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The Catholic Register.

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VOL. IX.—No. 6.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. MICHAEL'S NEW SCHOOL

Blessed on Sunday by the Archbishop—Finest School Building in the city.

The new St. Michael's School, which was opened at the same time as the other city schools on Tuesday morning, was solemnly blessed on Sunday afternoon by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by Vicar-General McCann and many of the clergy of the city, the ceremony being witnessed by a large gathering of parents and friends of the pupils.

At three o'clock the Archbishop attended at St. Michael's Cathedral, where after prayer and a short musical service His Grace addressed the congregation at length upon the close relationship of pupils, teachers and parents with the church, and the work and duty of the church in regard to Christian education. The Archbishop, who spoke from the altar railing, was listened to with profound attention. The clergy present in the sanctuary were Vicar-General McCann, Kohleder, Treacy, Cushing, Murray, McEntee, Ganon C. S. R., Curran, S. S. R., Canning, Beuch. The staff of the Christian Brothers, under Brother Odo also attended.

After the Archbishop's address, a procession was formed, which passed from the church to the new school, and thence made the circuit of the building, inside and outside, while the blessing was being performed. It was a very impressive sight, and the people who could not get admission stood outside with bare heads, assisting in the prayers. The Archbishop thanked the trustees, architect, contractors, etc., who were present, among others the following: Michael Walsh, Win. Ray, D. A. Carey, Louis Woods, Arthur W. Holmes, architect; William Keane, J. Madden, J. P. O'Hearn, John Boyce, J. J. Brennan.

St. Michael's new school is one of the handiest, best constructed and most modern school buildings in Ontario. For so solid and large a structure, it has been completed in a remarkably short time, and the architect and contractors are to be congratulated on their work. Standing on the west side of Bond street, on the Cathedral grounds, halfway between the Cathedral itself and the Academy of the Ladies of Loretto, it greatly enhances the appearance of that district, already beautified by several church buildings. St. Michael's, from the architectural point of view, is what is known as semi-eclectic, the front elevation having a particularly fine appearance in harmony with the surroundings. But after all it is an accommodation and essentially practical character that the building deserves the highest appreciation. In recent years in Toronto, there has been taking place a constant improvement in the character of school buildings. It is safe to say that St. Michael's School establishes a record which will not soon be passed. In one important respect it is unique. Its sanitation is provided for upon a new plan, which, while in accordance with the city regulations is virtually a departure from all the precedents

adopted in other schools, public as well as separate. The lavatory closet compartments, of the most modern description are all in separate wings, adjoining the main building, but practically cut off therefrom by lobbies. These compartments are provided for each floor, the fittings being of the best enameled ware, concrete floors, metallic ceilings, wall facings of enameled brick. The distinct advantages of this plan of actual separation under the roof over the lobbies will be obvious to all who have given any thought to the problem of sanitation in schools; but an inspection of St. Michael's School must be sufficient to convince most people that the new plan here carried out is certain of adoption in future school buildings. In connection with the heating (which is partly direct and indirect steam), there is installed the "Johnston temperature regulator." There are in the school eight rooms, spacious halls, cloak rooms and teachers' rooms. The building up to six feet above the ground is of stone, faced with red Credit Valley, the superstructure being carried out in red pressed brickwork with brown stone dressings. The entire appearance gives the impression of solidity and roominess, bringing into practice the most modern ideas of light, heat, ventilation, sanitation, equipment and so on.

Mr. A. W. Holmes, the architect, has certainly added a new laurel to his record, and in this school building his given pointers which others will assuredly follow.

The dimensions of the buildings are 105x72, the class rooms 32x24 each. The boys school is on the south and the girls on the north, nearer the convent separated only by the pretty garden.

The contractors for the work are as follows: Masonry, brickwork and cut stone, etc., Win. Keane; carpentry, Madden Brothers; roofing and galvanized iron work, J. P. O'Hearn; plastering, John Boyce & Son; metallic ceilings, Metallic Roofing Co.; heating, ventilation and plumbing, W. J. McGuire & Co.; painting and glazing, J. J. Brennan.

RECTOR OF IRISH COLLEGE, ROME, CONSECRATED A BISHOP.

Rome, Aug. 16.—To-day Cardinal Satolli, assisted by Bishops Panici and Doebling, consecrated Monsignor Kelly, formerly the Rector of the Irish College in Rome, and Coadjutor Bishop of Sydney, with right of succession. The ceremony was attended by the students of the Irish College and many of the Irish residents. The consecration took place in the Church of St. Joachim, in the Prati di Castello.

This was the first Episcopal consecration held in that church, which was built with the offerings of the Catholic world, and offered to His Holiness Leo XIII on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. In an account of this church recently published, and beautifully illustrated, it is related that the Sovereign Pontiff desired to give a proof of his paternal zeal to those who founded the church by deciding that it shall be the centre of the International Association of Reparatory Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. In consequence of this decision it was deemed fitting to ask the Catholics of the world to contribute to the erection of a Rucharistic Throne, which, as a visible bond, should unite them to those who up till now have been praying in reparation for the sins of all the nations. This Throne should be one of the most sumptuous in the world, since the faithful of all nations will come here in prayer.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH IN ROME.

(Rome correspondence New York Freeman's Journal.)

Your correspondent regrets this week to be obliged to refer (for the last time, he hopes) to a subject of painful interest to English-speaking Catholics. Freeman readers are aware of some of the vicissitudes of the site of St. Patrick's Church in the Eternal City. The Irish Augustinians abandoned the attempt to erect the Irish national church after building a fine monastery for themselves. They sold the monastery to the English Benedictine nuns; the latter were unable to pay the purchase money, owing to the loss of the funds on which they relied, and they were obliged to leave the building last week. It is now reported that the site and monastery are to be sold and converted into a hospital. And thus ends the story of St. Patrick's Church in the Eternal City.

BRINGING THE JUBILEE TO A CLOSE. CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

Dear Reverend Fathers—No good enough to remind the Faithful under your care that the time for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence will close with the day of September 24th prox. We have seen and heard that our Catholic people have given undoubted proofs of their faith and of their loyalty to the Holy Father by the zeal and earnestness with which they promptly listened to the call of God's representative on earth, our beloved Leo XIII. We feel sure that the great majority of our Diocesans have profited by the graces offered to them so generously and at so little cost. There are no doubt some who for reasons more or less valid, have not been able to unite themselves with the greater number. It is our desire that a special appeal be now made to them so that no one in the Diocese be deprived of the favors and blessings of this time of grace. All making the Jubilee gain graces not only each for himself but for all others as well. Let no one then deprive others, as well as himself, of these graces, by failing to comply with the conditions imposed by His Holiness.

To encourage them in this, I recommend that the Holy Father's letter, extending the privileges of the Jubilee to the whole Christian world be read again in all the churches of the Diocese. (If necessary, copies may be procured from the Secretary). It will give those who have yielded to his wishes a fuller understanding of the value of the favors they have received, and it will urge those who have not shared in these favors to hasten to take advantage of them. Thus will all be of one mind and one heart, united in grace as well as in faith. It will also be well for the Clergy to hold in each church exercises for the visits prescribed, that they who may not be able to make the greater number of visits privately, may make the less number paid in common.

To bring the Jubilee to a fitting close in the Diocese, it is my desire that Thanksgiving Services be held in each Parish on September 24th, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, to present to Our Lord by the hands of His Holy Mother, all our good works done during the six months terminating on that day. The service will be held in the morning or evening, as the Pastor will judge best suited to ensure the largest attendance. It will consist of Mass or Vespers, preceded by the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, an instruction, the Benediction and the singing of the Te Deum, after which the Holy Sacrament will be replaced in the tabernacle.

I have the fullest confidence that our people will assist at this last exercise of the Jubilee in large numbers. It will be an edifying manifestation of their faith and love as well as of their gratitude to God for the priceless blessings imparted through His Church to all His children who are proud to call her Mother.

This letter may be read to the Faithful in each church as soon as convenient after its reception.

Given at Toronto this 26th day of August, 1901.

DENIS O'CONNOR, Archbishop of Toronto.

J. M. CRUISE, Secretary.

SOME RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

The late Mr. W. A. McLean, of Walkerton, held the positions of Local Master and Local Registrar of the High Court of Justice for Bruce County. He was appointed Local Master about twenty-five years ago. The Judges of the Superior Court then appointed Local Masters. After that the law was changed and the Ontario Government appointed Local Masters. A person holding the position must be a barrister. It is a judicial one and a Local Master tries cases referred to him from the High Court, and which have been entered in that Court, and are, therefore, beyond the jurisdiction of the County Court. Some years ago the Ontario Government passed a law, and which is still in force. This is it: "When a vacancy occurs in the office of the Local Master, the Judge of the County Court for the County shall be the Local Master until and unless another person is appointed Local Master. In such case, if there are two County Judges, a senior and a junior, both shall be Local Masters until and unless one of them or some other person is appointed Local Master." See page 595 of R. S. O., 1897.

For a while barristers were appointed Local Masters. They also practised law as well as performed the duties of Local Master. Considering, however, the large importance and intricacies of cases referred to the masters and that a person trying the cases should be perfectly independent of the public, the Government during the last fifteen years has adopted the policy of appointing County Judges instead of barristers wherever a County Judge would accept the position. Under this law we find only two lawyers appointed Local Masters, and the Government within the last number of years appointed Judges McCallum of Manitoulin, Barron of Perth, Vallin of Nipissing, Hardy of Brant, McCarthy of Dufferin, Creason and Morrison of Grey, McMillan of Haldimand, Hamilton of Hamilton, Doyle of Huron, Macwatt of Lambton, Johnston of Algoma, and a great many others. These appointments were non-political, as some of the judges when practising law were Conservatives and others reformers. We quite approve of the appointment of Judge Klein as Local Master and Mr. Goetz as Local Registrar.

The salaries are very small, and a person holding both positions, if not the Judge, would have to practice law. A police magistrate should not be allowed to carry on a big business or have customers. By the present appointments the Government saves the country at least

one hundred dollars a year in the way of fuel, light, stationery and maintaining an office. The Government did what was fair in the interests of the county this time. Judge Barrett, we are informed, did not care to act as Local Master.

Judge Klein and Mr. Goetz are both Catholics. Judge Klein was a Conservative when practicing law, was appointed Judge in 1893 Mr. Goetz was a Reformer before his appointment. venient after its inception.

