Gir, I don't half-believe that old lady likes us," and another day, "Rose, sure as sunrise she hates us," but Rose only flouted him.

"Terrence," she said, on this last occasion, "you're too imaginative for a farmer. Stop maligning human nature and go put your cultures to soak. Your beans won't be worth photographing if you don't get them planted soon."

Terrence grinned. "But, Rose, she's just sent me word not to use her road any more. That means I must cut across the meadow with another road."

"Well, we must be a nuisance, Terrence. I don't blame her at all. We should have had our own road long ago. You can't set me against an old lady with curls, and a lace cap, and a Chinese silk shawl and a gold-headed cane, and I'm going to see her to-morrow."

"She hasn't been to see you," mentioned Terrence. "You're too unimaginative for a farmer. Stop maligning human nature and go put your cultures to soak. Your beans won't be worth photographing if you don't get them planted soon."

"We'll make a great old place of it some day, girl," said Terrence. "Don't, Terry," cried Rose. Then she explained, "It sounds as if we were just waiting."

"They are," said the old lady the next evening to the young minister's wife, "just waiting. They must think me an unaccommodating old woman."

"Now, Aunt Hale," remonstrated Sally Patton, "if you would only consent to know Rose."

"No," interposed the old lady. "She can ride by my doors—though I think I've put a stop to that—but she shall not come inside. I've a few rights left."

"She shook her beautiful, thick white curls as she said this, and struck her cane sharply on the polished floor."

"Like an echo the big brass knocker fell. Sally started and leaned forward looking through the front window."

"It's Rose Carter, Aunt Hsie, she said, with a sort of timid firmness. "Hortense, get out, I think. Shall I go to the door?"

"If you will be so kind, Ally," assented the old lady, with great composure. "In here?" asked Sally, brightly. "No," replied the old lady, who was enjoying herself.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold. COCOA Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

She lifted her fine, deliberate voice a trifle, and the fire in her eye sprang high. "You will please say that Mrs. Hale regrets that infirm health compels her to deny herself to strangers."

Rose heard. She blushed scarlet—that was the girl in her—but her head went up, and the fire in her hazel eyes leaped too. Between these two fires little Sally Patton halted. To her relief, Rose's humor came to rescue the situation. She smiled, held out her hand, broke into lively words of greeting, and allowed herself to be sent away with a perfect good nature that assumed the old lady's message to be as polite as it sounded.

Within, the old lady harkened irately to the invader's fresh young voice. Twenty years back the house had rung with such voices. She grew suddenly homesick with the worst homesickness there is, for one can not ever turn and journey back into any past, however dear and passionate—longed for.

Therefore, Sally, re-entering, did not find the old lady looking as triumphant as she expected. She was rather cross, Sally, who was her relative by marriage, and who came in for the privileges of relationship. "You ought not to be alone here, aunt," said the little woman, as she rose to go. "St. John frets over you all the time."

The old lady frowned. "I lived here by myself during a civil war," she said.

"But—began Sally. She stopped, distressed. It hardly seemed tactful to suggest a burglary or a stroke of paralysis to an old lady just as you were leaving her by her lone self. "It does make us uneasy," she concluded, lamely.

On her way down the path she saw Rose cantering through the long meadow and watched her wistfully. She was the only married woman in Sally's experience who kept the light-hearted freshness of girlhood. Sally herself could not manage it all, with a trio of little girls to bring up on five hundred dollars a year, and rent free. She was learning to do white embroidery for an exchange, however, and hoped to manage some day.

In the meadow Rose met Terry tragically. "You'll take my advice next time, madam," he said.

Rose winked back the tears. "It does look as if we had it all, Terry boy," she murmured.

"Let's chuck the whole thing, then," suggested Terry, cheerfully. "There are plenty of other good places—without dower rights."

Rose turned, looked back yearningly. "I couldn't give it up, Terry," she admitted. "I just couldn't."

"Then," said Terry, "you're as bad as I am, and I've no more sympathy to waste on you."

"I'm not," retorted Rose, indignantly, "for I'd love her if she'd let me." She gathered up her reins. "Where are you off to?"

"Up the meadow and home by the road. Won't you come, too?"

But affairs of importance, it appeared, detained Terrence, and Rose started on her round alone.

Half-way up the meadow the hill rose somewhat steeply and was crowded with a scattering wood of pines. Rose found herself following a narrow path to the hilltop, and, once there, a pale gleaming among the dark branches allured her downward. Here where the pines grew thickest, and even in March harbored tiny drifts of snow, she came on one of the old family burial grounds once to be found on every plantation in the state. Time has let in the wild vines and creeping grasses to many. Many more have been obliterated by the plowshare of new owners. But this enclosure, secreted among the pines, and hedged with long unpruned box-trees, seemed still a place that waited to welcome and enfold the life-weary.

Its wooden gate had crumbled; but its single tall shaft stood upright, as if protecting certain little graves nestled under periwinkle vines a foot deep. One of these was such a mite of a mound in its cradle of worn graystone. Rose had dismounted now and was standing over it.

"It's almost as little as mine," she thought. She stooped to remove the dead leaves and twigs with a gentle hand. Her eyes were musing and deep. Just such a tiny, tiny mound she had left behind her in a northern state when she came to Virginia. No one ever understood why she cared so much for that unnamed morsel of a daughter who had only lived long enough to die; but even her two big beautiful boys could not make her forget, and she always bore in her heart the memory of that weep, unmothered grave. And she had kept it so sweet with baby flowers, violets, little white roses, white daisy stars small as the far-away stars of heaven seen to our gazing eyes. But no one had understood—even Terry had not understood.

The old lady's roses were in full bloom, tall branches of crimson roses, branch bushes of white roses, brambly bushes of yellow roses, and vines in wild, untethered tangles of roses. Sally exclaimed over them on her way up the walk, "I see by that basket that you robbed me!" she called.

"I wish you'd come to-morrow, aunt," said Sally. "St. John is to have everything real appropriate and pretty. The children will sing, and we are to have a special little ceremony at the soldiers' graves. We want your roses for those—they are finer than anyone else has—they are the loveliest roses I ever saw!"

"John says we'd all get too careless if it wasn't for these special days of remembering. I.e likes to have people make the most of them."

She picked up her basket from the step and moved away as she spoke. The old lady leaned back, letting her eyes follow the alert figure flitting about the lawn. Once she had cut her own roses, and wreathed them with her own memories for the graves of her dead; but in recent years all anniversaries had fallen from their old-time importance in her mind. She had stopped observing them as she had stopped going to church every Sunday morning, or planting her early bulbs every autumn—as she had stopped pretty much everything except mere living in its barest simplicity.

"Do come, aunt!" urged Sally once more across her overflowing basket of beauty. "Uncle Nelse can drive you."

The old lady shook her head firmly; but for all that, the words put her in the temper to do something she had not done for several years.

"Hortense," she said that night to the colored woman who attended her, "ask your father to put the horses in

the carriage for me to-morrow afternoon if the weather is fair. I think it will be," she added, anxiously, her heart beginning to be bent on what something.

"Baby," said Rose the next day to her youngest, "where's brother?"

"Papa took him."

