

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

"The Catholic" Newspaper of Hamilton Again—Some Account of Its Various Advertisers—The Canada Company's Lands—The School of the Sisters of the Congregation, Kingston—Catholic Publications—Some of the Periodicals of the Period—George Bruce & Co., of New York, and Early Type-Founding in Canada—John Winer & Co., and Other Hamilton Druggists—Armour & Co., Booksellers, Hamilton—Hamilton & Wilson, Toronto—Ross, Mitchell & Co., Dry Goods, Hamilton—Samuel McCurdy, Tailor—Death of the "Old Vicar."

I will now call the attention of my readers to the advertisements in "The Catholic," published at Hamilton, May 17, 1883. The most important of these is a two-column advertisement of the Canada Company, offering for sale 800,000 acres of land, situated in the Western District, and to be disposed of in blocks containing from 2,000 to 9,000 acres each; and scattered lots containing from 80 to 200 acres each, situated in almost every township in Canada West. The terms were said to be the most liberal and advantageous that had yet been made public. The plan of the company was to dispose of their lands by way of lease for a term of ten years, no money being required down. The rent payable annually being only equal to the interest upon the present upset value of the lands; thus for example, suppose 100 acres, worth 10s. per acre, is £50, the interest thereon would be £3, which latter sum and no more, was the amount of rent to be paid each year, full power being secured to the settler to purchase the freehold, and take his deed for the land he occupied at any time during the lease, which might be more convenient to himself, at a fixed advance upon the upset price. The advance was 1s. 3d. per acre, if paid within the first five years from date of lease; or, 2s. 6d. per acre if paid subsequently and previous to the expiration of the lease. The company constituted itself a savings bank and received sums of any size on deposit, allowing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum for the same, and which was at the disposal of the depositor to be withdrawn at any time without notice being given. The lands were also disposed of for cash down, or by one-fifth cash, and balance in five equal annual instalments with interest. The company's offices were at Canada House, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate street, London, Eng., and Frederick street, Toronto. The company had secured from the government of the day millions of acres, called the Huron Tract; they also owned and established the town of Guelph. I do not know that the company owns any land in Canada now, or, in fact, that it any longer has an existence.

There is only one convent school advertised in "The Catholic," that of the Sisters of the Congregation, Kingston; and likely that was the only convent school in Upper Canada then.

The Best Store For Fine Furs



The reputation of Dineen's Furs has been the growth of nearly half a century of progressive manufacture and honorable dealing.

Strangers will find upon investigation that our word is as good as a bond, and that we safeguard the interests of customers in every possible way.

We claim the finest stock of really good Furs ever shown in Canada, with every bit of extravagance taken out of prices. Come and see for yourself what we call value.

DINEEN'S
HATTERS AND FURRIERS.
Yonge and Temperance Sts.
TORONTO.

Children of all denominations were admitted. Payment for tuition was to be made quarterly in advance, and no pupil was received for a shorter term. The terms were per annum: Entrance, \$4; board and tuition (not including washing) \$102; half board, \$52; day school, \$14; drawing and painting, \$12; French, \$6. It is needless to say that those rates would hardly answer at the present day, when everything is so much higher than then.

There were two Catholic literary publications advertised in the columns of "The Catholic," the "U.S. Catholic Magazine," containing chiefly selections from the best Catholic Reviews and other publications. The publisher was John Murphy of Baltimore, and the subscription \$3 per annum. "The Catholic Expositor and Literary Magazine" was published in New York, and was in its fourth year. The subscription was \$3. The publisher's name is not given. The embellishments were promised to be of the highest order. Portraits of distinguished prelates and clergymen were promised during the year. Also lithographic views of the principal churches in the United States, remarkable places, scenery, etc.

A book was advertised entitled: A Narrative of the "Miraculous Virgins of the Tyrol," as seen and described by numerous eye witnesses, by bishops, earls, counts, barons, philosophers, men of science, lawyers, doctors, travellers of all countries, languages, and various denominations, particularly by Geotres, one of the most eminent men of Germany; by Dr. Binns of London; by Mr. Connelly (formerly Protestant minister at Natchez), by Lord Shrewsbury, premier Earl of England. It was published by Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau St., New York.

Two of the leading literary publications of the day were advertised, "The Philadelphia Saturday Courier," announced a great enlargement and improvement, and the commencement of the 13th volume, with new type, new paper, and a new press. The terms were \$2 per annum. "The Philadelphia Saturday Museum," advertised a triumphant success and a new discovery in the printing business. This grand improvement, it was stated, was destined to form a new era in the printing business (whatever it was). Among other things that were an inducement to subscribe was the engagement of a high salary of the services of Edgar A. Poe, Esq., "a gentleman whose high and versatile abilities have always spoken promptly for themselves," to assist in editing the paper. The terms of this family paper was \$1 per annum in advance, and the publishers were Thomas C. Clarke & Co., 101 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"The Ladies Wreath and Young Ladies' Magazine" was the title of another publication advertised, and published also in Philadelphia. Its contents were said to be entirely original. The names of several lady contributors are given. The price was only \$1.00 a year. The publishers were Drew & Scammell.

Philadelphia was the literary center of the United States in those days and is largely so yet. But there were no such rates as \$4.00 per line for advertising in those days, nor 1,500,000 circulations, as there are said to be in some instances now.

Geo. Bruce & Co., New York, advertises printing types at greatly reduced prices. Their advertisement is dated New York, March 21, 1842. The prices given were the standard rates in the United States and Canada for a long time. Indeed I do not know but they may be so yet. But the conditions of the business of type-making and selling have altogether changed. Type for city newspapers, especially, is now made and set at the same time by the machine compositor, and is called linotype, by which means the work is greatly cheapened and the product in the shape of newspapers and books is greatly increased. There was not a type foundry in Canada at that time and I doubt if there was an agency for selling type. The first man that I know of who took orders for type in Canada was C. T. Palsgrave of Montreal, who sold English-made type. An Irishman from New York named Guerin, was the first man to establish a type foundry in this country and that was at Montreal, some time in the early forties. Guerin did not succeed and Palsgrave bought him.

KENNEDY
SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Is for those who desire a better stenographic training than is obtainable in business colleges.
The champion typist of the world is from our school.
Write us or call at the school.
9 Adelaide Street East
TORONTO

Seeking An Investment?

If you have money you wish to invest safely should like you to consider our
FOUR PER CENT. BONDS

They are much in demand by prudent investors who prefer unquestionable security for their capital. We shall be pleased to send a Specimen Bond, copy of our last Annual Report and all information on receipt of address.

Head Office:
Toronto Street,
Toronto

CANADA PERMANENT
MORTGAGE CORPORATION

THE VOLKVEREIN AND ITS WORK

One of the Strongest Organizations in the World—Approved by the Holy Father.

There is no stronger Catholic organization in the world than the Catholic Volkverein, or People's League, in Germany. The Holy Father has recommended it as a pattern for the Catholics of Italy, and Bishop Hortsman on numerous occasions has pointed it out as a model for the union of Catholics in America.

It was in the year 1880 that Ludwig von Windthorst conceived the idea of devising a plan to perpetuate the success which the Catholics of Germany had achieved under his leadership in a 20 years' struggle against the fiercest enemies of the Church. Though the Kultur Kampf was nominally at an end, the foe did not think of burying the tomahawk. Many fanatical Protestants, dissatisfied with the course events had taken, had founded a society called the Evangelical League, whose aim was the continuance of the struggle which the Iron Chancellor himself had given up as hopeless.

In addition to the fanatics of the Evangelical League, other enemies had arisen and were acquiring a tremendous power which, Windthorst clearly foresaw, they would soon turn against the Church and her most sacred institutions. These enemies were the Social Democrats with their materialistic and pagan principles concerning property, matrimony and religion.

Anxious to devise ways and means to meet these imminent dangers, Windthorst invited some of his foremost political friends of the Center Party to a meeting at Cologne. When some one mentioned that it might be dangerous for him to undertake a journey at such a season—it was at the end of October—he quoted the parting words of his departed wife: "Since you are living only for the great cause, we must be satisfied if you would not return from that journey. Let us leave all to God."

The meeting lasted all day. When at 9 p.m. somebody asked the veteran leader of 78 years whether he would retire, he said: "I will hold out, if it would last all night." That night witnessed the birth of the Volkverein.

Fiercely enthusiastic appeals, signed by Windthorst himself, were then published in all the Catholic papers of the empire. Windthorst had not spoken in vain. His words were enthusiastically received by the Catholics throughout the Fatherland, and when the beloved leader breathed his last, a few months later, the Volkverein had been placed on a solid foundation.

The Volkverein is governed by a managing board of 33 officers, who are chosen at the annual convention. The managing board appoints commissioners for the several states and dioceses. Under the direction of the latter the county and city managers carry on the work. These in turn are assisted by parish and district agents—promoters. The whole empire is divided into districts, each comprising from 20 to 40 families. The number of promoters exceeds 15,000. The total membership on September 1, 1905, was 470,000. Each member pays an annual fee of one mark (25 cents). The most important part of the organization is the Central Bureau (Zentralstelle). There the chief business of the Volkverein is transacted. It is controlled by the president of the league, and consists at present of 32 salaried officials, who devote all their time and energy to

the work of the Volkverein. The old idea that men are able to do efficient work for the community in their leisure moments outside of their professional occupations was resolutely discarded. Eleven of the Central Bureau officials—the writing staff—are men well versed in literature, economics and apologetics; as a requisite for their positions, they have taken their degree in Political Economy, or in Theology. The others act as secretaries, book-keepers, librarians, etc.

The work is distributed among the writers of the Central Bureau in such a way that the various practical questions of socialism, agrarianism, labor questions, etc., are made the special work of those most competent to treat the subject.

Each department has at its disposal a special library containing the principal works, periodicals, daily papers, clippings, pamphlets, statutes, reports, etc., pertaining to its subject matter. A select library consisting of more than 9,000 volumes of political economy and apologetics is at the disposal of every member of the People's League.

Every year the Central Bureau arranges two vacation courses of lectures on political economy, apologetics, and Catholic organization. The one for priests and educated laymen, lasts two weeks. Prominent professors give daily three lectures, which are followed by a general discussion. The other course continues ten weeks and is given for the benefit of talented workmen, who receive a thorough and practical course in sociology. These men then take a prominent and sometimes a leading part at home in turning the attacks of socialism.

The Central Bureau urges the managers and promoters to meet in frequent conferences to discuss the best means to spread the good work to exchange ideas, to communicate experiences and to foster enthusiasm. In these conferences plans are laid for public meetings.

By means of frequent public meetings the Volkverein becomes better known. About two thousand of these meetings are held annually. It is of the utmost importance that these meetings be made as impressive as possible. Good speakers are therefore needed. The Central Bureau has lists of them for every part of the empire. Copies of these lists are kept by the respective city and county managers. It is the duty of the promoters to insure a large and appreciative audience for the lectures.

True enlightenment of the people is the best weapon against socialism, and to furnish this weapon is the chief aim of the Volkverein. The leaders of the movement know that a well instructed Catholic will never fall a prey to socialism. For that reason the motto, "Education of the people," is written in golden letters on the banners of the Volkverein. It means education by means of an up-to-date, truly progressive Catholic press, by daily papers and periodicals, by pamphlets and books, education by lectures and speeches, by courses in sociology and apologetics, education by practical training. The education which is based on the principles of the only true religion will save mankind. If these principles were interpreted correctly and applied in the every-day life of the individual and of the community, the world would not need to worry over a social question, and governments would not now tremble before the legions of dissatisfied workmen.

Father Kolasinski, the Polish priest who headed a schism among Polish Catholics a few years ago which threatened serious injury to religion, has submitted to the Church, and has been duly reinstated in Detroit.

In his official letter, the Rt. Rev. Bishop McClosky, of Louisville, orders that henceforth there shall be no solo singing in any of the churches and chapels of the diocese.



Make your down-town banking headquarters at the head office of
THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
8 King Street West
The location is most central and convenient. General banking business transacted. Cheque accounts solicited. One dollar opens a Savings Account. Interest paid twice a year.
City Branches open 7:30 to 9:00 every Saturday Night.
78 Church Street,
522 Queen Street West.