MISCALLED "CHRISTIAN" SCIENTISTS.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, a distinguished member of the medical profession in New York, publishes, in the September number of The North American Review, his rejoinder to W. D. McCracken's "Simple Logic of Christian Science," alluded to in a recent issue of The Register. Dr. Buckley tears the mask from the face of Mrs. Dowdy and holds up in their true light Dowdy, Simpson, the Mormons and the other disciples of "presumptuous superstition" who thrive in the United States to-day because a growing class of the community are too lazy to exercise their God-given faculties willingly pay to be humbugged. Dr. Buckley's article concludes with the following paragraphs, which are worthy of the character of the Christian physician: "To 'be out of one's senses' is a grievous affliction, to disparage the senses and the mental faculties which interpret their reports is a crime against human nature, and an imputation upon its Creator. For when disease undermines and tissues waste, when the brain reels under stress of agonizing pain, there is demanded a Science which ages of research and experimentation have brought to the opening century—a Science understanding and respecting both the body and the mind, which employs as medicine what God has endowed with suitable properties and which enforces the regimen His order in nature and man requires. Understanding faith, and prayer have their place, but if blood gushes from a desperate wound, stay not to pray; except, indeed, in that swift appeal to God for help which a true worshipper instinctively breathes in dire extremity—but lose no time in applying the cautery to staunch the blood, the cordial to sustain the patient; and, if necessary, the opiate to preserve him in quietude, or the stimulant to aid his failing heart. The deification of unreason called Christian Science cannot long survive

HON. EDWARD BLAKE IN TORONTO.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P. for Longford, arrived in Toronto on Wednesday morning from Montreal and is the guest of his brother, Hon. S. H. Blake. Mr. Blake looks well, and many friends who have called upon him, congratulated him on his appearance. He will probably stay in Canada till the re-assembling of the Imperial Parliament.

THE CLERGY AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

From The Catholic Universe. There are a good many ways of building up a strong Catholic mind the best way is to enlist the hearty support and encouragement of the priesthood. No one else can do so much for it. But it is unfortunate that to all appearances the clergy of the country have little or no appreciation of the value and importance of the press. As a class they rarely write for it and seldom lift up their voices in its praise. There are critics enough, fault finders and adepts at carpentry, but what is needed is more thorough sympathy with efforts made, and more of the kind of encouragement which will multiply subscribers and make it possible for editors and publishers to reach ideals, which none appreciate more than themselves. The priesthood should wake up to the fact that there are some things of greater importance to their people and the Church at large than solving some little difficulty of parish life or adopting double back action hinges for their school desks. One of the greatest forces of Catholic progress in this and in every other country is a well edited and thoroughly Catholic press. It has special facilities for meeting the false charges brought against the Church and its members, and setting them right before the world. Every Catholic family should have a Catholic paper. Its office is, in the words of our Holy Father, a perpetual mission. The priesthood is in a position, better than any one else, to help along this missionary work. Will the priesthood of this diocese start the ball a-rolling?

THE C. M. B. A. CONVENTION

Election of Officers and Conclusion of Business—Hon. Mr. Hackett Re-elected.

Niagara, Ont., Aug. 30.—The second days' convention of the C. M. B. A. has been a record-breaker in disposing of business. The different committees submitted their reports and most of them passed with but little discussion, only a few minor alterations being carried in the proposed amendments. The balance of the day was taken up in the election of officers, which resulted as follows: Spiritual Adviser, Archbishop O'Brien, Halifax; Chancellor, O. K. Fraser, Brockville; President, Hon. M. F. Hackett, Stanstead, Que.; Vice-Presidents, Dr. L. J. Belliveau, Shidiac, N. B.; Bernard O'Connell, Dublin, Ont.; Secretary, Samuel R. Brown, London; Treasurer, W. J. McKee, M. P. P., Windsor; Marshal, James Cathigan, Arthur; Guard, Jacob J. Weinert, Neustadt; Trustees, J. A. Chisholm, Halifax; C. Dupont Hebert, Three Rivers, Que.; P. J. O'Keefe, St. John; J. J. Behan, Kingston; Rev. J. E. Crimmon, Dunnville; Law Committee, W. J. Poland, Toronto; J. A. Renaud, Joliette, Que.; John A. Murphy, Cayuga; Finance Committee, John Ronan, Hamilton; F. D. Richards, Dorchester, N. B.; J. T. Hallissey, Truro, N. S.

After a warm contest between Montreal and Toronto for the next place of convention Toronto was chosen. The delegates received an unlooked-for treat. After the election of officers Rev. John Crawford, Presbyterian clergyman of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, this town, addressed the visiting delegates and friends, who packed the town hall to the doors. The rev. gentlemen made an eloquent address, pointing out the great and noble work the C. M. B. A. had done all over the Dominion, and paid fitting tribute to the manner in which the many delegates had carried themselves since their visit to town. During the rev. gentleman's address he received many plaudits, and when he took his seat was given a grand ovation. The President, Hon. M. F. Hackett, replied to the address, and in his usual eloquent manner delivered one of the most stirring addresses ever listened to in this town, in which he tendered the thanks of the entire convention to the rev. gentleman for his kind words and intimated to him that when he was a hoary-headed old man the delegates attending the C. M. B. A. convention at Niagara Falls of 1901 would look back and remember the kind remarks of Rev. John Crawford. When the President took his seat the convention broke out in a tumult of applause, which lasted fully five minutes. After order was restored the installation of officers took place. To-morrow will be spent in sight-seeing. Many of the delegates intend visiting the Pan-American before returning home.



JAGER DIAMONDS

During our recent visit to Amsterdam, we secured several papers of really choice—exceptionally choice—gems from the celebrated Jagersfontein mines of South Africa. These are stones that will appeal to the tastes of diamond connoisseurs, as whilst not really low in price, they would yield unbounded satisfaction to the wearers. Ryrie Bros., Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

THE COADJUTOR ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY.

The consecration, on Aug 14, of Monsignor Kelly, Rector of the Irish College, as Titular Archbishop of Acrida, and Coadjutor, with right of succession, of His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, was an event of exceptional interest and importance.

Before nine o'clock yesterday morning the friends of Monsignor Kelly began to take up their places in the reserved space in front of the high altar in the Church of St. Joachim in the Prati di Castello. It was close on 10 o'clock when the ceremonies began.

On Sunday next the Feast of St. Joachim, the name-day of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., Archbishop Kelly will be in Rome, and will assist at the "Circolo," or reception of the Cardinals and Prelates which the Pope holds on this day.

Among the laity were Judge Curran and Mrs. Curran and Miss Curran, who came specially from Ireland to Rome to be present at this ceremony.

gan, Mrs. Geraghty, Australia; M. and Madame Daudier, Signor Leonori, and Signor Durantini, of Rome, Mr. William Croke, Miss O'Keefe, Miss Hussey Walsh, Mrs. P. L. Conellan, Mrs. Hart, the Countess Cerost, Marquis MacSwiney, of Mashanaglas, Monsignor Pius De Raymond, Dr. J. A. Beattie, Government Medical Health Officer, Sydney, New South Wales, and many others.

The usual refreshment, consisting of chocolate coffee, sweet cakes and wine, which always follows the consecration of a Bishop in Rome, was given to the ladies present in a room of the Redemptorists' house attached to the church.

To-morrow morning Archbishop Kelly will pontificate for the first time since his consecration at the Church of St. Maria Maggiore at Tivoli. This very interesting and ancient church stands close to the entrance of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli.

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On Sunday next the celebrated archaeologist, Commendatore Oragio Marucchi, will describe to the Holy Father, and illustrate by photography, the recent discoveries that have been made in the Roman Catacombs, especially the discovery of a baptistry in the oldest portion of the Catacomb of Saint Pancella, in which there are many reasons for holding St. Peter baptised the converts to the Christian Faith in the very dawn of Roman Christianity.

Hall Caine's New Book

London, Aug 24.—Mr. I. N. Ford says. The South Africa Catholic Times is the first journal of the Roman Catholic faith to discuss Hall Caine's book. It condemns the seven leading points in the novel, but recognizes its sympathy with Catholic ideals and its reverence for things held sacred by the Church.

every possible way. Hall Caine when asked to explain the motive of "The Eternal City," refers to three. One relates to marriage, another to Pure Democracy and a third to Religion. He describes the book as a new Gospel of Christian democracy, with a prophetic epilogue after the manner of Bellamy.

IRELAND

GOUAGANE BARRA.

Cork, Ireland, August 17.—The solemn ceremony of dedicating the new Oratory recently erected near the site of the ancient monastery on the lone and lovely island of Gougane Barra was performed by His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, in the presence of a large assembly of clergy and laity.

We have, however, been fortunate enough to make some important discoveries in the crypt and its adjacent parts, so that the general plan of the Abbey Church is gradually revealing itself.

I can only give a summary sketch of the excavations, as many of the details are technical and still awaiting a positive solution. The large eastern apse is now visible, with its central and flanking apsidal chapel. The central chapel, somewhat altered in shape by subsequent buildings, contains some interesting frescoes on the walls, and in the middle are the remains of an altar (qu. that of St. Mary, St. Michael and St. Gabriel?) highly decorated.

At twelve o'clock the ceremony of blessing the chapel was performed by His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, after which Solemn High Mass was offered up, the celebrant being the Rev. Father Hurley, P. P., deacon, Very Rev. Canon Hegarty, Glanure, sub-deacon, Father Himer, Wolverhampton; and Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Canon Lane. The other clergy present included Right Rev. Monsignor Carr, Liverpool, Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent, London, Very Rev. Father Gugley, O. P., St. Mary's; Rev. Father Walsh, P. P., Ballyvourney; Rev. Father Donovan, P. P., Kilmartyn; Rev. Father Fennell, Upton; Rev. Father O'Sullivan, P. P., Binniskane; Rev. Father Verdon, Rev. Father Mulligan, Birmingham, Rev. Father McCarthy, C. M.

The ceremonies concluded with the Papal Benediction, which His Lordship announced he had been empowered by the Holy Father to impart on the occasion.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

RUINS AND OTHER RELICS OF GATHRIFIC ENGLAND

Writing to The London Times of the excavations at St. Augustine's Abbey Field, an Anglican clergyman, Rev. Charles F. Routledge, says: "It is scarcely necessary to remind your readers that this ground contains the ruins of St. Pancras' Chapel, probably built by St. Augustine, and also the eastern portion of the Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which St. Augustine and many of his successors were buried, together with the chapter-house, dormitory and infirmary, and the site of the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary built by Ethelbert's son and successor, Radwald."

Excavations have been in progress for several weeks past at a cost of nearly £400, a great part of which has been expended in the laborious and costly process of removing the huge mass of earth deposited twenty years ago on the site of the presbytery to the depth of several feet.

The ruins of the early Saxon chapel of St. Pancras have been completely uncovered, and the chapter-house (80 feet long and 40 feet wide) partially traced, but our chief efforts during the present summer have been devoted to the exploration of the Abbey Church itself. Owing to the devastation caused at the dissolution of the monastery by Henry VIII., and the still more serious vandalism of modern times, when graves have been disturbed and building-stones carted away for sale, or for repairing walls and pig-sties, a very small portion of the church above ground is now existing.

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In God's good time He'll banish with His loving hand The musts, the doubts, We'll understand, And not repine. But strive and pray To judge all acts with Heaven's eyes, And thus to make a Paradise Of every day.

WHAT THE HOLY FATHER SAYS "We can in no way revive the judgment of Solomon on the child, and divide him by an unreasonable and cruel blow of the sword, separating his understanding from his will. While cultivating the first it is necessary to direct the second in the acquirement of virtuous habits and to his last end. He who, in the education of youths, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the intellect that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will and gives them a power which baffles all resistance."—Leo XIII.

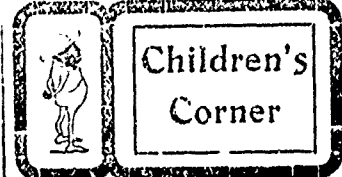
AFTER COMMUNION. (Caroline Harris Gallagher) Flesh of Christ, so white and stainless, Give me purity divine; Blood of Christ, Thou crimson fountain, Strengthen me with virgin's wine.

