

The Catholic Register

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

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MATTERS OF MOMENT

His Holiness and the Athletes—The Holy Name—The Spiritual Bouquet—Irish History in Schools.

Delightful reading is that which tells of the athletic tournament in Rome, when three thousand of the youth of many lands assembled in the Cortile del Belvedere, and His Holiness Pius X., Father of all Christendom, drove through their midst and through a volume of cheers, seated himself in the balcony which had been prepared for him. A perfect forest of handkerchiefs whitened the air and when the atmosphere had cleared the different cadet corps marched past, each headed by its band, and the favored Venice contingent chanted a hymn in honor of the world's Pope, who hailed from their beautiful city. After the march past the various teams took up position and collectively performed the different feats prepared for the occasion. We can readily imagine that no knights of old ever exerted themselves more strenuously to gain the favor of the fair ladies of their heart, than did those athletic votaries of the 20th century to do honor to themselves and the country they represented, before the face of the kindly old man, whose heart is still young enough to enter into the sports of youth, and by his presence give them the seal of his approbation and encouragement. In an adjacent balcony were seated the now world-known sisters of the Pope, and at the conclusion the Holy Father imparted his blessing to the young men who in their thousands knelt on the sand of the stadium.

It was all delightfully human and at the same time altogether within the circle of that philosophy which teaches that a sound mind in a sound body is the best asset with which a young man can begin the world. Physical, mental, moral and religious development should go hand in hand, and in this instance we find that the connection between the boys and the Pope did not end at the stadium, but on October 27th the body of youthful Athenians attended Mass at Santa Maria Maggiore, celebrated by one of Rome's Cardinals, and then again gathered according to companies, marched through the streets of the Eternal City with flags flying, and with inspiring music beating time to the loving pulsations of every heart, that hastened its owner towards the Vatican, where again the kindly Pope awaited them to give them the final gift of his blessing, a prize which every contestant might carry with him to the in many instances distant home from which he had started some weeks previously. In the Hall of the Beatifications, where the Holy Father received them, and in reply to their greetings, His Holiness is reported as having given a strong address, for the young men are those who stand nearest his heart. He praised their conduct and prowess, and told them to make even their sports a means to their betterment as men and citizens. Then, as all knelt and the dear hand was raised in benison and farewell, the silence of a great peace filled the apartment, followed by a cheer that is echoing still in the heart of the universal Father, and as the thousands of the youths of many lands dispersed they carried with them the joyous knowledge that even their sports found recognition and encouragement in the great heart of the 20th century's great Pope.

A movement that is doing much, besides carrying out the one great ostensible reason that gave it being, is that of the Holy Name Society, reports of whose annual outing are just reaching us from many parts of our Republic north to the south. In New Jersey the Society has obtained a fine foothold, and in the late parades the members turned out 50,000 strong in order to make profession of their loyalty to the cause to which they had pledged themselves, and incidentally to edify and encourage others to follow in their footsteps. Besides the primary object of the organization, that of doing reverence to the name of God and that of His Divine Son, there is the secondary object of waging warfare against all profanity and blasphemy, and as the Journal of Jersey City remarks in chronicling the procession, profanity is such a vulgar and useless thing that a great concerted movement of the part of good citizens to check it and brand it with public odium, marks a distinct gain for decency and Christian civilization.

In Toronto the movement as yet has scarcely attained the proportions of being either great or concerted, in the sense in which these terms are applied in New Jersey, but the work is progressing, and when in many of our parishes we have representations of anywhere from one hundred to seven hundred members, none will deny that the results may be classed with things termed great, and in time the number will increase and concerted movement will follow. It is contemplated to have a gathering of the Holy Name members some time in the near future at the Cathedral and this will likely be the first of many demonstrations testifying that in all parts of our fair city are those who are allied for the development of reverence towards things that are sacred, and to obliterate and erase from the world's vocabulary all words that tend to desecrate or befoul the air of our God-given pure atmosphere. As a matter of fact it is everywhere reported that wherever the Holy Name is established profanity and blasphemy are on the decrease, and in workshops and on the streets foul sounds are far less frequent than a few years ago. As a contemporary remark, "The average man is now ashamed to give offence in that direc-

tion," and from every point of view, whether we regard it in the religious, moral or esthetic light, the feeling that acts to the detriment of the blasphemous and profane is a healthy leaven to higher things in any community.