"Then I'll take you. Tumble in." He rolled over the back of the seat into the cart beside her. His heavy brown hair ripped back from an angelic brow, and his heavenly brown eyes questioned her intentions. To the possessor of a serious artistic eye he suggested the cherub out of an Italian altar-piece; but his mother was more frivolous.

"Ludwell Harrison Carter," she said, suddenly, "you look exactly like a delicious bonbon. I think I'll eat you up."

She proceeded to devour him with kisses, while he gave chuckling screams of delight. "Let me drive Chippy," he gurgled, taking brazen advantage of the situation.

"Oh, you're on my box, baby boy!" She lifted him back to his seat and removed her box to her lap, while he held the reins along a level stretch of road.

It was a big white box from her old florist, and now we know where the invader was going, and what an inexcusable thing she was going to do. Yet it was nothing in the world but a bit of the sweetest selfishness for the comforting of her own heart, very homesick on this day of all the year for a tiny flower-heaped mound, flower-heaped—yet what meaning had flowers placed by a caretaker?

She left the cart at the meadow bars, and with the white box swinging from one hand and the cherub from the other, gained the silent little enclosure among the pines. The sunny peace of the day descended dovetail on her spirit as she knelt deep in the netted vines and uncovered her white baby roses, her violets, her fairy daisies.

The boy pressed closer, his lovely little face aglow and alight. He caught her suddenly under her round chin with his soft, eager, baby hands.

"Is they for my little sister, mommie"—the words stumbled out, soft and eager, too—"my sweet, sweet little bit of a sister?"

That set her lips quivering. "Yes, my precious," she said, holding up her face to be kissed.

And this was the picture the old lady beheld with an amazement, an indignation not to be put on paper. The pine-needles carpeting the wood road had blotted out the sound of her carriage wheels.

She might have descended from the skies or risen up out of the earth as she confronted the invader, who sprang to her feet confounded and put to shame, and clinging desperately to the one masculine protector in reach. All at once, as if by special revelation, she comprehended the enormity of their impertinence!

It was written on the old lady's face as she waited—quite openly awaited. "Forgive me!" stammered Rose. It was a double distilled inadequacy, but it was all she could think of. She had been startled pale; but now she blushed deeply and moved forward.

"Think you are forgetting your pretty flowers," reminded the old lady who conspicuously bore flowers of her own. As the discomfited invader stooped to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

"Come, sweetheart," she said, and passed by the old lady, the defrauded mother heart by the insulted mother heart, and the invader's tears were plain to be read upon her cheeks.

Inexplicably and unexpectedly to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

"Come, sweetheart," she said, and passed by the old lady, the defrauded mother heart by the insulted mother heart, and the invader's tears were plain to be read upon her cheeks.

Inexplicably and unexpectedly to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

"Come, sweetheart," she said, and passed by the old lady, the defrauded mother heart by the insulted mother heart, and the invader's tears were plain to be read upon her cheeks.

Inexplicably and unexpectedly to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

"Come, sweetheart," she said, and passed by the old lady, the defrauded mother heart by the insulted mother heart, and the invader's tears were plain to be read upon her cheeks.

Inexplicably and unexpectedly to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

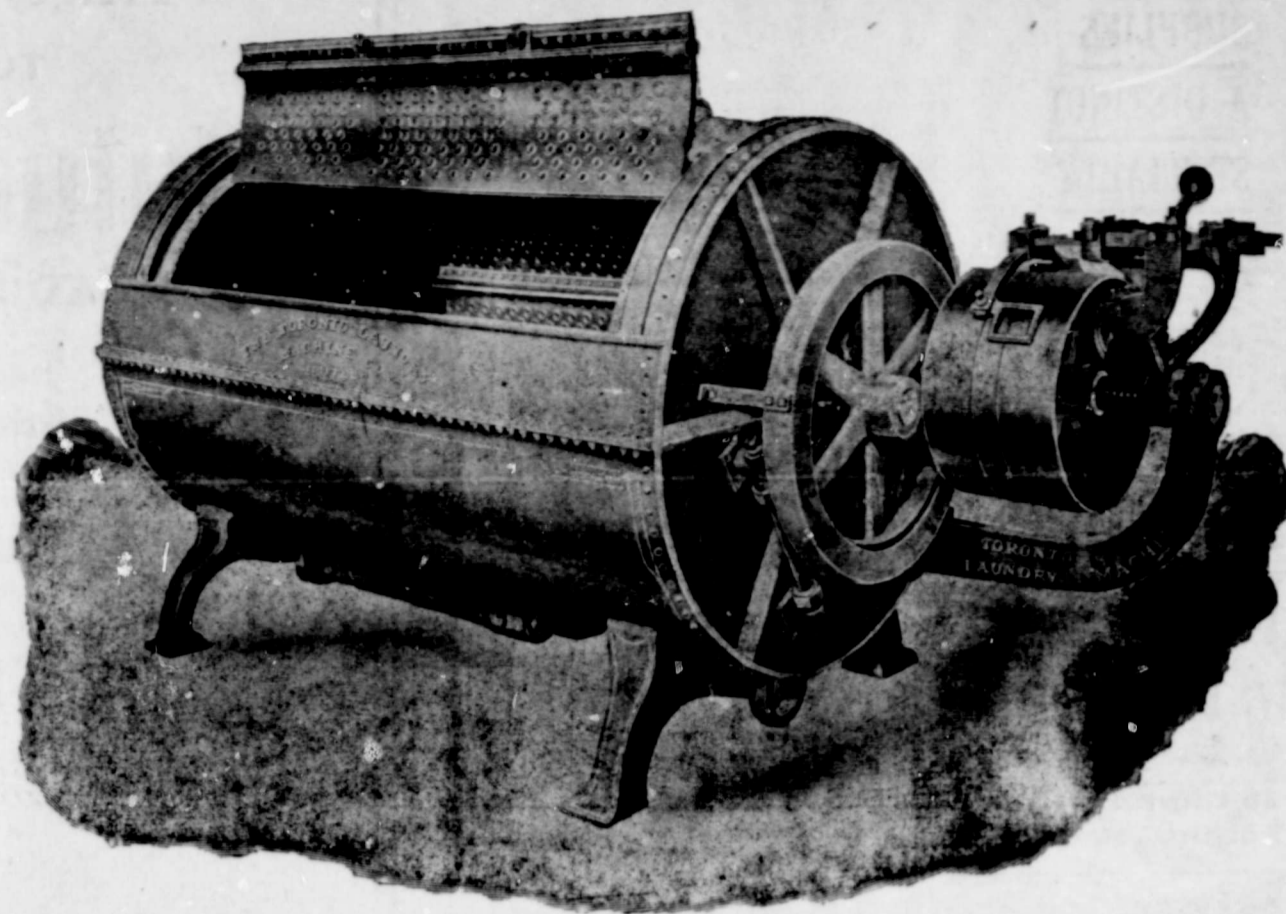
"Come, sweetheart," she said, and passed by the old lady, the defrauded mother heart by the insulted mother heart, and the invader's tears were plain to be read upon her cheeks.