Heart of Christ, so rudely wounded, Wash my soul in that clear flood Flowing from Thy side deep-riven— Water mingling with Thy blood.

Soul of Christ, Whom I have with me In this Sacrament divine, Be my refuge now and ever, Take me—hold me—keep me Thine. —From Our Lady of Good Counsel.

PROFESSION AT KINGSTON. Kingston, Aug 27.—At the House of Providence the Archbishop received their final vows from: Miss Rose Byrne, Stanleyville, in religion Sister M. Ursula; Miss Eliza Merron, Brockville, Sister M. Isidore, and Miss Julia Traynor, Carleton, Sister M. Beatrice; Miss Margaret Oliver, Ogdensburg, became a professional member of the order, and will be known as Sister M. Gonzaga.

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotch which bluish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.



Children's Corner

THE HEROES OF THE ROAD.

We read about the heroes who have faced the guns in battle, on the ships that plough the waters, in the trenches on the land, but for bravery that is real, and for nerve that is unflinching, take the man who rides the engine with the lever in his hand.

As he drives his engine forward, round the curves and through the tunnels, and the blackness of the night obscures his sight, then the metal that is in him proves the hero we have pictured, for alone he grips the lever as he dashes into night.

We never think to praise him for the courage he exhibits—We are only filled with rapture at the speeding of his train—Yet this man who drives his engine through the steam into the darkness, Controls the destiny of hundreds by the coolness of his brain.

ENTHUSIASM

Montalembert's constant recommendation to do all one undertook with enthusiasm "Without it," he said, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticism of the world, which so often dampens our very earliest efforts, it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us not with the desire only but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

No accidents are so unlucky but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them, nor are there any so lucky but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

Some poet's voice Hath said that some time, some sweet day, The doubt will all be cleared away, Let us rejoice!

We pine, we fret; We read by earth's uncertain light, And judge with its uncertain sight, Let us forget.

In God's good time He'll banish with His loving hand The musts, the doubts, We'll understand, And not repine.

But strive and pray To judge all acts with Heaven's eyes, And thus to make a Paradise Of every day.

—Evelyn Murphy.

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A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotch which bluish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PICTURE PREMIUM. To Pay-in-Advance Subscribers. The agents of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER are authorized to offer the following famous pictures as premiums: BLESSED VIRGIN - \$1.00, "The Holy Family" - \$1.00, "The Virgin and Child" - \$1.00, "The Holy Family" - \$1.00, "The Virgin and Child" - \$1.00, "The Holy Family" - \$1.00, "The Virgin and Child" - \$1.00. NEVER before have pictures so expensive and beautiful been offered as newspaper premiums. In order to extend this offer to the largest possible number, we will send the pictures upon receipt of money within 30 days after the subscriber's name has been placed on our list. THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. 9 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.
Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.
Sept. 5, Luke vii. 11-16

- 8 Nativity of the B.V.M.
9 St. Peter Claver, C.
10 St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C
11 SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM.
12 St. Guy, C.
13 St. Annatus, B.O.
14 Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—WHAT ARE THEY?

Let the women who clamor for female prestige hold up the example of these women in contrast to women as they would have them, and let the women of the future make the choice.
The rights of women—tell me pray, These longed for rights, pray what are they?
The right to have the brow of care— The right to hope amid despair— The right to answer danger's call, The right to shield her loved ones' all?

The rights of women—what are they? The right to love, the right to pray, The right to wake when other sleep, The right to comfort those who weep, The right to hush the cry of pain— To soothe the aching heart and brain?

The rights of women—what are they? The right to suffer day by day, To sacrifice her all—e'en though 'Twere all in vain—'twere better so— To love—the while her heart may break— And then to die—for that love's sake. Kate Thyson Marr, in Chicago Chronicle.

WHEN A WOMAN TRAVELS.

Why is it that a woman when traveling will carry so many unnecessary things? The feminine mind seems unaccountably gifted with a superabundance of foresight. It may rain, it may snow, she may be invited to a ball, she may have to attend a funeral. All of these contingencies must be provided for, be the trip of a week or a month's duration. Women who are the most economical in every other way are often the most extravagant in space. She does not economize in the articles she places in her dress-suit case, but fills this with trinkets and furbelows that necessitate the carrying of extra luggage. The man in the berth opposite has one case or valise, and when this is open the woman across the way is amazed to see the vacant spaces and gaping holes. There really is no reason why there should not be a hole or two in the interior of the woman's satchel. Of course there are dainty trifles of a woman's toilet that take up more space than a man could imagine, but there are also more things to be left out without being missed than a woman could imagine. Don't load the satchel with a great variety of neckwear. Don't cumber it with fancy belts. Take only as much underwear as will be required before the trunk is reached. Don't slip in more books than could possibly be read on the journey and leave at home the treasures that are safer there than in a leather bag. I know a woman who made the trip across the continent with no baggage outside of the baggage car than a straw roll attached to a strap. It contained everything she needed, but nothing more; it hung from her shoulder so lightly that she did not feel it at all, and what is better still, did not look as though she were burdened down. And what is best of all, it saved her at the changing points from being pestered by every porter in the depot.

THE BIG TREES ARE NATURE'S RESERVOIRS.

"Why," it will be asked, "are the Big Tree groves always found on well-watered spots?" Simply because Big Trees give rise to streams, says John Muir in the September Atlantic. It is a mistake to suppose that the water is the cause of the groves being there. On the contrary, the groves are the cause of the water being there. The roots of this immense tree fill the ground, forming a sponge which hoards the bounty of the clouds, and sends it forth in clear perennial streams instead of allowing it to rush headlong in short-lived, destructive floods. Evaporation is also checked and the air kept still in the shady Sequoia depths, while thirsty robber winds are shut out. . . . The value of these forests in storing and dispensing the bounty of the mountain clouds is infinitely greater than lumber or sheep. To the dwellers of the plain, dependent on irrigation, the Big Tree is a tree of life, a never failing spring, sending living water to the lowlands all through the hot rainless summer. For every grove cut down a stream is dried up. Therefore all California is crying, "Save the trees of the mountains!" not, judging by the signs of

the times, is it likely that the cry will cease until the salvation of all that is left of Sequoia Gigantea is sure.

HOPE FOR THE NEGRO.

Looking at the other race in the South, who must be reckoned, if they will allow themselves to be so, as a part of the Southern people—whilst there is much to cause regret and even disappointment to those who are their truest friends, yet there is no little from which to draw hope, says Thomas Nelson Page in the September Atlantic. No other people ever had more disadvantages to contend with on their issue into freedom. They were seduced, deceived, misled. Their habits of industry were destroyed, and they were fooled into believing that they could be legislated into immediate equality with a race that, without mentioning superiority of ability and education, had a thousand years' start of them. They were made to believe that their only salvation lay in aligning themselves against the other race, and following blindly the adventurers who came to lead them to a new Promised Land. It is no wonder that they committed great blunders and great excesses. For nearly a generation they have been pushed along the wrong road. But now in place of political leaders, who were simply firebrands, is arising a new class of leaders, which, with a wider horizon, a deeper sagacity, and a truer patriotism, are endeavoring to establish a foundation of morality, industry, and knowledge, and to build upon them a race that shall be capable of availing itself of every opportunity that the future may present, and worthy of whatever fortune it may bring.

THE END OF SUMMER.

(Madison Cawelin in September Century.)
Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods,
The hollyhocks; the balsam's pearly breeds
Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds
Collapsing at a touch; the lotus, that sobs
The ponds with green, has changed its flowers to rods
That balance cell-pierced disks; and all the weeds,
Around the sleepy water and its reeds
Are one white smoke of seedéd silk that nods,
Summer is dead, ay me! sweet summer's dead!
The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire;
While from the east, as from a garden bed,
Mist-wined, the dusk lifts her broad moon, like some
Great golden melon, savin' "Fall has come."

COLOR IN DRESS.

That the color of a woman's dress can make her look larger or smaller is a fact that many professional dress-makers now take into consideration. Dressed in black and dark hues, stout women look smaller both in the house and when out walking, and by a use of the same hues, the dimensions of small people are so decreased that they appear like dwarfs. The optical effect of white and light colors is to enlarge all objects, and make the stout woman who wears them almost mountainous in her appearance. She need not, however, look dingy and dull, for the rich, dark hues offered to her for selection are varied and numberless. Greens and blues, in their various shades, are better than reds, giving an effect of repose and distance. All light colored materials should be avoided for the waist. During the awkward age of girls, between the ages of twelve and fourteen dark blue or plain red cashmere or serge is found to be productive of the best results. In choosing colors for dresses, the complexion must, of course, be taken into account. Those with sallow, dark faces should select clear tints, and scrupulously avoid glaring bright and decided hues. Those who possess clear skins and pale faces may wear all shades of rose, primrose, buff, light green, lilac, brown and violet. Florid persons should wear the tints that subdue color and give the effect of distance such as blue and green. The most lucky of all girls are those with fair complexions and color. To them few shades will be unbecoming. Those with pale complexions should wear only fresh colors, such as cherry and pink.

Color in dress not only exerts an influence over the beauty of the wearer, but also over her health. Dark colors are found to absorb and give out smells of all kinds to a far greater extent than the light, and it is for this reason that professional nurses are not allowed to wear black dresses. It is said that for nurses, black cotton is bad, black-wool worse, and

black silk the most injurious of all. Some doctors refrain from wearing black clothes when visiting patients for the same reason.

The warmth and comfort of the body are also affected by the color of the clothes which cover it. White and light-colored fabrics reflecting the heat and black and dark ones absorbing it. Black, however, throws heat off sooner, and white clothing retains the natural heat of the body longer than black.—Popular Fashions.

THE OLD STORY OF THE UNCLE AT THE CIRCUS.

(From The Boston Transcript.)
Friday, when the circus comes,
With its chariots and dums,
Then we'll see the tall giraffe,
And the clown that makes us laugh.
For you know he always can,
He is such a funny man.
Then we'll see the great parade,
Then we'll buy some lemonade,
And the kind they always drink
Is so beautifully pink
I should really like to know
How and why they make it so.

Father says he used to go
To the circus years ago;
Doesn't care about it now;
Only goes to save a row.
Nothing there he wants to see;
Goes because it pleases me.
Mother, she dislikes it, too;
Only goes because I do.
Uncle John will go with us
(Seems to me it's curious);
Says he's going for my sake;
Sure he cannot keep awake.
Aunt Jane says she'll come along;
Thought perhaps it may be wrong;
But she thinks I ought to see
Things in natural history.

Uncle James will go alone;
Doesn't like to chaperone.
Says he simply means to go
Because he wants to see the show.

WAS A SUCCESS.

Garden Party Held by St. John's Catholic Church Largely attended—Enjoyable Time.

Hamilton, Aug. 28.—Rev. Father O'Reilly's garden party in aid of St. John's Church, at the Brant House grounds on Wednesday evening last, proved to be a successful affair. About seven hundred people from Hamilton, Dundas, Oakville, Milton, Burlington and surrounding country made a merry gathering and pronounced it the most enjoyable event of the season. Many complimentary remarks were heard of P. C. Patriarche, secretary, and the committee, up to the able manner in which they handled the affair.