One more proof, and a very sad one, to add to the many in favor of the view always taken by the Church regarding mixed marriages, comes to us in a report from Shreveport, La., where a Mrs. Bonnie Matlock, a seventeen-year-old bride of a few months' standing, disagreed with her husband as to the Church they should attend. The bride was a Baptist and the husband a Methodist, and two Sundays ago as the husband left the house to attend the church of his choice, his wife called after him, "If you don't wait and take me to the Baptist Church you will regret it all your life." The husband paid no heed until he heard a shot and returning, found his wife dead. Comment upon the rashness of the act is unnecessary, but the occurrence emphasizes the truth and putting aside the Church there are denominational differences, which tend to destroy the domestic peace of many a household, sometimes resulting in tragedies the fatal results of which are beyond the computation of man, and carry their consequences away from time even to the bourne of eternity, as in the present instance.

In last week's issue of the Catholic Union and Times, attention is drawn to a plan for doing away with what it terms "the vulgar flower show" at funerals. The plan, says our contemporary, is the idea of Thos. O'Donnell of 33 College St., and is one to which every pastor should take kindly. It is a simple card which reads, "At the request of Mr. Jones the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered (number of times) for the repose of the soul of Mr. Smith. This is signed by a priest and placed on the casket, a spiritual bouquet, everlasting, in place of a bunch of flowers that fade and die ere the obsequies are over. We in Toronto are for some years familiar with the above, the "spiritual offering" placed on the bier of the dead, being introduced, if we are not mistaken, by the Redemptorists at St. Patrick's. All parishes now have the custom more or less in use, though it has not altogether taken the place of floral offerings, and the news that it is only being introduced into Buffalo, tells us that in some things at least, we are ahead of the fine big neighbor city over the border. Undoubtedly the "spiritual offering" commends itself to the majority. The flowers which for so long, and even now are for many the fittest expression of sympathy with the living and respect for the departed, are beautiful but transient, and when carried to a great extent as sometimes happen, they become truly what is termed by our contemporary "a vulgar show." The "spiritual offering" on the contrary is at once effaceful and lasting. To the eye of faith the little card of promise carries with it solace and assistance for the deceased soul, which nothing else on earth can equal or even approach. The "spiritual offering" should become more and more the offering to our dead.

Professor Michael G. Rohan of Marquette University, National Chairman of the Irish History Committee of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the United States, was appointed at the late National Convention of the Society, to set about the work of introducing the study of Irish history generally in the schools. Professor Rohan has entered upon his task in a systematic manner. In a circular letter to the hierarchy, clergy and religious orders he directs their attention to the reason why the study in question should be part of the curriculum of the schools. In the opening sentences he says, "we are convinced that the children of Irish parentage or descent in America will be better men and women, better citizens and especially better members of our Holy Mother Church, by a study of Ireland's history in which nationality and religion are so closely entwined." This and many other reasons are given by Professor Rohan, but we quote the above, because it seems to embrace the epitome of much that to the true understanding of Ireland's history must be accepted and appreciated. No true estimate of Ireland's national story can be gained without an appreciation of the relationship that exists between her religion and it. The one, in fact, made the other. Events commonly regarded but as of purely national import, would never have been, had they not hinged upon certain religious features in the life of the people of Ireland. For instance there would have been no need for the great Act of Emancipation, had not several centuries of religious persecution preceded it. The more the history of Ireland is studied the more prominently is this truth brought out, and the more ground is discovered for pride in those Irish ancestors, whose fidelity to their Faith gave their country a history which stands amongst the most glorious of the world's annals. If Professor Rohan's work were duplicated in the Catholic schools of Canada it would open up a page the reading of which is so far confined to the privileged few.