Inexplicably and unexpectedly to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

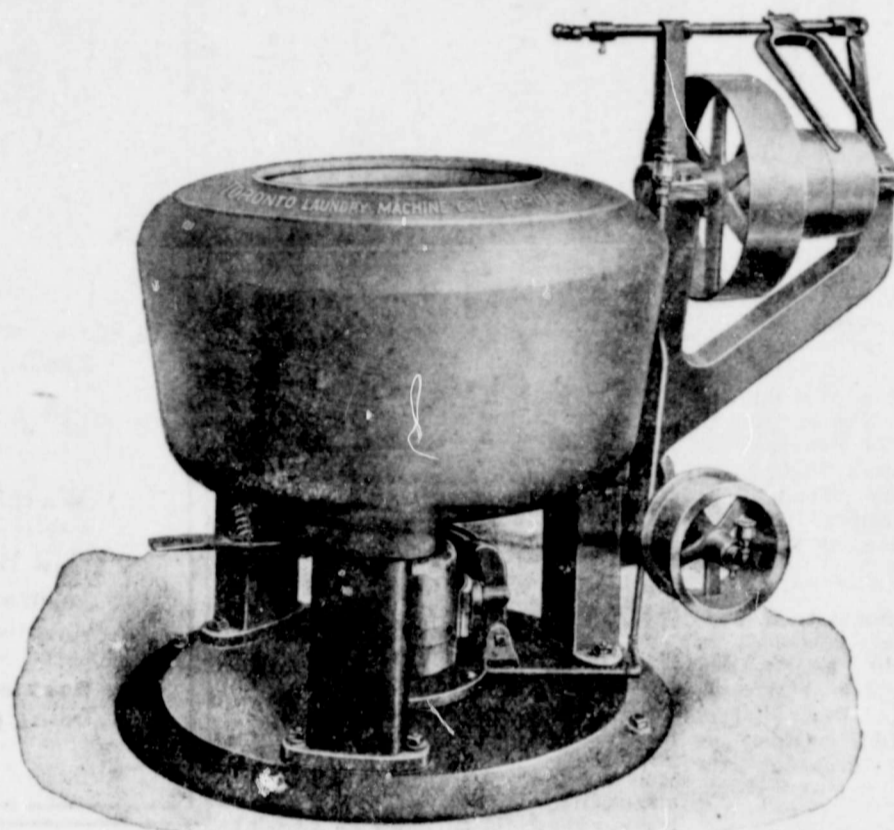
"Come, sweetheart," she said, and passed by the old lady, the defrauded mother heart by the insulted mother heart, and the invader's tears were plain to be read upon her cheeks.

Inexplicably and unexpectedly to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now—the boy gazed in her face with perplexed eyes.

LAUNDRY MACHINERY



Plans, Specifications and Estimates for Equipment of Laundries, including Steam and Electric Power, with strictly modern machinery given upon application.



THE TORONTO LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO. LIMITED. TORONTO, Ont.

"Ludwell." He looked at his mother. She nodded. "Harrison," another nod. "Carter," he triumphed. It was an achievement to get that name intact to the ears of inconsiderate inquisitors. "And what," asked the old lady, "are you doing with two of my family names, Ludwell Harrison Carter?" "His father named him after his father," Rose answered for him. "Then," said the old lady, "we are cousins" which in Virginia is a magic formula wherewith you open doors and hearts. Rose looked at her, mutely inquiring. "It must be true," continued the old lady. "You are a Northern branch." She smiled again to the boy, who sidled towards her, allured by the cane set slantwise against her knee. When Rose came back to the bench, he grew bolder, and, with a hand in his mother's, even dared to lean on the old lady's knee himself. The bells of memory rang from the gray church across the hills. They could almost hear the children singing. The fragrance of the flowers stole up to them and mingled with the perfume of other flowers long vanished with the vanished years. The old lady drew a sighing breath. Rose looked up quickly, and their eyes met across the boy's brown head. "It was a long look, and during it they said many things to each other. The old lady said, "I am lonely, and my thoughts are like withered leaves blown about the empty rooms. Do not wait until I die to come home to your house. Come now—to-day, if you will. Bring me a daughter and a son, and living, laughing children in place of the little ghosts that cannot rest because of my selfish, summoning heart."

MARTYRS' SHRINE

Correspondence in Orillia Times, Between A. F. Hunter, Barrister, and Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

(Continued from last Week.)

One farm house looks so much like any other, all through the new country, how could he know his uncle's house without having to inquire of strangers, who perhaps could not speak his language. The cripple told him that his uncle's house had a green veranda all around it. And to show how much he knew he told Jack that all the farmers there grew red hollyhocks.

So John started out on horseback and he rode, and rode, always guided by his compass, until he came to Midtown, ten miles or so off. This was easy, for he had been there before, then after giving his horse a drink, he started again, still going south-east by his compass. And he rode and rode over the flat prairie, where there was no road, but only grass, until he saw in the distance, but it was a little to the right, some scattered houses, and knowing that he had ridden about ten miles from Midtown, he was pretty sure it was Farville. A boy on a horse, whom he met ten minutes after, told him it was Farville. So he rode, and rode until he came to the first house. It had red hollyhocks in the front yard but no green veranda. And it was just the same with all the other houses. Poor John, and Jerry the horse were very tired, and John had nearly lost all hope of finding his uncle's house, when he saw a clump of small trees, the first John had seen for a long time on the prairie. And there was a chimney that showed above the trees, so he was sure there was a house there. It was the last house of Farville, the only one he had missed. But what made John very glad—it had a green veranda, which none of the other houses had. He tied his horse to a post and ran up the steps, but just as he had his hand on the knocker, for out West on the prairie they had no electric push-bells yet, he noticed there were no red hollyhocks in the front yard. This puzzled him, but he scratched his ear, and with a knowing nod he said half aloud to himself: "The green veranda is all right, as for the red hollyhocks we will talk about that later." (He found out after that the hollyhocks were all planted behind the barn.) So he knocked, and children, who do you think came to the door?

"This is the 'Parable of the Green Veranda and the Red Hollyhocks,' not written by our modern Aesop, Ade.

APPLICATION OF THE PARABLE.

The problem of finding St. Ignace II., the Indian village where Brebeuf and Lalemant were tortured to death by the Iroquois, is similar to the above, that is, as similar as circumstances will allow, since "every comparison goes on three legs."

We have the term of departure known to a certainty, the ruins of the old fort of St. Marie I., then a village, St. Louis, lying midway, whose direction is ascertained by consulting DuRoi's Map (Incidentally, it may be remarked here that there is no record existing of more than one site of St. Louis). The distance from St. Marie I. to this midway village of St. Louis is given in Bressani and in the Relations.

As for the total distance of St. Ignace II. from the Old Fort, it is set down in Brother Francois Malherbe's obituary, while its distance from the midway village of St. Louis is recorded in Bressani in two letters of Father Charles Garnier and in the Relations.

As for its direction from the Old Fort, it is inferred from the fact that the sum of the two distances, that is, from the Old Fort to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to St. Ignace II. is about equal to the total distance of St. Ignace II. from the Old Fort. So that drawing a line from the Old Fort through the village of St. Louis and prolonging it all it equals the total distance, the village of St. Ignace II. must lie very little to one side or the other of that straight line. If it were certain that the sum of the first two distances was absolutely equal to the total distance given, then as a geometrical necessity, the third village, St. Ignace II., should be found exactly on the straight line.