Supper was served by the ladies of the parish from 6 until 8 o'clock. Much praise is due Mr. Jones, representing Lumsden Bros., of Hamilton, who supplied and served the "Delicious Social tea and coffee," which was greatly enjoyed by all.

An excellent programme, consisting of the following selections were introduced by Mr. Geo. Lynch-Staunton of Hamilton, who made a capital chairman: Piano solo, Miss May Weir; recitation, Sitting Alone, Miss Susie McGrath; song, Why Don't the Band Play? Harry Bennett; vocal solo, Rory Darlinn, Miss Margaret B. McCoy; song, I'm Going to be Married, Harry Bennett; vocal solo (a), The Rose, (b), The River and the Sea, Miss Margaret B. McCoy; song, Looking for a Job, Harry Bennett; recitation, Miss Susie McGrath; song, The Flying Machine, Harry Bennett; musical selections, Italian Harpers. The accompaniments were played by Miss May Weir, Miss Rennie McCoy and M. Doherty. All selections were well received and responded to by several encores.

Among the visiting clergy on the grounds were Right Rev. Dean Malouin, Baton Rouge, Mo., Father Crofton, Dundas; Father Donovan, Hamilton, and Rev. Mr. Kendall, Burlington. The Fishing Pond, managed by Miss Kate Campbell, proved quite a drawing card, and afforded much amusement. The flower booth was run by Misses Josie McGrath and Gertie Campbell, was pretty and attractive. A rushing business was done in the soft drink, ice cream and cigar booth, ably looked after by Misses Lucy McGrath and Nora Campbell, assisted by C. N. Murphy and J. F. Campbell.

FATHER KEOUGH ILL.

Rev. Father Keough, whose health has been steadily declining during the past year, took a turn for the worse some days ago. He was very low for a time, but has improved somewhat and is now resting considerably easier. Although his friends would like to think otherwise, they cannot but realize that his constitution must before long give way under the strain. He has been relieved altogether of his parochial duties (Father Cleary having taken his place) and is receiving every possible care and attention.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Latest Phase of the Boer War

London, Aug. 2.—The barometer for South Africa fell yesterday when it was known that Steyn, Dewet and Botha had defied Mr. Chamberlain announced their determination to fight to the last ditch. The proclamation of Lord Kitchener has not frightened the Boer leaders, for whom the menace of exile has no terrors when they do not believe that it can be enforced. Military men here have not swerved from their conviction that the war will continue until Steyn and Dewet are captured. The Transvaal leaders are bound in honor to keep up the warfare as long as their allies to the south of the Vaal are unwilling to surrender. Proclamations only involve a waste of printer's ink while Steyn and Dewet remain in the field. This is the judgment of practical men, who understand the full force of the point of honor among the Dutch allies. The Generals cannot abandon one another, when the war has lasted nearly two years without a sign of treachery among the men in the commandos.

Kitchener's comment on the surrender of a British force of 68 men after one soldier had been killed is that he is holding an inquiry. This points to a suspicion that the resistance offered by the British force was inadequate. Military men explain the difficulty of keeping jaded men up to the work when they know that surrender to a superior force is followed by a speedy release, after a deprivation of arms, powder and shot. Heavy work and incessant marching have rendered the British army stale. The same testing of weariness is shown in England, where the Yeomanry force recruited for special service is still 11,000 below the full quota, notwithstanding strenuous exertions to strengthen it and the high pay offered for tough riders.

An article in the current number of The Fortnightly Review on the settlement of South Africa derives special significance from the fact that the writer, Iwan Muller, knows more about Sir Alfred Milner's intention than anybody else except Mr. Chamberlain. Milner, it has been said, will land at Cape Town with a constitution for South Africa in his pocket, and The Fortnightly article indicates what is probably an outline of the scheme. Muller makes it clear that Chamberlain and Milner have decided that British influence will be paramount in the South African Dominion Parliament. He maintains that in any plan of confederation it is the highest importance that the Senate should be the centre of political power and should have control of the federal funds, and the English Senators should outnumber the Dutch two to one. For the constitution of the upper Chamber he favors the American rather than the Canadian or Australian precedents, but in the first instance the Senate would be nominated by the respective Governors or the High Commissioner.

PATCHES OF RAW FLAMING FLESH.

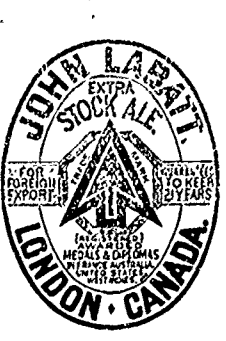
Itching, Burning, Stinging Eczema Can Always be Cured by the use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Only those who have endured the acute torture of eczema, and rheum or similar skin diseases and eruption can appreciate the wonderful feelings of relief which come with the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is impossible to describe the marvellous healing, soothing influence of this great standard remedy. You can judge of its extraordinary curative properties by the following cases:

Mrs. Ann McDonald, Kingsville, Ont., states: "For about three years I was a dreadful sufferer from Eczema. At times the patches of raw, flaming flesh would extend from my waist to my neck and from the knee to the ankles. The intense itching almost drove me crazy, and though I tried all the local physicians, they could not even relieve the suffering. The flesh would crack open, and I don't believe any one ever suffered more than I did. I was told of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but did not believe that it could help me. After the fifth application of this preparation I began to feel the benefit of its soothing, healing effects, and now attribute a cure to the persistent use of this wonderful remedy. It is truly worth its weight in gold and I never tire of recommending it to other sufferers."

J. H. Stevens, harnessmaker, Scaforth, Ont., writes: "At the age of three months my son Arnold was attacked by baby eczema on his face, and in spite of all the doctors could do he kept getting worse until his face was a mass of scabs and would ulcerate when he would scratch. It was terrible to see him suffer, but we tried everything until we were discouraged. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment we got a box and applied it. At once the child was relieved and went to sleep. The first two boxes, which completely cured him, as well as could be. He is now fourteen months old, and has a fine, clear skin and not a trace of eczema." Dr. Chase's Ointment is also prompt and effective as a treatment for chafing and itching skin. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1901.

AN UNEXPECTED APPRECIATION.

The Church Times, one of the leading organs of the English established religion, pays a remarkable tribute to the loyalty of the Irish character both in regard to religion and politics.

With regard to the failure of the sects to secure foothold in Ireland The Church Times says:

Ireland here is marked contrast to England; the Reformation never really took root in Ireland to any extent; it is unnecessary to discuss the reasons why, but as a rule the original Irish all held to the "old religion," and hold to it still. They are unanimous in their attachment to it — an attachment which has borne severe and terrible tests from the campaign of Cromwell until the Emancipation Act of 1827 (1829—Ed C. R.). Here is a striking instance of the steadiness, the tenacity of the Irish mind in the spiritual sphere, it has never faltered, never wavered in its fealty to the Roman Church for a day, through evil report or good report, through all the centuries. This firmness shows that the Irish are not a flighty, changeable purposeless people, as some would have us suppose them to be. No; they are in no sense carried about by every blast of vain doctrine; but quite the contrary. We are not discussing the merits or demerits of the Roman Catholic Church in this article at all, all we contend for is that the original Irish people love her as their spiritual mother; they have always held to her, and always will hold to her, if we can forecast the future from the past, with the most affectionate fidelity.

The Irishman's religious loyalty gives fixity to his political opinions. Continuing the writer says: "The Irishman has in all great questions, both religious and political, a single eye and a single aim. His method of action is collective and concerted. The discipline of the Roman Church has taught him that. He is, moreover, patient as well as persevering. He knows that a generation is not a long space or period in the life of a Church or a nation, and therefore he is prepared to wait. There is an Irish proverb which well expresses his mental attitude. It is this: 'The first thread is not of the piece.' His own vast experience has taught him this, as later on he has often succeeded when first experiences have only foreshadowed failure and defeat. The moral of it all is that as regards definiteness of desire, perseverance in pursuit, patience under disappointment, and undying hopefulness of ultimate success, the Irishman is a far deeper man than strangers take him for. This view of him may be new to some, perhaps to many, but we believe it is founded on fact, and the more it is realized the better."

IRELAND IN WESTMINSTER.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in this month's North American Review, strikes a note that will carry dismay to whatever part of Mr. Chamberlain's anatomy polite usage may call his heart, when he says that any attempt to reduce the Irish representation at Westminster would unite Ulster with the South and make all Irishmen a political unit. Prof. Smith understands respectable English opinion in regard to Mr. Chamberlain's bluster. The London Speaker, one of the most reliable publications in the Kingdom, writes as follows with reference to the Brummagen plan of cutting down Irish Parliamentary representation:

"The first thing that strikes one about this particular agitation is that it is a puerile expedient for dealing with the difficulties that have provoked it. Mr. Balfour has found himself more than once this session at the mercy of the Irish Party. That Party, led by a politician whose superior Parliamentary tactics is not to be found, compact and disciplined, boats of four or five of the best speakers in the House of Commons. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that it has several times been able to get its own way, and more than once inflicted very severe humiliation on the Government. Mr. Balfour apparently thinks that if he goes to the trouble of introducing and carrying a Bill to reduce the Irish representation...

mysterious way draw the teeth of this formidable party. But we do not think there is much danger of the execution of these threats. A Redistribution Bill involves more trouble and grit than the present Government has hitherto displayed. That the proposal will be welcomed by the Unionists is only another illustration of the hypocritical nature of their protestations of allegiance to the Act of Union, which they are ready to break for the convenience of an English party."

HOW IRISH CRIME IS MANUFACTURED.

The English newspapers are discussing with frank confessions of shame for the misgovernment of Ireland, the revelations made to Parliament by Mr. Dillon, and fully admitted by the Irish Chief Secretary, regarding the detective record of Sergeant Sheridan, of Mullagh, County Clare. Sheridan made a great name for himself as an agrarian criminal, but the Government is now forced to admit that he was the author of the crimes himself, in the interest of Dublin Castle. Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary, made this confession in Parliament:

"Now, I have no hesitation in saying that he did procure the conviction of four innocent men," (Irish cheers).

Even the Liberal Imperialist Daily Chronicle has to protest against what it describes as "the atrocious case of Police-Sergeant Sheridan." This, it says, is no new thing in the history of Ireland. "What is new is the courage and honesty of the Chief Secretary in exposing the abomination and inflicting the utmost possible penalty. Sergeant Sheridan was a clever and unscrupulous constable, who went about searching for crimes, which he always discovered because he instigated or imagined them himself." His system had remarkable results. Within a short time he secured the arrest of four innocent men and the condemnation of three, and his influence over other young policemen, according to The Daily Chronicle, "was so great that he tempted them to pursue his methods." In bringing this case before the House of Commons Mr. Dillon maintained that many of the so-called outrages in Ireland are really instigated by the police. It is for the police to clear themselves, or for the Government on their behalf.