Famous Irish Nun Dead

The death is announced from Galway of Mother Superior Aloysius Doyle, the survivor of the sixteen nuns of the Order of Mercy who left Ireland in December, 1854, to assist Florence Nightingale in nursing the soldiers in the Crimea. She was summoned to Windsor several years ago by Queen Victoria to be decorated, but was too old to undertake the journey.

A GREAT PRIEST DEAD

The Reverend Father Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, is Universally Mourned.

Goodness and greatness are not always found together, but in Rev. Father Laboureau, the long-time and dearly revered priest of Penetanguishene, these attributes were found in a conspicuous degree, and that this was everywhere recognized, found ample testimony in the universal regret which his death evoked, and in the respect paid on all sides, at his funeral obsequies, which took place in Penetanguishene on Saturday morning of last week.

Born in the Diocese of Dijon, Province of Burgundy, France, Rev. Theophilus Laboureau came to Canada in 1858 and was ordained to the priesthood in Montreal January 14, 1866. Coming to the Diocese of Toronto, he was stationed or had charge of different missions at Thorold, Smithfield, Caledon and lastly, Penetanguishene. His efforts were not confined even to those centres and under his charge churches arose in Midland, Victoria Harbor, Waubesa and Port Severn, and his greatest work, the erection of the Memorial Church in Penetanguishene, in honor of the martyred Jesuits, Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalement, remains a lasting monument to his energy and zeal in the cause of religion and the extension of the glory of God and His saints.

The story of the active life of Father Laboureau runs concurrently with the rise and progress of the town in which the best thirty-five years of his life were passed. When Father Laboureau, in the enthusiasm of the first years of his priestly vocation, went to Penetanguishene, he found a village with a scattered and mixed population, speaking the English, French and Indian tongues, and his charge embraced the Reformatory for boys and extended out to Christian Island, and islands adjacent where Catholic Indians were located. Nothing save the annals of the pioneer Jesuits, the saintly Brebeuf, Lalement, Jouques and their confreres parallels the life of Father Laboureau in the early years of his ministry. Much of what they endured in journeys by canoe or over frozen lakes, from nights spent in smoky wigwams or tormented by the insects of the summer camp, were also endured by this zealous priest of the 20th century. On two occasions the horses which bore the sled of the priest of Penetanguishene over the frozen lake found a watery grave, while nothing but the dexterity of a life inured to such situations saved the missionary priest from the same fate.

In search of assistance for his great Memorial Church, Father Laboureau travelled through many parts of Canada and the United States and came back to his native land, France, and his strenuous work in connection with its erection doubtless helped to wear out a virile life which otherwise might have seen greater length of days.

While the spiritual wants of his people were the first care of this devoted pastor, their temporal needs were also looked after, and education, music and general prosperity and culture accompanied his care.

Two years ago ill health forced Father Laboureau to resign and the declining days of his life were passed in the House of Providence, Toronto, whence his remains were borne to Penetanguishene, where they were received by a large concourse of citizens and the members of the C.M.B.A. and Catholic Order of Foresters. During the funeral ceremonies on Saturday morning all places of business, the mills, factories and shops were closed, and from all the country surrounding came hundreds to pay a last token of respect to their old friend. All were there—Catholic and non-Catholic—the Mayor and town council, and the ministers of many denominations. The big church was filled to its utmost inch of space, and yet many were unable to gain admittance. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. F. R. Rholeder, assisted by Rev. M. Geary, deacon, and Rev. J. J. McCann, sub-deacon. Very Rev. J. A. Barcelo, D.D., spoke in French, each eulogizing the character of his dead confrere.

Other priests present were Rev. Fathers J. L. Hand, M. Moyna, Orillia; J. E. Nolin, S.J., Waubesa; J. Dollard, Uptergrove; A. O'Leary, Collingwood; J. R. Grant, Thornhill; W. Ryan, Stayner; P. Brunel, LaFontaine; T. Finnigan, Dixie; M. Wedlock, Pheasanton, Chas. Cantillon, Midland; J. T. Kidd, Toronto; H. Brunet and E. Geoffroy of Penetanguishene.