THE CHURCH WILL WIN

Archbishop Farley Optimistic as to the Outcome of the French Crisis

Interviewed by a New York "Sun" reporter last Saturday, Archbishop Farley, who had just arrived home on the Cunard liner Campania after an extended tour of Europe, which included a visit to Rome and a four weeks' stay in Ireland, declared that Pope Pius X. was very well and likely to live for years to come. Of the crisis in France the Archbishop said: "There are just two things that can happen. In either event the French Government will lose. Either the government will make a compromise before the 11th day of December or she will go ahead and carry out the intent of the law. In that event the Church will be a martyr. There never will be the word surrender emblazoned on the Church's flag. They may strip us of everything, but we shall still go ahead and evangelize France."

"The Church in France has its loyal clergy and laymen and has no fear of any situation. The sentiment of the great mass of the people is not against the Church. This anti-Church legislation is the work of a few bold, bad men working for personal gain. That is the gist of it. I know of one particular instance where a group of these gentlemen got over 15,000,000 francs from the confiscation of the convent of the Sacred Heart."

"I personally visited several of the churches in Paris and other large cities of France and was edified to find them crowded with men and women on week-days. I observed that there were almost as many men at the week-day Masses as women. Faith is not dead in France, despite all the hue and cry and the enmity of the anti-religionists."

While in Rome the Archbishop got the Pope to sign his name to twenty-four volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia now being published in this city. These signed volumes will be turned out as the first edition.

The Archbishop has not been in his native land, Ireland, for fourteen years. He made a four weeks' tour of it from end to end, and came out as strong a Home Ruler as could be found in the Irish Parliamentary party. Probably one of the strongest points of his whole conversation was his endorsement of the Irish Parliamentary Party under the leadership of John Redmond.

"There is absolutely no doubt about it," he said. "The Irish Parliamentary party as it is composed to-day represents the great mass of the Irish people, and it has effected, so far, much good for the country. The party in Ireland opposed to Home Rule is not only dying, but what is left of it is divided into factions, and some of them have already joined the army of Home Rulers. I was deeply impressed with the fact that the papers which support the Irish Parliamentary party are calm and cool-headed in their articles, while the opposition party's papers were abusive. I got a fair share of abuse myself while there."

"I was received by the Councils of several towns and made brief addresses urging the Irish people to continue their fight for Home Rule. The opposing party's papers wrote long and abusive articles about me and referred to me as a breeder of disunion. Even the London Times thought fit to say some unkind things of me. In speaking of Ireland I pointed out a lesson which the Irish might learn from the Norwegians, who coolly but deliberately separated themselves from the mother country. I told them that Norway had achieved her independence by persistent agitation, and that if Ireland could only secure as much she would have a large measure of Home Rule. I have no doubt, however, that the Irish Parliamentary party will secure before long a measure of Home Rule that will be encouraging."

A list of the Catholic undergraduates who recently took high honors at Oxford University shows more than half with unmistakably Irish names. Two are Jesuit schoolboys. Nearly all on the list made their classical courses at Catholic colleges. Of the eighteen Catholic candidates who have successfully passed the intermediate examinations in arts and sciences recently held by the University of London, nearly all are Irish, and all are from Catholic schools. Nine of the eighteen are convent girls.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Celebrates His 68th Birthday—Frequently Mentioned for the Cardinalate—Active in Establishing Universities.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 12.—Right Rev. John Ireland, head of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, with jurisdiction over the great states of Minnesota and the Dakotas, celebrated his birthday yesterday. He was born in Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, Sept. 11, 1838. When he was but a babe in arms his parents removed to St. Paul, and his early education was received in the Cathedral school. He was sent to France in 1853, and in September of that year, when he was but 15, he entered the Petit seminaire of Meximeux, finishing the eight-year course there in four years.

He studied theology in the Grand Seminaire at Hyeres, returning to St. Paul in 1861 and being ordained a priest when he was little more than 23 years of age. Upon the formation of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment he was made its chaplain, and served two years in the war. Returning from the field he was appointed rector of Cathedral parish and continued in that position until he was named coadjutor bishop. In 1870 he went to Rome as the accredited representative of Bishop Grace at the Vatican council. Five years later he was chosen to succeed Bishop O'Gorman in the vicariate of Nebraska, but through the efforts of Bishop Grace the appointment was canceled, and he was then nominated coadjutor bishop of St. Paul and was consecrated December 21, 1875. His appointment as Archbishop dates from 1888.

Archbishop Ireland is prominently identified with the Church in America, and during late years his name frequently has been mentioned in connection with the cardinalate. He has been active in all movements that tended toward enlightenment and progress and was largely instrumental in securing the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington.

On Supporting Catholic Newspapers

There can scarcely be too much insistence, says the Western Watchman, in the Catholic pulpit and the Catholic paper on the duty, very certainly incumbent on the faithful, of supporting the Catholic press. In this twentieth century, even more than was the case in the nineteenth, journalism is a mighty engine of evil as well as of good; and no Catholic may flatter himself that he is doing his full duty to God, the Church, his family, or himself, unless he actively opposes the immoral, and actively encourages the moral, press. The gravity of the question impresses men of thought the world over. In the recent Catholic congress at Vienna, for instance, these resolutions were adopted:

1. It is the solemn duty of every Christian and every citizen to join in the campaign against journals which treat of scurrility and falsehood. The congress has no hesitation in regarding as traitors to their faith and Fatherland all those who materially or morally countenance such publications.
2. The congress recommends that encouragement be given in every possible manner to existing Catholic journals.
3. That a central association of the Catholic press be instituted, with a view to the organization of a thorough campaign against immoral literature throughout the entire country. This association is to have under its smaller bodies and local committees—the whole to be placed under the high protection of his Holiness Pius X.

Similar declarations and resolutions are features of every Catholic congress or diocesan synod held throughout the world; but the important point is to impress the individual Catholic with the truth that these general statements concern him personally—that, to the extent of his ability, he is bound to foster the Catholic press, and to oppose, instead of encouraging, the anti-Catholic, immoral, and ultra-sensational periodicals of the day.

Pennoline
BURNING OIL
Rivals the Sun
Canadian Oil Co.
Limited
2-12 Strachan Avenue
Toronto

THE ONE PIANO
That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the
Heintzman & Co.
PIANO
MADE BY
Ye Olde Firms of Heintzman & Co.
For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.
Pianos: 11-117 King St. W., Toronto

.....The HOME CIRCLE

HIDDEN THINGS.

There are sorrows we never mention, And tears we must shed alone. Loving hearts that will break in silence, With never a sigh or moan.

WHOLESONE RESTRAINTS.

We are living in a time when there is imperative need of a revival of regard for the law of God. The mass of our citizenship were never more disposed to exalt their own wills to the place which belongs alone to the will of God than they are at the present time.

THE SISTERS.

She wrote, dear child, from London, To her sister at St. Luke,— The merry, madcap Alice, To the Novice at St. Luke: 'I have just been to the Palace, With a Duchess, and a Duke.'

THE BUSY WOMAN'S PERIL.

There is a peril which menaces the so-called business woman—she who enters the world to wrest from it her living, to gratify her ambition or give expression to her talent.

TO A POET PRIEST.

The Sun, of Baltimore, prints the following tribute to Rev. John B. Tabb: Painters of miniatures We wear against the heart, Maker of images With which we would not part.

THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE.

'Tis better to speak kindly words, 'Tis better to do kindly deeds, 'Tis better to know That the seed you may sow Will blossom as flowers, not weeds.

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wardrobe on strictly practical lines, averting she has no time for "frivolous."

Very early in her business career she learns the necessity of self-repression. She must be grave when she would prefer to smile; dry-eyed though tears are under her eyelids.

She learns, generally through some bitter experience that she must look out for herself and expect nothing because she is a woman; and the tendency of these things is to harden her, and make her unsympathetic and too much self-engrossed, too keen and self-centered in her work.

The grind becomes part of the woman. She forms rigid habits of thought; takes her work home with her and lives with it and in it at all times.

Life has many sides and a one-sided development distorts our perspective. It has been truly said that woman cannot separate her business life from her other existence as successfully as men; so that as she acquires the ways of the world, they permeate her whole character.

The woman who toils comes in contact with many things that destroy her illusions and make her take practical, sometimes hard views even in her private life. Sometimes she prides herself on seeing things from the masculine point of view—by which she means excluding sentiment and often sympathy.

This is a mistake—a sad one. The business woman needs, in her daily life, a little sympathy, a little sentiment, some poetry amid its prose, and good sense to mix them in judicious proportion.

Let her lock the door on her work and go home to be just a woman—a woman in a frilly frock, who has tenderness to give to a wear, friend, encouragement for the disheartened, faith to steady the wavering, and power to radiate a sweet refining womanly influence in her little circle.

Let her surround herself with books and pictures and plants, and resist, with all her might, the encroachments of the hard and cold and over-practical side of life.—Selected.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. H. H. CRAIGIE, THE NOVELIST. An evidently intimate friend of the lamented Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), writes of this eminent author and most devoted Catholic as follows, in the London Tablet of August 18:

The sudden death of Mrs. Craigie at the age of thirty-eight years has made an impression on London for which even her friends may have been unprepared. Her career has been cut short; but the notices of the press published this week prove that it was in one sense complete. She had accomplished, if not all she valiantly set out to do, at least enough to make her mark upon the English literature and the English life of her time.

Indeed it might be said of her that at no time had she been remarked as one who gave promise merely; her "Emotions and a Moral" was already a performance. If many dreams of a girl had gone to make it, they were fulfilled. The note of goodness and humor in a rare union was struck at once by a hand that, young as it was, was altogether in training for its task. That note was all her own, in her books, in her looks, in her daily round of duties industriously done and pleasures heartily enjoyed.

As in life so in death. When her lifeless body was found on Monday morning her rosary was in her hand and her crucifix on her breast.

"I am opposed to nothing so much as to sham modernity," she wrote in a letter which lies before us. For herself she stood for the right and honorable modernity, and she loved it so well that she hated to see it compromised by the novelties that were neither true nor really new. Her little book, "The Science of Life," the gentlest of all her writings, and in some ways the wisest, puts us into possession of a good deal of her interior thinking. It is the witness of a disciple of St. Ignatius—among whose London sons she had a faithful helper and friend—and even it bears witness to that sweet quality of which we have spoken; for the loss of the Spanish gallant's love verses is lamented one who took into her blood his later moods and did not shrink from the sternness of the "Exercises." Her little sketch of modern girls—"they fall in love and out of it, they do not think enough about their souls," and all the rest of the passage, including the tender admissions of their gaily made self-sacrifices, must often have proved how persuasive an influence for good was hers with those to whom the set sermon has of late lost its power of appeal.

Heart spoke to heart to her young friends. Because they could go so far together in pleasant paths they were the less likely to part when the way was thorny and steep.

"When 'The School for Saints' was published, the author sent a copy to Cardinal Vaughan, who—the story went—took it with him to his Retreat, having read no more than the title. When he found his mistake, he perhaps did not wholly lament it. The book that was the book of the season mingled orthodoxy with wit. It was a political novel addressed, as Disraeli addressed "Contarini," to "The New Generation"—not, as so many modern novels are, to the new degeneration. "The two things that affect a career the most profoundly are religion or the lack of it," said this novelist and moralist—"and marriage or not marrying—frankly these things penetrate to the soul and make what may be called its perpetual atmosphere. The Catholic Faith, which ignores no simple possibility in human feeling and no possible flight in human idealism, produces in those who hold it truly a freshness of heart very hard to be understood by the dispassionate critic who weighs char-

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Was in Untold Misery. I should have written before now about this precious Fessor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. F. PATRICK KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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The Children's Page

HE DUG.

He wanted a job and, like everyone else, He wanted a good one, you know; Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean...

ABOUT JACK'S HOUSE.

One day as little Picola sat alone in the nursery, thinking business and staring intently at the cupboard door, it suddenly grew bigger and bigger...

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh, the happy little home when the sun shone out, And the busy little mother got the children all about;

Oh, the sweet peas and the morning-glories climbing round the door, And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor.

Oh, the happy little home when the twilight fell, And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell.

With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of the years— And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears,

But he who lets his feeling run In soft luxurious flow, Shrinks when hard service must be done,

And faints at every woe. Faith's meanest deed more favor bears, Where hearts and wills are weighed, Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,

Which bloom their hour and fade. —Cardinal Newman.

HELPING OTHERS.