But, it will be asked, should it be ascertained, after inspection, that several sites really exist at the correct total distance from the Old Fort, and very little outside the above mentioned straight line, what is there, to show us which of the sites was that of St. Ignace II.? The answer is simple enough. The unerring indicator is the description of the configuration of the ground, the features of the position, given in the

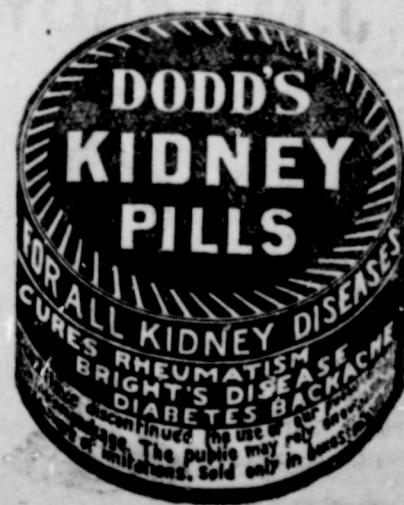
(Continued on page 7.)

A Dainty Meal is always assured when the housewife uses

PURITY FLOUR

She is happy in the knowledge that she has the nicest and most nourishing bread to offer her guests.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON.



This is the "Parable of the Green Veranda and the Red Hollyhocks," not written by our modern Aesop, Ade.

The QUIET HOUR

THE TREE OF THE CROSS. The Golden Star looked down and smiled Upon the Virgin and her Child; It spread its splendours like a crown Upon the roofs of Bethlehem town.

But for all except genuine working men and women, much more than this is absolutely needed at the present day. They may learn a good deal from the instructions in the Church; but they must also read, think, and study.

THE NECESSITY OF STUDYING OUR RELIGION.

The necessity which present-day Catholics are under of studying their religion, in order that they may not lose their hold on it—lest the information they acquired in school-days should disappear, and the religious feeling they had as children should fade out of their hearts,—is admirably lucidly and tersely explained in a recent pastoral letter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley, already referred to in these pages. He writes:

Just as non-Catholics miss the great fact of the Universal Church, neglect it, ignore it, and misrepresent it, so the Catholic who does not take the trouble to study his religion may live all his life without an adequate conception of what his Church is, what she has done in the past, and what she is meant to do at the present day.

Neither do the great Christian Sacraments impart their full efficacy to a community that knows not the ever-needed truths that sin is sin, and that God's grace alone can overcome it.

They constrain the proud, the indolent, and the slothful to humble themselves before their God, and to seek for pardon and strength to save their souls.

It is a rare thing to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion. This is a great misfortune. In simpler days, when there were fewer books and no newspapers, the elementary notions of Christianity sank into the mind and heart, and entered into the very substance of thought and intellectual life.

Now our creeds and our faith have to fight with every kind of error and with every variety of speculation. The minds of men are preoccupied, and God's science finds no room.

More Terrible Than War!

More terrible than war, famine or pestilence is that awful destroyer, that hydra-headed monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of earth's inhabitants than any other single disease known to the human race.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else.

GENERAL INTENTION.

Nothing could be more opportune than the General Intention selected for March, "Parish Missions." Ash Wednesday falls on March 4th and the season of Lent is always a "most acceptable time" for the holding of a mission. Fathers of the various religious orders—Jesuits, Redemptorists, Dominicans, Paulists, Augustinians, Passionists, Vincentians, etc., will be engaged for several weeks to come in conducting the spiritual exercises we call "missions" in various parishes throughout the country.

A mission is a blessed opportunity for everybody. There isn't one who will not be the better for the discipline of body and soul entailed by the regular attendance, morning and evening, at the spiritual exercises usually continued for one week.

May the prayers of the League members during March call down rich blessing on the labors of the missionaries, such a reward as was symbolized in the miraculous draught of fish that Simon Peter drew from the deep when, at the command of Our Divine Saviour, he let down his net in the Lake of Gennesareth—Catholic News.

"EVA" OF THE "NATION." In our contemporary the Freeman's Journal, of Sydney, New South Wales, Mr. Hugh Mahon, M.P., relates how "Eva" of the "Nation," at a period of life when capacity for self-help has long passed, finds herself in straitened circumstances.

Death has removed from her side, one by one, husband and sons, and to-day she awaits in a Brisbane suburb the end of an eventful career. "Eva" is the last living link with that brilliant hand who in 1848 created the new Irish literature and made it racy of the soil.

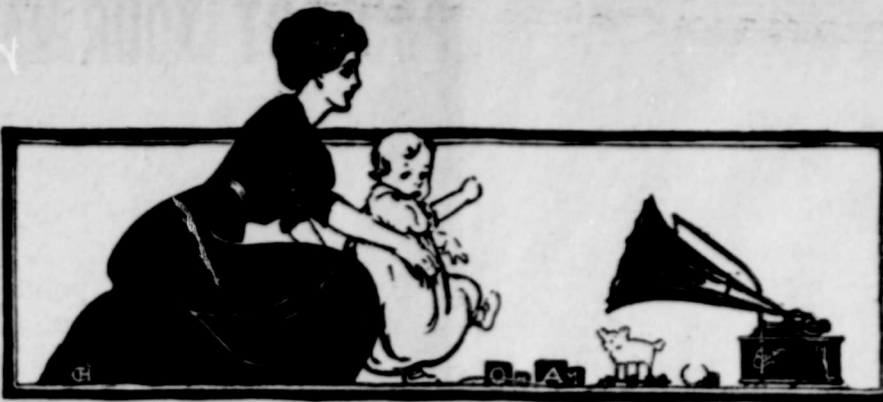
She is one of three whose names will not soon be forgotten by the Irish people—"Speranza," or Miss Eleege, later known as Lady Wilde; "Mary," or Miss Ellen Mary Downing; and "Eva," or Miss Eva Kelly.

All three were highly gifted, and at a period when the minds of the Irish Celts were particularly receptive of new ideas they poured forth verses which prompted energetic efforts for the regeneration of the country.

After "Eva" had become affianced to the youthful patriot, Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, he was sent as a felon to Van Dieman's Land. The severance only prolonged the engagement. As soon as he was released the romance ended in marriage. For about a quarter of a century she and her husband lived a happy life in Queensland. It was only upon his death a few years ago that her prospects became clouded. The appeal on her behalf is meeting with a generous response in several Australian states.

CARDINAL VANNUTELLI TO VISIT LONDON.

It is understood that Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli will proceed to London as Papal Legate to preside over the nineteenth Annual Eucharistic Congress, at the invitation of Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. The Congress is expected to last five days, and it is believed that it will be one of the most important Catholic celebrations that has ever taken place in England.



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

MR. EDISON has perfected his Phonograph until it is a marvelous reproducer of music and other sounds. The list of Records issued each month comprises all that is good, lively, entertaining and amusing in music and spoken speech.

MARTYRS' SHRINE

Relations and by Bressani, and which nowhere else, for miles around within anything that might be fairly judged a reasonable distance, finds its counterpart, or rather, its verification.

OUTLINE OF ARGUMENT FROM REPORT, 1902.