Madame Bourgoyne, sister of Father Laboureau, predeceased him only three months ago, and the last surviving relative is a grand-niece, Mrs. James Martin, and her husband, of Penetanguishene.

A rare worker in the vineyard of the Master is gone to his reward, but it will be long ere his work and memory are forgotten by those amongst whom he labored so long and devotedly. May he rest in peace.

Canon Jeremiah C. Moynihan, the oldest priest in Chicago, if not in the United States, died last week. Father Moynihan died of old age. He had no disease. On Saturday he was up, but on Sunday he complained of weakness and a physician was summoned. During the afternoon he was attended by priests from Holy Angels parish. The venerable priest was born May 3, 1808, in the little village of Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland. For over seventy years he lived in the United States, engaged in his priestly labors. Four years ago he retired but until two years ago he celebrated his daily Mass.

DOINGS IN THE ETERNAL CITY

On the last Tuesday in September in the Consistorial Hall His Holiness received the large and representative pilgrimage from Brazil, says "Rome," which has crossed five thousand miles of sea and ocean to congratulate him on his Golden Jubilee. At the head of the distinguished body was His Eminence Cardinal Arceve de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, Archbishop of Rio Janeiro, and among those present were Dr. Bruno Chaves, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Brazil to the Holy See, Mgr. De Souza, Bishop of Diamantina, Mgr. Da Silva-Britto, Bishop of Olinda, Mgr. Da Rego Maio, Archbishop of Nicopolis, with representatives of all the Brazilian dioceses, and of many associations. After the Holy Father had gone among the pilgrims he took his place on the throne and a strikingly eloquent address was read by Cardinal Albuquerque, to which the Pope replied as follows:

"I am grateful to Your Eminence for the sentiments you have expressed not only in your own name and in the name of all present here to-day, but also of all my children, throughout Brazil, on the occasion of my sacerdotal Jubilee. I am grateful to you all for the prayers you have offered up for me that God may bestow on me the graces necessary to enable me to govern the Church. I am grateful for the protestations of affection and devotion that you have made, and for your condemnation of the iniquity of those who although children of the Church continue to be ungrateful to her. I thank you for the consolation you have afforded me by describing how much alive the faith is in your country and how all Brazilians treasure the faith of their fathers and keep ever aloft the banner of religion—all this consoling information brings me comfort and consolation these days when the Church has to weep over the indifference and the unbelief of so many who are tottering in the faith and abandoning it. To you, beloved children from Brazil, special thanks are really due from me for having come such an immense distance to testify your devotion to the Apostolic See and that of whom you have left behind you at home. My chief recommendation to you in return is this: Keep the faith you have received and heed not the insinuating accents of the enemy of all that is good—and convey this message from me to those you represent at home. But at the same time remember—always that faith without good works is dead, and that it is idle for us to call ourselves Christians if we do not observe the laws of Christian life, to proclaim that we have been baptized and to live as though the waters of baptism had never washed us. Pay all due respect and obedience to your ecclesiastical authorities and show yourself reverent to all who in any way represent God to you in this world. Respect the laws of your country, and remember that you will not do this without respecting the laws of God. Give to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and thus you will be at the same time good citizens and good Christians. Cultivate the love of children for their parents, of husbands for their wives, of the rich for the poor, of masters for those under them, and strive always to be happy in the state in which God has placed you." His Holiness then gave his apostolic blessing to all present.