If any little word of mine May make a life the brighter, If any little song of mine May make a heart the lighter,

God help me speak the little word, And take my bit of singing, And drop it in some lonely vale To set the echoes ringing.

FAULT-FINDING.

Fault-finding is one of the ways in which men seek to appear wiser than they are. It seems to invest them with a degree of authority in the eyes of those who do not realize that it is one of the easiest of all things to find fault.

reverend dignitary, who promptly found refuge behind a high-backed chair, where he remained until the hound had been sent out of the room.

As a law student and official at Berlin, during his travels in many lands, throughout his diplomatic career at Frankfurt, St. Petersburg, Paris, and elsewhere, as well as at Varzin and at Friedrichsruh, Bismarck always had the companionship of one or more of his favorite dogs.

Where Weakness is, Disease Will Settle.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, these diseases will settle when it attacks the body.

ERNEST'S WONDERFUL WORK. Ernest pulled the covers up and settled himself comfortably in the bed. He had played all day and was very tired.

The butterfly fluttered along only a few inches in front of his hands. On and on Ernest ran. He stepped across high fences, jumped over the tremendous ditches, leaped clear over tall houses with the butterfly skimming quietly along just out of reach.

He opened his eyes to see. A pair of arms encircled him, and he heard his mother's voice saying: "My poor boy, you fell out of bed, didn't you? You must sleep closer to the wall, son."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS." The reward of a generous deed seldom comes more opportunely than it did in an instance reported by the "Cleveland Leader."

He went to New York and began a canvass of mercantile houses and offices in search of a position. Among many others, he visited the office of a produce merchant, who seemed greatly taken with his personality.

BISMARCK'S DOGS. We take the following from the July issue of Man's Best Friend, New York City: Of all the dogs that have a place in history, Tyras, that noted Ulmer dog of the German Chancellor, is the only one whose death has been deemed of sufficient interest to be eabled round the world as an event, not merely of European, but of cosmopolitan interest.

PAINLESS HOME CURE FOR CANCER. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians and others who have been cured by this truly marvellous remedy that cures without pain and even your own family need not know you are using the treatment.

NORMAN'S DOG. A circumstance which occurred at Portree, Isle of Skye, may be added to the many chapters recording the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters, writes a correspondent of the "Inverness Courier."

was not so revolting. When the young man was buried, his dog followed the funeral to the churchyard, and was with difficulty removed. It returned again and again to the spot, and, unobserved, had dug into the grave until it reached the coffin.

A CRUSHING RETORT. It is said that Professor Blackie often told this anecdote "on himself." This genial old professor used to form a very picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial.

PIUS X. ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS. The other day the Holy Father was graciously pleased to accept two books, "Les Saints et les Animaux" and "L'Eglise et la Pitié envers les Animaux."

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them.

THOUGHTFUL. The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker who was away from home on a visit: "I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf coat you wanted."

TOTO. When little Toto began to be big enough to run about the yard and the alleyway, keeping his father in a constant fright by doing things which deserved whipping, Signore Da Monza, who lived a few doors away, gave some attention to his case.

TOO GREEDY. A colony of American eagles has made its home along the shores of Chautauqua Lake for many years. A story is told of one of these birds which is verified by Mr. and Mrs. C. Dykeman, who reside on Bayfield farm, who witnessed the incident, that is truly remarkable.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery. Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults. DR. FOWLER'S Wild Strawberry Extract of is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction.

"For what do you think you have a tail," asked Signore Da Monza, "take a hitch with his about a baluster and swing himself from the back door steps."

"I didn't have it to do things like that," said little Toto, "I can't! Besides I don't wish to do such things. My father springs up and down the steps, like this."

"You are saucy," said Mr. Da Monza. "I do not fear. I use my tail to save my feet, and I use my head to save my hands. We have proverbs about that saving. It is good to save and bad to waste, and you," he added, "who have only your legs, inasmuch as your tail is useless, should try in every way to save them."

"They'll last my time," said the puppy recklessly, bouncing gaily away and leaving Da Monza to shake his head in sadness. "He would make a poor monkey, that little one," he said truthfully.

"A bone is soft inside. Those things are hard all the way to the middle. Besides, my father never eats them." "Do you mean never to do anything that your father has not done?" "It is better to follow a scent than to be followed," answered the puppy. "It is better to set an example than to follow it," said the monkey climbing a tree. "Come up," he cried from the top.

"I should be ashamed to be seen there," answered the puppy, chasing his tail. "Do I want to be taken for a sparrow?" "You are too big." "Well, for an eagle, then?" "You are too small." "Well, for any kind of a bird that ever was? I am a dog, with no ugly flappers and I eat birds, not imitate them. Some of them, chickens, pheasants, quail, are good to eat, I know, but I do not mock them any more than I mock the bull or the sheep. Every thing in its place."

"You are full of proverbs," the monkey said, rather sourly. "So are you," said little Toto, "but mine to me, and thine to thee," is a good rule. If I lived like you, I might grow a long tail or have a bald face; I prefer to be plain dog. It was eating meat meant for the rat that killed Fine-ear Mastiff; his father told me so."

"Why do you sleep all night?" asked the monkey curiously, hearing Toto to explain to little Toto that although sleep was always good when one was weary, still one must always be ready to wake and go to walk when invited to do so. "I do not sleep all night, although there is nothing pleasant to do or see here as in the forest where I used to live."

"My father is no watch-dog," answered little Toto. "The mastiff puppies can keep awake half the night now and their father can keep awake all night. Different dogs, different ways! Why should I try to be like them?" "Always inquire into new things," said the monkey.

"They never agree with me," said little Toto, who was now a large puppy. "My father lets me try everything that I wish. That is how he taught me not to wish for things not meant for me. I once tried to eat one of those things that the Twogles wear on their heads. Didn't it scratch my mouth! I couldn't eat anything worth eating for a long time."

monkey said gravely, "yet you know very little. You can walk and run, and leap over small spaces, but you cannot climb like me, or fly like the birds, or walk on your hind legs, or open nuts, and worst of all you never try to do things because you see the Twogle folk do them. Now I always desire to do and to have everything that they do and have. I have as good a right to live in a house, to wear an outside skin, to comb my hair and to wash my face in soap, as they have."

"Do you like to do those things?" "No, but I do them to show that I know my rights." "I show that I know my rights when anybody touches my bone, or tries to sleep on my cushion," said little Toto, "but I don't see what Twogle rights I have. I was born a dog and shall die a dog. If I must try to be something else why not try to be a cat and eat mice? My cousin the English terrier, learned to eat rats and since that time the Twogles make pastime of setting him on countless rats at a time, and he is often much bitten. And there was once an American terrier who learned to imitate a singing Twogle, and he never had a peaceful nap afterwards. Morning, noon and night he was made to sit up and sing the most doleful cries. I have heard of Dutch dogs who work like horses, dragging huge machines behind them, all because they were willing to imitate. No! Born a dog, stay a dog! When I am bigger, I will try to get more food, and a bigger basket, and I will take longer runs, and will go alone if I like, but I shall still be a dog."

"If everybody were like you, what would become of the world?" "My piece of it would be no worse. See now, Signore Da Monza, you have been trying for your rights, and imitating everything and everybody that you have seen all your life and yet you are just a monkey and nothing else. Shall I be anything but a dog let me try to climb or fly or jump or eat as I may? As my father says, 'Let us make the best of ourselves.'"

"You are a poor, narrow-minded creature," said the monkey, and to this day he has no better word for the Totos, father and son, and Mrs. Fantail tells him that he is quite right.

"To have been offered the privilege of your teaching and to have rejected it!" she cries. "What blind foolishness! The poor beast will never go on less than four legs, and will never fly, yet he has as good a right to the use of his hind legs and to wings as you or I. Blind creature!" But Toto's eyes are as bright and his nose is as sharp as his father can desire, and he is a well bred and well mannered little dog, although not anxious to acquire the rights of others and not having any monkey tricks.

After the joy which springs from right-doing, the purest and sweetest is that which is born of companionship with spirits akin to our own.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906.

A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Now that public attention is directed to many of the affairs of Ottawa University, it is well to turn our attention to the general question and let the Institution settle its own affairs. Without, however, wishing to interfere, we hope that the University will be saved from the help advanced by the author or authors of the pamphlet to which we referred last week. Let us come to the general question of a University for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada. This is putting it very broadly, for Canada is of vast extent, and the interests of Catholics as of other citizens, vary in proportion. Another point is to be borne in mind. Education is in charge not of the federal government, but of each province. So far as the English-speaking Catholics are concerned, there is no provision in any of the Provinces for their secondary, and still less for their university, education. Now, the expense, which is a very important factor, would have to be seriously considered. It must likewise be remembered that a Catholic university, in order to possess public confidence, will have to go far afield in the direction of utilitarian and practical subjects. We may form an idea by calling the attention of our readers to the various faculties of any modern university, such as the University of Toronto, which possesses not only the ordinary faculties of Arts, Law and Medicine, but likewise departments in such subjects as Agriculture, Domestic Science and Music, as well as others. In Physical Science alone the buildings, to say nothing of the maintenance, cost \$1,000,000. To provide, therefore, a Catholic university with scientific appliances in the many subjects of modern times; to keep pace with rival institutions, to win students from all parts to its halls by the efficiency of its professoriate, by the ample supply of its scientific apparatus, will certainly require a solidarity of all ranks of the Catholic body, and the greatest generosity of the monied members of the community. It is very easy to have a Catholic university on paper, and we fear that there is a little too much of this sort of thing even in the demand and claim for the needs of a Catholic university. Such a university must be called into existence by the bishops who have charge over English speaking dioceses. Any theological faculty must be approved by them, and, in a word, the moral and financial responsibility will be in their hands. The difficulty of attaining such an object may be best seen by the struggling efforts of the Catholic University at Washington. Notwithstanding the great wealth of the Catholics of the United States, they have succeeded merely in gathering together a few theologians, and in starting one or two other departments. This comes after twenty years of existence. The natural question is: What would be the state of the Catholic university for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada with their limited means, and their scattered population? We do not discourage any ambition along these lines. On the contrary, we would gladly see a Catholic university to which many generations would flock for that true learning, which, in the great sciences of Theology, Philosophy, as well as Literature and Physical Science, has made universities of older countries a pride to the Church and to the nation under whose flag they were fostered. But we must acknowledge that we see nothing like this in sight. Distant as the horizon may be, it presents no such rainbow of hope, which even a youthful lover might chase and never catch. As we look back the attempts have not been very encouraging. In Ireland, which is a Catholic country, we see no ac-

tual success with even the name of Cardinal Newman as a guarantee of its future. In Washington the fruit of sacrifice and generosity is a little more encouraging. It may be that we are too timid, and that it is reserved for English-speaking Catholics in Canada to set the example, direct and maintain the university which will be a model to older lands. And let it be a real university, whose governing body will present a solid front, whose course of studies will maintain the confidence of its supporters, and whose students will be an honor to their Alma Mater. The principle is not hard to establish, but the details are so numerous that it is there the difficulties begin. The location, the faculty, the length of course, the relations with the various professions and professional studies, and countless other matters requiring the deepest thought and the utmost patience, would all have to be solved before such a university could be realized. Even if we start on the principle of growth and development, by having only one faculty, say Arts, we have to provide this faculty with professors and a curriculum which would be fair competitors of the strongest institutions in the country. There is no use in thinking of a weak Catholic university. The fate of such an institution would be the fate of many others—poor, struggling, and at last exposed like the deformed pagan children upon the mountain of scorn and contempt there to die.

PORTRAITURE IN THE CATACOMBS.