The Daily News deals in detail with the "sickening" revelation of the methods of the Castle, as revealed in the exposure of Sergeant Sheridan. "A young peasant, it turned out, had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for mutilating cows. He served his time, but the outrage was the work of Sheridan himself. A man named Ray was sent to prison for three years for setting a hayrick on fire. This was another of Sheridan's convictions, and the Government compensated Ray, but the unfortunate man only lived for four months after his release. Could anything more sickening than this inside view of the manufactory of agrarian crime be imagined? Here is a young man who, as Mr. Wyndham puts it, goes out to find a crime, and discovers it, not once, but three times. Sergeant Sheridan himself committed the crime in one instance at any rate. Two of the men arrested are convicted, after the usual course of jury-packing, and the best that the Irish Secretary can say for the evidence on which the Courts despatched the allowed cow-torturer and the rack-burner to prison is that at the time it was not obviously false on the face of it. 'Not obviously false'—but the jury is packed, the prisoners are not allowed the benefit of the doubt, and Sheridan's reputation as a brilliant and dashing officer is established."

MR. EDWARD BLAKE.

An opportunity to attack Hon. Edward Blake is very welcome to the Canadian Gazette, published in London. It rejoices when a tea-pot gossip like The Toronto Saturday Night, tells the member for Longford that he is not a nice Canadian gentleman at all. It is all the same to Mr. Blake what The Canadian Gazette and The Saturday Night think of him. His honesty and his honor are as much the pride of the Canadian people today as when he served them in the Parliament at Ottawa.

FRANCE AND TURKEY.

However vehemently we condemn the part official France is taking against the religious orders, candor will not deny to the French Government due recognition of its course towards the Sultan. France is to-day the only member of the concert of great nations that dares to protect its own subjects in Turkey. It may be that the real cause is to be sought for in the other nations rather than in France. They cannot risk the hazard of a war in Europe while their own hands are all engaged in more or less desperate domestic tasks. Russia is exterminating the Finns, Germany has an evil legacy in the problem of Poland, and Italy, as Mr. Dooley puts it, "never expected to see the Bear war..."

would go on forever." America has slain her victims, but the ghost is extremely troublesome. Only for France, whose hands are free to raise the sword, Abdul Hamid could feel that he might do just as he pleased with Christians of all nations and their property. What the outcome of the present rupture of diplomatic relations may be none, of course, can tell. The Czar may induce his ally to accept a way out short of war. France at least is unafraid of the Turk. Apart from what the diplomacy of the other nations may desire, it would certainly meet the fervent wish of the united people of Christendom to see the French republic shake the monster who now rules in Constantinople out of his shoes.

AT IT AGAIN.

Complacent as usual when uttering something counterfitted to the public, The Toronto Mail says:

"Quebec's petition against the coronation oath scarcely does justice to the facts. It says to the British Government: 'You persist in retaining in the formula of the Royal oath declarations which are contrary to the Catholic faith.' As a matter of fact, the British Government endeavored to eliminate the objectionable declarations. The amended oath was, however, rejected by the Roman Catholics of England, because it retained the affirmation of the Protestant succession. Seeing that the nation would not consent to abandoning that feature of the oath, and that the only possible change would please nobody, Lord Salisbury gave up the effort to modify the declarations. Possibly a modification will be agreed upon later on."

From start to finish The Mail's remarks are false. The Catholics of England said nothing of the kind to the British Government; but on the contrary every word said by them or in their behalf endorsed the fullest affirmation of the Protestant succession. The authoritative protest signed by Lords Stanmore and Langaff in its second paragraph stated that the Act of Settlement affords "adequate security for the Protestant succession of the Crown."

The Mail knew this. And the ridiculous thing is that in stating the contrary it apparently imagines the reading public at its mercy in regard to learning the truth about the events of the day. The paper is very stupid.

ENGLAND'S CATHOLIC WORKINGMEN.

A scheme has been initiated by a number of prominent Roman Catholics to unite the Catholic workingmen of England into one organized body. The movement has received the hearty approval of the leading members of that denomination, and in a letter commending the scheme His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan says that "the idea of uniting the working Catholic men of England in a league has been several times under consideration. If a leader were forthcoming for such an arduous work, I should be more glad than anyone to help and bless him." A conference will be arranged in London to give practical effect to the wishes of His Eminence.

CATHOLICS AT OXFORD.

Catholic names stand highest in the list of the recent Oxford local examinations. No fewer than 10,091 candidates sat for the examinations, 6,907 of whom obtained certificates. The highest position in the honors lists of boys and girls has been won by Catholics. Charles H. Boyd, of St. Ignace's College, Stamford Hill, stands first in the first class, whilst Miss N. Sheridan, of the Convent of Notre Dame, Everton Valley, heads the successful girl candidates with the second place in the second class. The exhibitions of £30 offered by the delegates of local examinations to the boy and girl candidates placed respectively highest in the honors list falls to these two scholars. It is gratifying to notice also that these successes are well supported by the large number of Catholic students who have secured places in the honors and pass lists.

THE LATE MR. BOYLE.

The Montreal True Witness notes with satisfaction that steps have been taken in Toronto to recognize the life work of the late Mr. Patrick Boyle. The Register has received letters from several quarters in the Province, intimating that subscriptions will be sent in as soon as a list has been opened.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Catholic Standard and Times: To what a depth of moral degradation has the habitual recurrence of divorce reduced the non-Catholic masses here when not a word of protest is heard against the scandal of an old married man putting away his wife of many years for no other reason but that his mind had become affected. The man is a millionaire and still maintains an expensive household. Whether they realize...

are sane or not. This particular example of the tribe had become infatuated with a young and handsome woman, and if a jury of honest men had to try his case they might find no great difficulty in adjudging this fact to be a proof of decided insanity. The most melancholy feature in this ugly drama is the readiness with which the attentions of such a patriarch were received and the matter-of-course fashion in which nuptials under such shameful circumstances are regarded by that section of society commonly referred to as "the smart set."

His Lordship the Bishop of Perth, West Australia, has lately rendered signal service in defence of Catholic truth Carlyle's work, "Heroes and Hero Worship," in which Catholic history and Catholic doctrine are coarsely and bitterly misrepresented was made a text book in the Adelaide University, and that fact coming to the knowledge of Dr. Gilmev he protested against the outrage in a letter to the University authorities. It is very much to the credit of these gentlemen that, in a reply from Chief Justice Wray, the Chancellor, His Lordship was informed that "the University has given effect to your request by notifying that candidates for the highest public examination in November may substitute for Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship' Macaulay's 'Essays on Chive and Warren Hastings.' This alternative will, I trust, be altogether unobjectionable."

The troubles of the King in regard to the Catholic faith will be renewed at the Coronation. The ring used on this occasion is of plain gold, set with a large ruby on which is engraved the cross of St. George. By the master of the jewel-house it is handed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, placing it on the third finger of the sovereign's right hand, says, "Receive this ring, the sign of kingly dignity and of defense of the Catholic faith, that as you are this day consecrated head of the kingdom and people, so, rich in faith, and abounding in good works, you may reign with Him who is King of Kings, to whom be glory and honor for ever and ever. Amen." The Catholic part of the English people can never be buried out of sight as long as the Kingdom lasts.

The advent of the Benedictine Monks of Solesmes to England, where the ex-Empress Eugenie has given them a temporary residence will be of inestimable advantage to lovers of pure Gregorian chant. It was only last June that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. gave the seal of His authority to the Solesmes chant. All scholars of medieval music are agreed that the Gregorian Antiphony of St. Gall's was written at the close of the 9th century by Irish monks, who incorporated many old Irish melodies as adaptations to the various Antiphons. This Antiphony was deciphered by Father Lambillotte, S. J., but has been more accurately edited by the Benedictines of Solesmes in their "Paleographic Musicals."

It is generally corroborated that many members of the Orders and Congregations will go to Belgium. The Jesuits, Redemptorists, Eudists and others have bought property near Ghent, Alost, Mons, Namur and Brussels, but it is denied that the Dominicans are about to found a monastery across the Belgic border. Some of the French religious have made stipulations about property in Belgium, to the end that in the event of their being authorized to remain in France they may be able to cancel contracts. In the meantime, and while awaiting the application of the new law, many religious have abandoned their distinctive badges, and wear the ordinary ecclesiastical garb.

The Manchester Guardian discussing the session of Parliament which has just concluded says of the Irish party: "They are the most perfect example recent sessions have afforded of what a small, compact party knowing its own mind can do. From first to last they have dominated the session."

It is announced from Signaringen that Father Louis Lauer, Minister-General of the Order of Franciscans, is dead.

MR. HALL CAINE'S "ETERNAL CITY."

There are, says The Catholic Times, in Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," points which require close examination from a reviewer before being subjected to definite criticism. In the first place, it will be questioned whether his picture of the Pope does not fall far short of that majestic grandeur which belongs to the character of the present occupant of the Papal See, the greatest man of his age, whether we do not in fact get the impression of a weak and almost vacillating Pontiff rather than the idea of a man of iron will, born to rule, such as His Holiness actually is. In the next place the plan of representing the Pope as a reformed man...

of the world, a widower, and the father of the hero, is likely to jar on the Catholic sense of reverence for the head of the Church. Thirdly, objection will be taken to the pages wherein the Pope is made to act as he would not have acted with regard to a confidential communication. Fourthly, the suggestion that the Jesuits have been secretly anxious to form a league against the Government will be regarded as an attempt to lend color to a false charge. Fifthly, there are a couple of references to the personal appearance of the clergy which will not improbably be deemed a disfigurement to the book. Lastly, it will be regretted that the claim to the Temporal Power has been treated as if it were a question of Papal ambition for a great worldly empire and a hindrance to the alliance of the Church and Democracy rather than, as it actually is, a mere demand for the restoration of rights that have been violated by force and fraud. But the recognition of imperfections will, if we may say so, be swallowed up in appreciation of the noble spirit which the work breathes as a whole. There is a genuine love of wonderful breadth and depth, for suffering humanity's resplendent faith in God and in the future of mankind, a sympathy with Catholic ideals, and a sensitiveness to what the Church holds sacred so thorough as to render it difficult to imagine that Mr. Hall Caine is not one of ourselves, a keen insight into Italian society and politics, and very brilliant craftsmanship. The book will undoubtedly be read with avidity by the public.

A NEW JESUIT SAINT.

A Rome correspondent describes the solemn proclamation of the decree in the Cause for the beatification and canonization of the Ven. Claude de la Colombiere, S. J., recognizing the heroic degree of his virtues. The decree was read by Mgr. Pameri, Secretary to the Congregation of Rites, in presence of the Pope and Cardinal Ferrari, Prefect of the same congregation, Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of Propaganda Fide, and Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The Very Rev. Father Louis Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, was also present, and after the proclamation of the decree read a short address in which he thanked the Holy Father for the honor paid to a member of the Order and for the Pontiff's uninterrupted encouragement and benevolence, all the more welcome at a time when the religious Orders are going through a period of great trial and tribulation. The Holy Father briefly replied, expressing the joy he felt at seeing another patron added to the celestial phalanx already interceding for the Order in Heaven, and alluding encouragingly to the storm now raging in France and which the prayers of the Church, militant and triumphant, would, it was to be hoped, soon dispel. His Holiness afterwards conversed long and affably with the Very Rev. Father Martin, who was personally acquainted with the Pope's brother, the late Cardinal Joseph Pecci, S. J. The Holy Father brought the proceedings to a close by bestowing Apostolic Blessing on all present and shortly afterwards retired to his private apartments.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

The Rome correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal writes interestingly on the devotion of Our Lady of the Snow. A stranger paying a flying visit to Rome at the beginning of August might be disposed to think that the city is almost empty. From noon until about half-past four in the afternoon thoroughfares like the Corso, the Via Nazionale and the Corso Vittorio Emanuele — now the principal streets in Rome — are as dull as the streets of a village. Half the stores are closed, and in those that remain open the proprietors and their assistants are dozing the hot hours quietly away.