Last Saturday and Sunday the Holy Father gave himself two of the greatest treats of the Jubilee year, first by assisting at the athletic display in the Court of the Belvedere, and then by receiving and addressing all the athletes in the Hall of the Beatifications in the Vatican. Even the old Romans declare they never witnessed such a splendid spectacle as that presented to their eyes last Sunday morning, all the way from St. Mary Major's to the Vatican. For after an early Mass, celebrated by Cardinal De Lai, three thousand young men and boys, wearing the costumes of their different clubs, with bands playing and banners flying, marched proudly through the streets of the Eternal City, and the people who came out in tens of thousands to see them pass along the route, cheered them lustily all the way in sheer pleasure at the sight of their ardent young faces and healthy young bodies. The Codification of Canon Law and the Condemnation of Modernism are great events in the pontificate of Pius X., but it must not be forgotten also that his words uttered two years ago have called into existence a love for open-air games which was practically non-existent in Italian schools until then. Last Sunday Count Cargna, President of the Federation of Catholic Associations, was able to say to His Holiness: "Although less than two years old, our Federation, which came into being under the paternal auspices of Your Holiness and with your repeated encouragements, both moral and material, has already traveled a long way towards its goal. It consists already of more than a hundred clubs which, through the assiduous care of the clergy and of fervent Catholics, unite harmoniously religious, moral, and intellectual with physical education, in conformity with the classical motto of our fathers: Mens sana in corpore sano."

This week the Holy Father received a delegation of his Palatine Guard, composed of all classes of Roman citizens, who offered him a very rich and handsome present for his Jubilee. The presentation was made by the Commandant of the Palatine Guard, Count Pecci, nephew of Pope Leo XIII.

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

What the English Papers Are Saying About the Eucharistic Congress.

The Eucharistic Congress is over, says the New York Freeman's Journal. The promoters of it—especially Archbishop Bourne of Westminster—are to be congratulated; for though it was, through a blunder of the British Government, shorn of its crowning honor of the carrying of the Eucharistic Presence publicly in the streets of London, that very prohibition has awakened attention to a wrong that needs resistance—a remnant of the Penal Laws that still stands between God's mercy and the English people. The whole London Press is still discussing it. Some of the papers, like "The Manchester Guardian," "The Morning Post," and "The Daily Chronicle," defend the Government's action in invoking an obsolete statute to prevent the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. But the majority of the daily and weekly journals express indignation at the ungracious and illiberal and tyrannical attitude the prohibition forced on the English people as a whole.

Following are some of the criticisms of the leading journals of London: The London "Nation" says: "We hear much of the duty of Governments. A primal duty of a Liberal Government is to see fair play, and to be, if necessary, stricter in the application of its general principles of tolerance when the practice of a religious ceremony is in question. The impression made by Protestants who try to stop a procession of the Host by threatening to 'bring it to ground,' is that they are frightened of the advance of Catholicism. But if they can devise no better way of combating it than by threats of force, they will find no friends among thoughtful people, among those who believe that all religions have elements of good in them, and that the essence of religious appeal must be to the enlightened reason of man. It would have been better if the Catholics had yielded when the renebrance of the Act of 1829 and the proclamation of 1852 was revived. But they cannot be very seriously blamed for thinking that the England of 1908 had grown out of the fears that embowered a tardy Act of civil emancipation nearly 80 years ago. Having allowed them to think so when the procession was announced and organized, the Government were certainly under some obligation to see them through. But we are not concerned for the Catholics. They are likely to gain more from the frustration of the procession than they could have hoped to secure from the peaceful holding of it. What we dislike is the bowing of the Government before a threat of violence to a minority of its subjects, linked with the idea that the prevailing form of religion can suffer by the parade of the Symbol of the Faith that the nation as a whole has renounced."