It was an Irish Dominican, Father Mulooly, who 50 years ago, in the subterranean Church of St. Clements, Rome, recorded the beginning of modern interest in the frescoes that are now appreciated as of inestimable value to Christian art. The latest contribution to the wider public discussion of the pictorial discoveries and inscriptions appears in the Osservatore Romano and, is summarized in an interesting article by the well known correspondent, Mr. P. L. Connellan. The Osservatore writer is Signor Gatti, who deals almost entirely with the work of Monsignor Wilpert in having the frescoes photographed and the photographs employed as the ground-work for water-color reproductions. Two of the most notable paintings studied by Wilpert represent Cyril and Methodius before the Saviour. This working has a long inscription in which Monsignor Wilpert has recognized fragments of a prayer for the dead. The words and parts of words wanting in the inscription have been conjecturally supplied, and it is in every way probable that the words supplied are for the most part the very words originally used in the inscription. The Saviour is represented seated and having before him two personages who are standing. One of them, who is arrayed in sacerdotal vestments—the humble "peccator" of the inscription—represents the dead person who is recommended to the Divine Judge by St. Clement and is assisted by the Apostle St. Andrew, and by the Archangels Michael and Gabriel. The other, whose square nimbus indicates that he was still living when the picture was painted, offers the Eucharistic Chalice in the attitude of a suppliant. This is believed to be a scene of the Particular Judgment—the dead person for whom the Communion of the Saints and Eternal Rest are desired, the saintly advocates who recommend their client and the Divine Judge in the act of pronouncing sentence. The person who offers the sacrifice of prayer and of the Eucharistic sacrifice was introduced by the artist only indirectly into the scene in order to unite in the same composition the part which the living also take in order to benefit their departed friends.

We need not enter into the learned and convincing argument by which Sts. Cyril and Methodius are recognized, but will add one word of Monsignor Wilpert's appreciation of a portrait of St. Cyril both unexpected and unspoiled.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

Rationalists are ever and anon priding themselves that they hold the solution of human problems in their hands, and that unaided reason clearly explains the history of the human race. A history of English Rationalism in the nineteenth century reveals the attempts of English historians, philosophers and poets in these questions of nature and fact. Gibbon, Hume, Carlyle, Buckle and Spencer are some of the names whose writings are the shafts directed against revelation. As for the poets—Byron was a deist, Shelley, an avowed atheist; Browning broke with Christianity and Tenyson shrunk into half-hearted dualism. But neither philosophy, history nor poetry can leave out the supernatural. To philosophy it stands as corrective, a pillar of fire in the march of mind to truth

and perfection. It is a fact in human history, and is as undeniably engraved on past ages as the natural itself. Not a single fact is really explainable without its assumption. Explain the history of the Jews on natural principles—a people whose political and religious existence was moulded by the promise of the Messias, whose whole history is interwoven with the prophecies of two thousand years. It is impossible to do so. Explain the history of the Church upon natural principles—her origin in Judea, her growth in the midst of persecution, her continued existence in spite of the severest opposition—explain all this by natural means. It is impossible. If the Church were the work of human wisdom she would long ago have perished. Gibbon attempted to explain it, and notwithstanding the credit given him in this latest sketch of rationalism, he suppressed facts, falsified history and rejected the principles of sound logic. Systems of philosophy, whether the scepticism of Hume or the materialism of Spencer, change with the generations of men. The fact that they shift their base and drift apart is proof of their inefficacy in explaining on natural principles the great problems of life and being. Unchanging and unchangeable the supernatural affords light and strength to wandering and weary pilgrims.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A general feeling of regret, says the London Tablet, will be caused by the announcement we have now to make of the retirement of the Right Rev. Hugh Edmund Ford from the Abbaey of Downside. The duties of that post have been discharged by Abbot Ford for six years, and though he is happily in no sense invalid, he feels that the time has come when he may properly give place to a successor who will bring to the work a measure of strength unimpaired by a prolonged strain upon it. In the ordinary course Abbot Ford's term of office would have continued for another two years, but under the existing circumstances an election will be held at the abbey about the middle of September.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the only Prime Minister, with the sole exception of the late Lord Salisbury, whose wife died in 1899, three years before his resignation of the Premiership, who for upwards of half a century has sustained the bereavement of being left a widower while in office. The wives of the Earl of Derby, Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone survived their husbands. Lady Beaconsfield died in 1872, in the interval between the first and second Governments of her husband; and Lord Rosebery became a widower four years before, on the resignation of Mr. Gladstone in 1894, he was appointed Prime Minister.

Advisory Council of Education

The Advisory Council of Education established under the recent amendment to the School Act will consist of twenty members: the President of Toronto University, the Superintendent of Education for Ontario, three members elected by the Senate of Toronto University, one by the Senate of Queen's University, one by the Senate of McMaster University, one by the Senate of Western University, one by the Senate of Ottawa University, two by the High School teachers of Ontario, four by the Public School teachers of Ontario, one by the Separate School teachers of the Province, two by the Public School Inspectors of the Province, and two representing the school trustees of the Province.

The functions of the Advisory Council are almost the same as were those of the Educational Council which it supercedes. It differs from the old body by having a greater membership and in having many of its members elected by various educational bodies of the Province.

The representatives of High, Public and Separate School teachers will be elected by closed ballot. Every teacher who holds a permanent certificate of qualification granted by the Education Department and who is engaged in teaching, will be qualified to vote at election of a representative. The first election will take place in October of this year and succeeding elections every three years thereafter. Inspectors are required to furnish the Education Department with a list of teachers qualified to vote. Nominations must be made in writing and must be signed by at least six persons who are entitled to vote as a member of the electing body to which such teacher or inspector belongs. Nomination papers must reach the Education Department not later than the first Wednesday of October, voting will take place between the third Wednesday of October and the first Wednesday of November; voting papers may be sent by mail. On the morning of the Thursday following the first Wednesday in November the voting papers will be opened in the presence of duly appointed scrutineers. The representatives of the trustees will be elected by the trustee section of the Ontario Educational Association, at its annual meeting.

As its next annual meeting takes place next Easter, the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council is empowered to appoint two representatives of the school trustees as members of the Advisory Council to hold office until the annual meeting of the O.A.E. The method of voting is one very familiar to at least a portion of the teaching body, it is the one that has been followed for many years in electing members to the University Senate.

No person is qualified to vote or act as a member of the Advisory Council of Education who is directly or indirectly financially interested in the publication of any text-book, map, chart or apparatus for use in any of the schools of the Province. This provision looks on the surface like a wise one and will no doubt meet with popular approval. It is not, however, quite logical that a man who has the ability to compile or write a text-book should because of his ability, be debarred from giving his services to the Council.

The school amendments, as a whole, are likely to work out well and will no doubt be beneficial to the schools of the Province.

Antiquity of the A. O. H.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)

One of the greatest Catholic organizations among Irish and English-speaking people in the world is the Ancient Order of Hibernians, popularly known as the A.O.H. At a recent meeting of Divisions or branches of the Order in Scotland the chairman, Brother John Dillon (not the famous Irish M.P.), said in the course of his opening speech that: "The organization has been in existence now for over 100 years, and was established for the noblest purpose of Irish Catholics, for the protection of the Irish priesthood. When the priesthood were compelled to fly to the mountain sides and the rocky fastnesses, the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who were then known as Defenders, were the only people they had to afford them the sorely needed assistance."

The "400 years" must be a typographical error as the great Order is not so ancient as that figure would make it, judging at least from the ordinarily accepted accounts of the origin of the institution. Michael Davitt in his book, "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," referring to the "Defenders," tells about their first appearance in Irish history as follows:

"The combinations in Ulster known as 'Peep-o-Day Boys' and 'Defenders' in the latter part of the eighteenth century were of a mixed religious and labor character. They originated primarily in the incursion of laborers from bordering counties, after the great emigration of Protestant tenants from Ulster to the United States following the year 1760 to the end of the century. The Peep-o-Day Boys (Protestants) resented this intrusion in attacks upon Catholic families and cabins, and the Defenders formed an opposing body of Catholic workers. Out of these combinations the more modern 'Orangemen' and 'Ribbonmen' were respectively evolved."

From the latter organization the more famous and powerful body was a growth or development, as Davitt thus further describes it:

"The Ribbonmen carried their organization with them when, in the great emigration which followed the famine years (1846-47), they went with millions of their race to the United States, Great Britain and Canada. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, now perhaps the most powerful pro-Celtic organization in the world, was the trans-Atlantic offspring of the Ribbonmen of Ireland. It has long ceased to be a secret or oath-bound organization, and has become mainly a benevolent society. Its membership is strictly confined to Catholics in accord with the original aim of the parent (Defender) body."

The writer (Davitt) adds what is highly creditable to the great Order that: "No association of Irish-American citizens rendered more loyal or more pecuniary assistance to the Land League movement and to Mr. Parnell's parliamentary party than the Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians." It may be further added that if again there should be danger to the Catholic Church in Ireland or its priesthood from penal laws like those of the "dark and evil days" there would be in the ranks of the A.O.H. brave Defenders again ready to stand and die for Faith and Fatherland. Pity there is not such an Order in France to-day.

Final Week at the Catholic Summer School

Ebb-tide after the flood may be said of the Summer School when one looks over its now deserted grounds, a few weeks ago covered with a laughing throng of both young and old. Very quiet and silent Cliff Haven looks and seems in this tenth and last week of the session of 1906. The session has been more prosperous than any of its predecessors, a fact which its President, Rev. John Talbot Smith, L.L.D., ascribes to the indefatigable efforts and splendid management of previous administrations, but which in reality is directly due to the energy and keen insight of Dr. Smith himself and his aides.

The lecturers on the final week are Dr. Smith, who lectured on "History in the English Drama"; Mr. Joseph Jordan Devnoy, of Cleveland, Ohio, who lectured on "Catholics in America," and Dr. Melville Dewey, Lake Placid, N.Y., who spoke of "English as a World Language." At the reception given on Sunday evening in the Auditorium, the Rev. President delivered an address in which he spoke of the success of the session and thanked the members of the school for their help in the attaining of that success. Songs were sung by Miss Sloane and Miss Sulli-

van, and the Rev. E. H. Hogan, of Plainfield, N.J., delivered a short but witty address at the end of which he paid a high tribute to the Summer School, congratulating its members on their many triumphs. At the High Mass on Sunday Rev. Father Degan was the celebrant. The preacher, Mgr. Lavelle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, took as his subject "Gratitude and Ingratitude," as evidenced by the story of the lepers told in the day's Gospel. The Mass, Rosevoig's in F., was rendered by the following volunteer choir under the direction of Prof. Canille W. Zeciwier; soprano, Miss Sullivan; alto, Miss Sloane; tenor, Rev. J. T. Smith; basso, Messrs. Merrill Greene and Bernard Sullivan. At the Offertory "O Salutaris" was well rendered by Miss Sullivan.

On Monday evening the Champlain Club entertained the Summer Schoolers at an euchre party; on Wednesday evening the usual weekly hop took place at the Club, and on Saturday evening there were "Cattaraugus" parties in several of the cottages at which everyone looked as if he could amuse others as requisitioned.

On Monday morning Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., chairman of the Board of Studies, presided over a meeting held in the Auditorium for the purpose of discussing "The advancement of Catholic Parish Schools." Father McMillan made an address in which he showed the urgent need of keeping up the success which has crowned the Parish School movement in the United States.

The following statement issued by the President of the Summer School testifies to the success of the session of 1906:

"Though as yet it is impossible to make a definite statement, everything points to the fact that never in its history has the Summer School enjoyed such a successful session; and if it continues to improve over each succeeding session as this has done over its predecessor, I predict a glorious future for it, and not only for the School itself, but for its benefactors and its members as well, a future glorious with new achievement and the satisfaction of work well done."

Death of Edward Murphy, Hamilton

After a short illness and painful operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, Edward Murphy of No. 9 McCauley St. W., Hamilton, passed away. Cancer of the stomach caused his death. Deceased, who was in his 58th year, was a popular and highly esteemed gentleman. He had been employed for a number of years in the custom house, and was one of the most active Liberal workers in the city. He leaves besides his sorrowing widow, one daughter and three sons, to mourn his loss.

The funeral took place from St. Mary's Cathedral, where Rev. Father Savage celebrated Requiem Mass, and after a solemn and impressive service at the grave, his mortal remains were laid at rest in the Holy Sepulchre cemetery. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, and the pallbearers were chosen from his nearest friends. R.I.P.

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly collection, 3s. 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes, I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

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JOTTINGS

The State of Kentucky has unveiled a monument to Stephen Collins Foster, the Irish Catholic exile and poet, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home."

Before leaving Rome recently, Archbishop Farley made arrangements for a Chinese-speaking priest to be sent to New York to look after the spiritual welfare of several Catholic Chinese families there.

The declaring valid of the will of the late Joseph Benoist by the Supreme Court of Missouri, makes possible a new college for Kansas City, as under the contested will, \$40,000 was left to the Christian Brothers of St. Louis for that purpose.

At the recent meeting of parochial school principals in the Columbus, O., diocese, it was decided to take practical steps for teaching Gregorian music in the parochial schools in order to make easier its introduction into the churches.