The foregoing line of reasoning was put tersely enough at page 92 in the Ontario Archaeological Report, 1902, so that Mr. Hunter had no excuse for not having given it in his letter. It runs as follows: "To answer off-hand, in a word or two, the question: 'What makes you so sure you have found the site of St. Ignace II?'"

1. Where the configuration of the ground tallies perfectly with the description of St. Ignace II, given in the Relations and in Bressani.

2. Which at the same time lies at the proper distance, and, (a) St. Ignace II to St. Louis, Bressani says, only three miles (Martin's Translation, p. 23).

3. In the right direction from St. Marie I. (The Old Fort). The whole line of reasoning lay there in the nutshell. It took just the last six or seven lines to state it. And why did not Mr. Andrew Hunter, our distinguished propagator of truth and censor of error, whose letter, he tells us unblushingly, was "merely a plea in plain language for historic truth and the use of common sense in matters of archaeological inquiry," why did he not at least indicate this line of reasoning.

MINOR PREMISE PROVED.

I shall deal with the propositions numbered off above as 1, 2, 3, in the following order: 2, 3, 1, but for fuller development I must refer you, Mr. Editor, to pages 95, etc., of the Archaeological Report for 1902.

2. Malherbe's Obituary sets down the distance of St. Ignace II to St. Marie I. (The Old Fort) as two leagues or six miles (Cf. Report on Canadian Archives, Ottawa, 1884, p. xv, and La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec, June 9, 1889, p. 322).

(a) St. Ignace II to St. Louis, Bressani says, only three miles (Martin's Translation, p. 23). Ragueneau in the Relations says, about one league, or about three miles (Rel. 1649, Quebec edit., p. 10, 2 col., line 30 et ss.). Fr. Charles Garnier's letters to his brother Henry, Aug. 25, 1849, has a league of these abouts, or three miles (re "fort" see R. 0649, p. 11, 2 col., line 41 et ss.). A second letter of the same to Pierre Boutar, Apr. 27, 1649, gives also one league (Rochemonteix, II., 9, 464).

(b) St. Marie I. (Old Fort) to St. Louis, Ragueneau says, not more than one league (Rel. 1649, p. 10, 2 col., line 44 taken with p. 11, 1 col., line 10). Bressani gives two Italian miles, that is 3,740 meters (Martin's Translation, p. 25), taken in conjunction with p. 259, line 19 and line 28).

Advertisement for St. George's Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the product's quality and availability.

MR. ANDREW HUNTER'S FASHION OF WEIGHING.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, you are desirous of knowing what decision Mr. Hunter arrived at after reading the authorities quoted above, absolutely the only ones bearing on the question of distance in our case. It is a ponderous decision, but he does not condescend to enlighten us, poor non-experts, as to the mental process by which he reached it.

It is painful to have to expose not only the illogical conclusions of Mr. Andrew Hunter, but what is more, the seeming inability to master the meaning of a simple statement. At times, he sees distinctly, in a phrase, exactly the reverse of what he asserts, witness the above.

If, however, Mr. Hunter shows a weakness for any of the writers mentioned above, it is rather for Christophe Regnaud, provided he can manage to make him say what he never said, and judging by the expressions used, never intended to say. Here, then, is a sample of "rational interpretation."

"Turning to page 17 of Mr. Hunter's monograph of Tay, I read: 'The latter writer (Christophe Regnaud) uses the name 'St. Ignace' (really applied to the mission among all three villages, as Regueneau tells us) for the village to which the two missionaries had set out, and did not mention the name 'St. Louis.'"

By means of this manipulation Mr. Hunter hopes to be enabled to conclude that Regnaud really meant that the village of St. Louis and not St. Ignace was about a short quarter of a league from "our cabin."

Had Regnaud said "to go to St. Ignace," and restricted himself to that expression, then, in the order of things possible, he might have intended to mean "to go to the mission of St. Ignace." But "St. Ignace" is qualified, expressly, "to a town named St. Ignace," the word town being made use of twice in the phrase; and what makes the real sense still clearer, the word town is also qualified: "to go to a small town named St. Ignace."

Now if in this phrase I substitute "mission" for "town" the phrase will read "to go to a small mission named St. Ignace," which conveys a meaning historically false, for the mission of St. Ignace was something but small. To stop to consider the rickety scaffolding, reared with much effect on this insecure foundation, would be a waste of time; and after examining the evidence produced above, nobody is going to believe that the village of St. Louis was but a mile from St. Marie I., nor that St. Ignace should be identified with the Newton Farm at about three miles from the ruins of the Old Fort.

If Mr. Hunter wishes to account in great measure for the existence of the extensive remains which littered Mr. McDermitt's farm, lot 15, Con. IV (Tay, p. 17, a), his chosen site of St. Louis, let him turn to Relations, 1649 (p. 5, 2 col.): "A part of these who had escaped from the storming and the burning of this mission of St. Joseph (II.) came and sought refuge near our house of St. Marie. The number of those killed or carried off as captives was well on to seven hundred souls, mostly women and children. The number of those who made good their escape was very much greater, etc."

The opening of Chapter IV., Rel. 1648, is also suggestive while the following is quoted from Rel. 1649 (p. 25, 2 col.): "Since these public calamities, which began to afflict us not a year ago, we have received into the hospice of this Mission of St. Marie more than six thousand destitute Christians all told; and every day the number is on the increase, and so is their wretchedness."

BACK TO THE MINOR PREMISES.

This long digression, prompted by a sincere desire to help Mr. Hunter see how untenable his theory is, may have made your readers lose the thread of my reasoning. I had undertaken to prove that east half of lot 4, concession VII., Tay Township, is absolutely the only spot (1) where the configuration of the ground tallies perfectly with the description of St. Ignace II, given in the Relations and Bressani (2), which at the same time lies at the proper distance, and (3), in the right direction from St. Marie I., otherwise the Old Fort. I have made good number 2, and leaving number 1 for the last, will tackle forthwith number 3.

Fr. Charles Garnier arrived among the Hurons August 13, 1634, and remained there uninterruptedly until he was slain, December 7th, 1649. Ragueneau says of him: "There was not one mission in the whole country of the Hurons where he had not been, he had started many of them, and to mention one, the mission where he met his death." (Rel. 1650, p. 13, 1 col.)

Fr. Francesco Giuseppino Bressani began his missionary career in Huronia in the early autumn of 1645. Towards the end of the summer, 1649, he was sent down to Quebec to secure assistance and supplies for the mission. Half-way on his return trip he met the Huron flotilla of canoes manned by three hundred Indians and bringing with them the whole French colony, missionaries and all, who were abandoning the country forever.

Bressani published his "Breve Relazione" at Macerata, in 1653. The accounts of these three men were written contemporaneously with the events related, and were written on the spot where the exception of Bressani's Breve Relazione. There is no other evidence, at first hand, bearing on the subject. Can there be any hesitation in preferring the testimony of such men to that of Christophe Regnaud?

Advertisement for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, describing the benefits for various ailments and providing contact information for the manufacturer.

GEOMETRY BOTH PLANE AND PLAIN.