The London "Truth": "I do not understand the action of the Prime Minister and his colleagues in this business (says 'Truth' in an article headed 'No Popery!' in 1908'). From the public point of view it is immaterial whether the proposed procession was one of Catholics, or Salvationists, or unemployed, or suffragists. All that the Government is concerned with is the preservation of order, which is primarily the business of the police, and the only ground on which the promoters of a public procession could legitimately be asked to abandon their intention would be that the police anticipated from it disturbance which they would be unable to repress. I do not believe there was a shadow of reason for expecting anything of the kind. Merely to say that the Eucharistic procession might excite the feelings of Rabid Protestants to such a degree that they could not restrain themselves from violence is an argument unworthy of attention. I might as well say that the Suffragettes ought not to be allowed to march to Hyde Park because I have a conscientious objection to women's suffrage, and the sight of a banner inscribed 'Votes for Women' might provoke me to breach of the peace. A public man might as well object to a procession in support of the Licensing Bill because the thought of the widows and orphans of brewery shareholders might impel him to throw rotten eggs at the demonstrators. The answer to such nonsense is that the people who live in a free country must learn to control their feelings when their neighbors do things distasteful to them which they have a lawful right to do, and that if they cannot exercise such control for themselves, the police will do it for them. A few years ago Salvation Army processions used to provoke rowdy crowds to assault the processionists and break their instruments. The law interfered, not to stop the processions, but to protect them. Raging the Salvationists has consequently become an extinct pastime; yet a Salvation Army band remains as great a trial to the nerves of many people as a Catholic procession bearing the consecrated Host can possibly be to the religious susceptibilities of the most fanatical Protestant. It is absurd to suggest that the Metropolitan Police would have been incapable of protecting the Westminster procession against any handful of Protestant fanatics who might be disposed to interfere with them; and it would never have occurred to Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Asquith to appeal to the Archbishop to abandon the procession had the Protestants not supplied them with a pretext by invoking the musty law on the subject of Roman Catholic ceremonial in public places. It is this appeal to the law both by the Protestants and the Government—and a Liberal Government,

too!—that astonishes us and most other people. The law invoked is utterly repugnant to the ideas of the present day, and to enforce it would be to ensure its repeal at an early date. . . . Politicians are not usually moved by deep religious sympathies or convictions, and it may be that Mr. Asquith deemed it expedient to take a course gratifying to Protestant sentiment. If so, he may find that he has put the Liberal money on the wrong horse. Had he on the other hand desired to do Protestantism a disservice, he has been eminently successful. The action of the Government has given the English Romanists an opportunity of exhibiting themselves in an attitude which must command general respect and sympathy—bowing with dignity to the authority of the State and submitting gracefully to a great injustice in deference to the assurance of the Prime Minister that they are thereby serving the public interests. The Protestants have gained their point, but the honors of war and the moral victory are with the Catholics."

"The Jewish World" says: "We have no great love for the Roman Catholic faith. But we cannot help expressing our regret that the great procession in connection with the Eucharistic Congress should have been interfered with by the Government in so intolerant a fashion. The fact that a handful of extreme Protestants, calling into their aid an obsolete law, should be able to impose their will upon the authorities proves that as yet religious toleration is by no means an assured thing in this country. We Jews, therefore, who have known what it is to struggle for the barest shadow of indulgence all over the world, cannot be indifferent when we see the members of another faith treated in an unequal fashion. We trust that the bigots will not be allowed another opportunity of exercising their will, but that the law will speedily be amended so as to render religious freedom something more of a living reality in this 'land of the free.'"