The Catholics of Cleveland have organized the Catholic Introduction Club to promote matrimony among the young members of the churches. The organization is indorsed by the Catholic Universe, the official organ of Bishop Hortsman.

Mgr. Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, that was meant to be a universal language, has just celebrated his 75th birthday. His home is on the shores of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, where he is passing his declining years in rest and quiet. He has a working knowledge of eighty-two modern languages.

Although only three years a Pope, Pius X. has followed the custom of his predecessors and already has had submitted for his inspection designs of prominent artists for a tomb to be erected to his memory after his death. One such design has just been finished by the Venetian sculptor Giuseppe Longo.

According to the returns of the American Statistical Society, the persons who have embraced Catholicity since the tractarian movement in 1850 include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge and 63 of other universities, besides 27 peers, 214 military officers, 162 authors, 139 lawyers and 60 physicians. Among the graduates were 446 clergymen of the Established Church.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan, canon of Westminster Cathedral, London, is to be the guest of Archbishop John Ireland for several weeks. Mgr. Vaughan is one of the most noted Catholic priests of England, and comes of a family which has given five prominent prelates to the Catholic Church. After a few days in St. Paul, he will go to Duluth to preach at the retreat of the clergy of the Duluth Diocese. Beginning September 20, he will conduct the annual spiritual retreat of the students at St. Paul Seminary, and he will preach one or more sermons in the St. Paul Cathedral.

At the meeting of the Directory of the United Irish League in Dublin, on Wednesday last, the rumors as to the Government's intentions regarding Home Rule were passed upon. A resolution was proposed by Mr. Redmond and adopted, re-stating Ireland's claim to Home Rule in the sense of an Irish Legislature with an executive responsible to it. The organization would not be pleased with any measure which does not provide for control of Irish business in Ireland by Irishmen. Further, the resolution expressed dissatisfaction with the existing Irish executive as violating the Liberal pledge to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas. A land bill to amend the act of 1903 and a bill to settle the Irish university question were also demanded.

Receives Loyal Frenchmen

Pope Pius on September 9th received six hundred French gymnasts, who went there to give an exhibition. Their president read an address of loyalty to the Pope, who in replying encouraged the gymnasts to continue in athletics. "Strength and courage," said he, "are necessary to maintain faith when many are losing it; to remain attached to the Church when many abandon her; to practise the word of God when many banish it."

He urged them to follow the words of the heroic Matatia, who said: "Even if all the cowardly submit to error, I, my brothers, will obey the religion of our fathers." This passage was commented upon as probably emphasizing the attitude of the Pope toward the French government. On leaving the Vatican the gymnasts met and greeted Father Wernz, the new general of the Society of Jesus.

In the afternoon the gymnasts gave an exhibition in the court of St. Ranso in the presence of Pope Pius and the Papal court and many guests, including Rev. J. Hanselmann, Rev. Thomas J. Cannon and Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, of New York, and Rev. Henry Modler, Rev. Joseph Brinnelmann and Rev. W. Rogers, of Missouri.

Death of Dr. Lefevre

Dr. John Matthew Lefevre died at Vancouver on Saturday, 15th inst. The deceased gentleman, who was 53 years of age, succumbed after a very short illness. He was one of the pioneer workers on the Pacific Slope and was a recognized force in municipal matters. He was gold-medalist of McGill and at the time of his death was managing director of British Columbia telephones and chief surgeon of the C.P.R. Western Division. Dr. Lefevre with his wife had paid a late visit to Toronto, where news of the death was received with surprise and regret.

ADVICE TO HIBERNIANS

A Very Interesting Document From the Provincial President of the Order for Ontario.

Gentlemen and Brothers,—In my official capacity as Provincial President of our Order in Ontario, I desire to address to you a few words in connection with our Order, which I hope and trust will, with your co-operation, tend to its advancement in the Province of Ontario.

In the first place, I wish to thank you through your Delegates to our last convention, for the honor conferred upon me in electing me to the honorable and responsible position which I now hold in the Order, and my every endeavor will be to fulfill the trust which has been confided in me.

The Provincial Convention, which, as you are aware, was held in the city of Peterboro, commencing on the 14th and ending on the 16th day of August, 1906, was, without question, the largest and the most enthusiastic ever held in Ontario under Hibernian auspices. The Delegates were most punctual in their attendance and the duties devolving upon the various Committees were performed in such a manner as to expedite the work of the Convention, and as a consequence more lasting and permanent work was performed than at any former convention of A.O.H. in Ontario. No doubt ere this reaches you the report of your delegates to that Convention will have been received, but notwithstanding this, I feel it my duty to call your attention to some of the work of the Convention, as well as to some other matters which can well engage the attention of each and every member of our Order, and a consideration of which, I feel quite safe in saying, will ensure to the benefit of our grand organization. The present finds our noble society larger in numbers, stronger in influence and wider in prestige, than ever before in its history in Ontario, in fact our membership has nearly doubled in the two years last past, and everything warrants the most sanguine hopes for our future. Before us lies the future; we can make of it what we will. The responsibility for the successful future of this order rests upon each and every member alike. The aid and assistance of the humblest member of the Order is as essential to success as are devoted and painstaking efforts upon the part of your officers—Division, County and Provincial.

The convention just closed has placed before us a mark which I hope we will be able to reach, viz., a membership of 4,000, by 1908. This will not be difficult matter if the members of the Order work earnestly and sincerely to accomplish this end, and I would ask every Division to make an especial effort to add its quota of members so that we may reach the anticipated goal.

In our desire to increase our membership we should not allow applicants to obtain admission into our Order whose acts and lives, past and present, are such as would not reflect the highest honor and credit on our Society; while it would be pleasant and satisfactory to point to a large membership, it would also be a matter of great pleasure and pride to be able to state that that membership is composed of men of best type of Catholic and Irish Canadian manhood.

Next in importance after getting members, is the retention of same. It is a noticeable and lamentable fact that the loss to our ranks from suspensions, far outnumbered all other depletions combined. Now that we see the evil in its enormity, what can be done to counteract? Some of our members urge a well regulated system of insurance; others more care in selecting candidates, and again others argue many and varied ways and means of overcoming the drain. I shall not attempt to discuss either plan, I merely mention it so that all may get to work to devise some means to avoid the one great drawback which prevents the A.O.H. from being the foremost National organization in Ontario. I may suggest a remedy, and one which, in my humble opinion, will do more to retain the membership than any other that has been suggested, and it is this—a real, live, active, aggressive and progressive Financial Secretary. I would urge every Division to appoint its very best member to the position and pay him well for his time and trouble. Appoint a Financial Secretary who will write a cheery letter to the member who is indifferent; who will telephone to the member who has "just forgot" and who will personally call upon the apparently dissatisfied member and explain to such a brother the point in dispute; with such a person as Financial Secretary I feel assured that no matter what salary, in reason, he may be paid, it will be money well spent, as he will minimize the suspensions and thereby build up not only the particular Division, but the whole Order.

While all this has the tendency of building up our Order in the immediate present, yet the prospective future of the organization must not be neglected. The perpetuating of the fight for Irish nationality as well as preserving the Irish Canadian influence needs outmost care. How, then, can this be done? Revive the ancient language, revive the ancient tokens and emblems of her ancient greatness, infuse and enkindle in the hearts of all, but particularly the Irish youth, an undying love for Ireland and all things Irish. Keep before our children the history of Ireland as told in her ruins, and that embraces the sufferings and efforts of her patriots and champions. Keep before the youth the sublime grandeur of her cause, and above all, and through all, her future hopes and aspirations. Let it be the work of one and all, but particularly of the coun-

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ty and division officers to see and insist that Irish History be taught in the Separate Schools throughout the Province. Work unceasingly to see that the Gaelic language will be taught, not only in our Catholic Colleges, but also in the Separate Schools. In all our Catholic Colleges foreign languages are taught, but it is a lamentable fact that the sweetest and grandest of them all—the language of the Gael—is not even mentioned.

Strive also to bring about a revival of Irish music, the sweetest music written. Ireland, in the past, was known as "The Island of Song," and it is a noticeable fact that Ireland alone among all nations of the earth has for her national emblem a musical instrument. When other nations unfold their national banner we behold some emblem of power, but when Ireland's National Standard is unfolded, displayed thereon, embodied in that banner of green is the golden harp of Erin.

Make your Division meetings interesting by having a programme of Irish Music, Irish Literature and Irish History tendered at same. By so doing you will enthrall the members and add credit and honor to Irish genius and Irish thought.

Another matter in which I ask the co-operation of all is the frowning down of the caricaturing of our race both on the stages of our theatres and the press of our country. We have the remedy in our hands and so long as we continue to applaud the "counterfeit" so long will they be paid to hand us insults.

While we are striving for the happy consummation of our hopes and desires we should be ever mindful that we are living in the grandest and freest country under God's sun, and that others have rights here that must be respected, even though differing from us in race and creed, that we must yield to each every right that in justice may be theirs, and at the same time demanding every right which justice clothes us with through citizenship in such a country. Ask not under what emblem a man may mark his ballot, nor in what sanctuary he may kneel, provided he be true to God, country and neighbor. Remembering all this, and following such lines, we can work in peace and harmony with our neighbor and by so doing preserve that entirety so essential to the prosperity of our country.

In conclusion, brothers, do not forget that our progenitors laid the foundation of our Society under auspices most discouraging. They struggled nobly to keep alive the dying embers of our national fire, and there is no gainsaying the fact but that they have succeeded admirably. Our task is to continue the work and keep alive the spirit already created, to weave together the maple leaf, the shamrock, thistle and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, and with this garland as a background, to gather together under the Sunburst and Harp the scattered children of Erin, and give them that protection extended to all in the motto of our Order: "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity."

I remain, believe me Brothers in the A.O.H.,

Yours fraternally,

C. J. FOY,

Provincial President A.O.H.

Perth, Aug. 27, 1906.

Mulcahy—Potvin

(Orillia Times of Sept. 6th.)

An exceedingly pretty wedding took place yesterday morning at half past nine in the Church of the Angels Guardian, when Miss Mary Clara Mulcahy, daughter of Mr. Thomas Mulcahy, was united in marriage with Mr. Frederick P. Potvin, of Midland. As the strains of "Lohengrin's" Bridal Chorus broke forth from the organ, the bride entered the church on the arm of her father, preceded by her sister, Nora, as maid of honor, and Sheelah Mulcahy and Eida Potvin as bridesmaids. The bride was handsomely gowned in white silk crepe de chene over tulle, with under-dresses of pleated chiffon. The bodice was finely beaded and trimmed with silk applique, and the girle was of liberty satin. She wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms and carried a stouter bouquet of bridal roses and asparagus fern. The maid of honor wore a beautiful gown of flowered white silk dimity over tulle, with white felt hat and large osprey, and her flowers were pink rosebuds. The bridesmaids wore tulle china silk

dresses with white felt three cornered hats and carried baskets of pink roses. The groom was supported by Messrs Geo. A. Clarke and Thomas Phelan, of Toronto, the official witness being Mr. J. T. Mulcahy. The ushers were Messrs. Wallace McKay, T. Phelan, and Tefy Mulcahy. The nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Tefy, of Toronto, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. Fathers Barolo and Grant, of Midland. The choir sang the following special selections—Kyrle from Roswig's Mass in F, Ave Maria by Lambillotte, and O Cor Amoris by Riga. Miss Madden also played Mendelssohn's wedding march as the bridal party left the church.

The church and house were daintily decorated with flowers. Golden glow were the flowers used in the drawing room, and a bell of white china asters was suspended from the archway. The prevailing flower color in the library was red, and in the dining room, white. The wedding breakfast was served under a canopy on the lawn, the table decorations of tea rose buds being exceedingly pretty. The bridal couple left on the Muskoka Express for points south, and on their return will reside in Midland. The out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Potvin, Miss Potvin, Misses Leo and Maud Potvin, and Mrs. O'Donnell, of Midland; Mrs. R. Kerr and Miss Mary Kerr, Galt; Mr. and Mrs. Houston, Miss Bessie Spotton, Miss Mamie Taylor, Messrs. G. S. Hodgson, Geo. M. Clark, Thos. Phelan, and Wallace McKay, Toronto, and Mr. Wm. Hanley, Stratford.