(3) St. Ignace II lay almost on a straight line drawn from St. Marie I. through St. Louis (Dacreux's map can be very little used here, as all are agreed that the St. Ignace which is there marked is St. Ignace I.), and, precisely because it lay very little out of the straight line, it lay almost in the same direction. I have already, higher up, touched upon the question of direction within the reach of the least educated of mortals, so that the roughest may understand.

If three dots (points) A, B, C, marked anywhere on a slate (or plane surface), be joined by three straight lines, the dots will always be at the points (angles) of a triangle thus formed, except in one case only, and that is, when the sum of any two lines set end to end is exactly equal to the remaining line (that is, measuring the same length). Then of course the lines will coincide, that is, will become one and the same straight line, and cannot form no triangle. In this latter case the three dots will lie all three on the straight line, and consequently, will lie in the same direction.

But let any two of the lines (which join the dots) when added together be greater in length, even ever so little, than the third line remaining, then one of the three dots, say B, will lie to one side or the other of the third line, and a triangle can be formed.

Moreover, the greater the difference in length (especially when the lines drawn from B to A and B to C, are about equal) between the two lines taken together and the third line, the further away B will be from that third line. Really, Mr. Editor, I must apologize to readers for dwelling on so simple a matter, which a child could understand, but this is precisely what I have in view.

But to proceed, and what follows is for "grown-ups." Let A stand for St. Marie I. (The Old Fort), B for St. Louis, and C for St. Ignace II, we have distance A to B, equal about the distance A to C, plus the distance B to C. Therefore B lies but little either east or west of the other of the line joining A and C, and consequently about in the same direction. Which necessarily implies also that C lies in about the same direction from St. Marie I. as does St. Louis.

"But, after taking the bearing of St. Louis from the Old Fort of St. Marie, to determine further to what extent and in what direction the line deflects at St. Louis, nothing short of a comprehensive but not necessarily minute study of the physical features of the region can determine. Knowing however, from the old records, were it only in a general way, that the site of St. Ignace II was a commanding one, this knowledge may be turned to good account. At six miles from St. Marie I., or three from St. Louis, towards the northeast there is the line of direction must deflect at St. Louis towards the south-east. Even here, however, we find no position not commanded by another until the deflection from the line of St. Marie I. to St. Louis, prolonged, is approximately equal to twenty-three degrees and ten minutes. And as we have, to all intents and purposes, an isosceles triangle, with its apex at St. Louis, the line of direction of St. Ignace II, from the old Fort to St. Louis, at an angle of about eleven degrees and thirty-five minutes. And I may add, that the very first point of the highest land, from Sturgeon Bay southward, which the line crosses when swinging round on the pivoted point, the Old Fort, is the Martyrs' Hill, overlooking the country roundabout. And this will serve as a fitting transition to what follows.

THE CONFIGURATION OF THE GROUND. Two paragraphs will give you, Mr. Editor, all the information to be had on this very important point, which must alone differentiate the site of St. Ignace II, from any other Indian village lying at the correct distance and in the right direction from St. Marie I. They were quoted in full in the Ontario Archaeological Report for 1902, page 93, but without comment, unless a few lines on pages 102 and 103 may be taken as such. The passages in fact were so clear and conclusive in themselves that any explanation seemed superfluous. Let me, Mr. Editor, submit them to the consideration of your readers:

RAGUENEAU'S DESCRIPTION. St. Ignace II "was enclosed with a palisade of posts, fifteen or sixteen feet high, and encircled by a deep depression (in the land), with which nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides, leaving but a small space weaker than the other sides. It was through that part that the enemy, at early dawn, forced an entrance, but with such stealth and suddenness that he was master of the position before any attempt at defence was made, for the inhabitants were sound asleep, nor had they time to take in the situation." (Rel. 1649, p. 10, col. 2, line 10 et ss.)

The only line of comment I shall adhere to is to draw attention to two words in the above quotation, "small" and "weaker." The former must not be made to read "smaller." "No restant qu'un petit espace plus faible que les autres," notes being understood. The space was not, according to the text, smaller than any other of the given sides, but it was small, considering the entire length of the circumference, while "plus faible que les autres," asserts that the remaining space was weaker than any of the other three sides.

BRESSANI'S DESCRIPTION. "So stealthily did they (the Iroquois) make their way through the forests, that, at the break of day, on March 16, without having so far betrayed their approach, they reached the gates of the first village of the Hurons, named St. Ignace. Its site and the fortifications constructed thereon at our instigation, rendered it impregnable, at least for savages. But as its inhabitants were taken unawares, while the bulk of their braves were abroad, some bet on ascertaining if the enemy had already taken the field, others to engage in the hunt, the Iroquois easily managed to approach under cover of darkness, and, at dawn, as we have said, to effect a breach while the inhabitants were still fast asleep." (Martin's Translation, p. 852, line 11, et ss.)

(Continued Next Week.)

Advertisement for Three Trying Times in a Woman's Life, featuring Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

In and Around Toronto

FORTY HOURS AT ST. PAUL'S. On Sunday next the Forty Hours will begin at St. Paul's.

NEW SCHOOL FOR ST. FRANCIS. The plans for the new addition to St. Francis' School, which will cost about \$10,000, were approved at the last meeting of the Board, and the contracts will be let immediately.

NOTICE OF REHEARSAL. The last rehearsal for the children to take part in the St. Patrick's Day concert in Massey Hall, will take place in St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul street, on Saturday afternoon.

RESIGNATION WITHDRAWN. Trustees James J. O'Hearn has withdrawn his resignation, sent in some time ago, explaining that his sole reason for former action was the lack of interest displayed by the majority of Catholic ratepayers in Ward Four during the late contest.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED. Mr. J. J. Seitz, Grand President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of several contributions for the funds from those who sent in such without giving name or address.

SCHOOL ESTIMATES. The estimates for the current year for the Separate Schools of the city are as follows: The total amount required is \$75,846, the largest items provided for being: Salaries, \$40,777; fuel, \$6,000; school furniture, \$5,000; general repairs, \$10,000. The bank overdraft last year was \$1,826.

JUDGE-PARADISE. The marriage of Miss Marie Paradise to Mr. James S. Judge took place at St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Father Stuhl officiating, and saying the nuptial Mass. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Florence Paradise and the groom was supported by Mr. W. Fleely. Mr. and Mrs. Judge left on the evening train for New York.

MESSRS. SEITZ AND KELLY VISIT LONDON. On Sunday last Mr. S. J. Seitz and Mr. Hugh Kelly visited London for the purpose of addressing the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of that city. His Lordship, Bishop McEvay, presided, and the visiting brothers were received in a most cordial manner and they returned to Toronto impressed with the good being done in London in the work in which they were all interested.

DEATH OF MR. S. BREEN. After an illness of about three weeks the death of Mr. Simon Breen, an old and respected member of St. Mary's parish, took place at his home, 108 Strachan avenue. Mr. Breen was a native of the County Clare, Ireland, and an employee of the Grand Trunk Railway for the long period of forty-two years. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church and after the Mass of requiem, the cortege proceeded to St. Michael's cemetery. Mr. Breen is survived by four sons, James, Simon, Basil and William, and by four daughters, the Misses Margaret, Ellen, Angela and Bridie. R.I.P.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. The Thirty-Eighth Annual Report of the Mutual Life of Canada is just published and will be found elsewhere in this issue. We direct the attention of our readers to the very fine showing which the company is able to make, the last items in themselves being sufficient guarantee of the general prosperity. The new business gained is \$1,577,865; gain in insurance, \$4,179,440, and surplus \$300,341 over that of last year. Nothing succeeds like success, and in this the Mutual Life stands amongst the first.