The London "Academy" says: "This most inept of Governments surely surpassed its own contemptible record last week. The intervention of Mr. Asquith at the last moment in the arrangements of the Eucharistic Congress, and his surrender to an insignificant and intellectually negligible body of ignorant and malignant fanatics, seem almost incredible. Truly it ne manquet que cela; it was necessary that Mr. Asquith should show, once for all, to what length he was prepared to go in deference to mob clamor. It was necessary for the instruction of those who have not yet realized the depths of degradation to which under his leadership this country has been reduced that this surrender to the vilest should take place, and that it should take place in the most abject and despicable manner. Mr. Asquith's petty attempt to put pressure on Archbishop Bourne to make him abandon the procession bearing the Holy Sacrament, while concealing his (Mr. Asquith's) responsibility for its abandonment, would be laughable, were it not contemptible. Mr. Asquith's communication, if you please, 'was purely confidential, and must not be published.' If Mr. Asquith, in putting pressure on the Archbishop to abandon a ceremony which had been arranged with Mr. Asquith's full knowledge and with the consent and support of the Home Office months ago, was doing a righteous and proper thing, why did he desire that his communication should be kept private? The lamb-like innocence of imagining that such a momentous step could be kept private is obvious enough, but what of the state of mind of a man who says in effect: 'I am Prime Minister; I have at the last moment in deference to representations made by the Protestant Alliance, Mr. Kensit, and other enlightened people, changed my mind as to the desirability of this procession. It must not take place, but please don't let anyone know that I am responsible for stopping it?' Is this the language of a man who is doing his duty and who is performing an unpleasant task in deference to a sense of what is right and his own responsibility? . . . one is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Asquith's last performance is simply on a par with his other political performances. In other words, his eleventh-hour prohibition of the procession was merely another vote-catching device. Mr. Asquith reckoned that his dear Nonconformist friends would be pleased, and that his action would be a valuable party scoop. To bring about this desirable consummation he was perfectly ready to outrage the feelings and wound in their tenderest place the susceptibilities of a few million Roman Catholics, and to ruin in the eyes of the world the reputation of this country for hospitality, tolerance, and liberality. Once again we believe Mr. Asquith has woefully miscalculated the nature of his determination to believe against all evidence that the people with votes are heartless, ruthless and vindictive persons, who have neither sense of justice nor conscience, and whose only object in politics is to make their opponents suffer, is a dismal and foolish fallacy. We doubt if his cruel and cowardly attack on the Eucharistic Congress has won him a single friend outside the ranks of the Protestant Alliance. We believe that people of all parties are, on the whole, united in sympathy with the Roman Catholics on this occasion, and we believe that Mr. Asquith is looked upon by London in this respect at the best as a tiresome meddler. The average Londoner looked on at the progress of this great spiritual manifestation with respectful sympathy. He was impressed by the gentle earnest beauty of the movement, and he no more desired to see the procession inter-

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TWO TEXTS. Here is a text for to-day— You may work out the sermon and preach it: If the goal were not far, far away, Who would keep up the struggle to reach it? If the prize might be won for the taking, How long would its value remain? If the work that we do were denied us We would work, though the angels should chide us, And gloat o'er each task we might gain.

Here is a text for to-day— You may build up a sermon around it; Leave the world, when you journey away, As rich as it was when you found it; For that which it gives you give something; Sit not in the highways to grieve, And remember that great are the pleasures; And remember that rich are the treasures; The poorest among us receive! To feel the freshness of the opening year, The joy of swelling buds and springing grass; To see the flame-like crocus lift its spear; To trace God's footsteps shining where they pass.

IN PRAISE OF WALKING. If women would only learn to walk! exclaims Busybody, in the Catholic Standard and Times. The mother of a young "eradic-and-crib family" finds it difficult to get time and opportunity for the brisk daily walk, which she, of all women, needs most. Unless she has a wholly trustworthy lieutenant to take care of the precious babies, she must needs "walk lazy" when she walks abroad at all, keeping pace with the slow motion of a baby carriage or with the delaying steps of toddling little feet. Bachelor maids, childless wives and mothers of grown-up children lack the divinely retarding excuse of the young mother. Seventy-five women in every hundred could give at least an hour a day to the health giving walk. As a matter of fact, scarcely any American woman in a hundred ever walks for the pleasure and benefit of walking. "Short rides" enrich the trolley companies and impoverish the health of the riders. Most women deem six blocks—half a mile—a long walk, whereas six miles do not make too long a "stint" for any normal human being. But are non-walkers normal? Are they not dyspeptic, peevish, heavy-witted, nervous, infirm of purpose? The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet," says Emerson. This is true of woman rather than of man.

The nagging, neurotic woman, the overtrained, neurotic man could walk all their troubles away if they would. But no; five-cent trolley passenger and \$5,000 motorist follow the same logic: "Feet are useless when wheels are available." And the insane asylums, hospitals and cemeteries are crowded with the remains of these whirlwind logicians. Americans are amusingly afraid to be thought "cheap." This may be a leading reason why walking—which costs just nothing at all—is not more popular in the land where the dollar-mark is the test of merit. These are our "halcyon days." The glorious Indian summer makes up for all the climatic faults of the year. "In that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of Indian summer, the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields," says the Sage of Concord. "To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough." Away from the city streets to "the gates of the forest" an October walk reveals a thousand delights. "We have crept out of our close crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. The tempered light of the woods is like perpetual morning, stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. . . These enchantments are medicinal; they sober and heal us."