Morin—Clairmont

A pretty midsummer wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, on Wednesday morning, Sept. 5th, when Miss Mabel Gertrude, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clairmont, Gravenhurst, was united in marriage to Mr. Louis Morin, barrister, of St. Joseph Beauce, Que. Promptly at 8.30 the bridal party entered the Church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by the bride's sister, Miss Christina Clairmont. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister Miss Laura, while Master Fred, Moore, nephew of the bride, acted as ring-bearer. The groom was assisted by Dr. E. Nadeau, of Quebec, and the ushers were Mr. W. J. Moore and Mr. E. Clairmont. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. P. Collins, and the church interior, especially about the Sanctuary, was artistically decorated with a profusion of flowers and plants. The bride looked beautiful in a handsome gown of brussels net over white duchesse satin. Her bridal veil was of fine embroidered lace caught with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Laura Clairmont, was becomingly attired in white point d'esprit over tulle, with a pretty hat of pale blue. After the ceremony, the guests assembled at the home of the bride's parents where a dainty wedding breakfast was served. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful gold necklet inlaid with pearls, and to the bridesmaid a pretty pendant. A large number of handsome and costly presents were received, among them being an address and gift from St. Paul's choir. Miss Clairmont having been one of its most active members. The happy couple left on the Muskoka Express for Toronto, Niagara, Buffalo and other points, after which they will take up their residence at St. Joseph Beauce, Que.

Death of Mrs. Margaret Stritch

In the early morning of the first Friday of September there passed to her reward the soul of one of the most devout worshippers of the Sacred Heart in the person of Mrs. Margaret (Crotty) Stritch of Barrie.

Mrs. Stritch was born in Killaloe, County Clare, Ireland, and was educated in the City of Limerick. She was the youngest daughter of John Crotty and Margaret McNamara.

Shortly after her marriage to Mr. Michael Stritch she came, with her husband, to Canada, since which time she has been a faithful member of the Catholic Church of Barrie. She raised a large family, the surviving members of which had the consolation of the being with their widowed mother in

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her last illness and of seeing her receive with earnest intelligent faith the Holy Viaticum only one brief hour before passing from this land where the Christian lives by faith. Consistent and prayerful to the last moment, her death was in very truth the echo of her life.

Her funeral, from the residence of her son, Mr. Michael Stritch, took place on Monday, the 19th inst., and was largely attended. The children of the Separate School assisted in a body at the solemn Mass of Requiem.

The funeral Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean Egan with the Very Rev. Father Kidd, D.D., as deacon and the Rev. Father Finegan as sub-deacon, Mr. W. Lynch being master of ceremonies.

At the close of the Mass Very Rev. Dean Egan, with his usual ability and earnestness, preached the funeral sermon, taking as his text the words of St. Paul: "It is appointed for man once to die, and after death the judgment."

In the course of his sermon the Dean dwelt on the certainty of death, the uncertainty of time and the irrevocability of the judgment with which death is immediately followed. Referring to Mrs. Stritch, the Very Rev. Dean said that she had nothing to fear as her life had been characterized by great faith, charity and purity; she was a good wife, a good mother and a good citizen; she was one of the most beautiful characters and one of the most perfect souls that had ever entered the Church of which she had been such a prominent and edifying member. She had raised a good family, all of whom led edifying lives and two of whom were called to save their souls in a higher degree by following the evangelical counsels. God had rewarded her even in this life by allowing her to live to a good age and by having such a family around her death-bed.

Her beautiful death had been a fitting close to her saintly life and he himself might desire, but certainly could not hope for a holier death.

At the close of the sermon the last absolution was given and the venerable remains were borne to the Catholic Cemetery and laid to rest beside the good husband, who had, for so many years, shared with her life's joys and sorrows. R.I.P.

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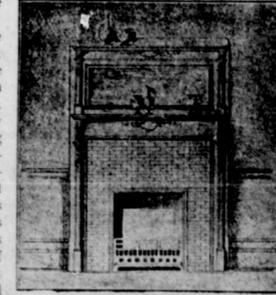
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A QUEEN OF SONG

A crowd of well-dressed men and women were coming out from the theatre. A small gathering of passing wayfarers had halted to watch them, with eyes that were half-indifferent, half envious.

A man, less poorly clad than some others there, and with a certain dignity of carriage which set him apart from them, stopped also in his idle saunter and gazed at the stream of smartly-clad people.

One of the last to come out was a woman. She was leaning upon the arm of a well-known Cabinet Minister. Jewels glittered on the corsage of her gown, which the half-open cloak revealed, and there were diamonds flashing from beneath the delicate lace wrap that she had thrown over her crown of soft brown hair.

Her eyes, drifting across that crowd of stragglers, rested for a moment upon this lone man, who met her gaze with a puzzled look of half-recognition. Then, as she made an eager movement, as if to leave her escort and come towards him, he turned hurriedly away and disappeared round an adjacent corner.

All the way home to his dismal lodging Lawrence Eyre was haunted by that woman's face. Had they ever met before or was it a face that had come to him only in dreams, in hours of pleasant fancy, when he had imagined his ideal of womanhood? It was a question he could not solve.

On his arrival home next day he found that a visitor was awaiting him there. Lawrence looked at him somewhat grimly—a hard line or two showing round his mouth.

"Well?" he said, briefly. The other laughed—a metallic laugh, which had no mirth in it.

"Not a very encouraging form of greeting to use towards an old friend," he said. "You are no friend of mine; you never were," answered Lawrence.

"I have to thank my reverse of fortune for the knowledge of that at least. You professed to be my best friend, and all the time you were the one who robbed me most; yes, robbed me. I can see through it all now."

The visitor's face flushed crimson. "Don't go into heroics, my dear fellow," he said. "I had nothing to do with your ruin; it was caused by your own mad folly. I was your secretary, nothing more. Was it my place to warn you that your expenditure was beyond your means—to offer advice?"

"Ah, but there was trickery somewhere. I was cheated out of my wealth. I know that. I have seen everything with clearer eyes since I have been poor. If you had dealt fairly with me, how is it that you throw so on my ruin? How is it that the home which was once mine is now yours? But I have no wish to hark back to that now. What is it you want of me to-night?"

"I am sent as a messenger," replied Frank Coverdale, sullenly, "from one whom you helped."

"Who is it?" he asked briefly. "You recollect Nellie Carson?" Lawrence Eyre thought for a moment. Then he looked up with a bright smile.

"The little girl with the wonderful voice, you mean?" "Yes. Her parents were quite humble people on your estate. You heard the girl singing one day at her work and you recognized the value of such a voice."

"Stop!" exclaimed Eyre, light breaking upon him. "Now I understand. It was she I saw leaving the theatre last night. And so that is little Nellie Carson!"

"It is she who has sent you a message. She had not forgotten that it was you paid for her musical education. She wishes to make some return. She asked me to act as her intermediary. I had some difficulty in finding you, but now I shall be able to discharge my errand."

"And what is that?" "I am to write you out a check for whatever amount you name. She desires me to tell you how much she owes you in your misfortunes, and if she can use her present influence in any way to assist you in finding some honorable employment you are to command her."

Eyre's face slowly whitened until there was not a trace of color left in it. "Did she say that?" he asked. "Almost word for word as I remember it," returned the other lightly. "She is anxious to discharge this debt. You see, it wouldn't be very pleasant for her ever to be reminded, now that she is famous, that she owed her chance in life to what was little else than charity. What Nellie Carson could accept as a loan Orma Lane must discharge as a debt."

"Is she Orma Lane? I did not know that." "You have never heard her?" "Not as Orma Lane. But people tell me that there is only one voice as good as hers, and that is Melba's."

"People have told you no more than the truth." For a moment there was silence between the two men.

It was broken by Eyre, who rose from his chair and addressed the other with grave dignity. "Go back to Orma Lane and tell her that I can do without her pity. As for her offers of assistance, thank her for me and say that—I can accept nothing in—any that way. Whatever I may have done for her I have long ago forgotten, and she need not fear that in the future I am ever likely to remind her of it. That is all I have to say."

When he had gone Eyre paced restlessly up and down his tiny room. This man and the message that was a veiled insult had both irritated and annoyed him. He realized more acutely than ever before how low his present place was in the world's regard.

"I will succeed yet," he told himself, setting his teeth grimly. "There is time—time to build up a career." He threw himself into a chair before a small desk, upon which he noticed for the first time there was a letter addressed to himself. He opened it and took in the contents almost at a glance.

It was from a firm of music publishers to whom he has submitted, under an assumed name, a few weeks before, the libretto and score of a one-act opera. To his own very great astonishment, this letter informed him that they were willing to accept it if he would sell them certain rights for £100. They went on to state that they had shown the MS. to Miss Orma Lane, who had been so favorably impressed by it that she had decided to use it at a special benefit performance that was being got up at Convent Garden Theatre, creating the principal part in it herself.

Eyre placed the letter down with a hard laugh. His mouth was still grimly set. His eyes were steady. In his own past life of pleasure he had amused himself and others by composing songs. From early boyhood music was a passion with him, and he had always possessed the faculty of expressing passing moods in graceful and fluent musical form, without ever regarding his gift as being anything of value. But necessity had forced him to seek a market for this talent, and during the last year he had worked up a small connection among publishers under the name of Herbert Darlington.

He knew that he was driving away an opportunity that might never come to him again, but without hesitation wrote a note in answer to this letter, saying that he had no intention of accepting this offer, and desired the return of his MS. without delay. He read through what he had written. It was undoubtedly curt, to the verge of rudeness. Then, acting on an instinct that was as impulsive as that which had urged him to write this letter, he tore it up.

They should produce his opera if they chose. It was entirely a matter of business. There could be no question of patronage so far as Orma Lane was concerned. She did not know who the composer really was. "I have to earn my living; I want to win success," said Lawrence Eyre. "Why should I give up this chance because of a foolish sentiment of pride? I won't give it up."

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He sat in the gallery at the first performance of his own work. There was a crowded audience, which overflowed in every part of the house. The magic of Orma Lane's voice was a certain magnet. One of the youngest and most successful of singers, her name had only to be announced to insure the selling of every seat at concert hall or opera house.

The publishers had urged upon Mr. "Darlington" that he should attend rehearsals of his own opera, but he had consistently refused in answer to their numerous letters, and not a soul connected with the production at this special performance had ever seen the mysterious composer.

Eyre was in an agony of anticipation as he sat in the gallery. One of the old favorites was played before the new work and made its customary impression; and then the curtain rose upon his own opera.

It started well with a tenor song of seductive sweetness, which caught the favor of the house, and five minutes later Orma Lane came on. The part she had to play was that of a famous singer who had come back from Paris, the land of her triumphs, to her native Italian village. The plot was quite simple, but there was an undercurrent of tragedy in it, though a happy ending was obtained in a skillful and unhackneyed manner.

A throb touched Eyre's heart as she flitted on the stage, a girlish figure dressed simply in a peasant's frock. No longer a fashionable woman in a Paquin dress and wonderful diamonds, she recalled the child whom he now remembered so well. She was on some little time before she reached her first great song. It started in the middle compass, and the full, round tones hushed the house into a silence that was more strained, more intense. And as note by note the aria went up the scale, so note by note did that pure voice increase in sweetness and strength, to stop suddenly in its florid passages and continue, with an abrupt change of style, a few bars, of quite simple music—a folk song which had been interpolated, telling of humble love, a thing as simple as it was pathetic.

When she had finished and the house was cheering her with frantic delight, Eyre found himself applauding as wildly as the rest of them, shouting with the loudest voice there. He had entirely forgotten that the opera was his—it was that voice, that voice of a century, that had worked its spell on him as surely as on all others there.

She had two other songs, and soon after that the opera ended. The curtain fell to a tumult of continued applause. Excepting once, when Mischa Elman had played, Eyre had never seen an English audience so deeply moved.

There were loud cries for the composer, but no one appeared; and presently the lights were lowered, and not until then did the audience cease cheering and reluctantly depart from the theatre.

"A clever opera," was the verdict on every hand. "A second 'Cavalleria,' I shouldn't be surprised," remarked a prominent musical critic. Eyre felt as if wings lifted him home that night. He could not yet realize that he had had any part in that astonishing success. He thought only of Orma Lane. Her voice was still in his ears; it kept him awake half the night, until he fell asleep to hear it in his dreams, and it was with him all the next day.