When the fierce heat begins to wane, however, Rome takes on its usual aspect and if the stranger is blessed with an opportunity of witnessing some characteristic Roman festa he will very quickly change his first verdict. As a matter of fact, summer is the best time for observing the devotion of the real Romans, for it happens that most of the feasts in which they take special interest occur at this time when the visitors have all left. During the last week, for instance, we have all been to the Gesu for the Feast of St. Ignatius, and visited the rooms where he lived for many years. We have commemorated the memory of St. Dominick in the immense Gothic Church of the Minerva, and the smaller but more interesting Church of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine; we have registered a devotional protest in the Church of St. Alphonsus, in the Via Merulana against the shocking attacks that have recently been made against the holy doctor's moral teaching; and yesterday tens of thousands of us paid a visit to St. Mary Major's for the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow. Pilgrims during the Holy Year will have brought away with them a very distinct memory of this largest and most magnificent of churches dedicated to Our Lady, for it was one of the four churches prescribed for the Jubilee visits. Americans should have a special interest in this magnificent basilica, for the roof was decorated with the first gold that left America for Europe four hundred years ago. Independently of the devotion, St. Mary Major's always inspires of the treasury of sacred relics it contains, including the crib in which Our Lord was born, or the wealth of marbles and mosaics, of St. Luke's famous painting of Our Lady, of the rich mosaic there is a special attraction in the evening service of the titular feast.

The church was erected over fifteen centuries ago, on a part of the Esquiline which had been long covered with snow on Aug. 5. This was the sign given by Our Lady to a noble Roman who desired to build a church in her honor, and asked her to indicate the site by a miracle. The memory of the miraculous fall of snow has ever since been preserved in a very poetical way. All during Vespers a never-ceasing fall of rose petals from the cupola of the magnificent Borghese chapel, in which St. Luke's Madonna is enshrined, recalls the prodigy.

Until the year 1870, when the Italians entered the Eternal City, the Roman Corporation was wont to offer a chalice on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow to her church. A new era then began — the tomb of the heroes who died for Papal independence was desecrated by the addition of a slab describing them as mercenaries, religious processions in public were forbidden, the cross that used to top the Capitol, where once Jupiter reigned supreme, was removed, the schools were dechristianized, as far as possible, and with many other beautiful customs that of the yearly offering of the chalice disappeared. Fortunately, however, a Catholic society has recently revived the custom, and yesterday the sacred cup, decked according to time-honored rite, in jessamine blossoms, was exposed on the altar dedicated to Our Lady.

During the last week, too, the devout Romans have given another proof of their great devotion to Our Lady. One of the characteristic features of the Eternal City is the immense number of pictures, statues and shrines in her honor to be seen in the public streets. Before the introduction of street lamps the beighted wayfarer's only guide to his destination used to be the little light burning before these shrines. Even still there are very few stores in the older parts of the town which do not contain their picture of Our Lady or some of the saints, with a light burning before them after dusk. But if there are many devout clients of Mary in the Eternal City there are not a few who turn the balance on the other side by sacrilegious outrages. Quite recently one of these public shrines of Our Lady, under the title of "Mary of the Star," was robbed of its ornaments and disfigured by unknown ruffians. The inhabitants of the neighborhood at once resolved to restore the desecrated shrine. Gifts and subscriptions were freely bestowed for the purpose, and the other day a solemn service of reparation took place. All the adjacent streets were prettily decorated with festoons and strewn with golden sand. An immense concourse of people assembled for the function.

Then occurred a touching incident, not uncommon in Italy when honor is being paid to Our Lady. While the Bishop, Mgr. Giardini, was placing a crown on the picture a poor woman in the crowd took her solitary gold ring from her finger and presented it to the Madonna. The next moment the whole square rang out with one great cry of "Evviva, Maria!" and many an eye was moist with emotion. The feast lasted the whole day through, and in the evening all the adjacent streets were illuminated.

COUNT TAAFFE AN IRISH PEER.

Count Taaffe's claim to vote at the election of Irish representative peers, which is now under the Lord Chancellor's consideration, is probably only the formal one of identity. Though the Taaffes have been domiciled in Austria upwards of two centuries, their right as members of the peerage of Ireland has never, so far as we are aware, been questioned. Should any difficulty arise at all, it will probably be from the fact that all Irish peers, before they can exercise their franchise rights, have to take the oath of allegiance, and the present Lord Taaffe, like so many of his ancestors, is in the Austrian service — an officer in one of the dragoon regiments of Emperor Francis Joseph. He is the son of Count Taaffe, the Austrian Prime Minister, who died a few years ago, and possessed of two fine castles in Bohemia, as well as a town house in Vienna. The Irish estates of the Taaffe family, says The Outlook, are, and have been for generations, a thing of the past. Although the fourth viscount was specially exempted from attitudinizing and forfeiture by an Irish Act of Parliament, the property was sold under the penal laws. Moreover, the family more fortunate than some others succeeded in obtaining the retdra of part of the purchase money.

Canadian News

DEATH OF A RELIGIEUSE.

Montreal, Aug. 28.—News has reached this city of the death at Troy, N. Y., of Sister St. Catherine, of Sienna, of the Dominican Order, whose name in private life was Grace Margaret Conroy.

FATHER LABOUREAU'S PICNIC. Penetanguishene, Sept. 3.—Father Labouriau's annual picnic was held here to-day, and was in every way a great success.

BISHOP O'CONNOR IN NEW ONTARIO.

Peterborough Aug. 29.—His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, who was accompanied by Mr. T. J. Crowley, student, is home from the triennial episcopal visitation to the northern part of his Diocese, in excellent health.

WINNIPEG SCHOOLS.

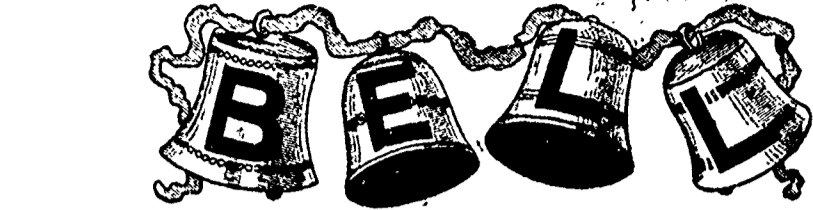
Winnipeg, Sept. 2.—The official notification has been received at the School Board office from the Catholic school trustees, that they had accepted the proposition submitted to them some time ago regarding taking over of the Catholic schools under the control of the public board.

MR. LATCHFORD'S ADDRESS.

Ottawa, Sept. 3.—Hon. Frank Latchford addressed a large open-air picnic at Bayswater, in the suburbs of Ottawa, this afternoon.

MARK TWAIN AND CARNEGIE.

It is an established fact that to be known to be rich brings in its train legions of letters from all sorts and conditions of men.



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OBITUARY

A PHILADELPHIA PRIEST

Rev. Thomas Barry, one of the best-known and most popular of the priests in the Diocese of Philadelphia, died rather suddenly August 21 at the parochial residence attached to St. Ann's Church, Cedar street and Lehigh avenue.

THE JOUBILEE IN HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Sept. 2.—The first of the jubilee visits of the Catholic men of the city took place to-day. The procession was formed at St. Mary's Cathedral at 2.30 p.m., and headed by the Bishop, who recited the prayers, marched to St. Lawrence, St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's Churches, where the function closed with the benediction.

The Two Scourges ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE. An Antidote Discovered.

A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs, even in the most hopeless cases, is attracting a good deal of attention among those interested in temperance work.

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WANTED—CATHOLIC TEACHER

—capable of teaching French preferred; for No. 3, Tilbury north; to begin September 3, salary \$300. Applications, stating qualifications, received till August 29. D. Chenay, I. P. S., Windsor, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED—HOLDING A

second class certificate; male or female; for school section No. 2, Medonte; duties to commence at once; state experience and salary expected. John P. Fitzgerald, V. S., Sec., Mount St. Louis P. O.

TEACHER WANTED—FOR SEPARATE

School Section No. 1, Township of Papineau; a female teacher, holding a third-class certificate; duties to commence at once. Applicants will please state experience, salary, etc., to James Gilligan, Chairman, Separate School Board, No. 1, Papineau, Mattawa, Ont.

WANTED—CATHOLIC TEACHER

—One capable of teaching French preferred; for No. 3, Tilbury north; to begin September 3, salary \$380. Applications, stating qualifications, received till Aug. 29. D. Chenay, I. P. S., Windsor, Ont.

WANTED—ASSISTANT TEACHER

—Qualified in the French and English languages; for No. 1 Roman Catholic Separate School, in the Village of Stony Point, Essex County. Apply to E. Desmarais, John B. Renaud, H. R. Marion, trustees.

WANTED—A PRINCIPAL FOR THE

boys' department of the Peterboro' Separate Schools; duties to begin September 1st next; applications received up to the 31st inst. John Corkery, Secretary Sep. Sch. Bd., Peterboro', July 22, 1901.

TEACHER WANTED—FOR THE

Roman Catholic Separate School, Chapetow, Ont.; male or female; as principal; holding first or second-class certificate; capable of teaching the German language; duties to begin October 1st, 1901; send recommendations, if any; state salary from Oct. 1st to Dec. 31st; applications will be received till Sept. 10th next at address: H. B. Baker, Secretary, Chapetow, Ontario.

Inland Navigation

The Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Navigation Co., Limited. Steamers Garden City and Lakeside.

Change of Time.

Commencing Wednesday, June 12th, steamers leave Toronto daily at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5 p.m. making connections at Port Dalhousie with the Niagara St. Catharines & Toronto Railway for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo.

Pan-American Exposition.

For information apply to Niagara St. Catharines & Toronto Railway Co., St. Catharines, or to H. G. Luke, General Agent, Yonge St. wharf, Toronto.

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In the short and true route to the Great Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo, N.Y., from Sept. 1st to Oct. 3rd, the Wabash will run daily, giving the shortest and most comfortable route.

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AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Order in Council, the Red and White Pine Berths in the following townships in the DISTRICT OF ALGOA, namely:—The Townships of GRANDS (part), HART, CASTLE, LITAKE, JARVIS ANDERSON, CHESTER, GILMORE, WHITMAN, CURTIS, and RICHMOND (part), and certain areas within the Forest Rivers and the Arrow Rivers waters in the District of Thunder Bay, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on TUESDAY the SEVENTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

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Books containing terms and conditions of Sale and information as to Arrivals and Loss and Concessions comprised in each Berth will be furnished on application, either personal or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Timber Agencies at OTTAWA, ST. J. S. MARR and PORT ARTHUR.

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1—Chemical, 2—Analytical, 3—Mining, 4—Steam, 5—Electrical, 6—Electrolysis, 7—Physics.

Special attention is directed to the facilities provided by the School for giving instruction in Mining Engineering, Practical Instruction in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories:

1—Chemical, 2—Analytical, 3—Mining, 4—Steam, 5—Electrical, 6—Electrolysis, 7—Physics.

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For full information see Calendar.

L. R. STEVART, Sec'y.

IN A WAYSIDE SANCTUARY.