FORTY HOURS AT CATHEDRAL. The solemn inauguration of the Forty Hours took place at the Cathedral after the High Mass on Sunday. His Grace the Archbishop presided and Rev. Father Rhoderer assisted by Rev. Father Morrow as deacon and Rev. Father Whelan as sub-deacon, sang the Mass. The Archbishop preached on the Blessed Eucharist with reference to the devotion then begun. In the evening Rev. Father Hayes, C.S.B. preached and on the following evenings discourses were delivered by Rev. W. A. McCann and Rev. Father Coyne. The High Altar was magnificently decorated and packed congregations took part in the exercises.

GRAND CONCERT AND ORATION. The concert and oration to be given in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening next promise to be of the highest order in the matter of instruction and entertainment. The lecture will be delivered by Matthew Cummings, Esq., National President of the A.O.H. in America, whose prominent position in the Order would in itself be sufficient to bespeak him an enthusiastic welcome. Four hundred children from four schools will sing the stirring ballads of Ireland and the remainder of the programme will be given by first-class artists. The soloists will be Miss Mabel Manly Pickard, R. McDonald, Miss Charlebois, Mr. Geo. Davidson, Miss Middleton and Mr. Bert Harvey. Miss Angela Tone Breen will be accompanist.

THANKS FROM SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE. The thanks of the Rev. Superioress and Sisters in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, are offered with no stinted measure to a number of ladies in St. Francis parish, who during the winter months have been working to the end that the chapel in connection with the institution might obtain a much needed renovation. The efforts of these ladies, which took the shape of making sales for lace made at the institution of the work of their own hands,

together with the proceeds from several social evenings, when the entertainment was largely provided by the children, have been highly successful and the spirit of charity which prompted the work has met with its reward. The ladies who took the initiative in the matter and who worked diligently in the cause, were Mrs. D. A. Carey, Mrs. J. Carroll, Miss Mary Halligan and Miss Kate Tunstane. Miss Mamie McDonald, who prepared the children for their musical contribution to the work also shares in the thanks and recognition given to those who took part. To all who assisted in any way those in charge are most grateful.

ST. MARY'S SANCTUARY BOYS, TORONTO.

At the monthly meeting of St. Mary's Sanctuary Boys' Society held yesterday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted. Since the previous meeting of the Society, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our midst one of our worthy and most esteemed members, Charles McCurdy. And whereas the long and intimate relations held with him in this Society, make it incumbent upon us to record our appreciation of him; therefore be it resolved that, with deep sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the dear deceased, we express our hope that, even though his decease was severely felt by every one of us, it may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all good things. Be it further resolved that the Society will have a Holy Mass offered for the repose of his soul, at which the members will assist; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our departed associate.

JAMES CAROLAN, JOHN BYRNE, President. Sec.-Treas.

COMMANDERY AT ST. PETER'S.

A meeting of the parishioners of St. Peter's parish was called which was largely attended, for the purpose of organizing a commandery of the Knights of St. John. The meeting was addressed by Col. J. J. Heffring, in a forcible manner on the aims and objects of our noble order. Col. J. J. Heffring was voted to the chair. A commandery was formed, to be known as St. Peter's Commandery, with a large charter membership. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Father Minahan, chaplain; W. A. Girvin, president; P. J. Bryan, first vice-president; T. J. Warrington, corresponding secretary; H. G. Conlin, recording secretary; J. J. O'Connor, treasurer; Jno. Dowlsley, messenger; J. A. Ward, sentinel; R. Gilmore, captain. The above officers will be installed by the Grand Commandery of Ontario. The meeting was addressed by First Lieutenant Prior, and Sargeant King of St. Anne's Commandery, and Bro. Boewey of Columbus Commandery.—Com.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

Form IV., Sen. Div.—Excellent—Frank Maiorana, William Kelly, Jas. Deacon, Arthur Smith. Good—John Quealey. Jun. Div.—Excellent—Edward Meagher, Frank McDonald, George Shea, Edward Ryan. Good—Joseph Leslie, William Soul, Alexander Dear, Barry Cronin, Harold Cashman. Examinations. Sen. Div.—1st Frank Maiorana, 2 James Deacon, 3 William Kelly, 4 John Quealey. Jun. Div.—1 Frank McDonald, 2 Joseph Leslie, 3 Frank Rennie, 4 Alexander Dear, 5 George Shea, 6 Edward Ryan.

Form III., Sen. Div.—Excellent—Norman Martin, Francis Gallagher. Good—William Lemoine, James Shanahan. Jun. Div.—Excellent—James May, Claude Lemoine, Marrin Regan. Good—Charles Adams, Norman Chadwick. Examinations. Sen. Div.—1 William Lemoine, 2 Francis Gallagher, 3 Norman Martin and James Shanahan, equal. Jun. Div.—1 James May, 2 Claude Lemoine, 3 Marrin Regan. Form II., Sen. Div.—1 Patrick Clark, 2 James P. Whelan, 3 Roach Mayhew, 4 Basil Vaillancourt, 5 Joseph Lamontia, 6 Gerald Cronin. Jun. Div.—1 Samuel Salvatore, 2 Eugene O'Neill, 3 Henry Offenburger, 4 William Duffy, 5 John Straehle, 6 Gerald O'Halleran. Form I., Part II.—1 Joseph Clarke, 2 Thomas Lamphier, 3 Joseph Lemoine, 4 George Jackson, 5 Cyril Smith. Part I.—1 Arthur Speyer, 2 Frank Quealey, 3 Joseph Harrington, 4 Lawrence Chadwick.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT. Form IV., Sen.—Rena Kenny, Annie Cronin, Gladys Malone, Lillian Weathermouth, Mary Burns, Kathleen Mullan. Junior—Ada Farmer, Verna Peacock, Agatha Bitsch, Teresa Hickey, Annie Soul, Christina Sullivan. Form III., Sen.—Eileen Sexton, Mabel Soul, Annie Hartnett, Sarah O'Leary, Jennie Scully. Junior—Madeline Bruyer, Ruby Caruthers, Josephine Kenney, Mary Lamentia, Sadie Johnney, Mary Hazel, Annie Shanahan, Annie Ryan, Lucy Skelton. Form II., Senior—Margaret Murphy, Marie Kenney, Minnie Mitchell, Sara Cosentina, Margaret Lynch, Kate Harrington, Maude Whelan. Junior—Edna Bruyer, Agnes Whelan, Petruia Lamentia, Helena Gilonna, May McSweeney, Nellie Doyle, Nellie Fletcher. Form I., Sen.—Verna Bolan, Mabel Costello, Daisy Harrison, Lena Lanzoni, Dolly Mitchell, Rita Hickey. Junior—Helen Lockhart, Nellie Goughy, Rose Heslin, Rose Sanzoni, Cecilia McSweeney, Marie McGrogan.