So great was the desire to hear the new opera that three performances were arranged, and at each one Eyre was present, seated in the gallery. But as he walked away from the third performance he understood the spell which had drawn him there. It was not his own work; it was not the love of music, nor yet the wonder of that woman's voice. It was the woman herself.

He loved her. It was that which had changed the world to him and had given back to him greater brightness and keener joy than his old life had ever known. It was not the success which his opera had brought him. Yet he realized that there was no chance for him with Orma Lane. He remembered her half-contemptuous message—the insulting pity she had offered him through Coverdale, and he remembered her wealth and her fame. She was a star beyond his reach. They moved in different spheres. What had he to offer her? He had made some reputation, it was true, under a name that was not his own, and there were a number of commissions for him to fulfill as quickly as he would. But the opera itself had brought him in no more than a couple of hundred pounds, as he had sold the entire rights in it for that sum. No; he had nothing to offer her.

Snow lay upon the ground, but in the busy streets it had partially melted, leaving the roads in a partially dangerous and unpleasant condition. Eyre's eyes opened a little as he caught sight of the handsome motor car that waited at the entrance door to the block of flats where he had lived since fortune had smiled on him. He observed that a white-haired lady sat in the tonneau of the car, and that she glanced up at the building a trifle impatiently.

He mounted the stairs which led to his own flat on the top floor—six stories from the pavement—and placed his latchkey in the door, wondering as he did so if the ancient lady who came in daily to do the housework had remembered his parting instructions that she should have the kettle boiling by the time he returned.

He crossed the small hall, but on the threshold of the sitting-room paused in silent astonishment. A woman who looked like a queen, a lovely figure dressed in soft furs and holding some exquisite roses in her hands, was waiting inside.

His own face was in the shadow, yet she could see his figure quite distinctly, and she came forward, smiling apologetically. And then, as she approached nearer to him, her face faded in a look of doubting wonder, and a crimson wave of emotional color flooded the sensitive features.

"Mr. Eyre!" she exclaimed. "I—I did not expect to see you here. I—I came to find out if a certain mysterious Mr. Darlington really had existence. I coaxed his address out of the publishers, because I wanted to tell him how I appreciate his beautiful music and to offer him these roses. You—you are, perhaps, his friend?"

The blood was singing in Eyre's veins. A sudden rapture that was as keen in its joy as the touch of pain, filled his whole being. To be near her at last in her very presence. "I am his friend," he said huskily; "his only friend. He and I are one."

Her face was radiant as she looked at him. "You!" she said. "And I never guessed. I am so glad, so glad." With a frank, impulsive movement she dropped the flowers on to the table and held out both her hands. The touch made Eyre forget the wound that her message through Coverdale had inflicted upon his pride. He could only remember in that moment that he loved her.

"You will have some tea?" he asked, scarce knowing what to say, and he drew a little gypsy table forward and rang for the waiter.

"I have left my companion, Mrs. Measures, down below," she said, with a smile. "She was frightened at the number of stairs." "She will not mind waiting ten minutes?"

"No; I think not. And—and I am afraid I cannot help it if she does. You see, Mr. Eyre, I have wanted so many times to see you, to thank you for all that you did for me. I owe everything to you. I can never forget that."

That voice, which had power to thrill thousands, was low, and there was a strange note in it that Eyre had never heard before, not even when she had sung impassioned love songs.

He took the hot water from the charwoman, who came in with it at that moment, and made the tea. "I don't want you ever to think of that," he answered, a little hardly. "But I must think of it," she said. "It was that which made me work, which helped me. I used to tell myself that I must not fail, that—and her frank eyes drooped for a moment. "That you would be disappointed if I didn't succeed. And—and I was so grieved when I heard of—of your misfortunes. And yet I felt that I could do nothing. I could not offer you help. A man can owe nothing to a woman. But I wanted you to know that—that you had all my sympathy. And I sent you a message telling you this, but I suppose my messenger must have blundered, because he brought back such an unkind answer."

"Was it Coverdale you sent?" "Yes," she said. "I chose him because, having been your nearest friend, I thought that he at least would be able to find out where you were."

"Did Coverdale admire you?" he asked abruptly. She colored quickly. "Yes," she replied; "but I did not know it then. He proposed to me a few days later—and we have ceased to be friendly since then."

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"Nell! Nell!" exclaimed Eyre, taking her white hands into his. "This man gave me your message, but in a different form. He was jealous because you showed interest in me. That was it—I understand now. Ah, Nell, I love you, dear!"

"You love me?" She stood up before him, straight and tall. "Yes, yes; I love you," he said. "And if only you would give me some hope I would work for you and win some place in life that would lift me to your side."

She looked at him with that wonderful, radiant smile still upon her face, transforming every feature, and at something he read in her eyes he took courage.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he said, as he held out his arms; "you do care a little, then?" "I have always cared," she said simply. "I have loved you, Lawrence, ever since I was a child."

"Really, my dear Nellie," said an unexpected voice at the door, "I have climbed seventy-nine steps to find out what detained you. Is it tea I see there? If so, perhaps you and this gentleman, whose name I have yet to learn, will offer me a cup and with it perhaps, an explanation of this—er—tableau?"

And Nellie's companion and chaperone got both the tea and the explanation.—Tit-Bits.

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"Nell! Nell!" exclaimed Eyre, taking her white hands into his. "This man gave me your message, but in a different form. He was jealous because you showed interest in me. That was it—I understand now. Ah, Nell, I love you, dear!"

"You love me?" She stood up before him, straight and tall. "Yes, yes; I love you," he said. "And if only you would give me some hope I would work for you and win some place in life that would lift me to your side."

She looked at him with that wonderful, radiant smile still upon her face, transforming every feature, and at something he read in her eyes he took courage.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he said, as he held out his arms; "you do care a little, then?" "I have always cared," she said simply. "I have loved you, Lawrence, ever since I was a child."

"Really, my dear Nellie," said an unexpected voice at the door, "I have climbed seventy-nine steps to find out what detained you. Is it tea I see there? If so, perhaps you and this gentleman, whose name I have yet to learn, will offer me a cup and with it perhaps, an explanation of this—er—tableau?"

And Nellie's companion and chaperone got both the tea and the explanation.—Tit-Bits.

A Presbyterian Editor on the Divorce Question

In an article entitled "The Cornerstone of Civilization," J. T. Hemphill, editor-in-chief of the Charleston "News and Courier" and a Presbyterian, pays the following notable tribute to the Catholic Church with regard to divorce:

"The American Federation of Catholic Societies held a convention at Buffalo, N.Y., last week. The most important subject discussed at this meeting was the question of divorce, and upon this subject the Federation declared its position in no uncertain terms. All good Catholics are steadfastly opposed to any form of absolute divorce under any legislation by the State, and the position which is taken by the Catholic Church is the position which all other Christian communions should take. We believe with the convention at Buffalo that 'sooner or later the truth of the Catholic doctrine upon the subject must be brought home to the community.'

"The position of some of the other churches on this question has been nothing short of shameful. Ministers in good standing in these churches have freely married those who have been separated by the courts, and who could not under the judicial decrees of separation lawfully marry again in the States in which their divorces were granted. The Roman Catholic position on the question of divorce is the only true position. In that Church marriage is a sacrament, and if the institution is to be preserved and the highest interests of society securely protected, it must be regarded as a sacrament. Every now and then some convention is proposed with the object of obtaining uniformity in the divorce laws of this country. These conventions are generally proposed by persons living in States in which the divorce business has been overdone. There has been talk from time to time of national legislation, but so far all efforts have failed to reach a plan which, while conceding great freedom of action in obtaining divorces, would at the same time preserve at least the pretence of some high moral purpose. The only state in the Union in which divorce is not granted—as the state of South Carolina. The law in this state is the only law that can be adopted with safety to society and with proper regard to high religious teaching."

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c. everywhere.

Lever's Leave

Like the gentlemen in his novels, the Irish writer, Charles Lever, carried his responsibilities with audacious ease.

In 1869, when the consul at Trieste, he paid a visit to England. On his arrival, says his latest biographer, Edward Downey, he called on Lord Lytton. The two novelists chatted for some time, and at length Lord Lytton said:

"I am so glad for many reasons to see you here. You will have an opportunity presently of meeting your chief, Clarendon. I expect him every moment."

Lever was aghast. He reflected that he had left Trieste without obtaining formal leave. He endeavored to excuse himself to Lytton—he had to be off—he was very sorry, but—While he was explaining, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was announced.

"Ah, Lever!" said Lord Clarendon, in surprise. "I did not know that you left Trieste."

"No, my lord. The fact is," said the ready Lever, "I thought it would be more respectful if I came and asked your lordship personally, for leave."

Youth's Companion.

In this world, one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.

Red Rose Tea "is good tea"

Always exactly the same quality Those who have used it for years are the ones who give it the name of "good tea."

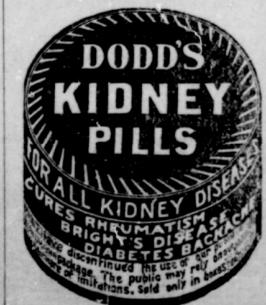
T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, 3 WELLINGTON ST. E.

Calendar for September 1906. Includes days of month, days of week, color of vestment, and feast days such as Elizabeth of Portugal, Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

HOUSEKEEPERS See that you are well supplied with EDDY'S WARES. WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRETUB and PAIL. Your washday labor can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced.

RING UP PARK 553 FOR TOMLIN'S BREAD. If per chance the phone is in use, ring again. Success in the battle of life is won by persistence; and with good bread as the leading article of diet you have ten chances to one against your opponent who uses poor bread.

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT. DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT. TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT



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FORBES ROOFING COMPANY
Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established fifty years.

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LONDON
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The Finest of Beverages

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY
Church Bell and Chime Bells

This is the Time to Organize
Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

Every Town Can Have a Band
Lowest prices ever quoted.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd.
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56 MAIN ST. 158 YONGE ST.

Educational

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE
BERLIN, ONT.
COMMERCIAL COURSE: With modern Business College Features.

Loretto Abbey
WELLINGTON PLACE
TORONTO, ONTARIO
This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size.

St. Michael's College
IN AFFILIATION WITH
TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Joseph's Academy
ST. ALBAN ST.
TORONTO
The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

Young Man or Woman
who invests in a Business, Shorthand, Telegraphy or English course at CANADA'S HIGHEST GRADE

Business School
is sure of a good start in business life. Our Booklet tells you our students start at salaries of \$45 and upwards a month.

Dominion College
Business College
LIMITED TORONTO
Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Phonography and Typewriting.

PAINTING AND DECORATING
Plain and Ornamental
For Good Work at Moderate Prices

JAS. J. O'HEARN
SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE N. 2677
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Phone Main 922
ART and STAINED GLASS

MEMORIAL WINDOWS
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MEMORIALS
GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS
Most Artistic Design in the City

McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited
Phone N. 1249 1119 Yonge St. TORONTO

EMPRESS HOTEL
Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO
TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY

RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR
Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.

Church Bells
Memorial Bells a Specialty.
Whaley Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

TWO MEETINGS

A railway station filled with a crowd of folk, some laughing, some crying, some pretending, some not.

"Good-by, Jim; take care of yourself!" The tall girl gathered her worn cloak closer around her.

"So do I, old lady." A handsome man bent forward on the seat of the third-class carriage.

"Her blue eyes looked most suspiciously moist. But what of that? It is not every one who can afford to be callous.

"It seems such a long time—three years, Jim!" the girl said again, and there was a break in her voice.

"A mere chance, yes," the man echoed. "But we must just trust to chance, Monica; it's the only thing to be done, dear.

"No, I don't now," she answered in tones of deep content. "I almost think it was worth letting you go to have you back again Jim."

Involuntarily she took a step backward. The advancing man noticed it and her.

"My pretty dear!" he cried thickly. And Monica was still recoiling in horror when a man laid his arm on hers.

"Monica!" a well-known voice said. She turned. Jim, the real Jim, was standing behind her, smiling and holding out his hands.

"Monica!" he cried. "Surely you haven't forgotten me?"

"That other man!" she cried, a little incoherently. "He was so like you that I thought it was you, Jim."

"Monica," returned her husband reproachfully, "and that fellow was drunk! Never mind, darling," slipping her hand through his arm.

"Afterward one gets accustomed to it." The words cleared Monica's brain; they echoed in her ears; the bright, panting engine throbbed to the same refrain.