Rev M. J. Locke, O. S. A., Our Lady of Good Counsel. Out on a Roman wayside One dived as I idly strayed, I chanced on a little chapel, Built in the poplars' shade. Holy the place and silent, Far from the noise and din Of the erstwhile holy city, Till the spoiler entered in.

Lifting the faded curtain That swung in the open space Of the doorway grey and olden, I stood in the holy place— Stood for a moment musing Where the curtain's shadow fell, And nought broke the solemn silence Save the sound of a distant bell.

Over the rude stone altar A picture face was hung— The face of a sweet Madonna, Beautiful, fair, and young, Kneeling, I paid my homage To her who was pure and true, While up at the narrow casement A song-bird poured his lay.

Amid the rustic school-house The village children came With clusters of flowers from the vale To deck the tarnished frame Of the beautiful, sweet faced picture, Which smilingly looked down At the little ones deftly twining Their tribute—a floral crown.

At length, when their task was ended, They knelt on the sanded floor And asked for their Mother's blessing— Sweet "Madre di Amor!" They prayed for their absent kindred Afar under alien skies, Where La Plata heaves its billows And Columbian forests rise.

I stood in that wayside chapel As the children went their way, And the voice of the tempter whispered: "What folly in them to pray!" One glance at the lowly altar, And my soul to its depths was stirred, For a voice more potent answered, "The children's prayer is heard!"

Napoleon and the Twin Brothers

By D. H. PARRY.

Near the village of Paterswalde a ridge of rising ground cut the sky line at an angle, and on its highest point a mounted sentinel sat grimly motionless, carbine on thigh, his figure silhouetted against the summer night.

Behind him lay the picket, and still farther to the rear the Grande Armeé was sleeping around the little town, with Napoleon in its midst. The ridge sloped down to a broad causeway, the high road to Konigsberg, and in the distance, dimly seen through the light mist that veiled the fertile plains of Prussia, other sentries dotted the rising ground, watching the highway with all their eyes and ears.

Less than a pistol shot from the hussar vedette three men on horseback whispered in their saddles, peering up at him through the boughs of the copse that sheltered them.

"What do you make of him, Margadel; is he of the guard?" "No; a chasseur of the line or possibly a hussar; their shakos are almost identical."

"Well, what is to be done? The night is speeding. We must not delay." "Leave that to me, general. I am going to view him at closer quarters." And the speaker quickly unbuckled his sword-belt and silently dismounted from his horse.

Creeping, pausing, now on hands and knees, now lying flat on his stomach, gliding snakelike through the flowering grasses, the man on foot was warning his way toward the man on horseback.

Had it been day one would have seen how like in feature and build the two men were—the motionless sentinel and the crouching spy silently nearing him, with mouth hard set and a knife fastened in his girdle.

The same regular features, the same curling hair, each with a brown moustache twisted up at the corners and the same gray eyes that once opened at day-dawn side by side in the twins' cradle.

The man in the grass, looking up, finds that the man in the saddle is almost above him; he could reach out an arm and touch the hanging scabbard if he wished, but that is now what he had come to do, and drawing the knife he raises himself to his knees.

"Seraphine, what is it you hear?" says the trooper, carelessly. "Steady my ball!" And the whispered words saved him. The spring falls short, the blow loses its power, the blade of the brother's knife shreds off some of the white braiding and gray sheepskin from the trooper's brown pelisse, and the deep voice suddenly exclaims: "Mon Dieu, Gaston, is it thou?"

The two men looked at each other, the one bending down in his saddle, the other standing up close to the mare's shoulder. "Hush, Gaston, speak lower; sound travels far on a night like this. I will

tell thee, but please have the goodness to keep the muzzle of that carbine out of my ear. —"I and my companions—two Russian generals by the way—must pass your post and reach Komsberg by the road down there, fortunately you are the vedette to-night and will give us the password; as for myself—it is this way. You know I have always had a certain knack at cards, and having cleaned out every officer in my division, the game grew too warm and I took service under the Czar five years ago—men are richer there and I have been fortunate I am now captain in the regiment of Wyborg, engaged on a special mission. If I choose to fight under the Russian eagle and you under that of France—well, it is a difference of opinion which concerns neither of us over deeply. We may never meet again, nor do I suppose you have troubled your head very greatly about one who was always considered the scamp of the family.

"Pah! Soldering under the Corsican must be poor work. See, I am a captain, and you, why, not yet a corporal. Listen; you might do worse than gallop this troop-horse along with us. Old Bennigsen owes me three thousand roubles, and I doubt not were I to cry quits he would find a pair of silver epaulettes for those broad shoulders."

In the meantime that wary and estimable officer, the Capitaine Bonniere, active and keen sighted as ever, laid hand on sabre hilt, was going the round of his sentries, alone and on foot, for they were in the presence of an energetic army. Suddenly he came to a dead stop and opened both ears very wide indeed.

The vedette before him, whom he knew to be the smartest man in the whole es-dron, was talking with some one—an earnest conversation, too, for the voices rose and fell, now in anger, now falling to a pleading tone. Bonniere's moustache bristled with fury.

"Hein, what was that? Wrangling on the extreme vedette! Some one would have to suffer. Thunder and horseflesh! Suppose it should reach the Emperor!" He heard Cyprien's infamous proposals, and his face purpled with rage; then came Gaston's answer, and the worthy man felt an intense longing to embrace him.

"Cyprien," said the trooper, in a firm voice, "your words are those of a scoundrel, and were you not my brother I would shoot you where you stand. A Frenchman to suggest this treachery to me, a soldier of the Emperor! Well is it that our father died sword in hand fighting for France! He at least was spared the knowledge of this."

"Zut, my good moralizer, as you like, only give me the password and I will go. I have my boots full of despatches which must be at headquarters before dawn."

"No," replied the hussar, gravely. "Already I have transgressed my duty by conversing so long. Even now the Russians may be at hand. You compromise my honor and my life, but what can I do? If I let you go I deserve to be shot; if I detain you, you will die the death of a renegade, and how am I to face our mother after that?"

Cyprien Margadel stamped impatiently. "Now, see, Gaston, listen to reason for one moment." But the vedette stood up in his stirrups suddenly, craning forward to listen to something else—the sound of hoofs on the road before him!

"Qui va la?" he cried, loudly. "Pool! They are only my companions, tired of waiting, and trying the way for themselves. Quick the word!" hissed the other, grasping the hussar's carbine.

"He had forgotten that it was fastened by a swivel and sliding bar to the chest belt, and Gaston lurched heavily over toward him. "Let go or I shall fire," he said, spurring the mare and wrestling hard for the weapon.

"No, no," thundered a deep voice as the Capitaine Bonniere sprang up from the ground. "Leave the scoundrel to me. Look to those others in the road."

Gaston felt his brother's grip leave the barrel and heard a smashing blow, and a heavy fall as he swung the carbine round and aimed in the direction of the Russians, but the powder had been shaken out of the pan in the struggle, and the officers, hearing the voices, left Cyprien to his fate.

"Peste! They are gone," exclaimed the capitaine, husky with passion, "but we have one of them, and a pretty villain, too." He hauled him roughly to his feet, half stunned, the relief coming up at the moment and halting on the road beside them.

"Double this post, Sergeant Eperon, and place two men on the road down there. Tell the lieutenant to take the guard until I return. We have a prisoner here for the Emperor. Margadel, follow me." And with the newly-fingers of his left hand grasp-

ing the renegade's collar, he strode in the direction of the quartier general. In a bare room which seemed to have been a kitchen, strewn with a litter of campaigning trunks, open valises, books and maps, an iron bedstead with white hanging, a carved crucifix on the wall, one on which someone had hung a sword-belt, stood the great Napoleon. An aide-de-camp who had been writing, looked up, waiting.

Half a dozen candles, one stuck in a wine bottle, partially illuminated the room, glinting on the drawn sabres of the chasseur escort and the buttons of several officers present. The Capitaine Bonniere had told his story, dwelling much on Gaston's loyalty to France and the Emperor, and leaving the treason of Cyprien to speak for itself.

Several papers, some of considerable importance, had been taken from Cyprien Margadel's boots, and the culprit stood before them barefooted but unabashed. Napoleon possessed the power of banishing all expression from his face at will, and now as he half leaned against the doorway of an inner room his visage told nothing that was passing in his mighty mind.

Calm, impassive, a little pale, he looked from one to the other, and fixed his gaze at last on Gaston Margadel. "Your regiment is the Second Hussars?" he said sternly and with great deliberation. "Yes, sire."

"And you have disgraced your corps. You have allowed the enemy to approach your post; you let yourself be fooled into conversation while two Russian officers crept by you and escaped. As a soldier you know that your just punishment is death!" Bonniere cut his nether lip till the blood trickled over his chin, and some of the escort turned very white, for they loved Gaston.

"He was my brother, sire, and we were twins!" said Gaston, entreatingly, his head falling forward onto his breast. "A soldier has no kindred but his country's welfare. Discipline stands in need of an example—you will be shot at dawn!"

"Gaston, forgive me! I have brought you to this; oh, rather a thousand times my knife had not slipped; you would have died at your post and the army would have mourned you. Sire," continued the renegade, with terrible earnestness, extending both arms in a gesture of entreaty toward Napoleon, "spare him for the sake of our aged mother; my life is forfeited beyond all mercy; do not take both her sons; you would have done as he did had it been your own brother! Have mercy on him!"

The Emperor remained silent. Then the Capitaine Bonniere found his voice and pleaded with rugged eloquence for the soldier. "Your Majesty, parbleu, but it was my fault; he would have shot the scoundrel, mille diables, sire. I ask Your Majesty's pardon, but it is true; his finger was on the trigger when I cried, 'Do not fire,' and I am entirely to blame."

And still the Emperor said not a word, but kept his grey eyes fixed on the two young men, his mouth growing sterner as he gazed. Duroc stood behind the Emperor, and Napoleon, motioning with his head to him, whispered for some moments in his ear.

Duroc started and scamed the brothers closely; nodded and replied in a low tone. "The Napoleon spoke aloud. "Let the escort withdraw; Bonniere stay where you are, and you, the prisoners, listen to me. Pay strict attention."

In a moment the room was cleared, and the Emperor walked up to Cyprien. "You can save your brother's life," he said, "and help in some measure to wipe out the stain upon your own soul."

The spy drew himself up and set his teeth. "Take off that uniform, which you disgrace and which alike disgraces you," and he indicated by a contemptuous gesture the green coat with sky-blue facings of the Russian regiment of Wyborg.

"You," he continued, turning to Gaston, "strip yourself; you are no longer in the Second Hussars." Silently they obeyed and stood in their shirts before the Emperor. Bonniere's eyebrows arched themselves until his forehead was as wrinkled as a ploughed field, and he well nigh pulled his moustache out by the roots, for the two brothers presented each an exact fac-simile of the other, save that Gaston's chest was badly scarred by an old bayonet wound.

"Where did you get that?" said the Emperor, pointing to the scar. "At Austerlitz, sire." "Amph and only a private still; promotion is slow in the Chamberlant."