DEATH OF MR. THOS. F. CALLAGHAN. It was with extreme regret and surprise that the news of the death of Mr. Thomas F. Callaghan of the Education Department, was learned by the many who knew him in Toronto, for though failing in health for some time, it was not generally known that the illness was of a serious charac-

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. From Grapes, the most healthful of fruits, comes the chief ingredient of ROYAL BAKING POWDER. The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

PROTECT YOUR VALUABLES AT HOME



Why should you further neglect protection of valuable papers from fire and thieves when protection is so cheap? A small safe is a cheap insurance policy; lasts a lifetime and you pay but one premium. Fire insurance will not protect your jewelry and valuables against sneak thieves.

Meilink's Home Deposit Vault protects against both fire and thieves. It is the cheapest insurance you can buy. Made in fifteen different sizes. Combination and key. Prices from \$8.00 to \$105.00.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

VICTORIA and KING STREETS - - - TORONTO



YOU WANT a hatcher that does not require watching; A hatcher in which the heat is perfectly, automatically regulated.

THE MODEL contains the most perfect heat controller in the world—strong, yet active, sensitive, yet positive—perfect in action.

The Patent-office has decided in my favor in the interference suit on this perfect-acting regulator the Model Corrugated Leaf Compound Thermostat



This Thermostat has three corrugations in each leaf, is exceedingly strong and rigid; is not easily damaged; and is so positive in action that the entire movement given off by the different co-efficient of expansion between the two metals of which it is made is transmitted to the controlling device without any loss of movement. The Model Incubator gives a perfect heat control, which stimulates and holds the germ development uniformly constant and normal, as under a hen. This wonderful hatcher has almost a perfect balance in ventilation and humidity and supplies all the vitalizing principles found under the incubating hen. The Model Incubators and Brooders are used on the biggest money-making commercial Poultry plants in the world. The Model Double Indoor Brooder is just what you want for winter work. Broiler men pronounce it the most successful rearing yet produced. At the Model Farm where we raised over 50,000 birds the past season, the Model double indoor Brooder did the best winter work. Buy your Incubators and Brooders of the man who knows how to hatch and raise poultry, who is doing it successfully on a commercial basis, and who can help you to be successful. Your success is my success, write for my printed matter.

CHAS. A. CYPHERS

President Model Incubator Co., 191 River Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

BANK OF HAMILTON

A place of safety and security for the accumulations of all who work and save.

Deposits of any amount accepted and interest paid 4 times a year at highest current rate.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO 34 Yonge St. Corner Yonge and Gould Cor. Queen & Spadina Cor. College & Ossington Toronto Junction

He was chairman of the Building Fund for St. Helen's Church, and a member of the committee for the late building of the Church of the Holy Family. Mr. Mallon married Miss Frances Sullivan, a familiar name in the musical circles of the city. The appointment has given general satisfaction in Toronto.

Death of Dr. Richard Coughlan, Hastings.

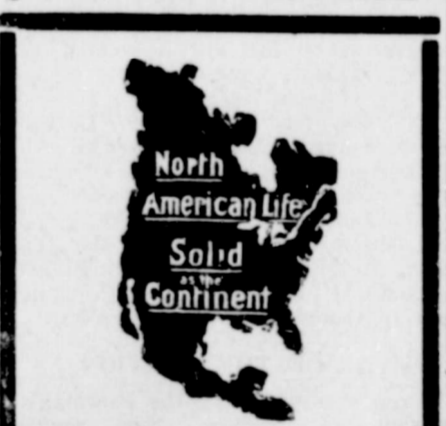
By the death of Dr. Richard Coughlan of Hastings there has passed away one of the landmarks of that section. For over a quarter of a century he had ministered in a prompt, generous and charitable spirit to the physical ailments of his patients. After a lingering illness of a year he went to his grave mourned by a host of friends.

Born in 1860 of religious parents, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Coughlan, original settlers in Hastings, he spent some time at St. Michael's College, after graduating in medicine from Queen's University, Kingston. He married in 1889 Miss Teresa Hurley of Peterboro, who with five children still survives him. Never considering his profession anything but a sacred charge and always kind to the poor, as he was generous by nature he yet laid aside a competence. Diagnosing his own case aside from outside medical opinions, he faced death calmly and gave his mind up completely to a worthy preparation for the last great sacrifice.

Though a blizzard storm on the eve of his funeral and blocked the roads, St. Mary's church was thronged with old friends that came to pay the final tribute of respect and breathe a fervent prayer for the repose of the doctor's good soul. The Mass was celebrated by his brother-in-law, Father Hurley of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Assisting in the sanctuary were old chertal friends who had met him on many a sick-call or in social converse; his Pastor, Father Bretherton; Father Conway of Norwood, Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore, Father N. Roche, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Father Galvin of Peterboro. He was charitable in life: God was good to him in death. R.I.P.

At West Paterson

The funeral of Rev. Leo Heinrichs, who was assassinated by an anarchist at the altar of St. Elizabeth's Church in Denver on Feb. 23rd, was held last Monday from the church and monastery of St. Bonaventure in West Paterson, N.J. The burial was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, and the ceremonies attending the funeral were brief and simple.



A GOOD RESOLVE

is of no practical value until it is put in action.

Many a man has resolved to insure his life sometime in the future, but, alas for his good resolution, and still worse for his family, death has taken place before it has been carried into effect.

Why not begin the New Year right by acting in the matter now? It will be to your advantage to secure a policy from the

North American Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO JOHN L. BLAIRIE, President L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary

the most impressive ever held in New Jersey. The altar and pillars of the church were draped in purple and white. Nearly 100 priests attended. The solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Edward Blecke, provincial of the Franciscan Order in the United States.

Catholic societies marched behind the hearse, and then followed a crowd of 10,000 or more to the cemetery, half a mile away. Through the pouring rain, over the muddy roads, the immense cavalcade found its way to the grave. There the ceremonies were brief and simple.

The Home Bank of Canada

Do not hesitate to bring in one dollar as the first deposit on a savings account. It is this first dollar that will mean hundreds to you in a few Years. Every dollar saved towards an account in this bank earns Full Compound Interest.

HEAD OFFICE: 8 King Street West, Toronto.

Branch offices in Toronto open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night.

78 Church Street. Queen Street West, cor. Bathurst. Bloor Street West, cor. Bathurst.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

We guarantee the durability and artistic workmanship of all our windows, of those of moderate prices as well as the most expensive, and all are made of English Antique Glass

The N. T. LYON GLASS CO., Limited 141-143 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. Established 1862.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an outpost; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS AND GIVE BENEDICTION IN A GARRET. My average weekly collection is only 3s. 6d., and I have NO ENDOWMENT except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the great apostasy of the sixteenth century is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail, All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal "May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—

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

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA Constant prayers and many Masses for Benefactors.

JOHN DEE

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

"The Sweet Little Shamrock of Ireland" Genuine shamrock seed 25 cents per packet, post free

IRISH SEED Co., 48 Wood Vale Ave., BELFAST, IRELAND.

WANTED

At once, a house-keeper for one preist in Ontario town. Reply sending references to Box 2 Catholic Register, Toronto, Ont.

Monuments

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