"Ah! she remembered. It was her friend of that black day three years ago, whom she had not seen since.

"Jim," she said suddenly, "that man over there—he won't move—they can't do anything with him. Can't you, won't you go over and see if you can get him away from those gaping crowds? That's his wife. She was kind to me the day you left. Ah! Jim, if it had been you!"

With a few steady strides he reached the little group. The lady in furs was pleading, scolding, threatening, but all to no purpose.

"How could I have thought it was you, Jim?" she said in a softly happy voice. "I'm so glad, and yet that day, that miserable day, I envied her."

"They were in the cab, and he took her in his arms and kissed her."

"But you don't now?" he asked passionately.

"No, I don't now," she answered in tones of deep content. "I almost think it was worth letting you go to have you back again Jim."

"And for the moment he thought so, too—E. C. Gidley, in Black and White.

AUNT FANNY'S CAT

(By Sylvia Hunt.)

Emphasis was not wanting to Bessie's exclamation, "I can't bear cats!" as she started back with a shriek.

"I don't imagine it," said Bessie, stonily. "I know it. Now I love dogs—I just love them."

"So do I." "Have you a dog?" "Two of them—a Newfoundland and a cocker spaniel."

"Oh, I shouldn't hurt them, or treat them badly in any way," rejoined Bessie. "But I want to get as far away from them as possible.

"I wonder if it can be what I have heard called an antipathy, Bessie?" rejoined Aunt Fanny, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I believe it is not common. But mine have been together all their lives."

"Now just look at the creature!" exclaimed Bessie, drawing her dress away from the cat.

"Probably because it was that kind of cat which first taught me to like the race."

"Nothing could teach me to like them," protested Bessie. "And yet—and that makes it all the more disagreeable—the aversion is not mutual.

"Then you are not a born cat-hater," said Aunt Fanny. "Very probably a kitten scratched you when you were little, and you formed an aversion to the poor animals on that account."

"How did you come to like them?" asked Bessie, drawing the edge of her blue cloth skirt still farther away from Puss, who stretched out a delectable claw, drew the garment over toward him, and rested his head upon it.

"Well, let him die there, then. I don't like to hurt your feelings, Aunt Fanny," said the girl, in answer to the older woman's amused smile.

much better than having the cat stare up at me as he does." "You fascinate him. He is drawn to you, and is suing for approbation.

"When I was a child, and for some time after I had grown up," said Aunt Fanny, "I thought myself a cat-hater. I would not have one in the room with me, if I could help it.

"It is just the same with me," said Bessie. "Isn't it strange?"

"When I came here first to take care of my grandmother," replied Aunt Fanny, "she was bedridden. But she loved cats. There were three of them, and every day she would want to see each of them, and have them play beside her on the bed.

"One day I was sitting by grandmother's bedside writing a letter. I had my little desk on my lap. Tam was lying at the foot of the bed. I had heard him purring for some time, while he looked at me steadily whenever I lifted my eyes.

"Did you ever see anything like that, Fanny?" asked grandmother. "He was not sure it was you, with glasses, and he wanted to find out for himself. Let us watch him. Put on your glasses again."

"I did so. Tam had just lain down, but he got up once more, went through the same performance, and this time put up his paw and knocked them off."

"That was certainly a clever thing for a cat to do," said Bessie. "After a while he became accustomed to seeing me wear spectacles."

"One day he did something still more clever. I was reading in my own room, when I heard a scratching at the door. Tam had never visited me there before, and I was somewhat surprised, though not averse to his company as I should have been some time previously.

"She believes that life has some serious work to do, and that the serious work lives very close to the home, everyday duties, and that kind words cost nothing."

"She is ever ready to talk about a book, a picture, or play, rather than to permit herself to indulge in idle words about another."

"She is her own sweet, unaffected, womanly self; therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success. — Woman's Life.

"You are determined to convert me," said Bessie, laughing, as she looked down at the cat quietly sleeping at her feet.

"I hope to do so," responded Aunt Fanny. "I want you to be happy while you are here, Bessie. A short time after grandmother's death, a friend who was going away presented me with a beautiful canary bird. Neither she nor I thought of the danger that awaited it in a house where cats were part of the family.

"I took off my slipper and gave Tam a beating, pointing to the bird as I did so. He understood perfectly what I meant, for he slunk quietly away. After I had coaxed the bird into its cage again, I put it up higher, where no cat could reach it.

"What did you do?" asked Bessie. "I took off my slipper and gave Tam a beating, pointing to the bird as I did so. He understood perfectly what I meant, for he slunk quietly away. After I had coaxed the bird into its cage again, I put it up higher, where no cat could reach it.

"I was out of his sight. But again one morning I heard a noise, and, hurrying to the dining-room, found Tam vigorously chastising a neighbor's cat which had strayed in, attracted by the song of the bird. My work basket was overturned on the window-sill, and the canary was flying about the cage, very much terrified. It was

plain that the strange cat had made an attempt to reach it. I drove it away, after which Tam came to my side, looked up in my face for approval, which I gave him; and then he stationed himself quietly beneath the window seat, on the watch for intruders. After that day I knew he could be trusted in the room with the bird.

"I could tell you many other things about him, Bessie, but have no time just now. We must have an early supper, and go for a walk. I want you to spend all the time possible in the open air while you are at the farm."

The sojourn with Aunt Fanny must have been effectual in banishing Bessie's dislike for cats, for when she returned home in the autumn, strong and well, she carried with her a pretty gray kitten in a wicker basket. — Ave Maria.

Business Laws in Brief

Ignorance of the law excuses none. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures made with lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a lunatic is invalid.

A contract made with a lunatic is invalid. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents. Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.

A note given by a minor is void. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note drawn on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay. The indorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

The Girl Who Succeeds

She has so much to do that she has no time for morbid thoughts. She never thinks for a moment that she is not attractive, nor forgets to look as charming as possible.

"She is ever ready to talk about a book, a picture, or play, rather than to permit herself to indulge in idle words about another."

"She is her own sweet, unaffected, womanly self; therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success. — Woman's Life.

Tuberculos Meat

There is a movement on foot in England, and none too soon, for the prevention of the use of tuberculous meat. The question was discussed at a meeting of London Medical Officers of Health.

"I hope to do so," responded Aunt Fanny. "I want you to be happy while you are here, Bessie. A short time after grandmother's death, a friend who was going away presented me with a beautiful canary bird. Neither she nor I thought of the danger that awaited it in a house where cats were part of the family.

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C.P.R.

Royal Crown Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

At the Chateau Frontenac—at Place Viger Hotel, Montreal—at Banff—Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg—on their Pullmans and ocean liners—guests and passengers are provided with "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel.

It's a medicated soap, and a toilet soap. Two soaps in one for the price of one. Use a cake. 3 large cakes for 25c.

Insist on having "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

In and Around Toronto

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. BASIL'S

The Golden Jubilee of St. Basil's Parish will be celebrated on Sunday, the 30th inst., and the festivities will be continued into the week following.

ST. PATRICK'S PROGRESSING.

During the days of last week several flags and banners were seen floating from the walls of the handsome church now in course of erection in St. Patrick's Parish.

GIFTS TO ST. BASIL'S.

It may be that the Jubilee spirit of gift-offering is already in the air, or it may be that it just happened so, but whatever the reason, St. Basil's church has lately been the recipient of several generous acts in its behalf.

DEATH OF MRS. W. KEW.

An old and long-time resident of the West End departed this life on Thursday, the 6th inst., when Mary, wife of Mr. W. Kew, was called to her reward.

HALLEY-GLOUCESTER.

A pretty wedding took place this morning (Thursday) at St. Joseph's church, when Miss Lizzie Gloucester became the bride of Mr. J. Halley.

FUNERAL OF MR. FRANCIS M. WARDE.

Many in Toronto heard with surprise of the death of Mr. Francis M. (Frank) Warde, whose funeral took place from 596 Markham St., the home of his brother, Mr. J. D. Warde, on Wednesday of last week.

St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay

The following young ladies of St. Joseph's Academy are to be congratulated on their success in the recent examinations: Junior Teachers' Examination—Isabella Begley, Mary Begley, Gertrude Donaghy, Mary Hurley, May Heenan, Gertrude Lucas.

RECEPTION AT ST. FRANCIS.

On Sunday evening a reception of promoters into the Sacred Heart League of St. Francis' Church took place, Rev. Father McCann, the pastor, bestowing the medals, and the act of consecration being read on behalf of the assembled promoters by Mr. Power.

were doing the most meritorious work, contributing to the saving of their own souls by their ministrations to the souls of others.

Mr. Mungovan, known to friends and foes alike as the original and only "Rambler," is now on a westward tour in search of such means as will secure proper nourishment for the "Catholic Register."

RAMBLER.

The spirit of the inner life, says the Abbe Grou, teaches all who yield to its guidance that their primary duty is the sanctification of their own souls, and that the holiness of a Christian consists chiefly in the fulfillment of the duties of one's station.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

Then we had the Montreal Type Foundry, owned by Mr. Palsgrave, who was an English Catholic and a very conscientious man.

There were two advertisers who occupied space in the paper—Messrs. Hamilton, Wilson & Co., who announced the opening of a branch of their business in Hamilton, under the direction of Messrs. Sanders & Robinson, as a cabinet, furniture and oil and color warehouse, on King street west, next door to Sam Kerr's grocery.

THE LOCAL ADVERTISERS

The local advertisers were not many but I have a recollection of them all. The druggists take the lead. There were four of them then in Hamilton: John Winer, T. Bickle, M. C.

ceremony the wedding breakfast was served at the Woodbine Hotel. The happy young couple left on the 10.35 train for New York and Atlantic City. A host of friends will extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hynes, who are very popular and highly esteemed.

To Our Western Patrons

Mr. Mungovan, known to friends and foes alike as the original and only "Rambler," is now on a westward tour in search of such means as will secure proper nourishment for the "Catholic Register."

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Grier and C. H. Webster. They all advertised Fahnestock's Vermifuge for the cure of worms. John Winer was the one I knew best. He occupied a store in the Stinson block on the north side of King street west. John Winer was also a manufacturing chemist, who had several compounds of his own in the market.

A. H. Armour & Co., were prominent booksellers and stationers in Hamilton in those days. They occupied more than half a column of "The Catholic" advertising the Waverly Novels, a "Digest of the Criminal Laws," "Fame and Glory of England Vindicated," and "Every Boy's Book"; also Catholic Prayer-books.

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W.A. Murray & Co. Limited DAINY MONOGRAM STATIONERY. THERE is nothing nicer than Embossed Monogram Stationery, and it is particularly correct for the bride in acknowledging the receipt of wedding gifts.

United Empire Bank of Canada. HEAD OFFICE: CORNER OF YONGE AND FRONT STREETS TORONTO. IDLE MONEY—Funds awaiting investment, accounts of individuals, firms, corporations, fraternal organizations, charitable associations and ecclesiastical societies are invited.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM LOW RATE WESTERN EXCURSIONS. Sept. 20, 21 and 22 From Toronto. Detroit \$6.50, Port Huron 5.10, Chicago 12.40, Saginaw 7.40, Bay City 7.50, Columbus 11.60, Dayton 12.20, Indianapolis 13.80, Cincinnati 13.85, Grand Rapids 9.35, Cleveland via Buffalo and C. & B. Steamers 6.35, Cleveland via Lake Shore Railway 8.15, Cleveland via Nickel Plate 7.40, Cleveland via Detroit & Lake Shore Ry. 11.05, Cleveland via D. & C. Strs 9.10.

J. J. M. LANDY 416 QUEEN ST., W. CHALICES CIBORIA STENSORIA. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations. Supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2758.

HOME STUDY. BRINGING wonderful opportunities to thousands of our young people who cannot get away to attend College. Perfect plans for giving lessons in any of the following subjects have been completed by us as a result of long experience in Co. correspondence work, and we can guarantee splendid results.

MOOSE OPEN SEASONS. New Brunswick, Sept. 15th—Nov. 30th. Nova Scotia, Oct. 1st—Jan. 1st. Quebec, Sept. 1st—Dec. 31st. Best Hunting Grounds are reached by INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. WRITE FOR "Fishing and Hunting" "Week in the Canaan Woods" "Moose of the Miramichi" "Trail of the Mic-Macs" TO Toronto Ticket Office 51 King St. East OR General Passenger Dept., Moncton, N. B.