He turned again to Cyprien. "Put on this uniform, and make haste! Bonniere, show him how it goes; one lesson will suffice, for he will never take it of again." Cyprien became, ghastly pale, but

obeyed, and he was soon dressed in the gay costume of the Second, the transformation was complete it was Gaston Margadel who stood before them. Napoleon took a pinch of snuff, replaced the box in the pocket of his waistcoat and addressed the marshal: "Duroc, take Gaston Margadel away and find him some clothes, in the meantime muffle him in that cloak there. In an hour you go to Nevy, at Intersburg, who has with him the Tenth Horse Chasseurs which has lately lost several officers. Enter Gaston Margadel in that regiment as sous-lieutenant under whatever name you please. For a time, at least, his identity must be lost; in the future his career shall be my especial care. Go, sir. Let this be a warning that discipline is a soldier's first duty. It must never be neglected."

To Cyprien he said, when the door of the cottage had closed upon Duroc: "At daybreak you consent to be shot before the army as Gaston Margadel to save your brother's life?" "Yes, sire."

"You will say nothing; you recognize the justice of this?" "Yes, sire." "Bonniere, see to it; and, gentlemen all, silence on your honor!" When the dawn broke in the east Napoleon was sleeping calmly in his narrow camp bed.

The men of his escort outside in the village street wiped the dew from their brass scabbards and spoke in hushed voices. When the distant volley of small arms rattled in the morning air, followed by the muffled roll of drums, it was a relief.

A little later Duroc, booted and spurred, drew back the curtain of the Emperor's bed. "Ha, Duroc, returned already?" "Yes, Your Majesty it is all over the Margadel affair, I mean."

"Well, the troops would not suspect. The example is a good one?" "I believe so, the firing party did their work as I rode past," replied the Marshal. "Good—and the prisoner?" queried Napoleon, raising himself on his elbow. "He is dead, and he said nothing."

Brother Gregory's Story

God in His providence has many ways of winning souls to Himself. Sometimes He almost seems to permit evil that good may come. I could tell you a story in proof of this. It all took place over thirty years ago—before the Franco-German war, when I was a young man—a very young man.

One balmy evening during the month of May two young French officers were taking a walk on the outskirts of the quiet little village where their regiment had been quartered for some days. Both were Catholics, but one of them had long ago abandoned all practice of his religion, having imbibed the infidel sentiments of his dissolute companions in proportion as he gave himself up to vice and dissipation, thus quite destroying the good effects of his early education.

The other—some years younger—was gradually coming to the same way of thinking, although it was harder for him to relinquish all his former cherished beliefs, for he was the son of a pious mother, who prayed for him constantly with the faith and confidence born of a sublime and unalterable trust in God.

The two young men were fast friends, and the elder was not slow to engraft his own cynicism on the impressionable soul of his comrade. To-day their talk ran on priests and religious, whom Cyril, the younger, vainly endeavored to defend. "Those priests are all hypocrites!" said Edward. "I knew one—"

And here he launched with great gusto into a story of an unfortunate man who had been the cause of scandal in his native place—a story which we shall not, of course, repeat. "But, my dear Edward," pleaded his friend, "while I have no doubt what you tell me is true, it does not follow that all priests are like that. There was a traitor among the Apostles; there will be faithless and unprofitable servants to the end of time. You cannot make me believe that my teacher at college and the old parish priest who baptized me and gave me my first Communion were hypocrites and deceivers."

"Yes, they are all hypocrites, I assure you," replied the other, in a tone which implied that nothing would change his mind on the subject. "You were young and inexperienced then." "The priest whom we saw coming out of the schoolhouse looks like a very young man," said his friend. "He must be to remain in this poor, miserable village, where he can have hardly enough to support life in his body."

"I'll wager that he is at this moment eating a fine fowl or something equally delicious for his supper," said

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Edward, "while the lambs and sheep of his flock are washing down their black bread with a mouthful of weakened wine." "Pshaw!" was the response. "You are prejudiced and unreasonable. I don't believe anything of the kind."

"I can prove it," said Edward. "How can you prove it?" "If you will accompany me, I am willing to knock at the door of the presbytery this very moment and ask for a bite. Will you do it? We shall surprise him. He will invite us to sit down with him, no doubt; for, to do them justice, I have never made any imputations against the hospitality of the gentlemen of the black cloth."

"I do not like to do it," said Cyril with some hesitation. "But yet I shall not refuse. I wish to convince you that you are wrong." "And I am equally anxious to show you I am right."

In five minutes they were at the door of the presbytery. They knocked; it was quickly opened to them by the priest himself. Edward began by asking him some questions as to the whereabouts of some imaginary person who had once lived in the village. "Come in, come in, gentlemen!" said the priest, a tall slender man in a black cassock very much the worse for wear.

The young men entered. "I do not recollect any such person as the one you mention," said the priest, "although I have been here over fifteen years. But if you will kindly share my repast, to which I was about to sit down, I shall afterwards be only too glad to examine my register, and thus may be able to give you some information."

The young men glanced at the table. A loaf of bread on a wooden plate was placed in the middle, flanked by a couple of onions in a blue saucer. There was neither butter nor milk, but a cup of black coffee, steaming hot, stood beside the single plate at the end of the clean but meagre board.

"I have not much to offer," continued the priest, "but there is plenty of hot coffee, and the evening is chill. Our hens are not laying at present or I would be able to give you each a fresh egg."

He spoke with the greatest simplicity of manner; the young men could not help being favorably impressed. However, the fare was not sufficiently tempting to warrant their acceptance of the kind invitation, so they declined politely and begged that he would defer his researches till next day, when they promised to call again; then they took their departure.

"Well!" said Cyril, triumphantly, as the door closed upon them. "Was not that sumptuous fare, indeed?" "True, it was meagre enough," replied the other, after a pause. "But I'll bet you it was all a 'blind.'" "What do you mean?" inquired his companion. "He certainly did not know we were coming." "No, not we," said the other. "But as that seems to be the only entrance, except the kitchen, he is liable to be interrupted at any time, and so may feign a poor table. I should not be at all surprised if he has a fine snack every night in his own room before he goes to bed."

which had long been dormant. The next evening the friends were again taking a walk, and without premeditation turned into the same path. About 9 o'clock they approached the house of the priest. All was dark, save for a light which burned in one chamber.

"There is his room, no doubt," said Edward, abruptly. "I'll wager you a bottle of wine that our good friend the pastor has one beside him at this very moment, with probably a carcass of cold fowl and a loaf of white bread. What do you say?" "How shall we find out?" asked the other, quietly.

"The window is at a considerable distance from the ground," said Edward. "By walking carefully through the grass until we are within about ten feet of it we can see all that he is doing, for it is open and the curtain is not quite down, though probably he thinks it is. Come!"

"It is a mean thing to do," said Cyril, reluctantly, "but in a good cause one must at times justify means by motives. I am willing." Noiselessly they stole through the long, lush grass till they came to a point where they could see without danger of being seen. The priest was sitting by a table apparently reading his breviary, for the book was covered with black cloth and was full of markers. There was nothing else on the table, which was of common pine, without a cover. For some time they watched him as he steadily turned page after page. Finally, he closed the book stood up and, taking something from his pocket, began to walk about the room. Cyril stepped cautiously forward.

"He is saying his rosary," he said, when he rejoined his companion. "I move that we do not spy upon him any longer. Are you convinced now?" "Well, he may be an exception," said Edward. "I confess he seems all right. Yes, let us go."

As they strode along in the direction of their quarters Cyril experienced a contempt for himself and a revulsion of feeling towards his companion such as made him long for the solitude of the loft where he slept. Before he sought repose he fell on his knees, and as he prayed a few tears trickled through the hands on which his head was bowed.

A few days after this the friends were walking along an unfrequented path which led into a forest. Since that night, by mutual consent, they seemed to have avoided their former subject of conversation. But now at a turn in the road they suddenly came in sight of a man walking with bent head some distance in front of them. He was tall and slender and wore a cloak of dark cloth, as the morning was rather cool. Presently they observed a beggar sitting on one side of the road. He appeared to make some sort of exclamation, for the man in front of them quickly crossed over and stood talking to him.

"It is the priest!" said Edward. "I'll bet you; Cyril, he does not give that beggar a penny. They never do. They preach charity, but carefully refrain from practicing it." "For shame, Edward!" impulsively exclaimed the other. "I could almost hate you for your rank injustice and unfounded prejudice."

"Hate me if you will," said his friend, in an offended tone. "I have been longer in the world and have seen more of it than you have, and it does not follow because a man lives scantily when he needs must and prays sedately from habit that he is a

DISOWNED

(By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J., in Messenger of Sacred Heart.)

THE ENIGMA

(Continued from Last Week.)

This was the state of the Roman world when Christianity appeared, and you know from history into what an abyss of moral filth and degradation Rome had fallen.

After all, this is something. But, answering a purely natural objection, I make abstraction of the supernatural joys of the soul.

Such then, is the social role which those in religious life are called upon to play. You can easily see how it is possible to restrict one's self in permissible pleasures.

When it is announced that a young man with a brilliant, promising future has repaired to the cloister, or that a wealthy young woman has retired to a convent, you perhaps shrug your shoulders.

When you encounter him with a family, you condemn him to the apostolic sterility of a Protestant minister, which is so frankly admitted by his sincere co-religionists.

Do you wish to hear Dr. Muller's theory of its greatness? "Continence," he says, "is the foundation of all moral virtues; it alone forms virility of character.

The objection we refute concerning the inauspiciousness of the vow of chastity sometimes takes another form, cruder and more unjust, and yet so universally encountered that it would be well to answer it.

Many contend that all who take the vow of chastity are guilty of a convenient sort of egotism through which they escape either the cares of paternity or the pain of maternity.

Then, too, be assured that, from a purely natural point of view, the isolation of a religious is incomparably harder than the work of a husband or father.

1888, of the difficulties encountered by the Protestant apostle encumbered with a family: "Our modern missionaries are mercenary... and a mercenary man can never accomplish the work of a soldier of the Cross."

Here is proven, though by the absurd, the imperative necessity of poverty and virginity.

(1) The recent beatification of some martyred missionaries recalled a very suggestive anecdote.

"One day," relates a priest of the foreign missions, "I was on duty in the Hall of Martyrs, giving visitors explanations concerning different pictures or articles in our museum.

"I never winced but, looking towards the picture which represents the horrible torments of Blessed Cornay, whom the executioners are cutting to pieces, I replied: "Come, sir, look at this and tell me if, when a man has a wife and family he has a taste for a life and death such as this?"

And what shall we say to the pre-eminently civilizing work of the missions in which so many thousands of French priests and religious exhaust their strength and often find death at the very outset? Here again the (1) Apostle's heart is free and untrammelled.

When you encounter him with a family, you condemn him to the apostolic sterility of a Protestant minister, which is so frankly admitted by his sincere co-religionists.

Coubert, the historian, is no less plain. "St. Paul," he says "recommends celibacy to all preachers of the Gospel. The Catholic Church has made a law of this precept, so that they who are charged with the salvation of souls may not be disturbed in their pious duties by preoccupation of a material nature, and that they may be exempt from the inevitable cares of him who has a wife and children.

The same Protestant shows the abyss of charity opened up by that of detachment, which is virginity "The help given the needy constitutes one of the most beautiful traits of Catholicism."

Would the priest with a wife and child have the same eagerness to succor the indigent, as would one on whom these responsibilities do not weigh?

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