According to statistics, the rate of longevity in perfect health of mind and body is highest in the rural districts of Ireland, where men and women of ninety-odd are willing—and able, because willing—to walk five miles to Mass every morning. In the South of Ireland especially, where a large proportion of the people are of Spanish ancestry, with the tropical coloring and easy grace of the Iberians and the vigorous agility of the Gaels, one sees old women of eighty, "grand walkers entirely," whose bright eyes, clear complexions and lissome figures might well be envied by the faded, "footless," wheel-bound American woman of thirty.

REVERENCE. In "Luke Delmege," by Father Sheehan, occurs a passage suggestive to every parent and teacher. Luke was established in Rossmore. He had found that the village children bore no resemblance to the children with whom he had experience before, their respectful attitude, their reverence in church, their ready deference to the aged and infirm, were very unlike the ordinary rampant and heedless boisterousness of youth. He did not know how to account for this till one day he visited the school. The children were assembled, and he heard the master, a grave man of middle years, saying: "Reverence is the secret of all religion and happiness. Without reverence, there is no faith, no hope, no love. Reverence is the motive of each of the commandments of Sinai—reverence of our neighbor, reverence of ourselves. Humility is founded upon it, piety is conserved by it, purity finds in it its shield and its buckler. Reverence for God and all that is associated with Him, His ministers, His temple, His services—that is religion. Reverence for our neighbor, his person, his goods, his

chattels—that is honesty. Reverence for ourselves—clean bodies and pure souls—that is chastity. Satan is Satan, because he is irreverent. There never was an infidel but he was irreverent and a mocker. The jester, the mime, the loud laughter and the scoffer have no part in the Kingdom. Respectful attitudes betoken reverence. They are the symbols of something deeper and higher. . . Here he saw Luke, and he said, without changing his voice, 'Children, the priest is here.' The children raised their heads gently and bowed toward Luke (they were already standing). 'Why do you insist so much upon reverence?' said Luke, 'it seems to be the burden of all your teaching.' 'Because I think, sir,' replied the master, 'that it is the secret of all religion, and therefore of all nobleness.' . . . 'And you think it so necessary?' 'I think it the first necessity for our race and for our times.'

A CASE OF HONOR. Emily Wright, summoned to Mr. Davis' private office, had no presentiment of ill, indeed, walking up through the bright spring morning, she had been unusually happy and full of eager plans. She knew that she was doing good work, and her thoughts had run upon the possibility of a promotion, and what she could do then for her sister and little Donald. So she waited, cheerful and alert, for Mr. Davis' orders. Three minutes later she walked slowly down the corridor. Dismissed! She never had thought of the possibility of such a thing, not once. One week's more work, and then the old heart-sickening search again. She could have a good recommendation—the best—but even with that, to find another situation in July—

Ethel Carse, pretty and careless and meaning to be kind, looked up as Emily walked back to her desk. "Have they fired you?" she asked. "It's a shame! They always do lay off the latest comers in July, but they missed it in giving you a walking-ticket. I'd like to tell Mr. Davis so."

"Oh, no!" Emily gasped. "Oh, I shan't, you needn't fear. I am afraid of my life with him, but I'd like to. If I were you, I wouldn't hurt myself with work this week, that's all."

It was Emily's own first impulse—not indeed in retaliation, but from sheer heart-sickness; but presently she pulled herself together. "I am paid for the week's work, I must give honorable service," she said to herself, sternly. And so, because honorable service meant to her tasks regardless of time, she stayed beyond her hour several nights that week. "Miss Wright, what are you doing here?" "Finishing this work—it came in the last mail," Emily replied. "Are you not to leave Saturday?" "Yes," the girl answered briefly. The question seemed needlessly cruel. "Yet you are staying overtime?" Emily looked at him gravely. "My work is here until Saturday night," she said. Mr. Davis' keen glance flashed from her face to her copy, perfect in each detail. "Miss Wright," he said, "I am going to take the responsibility of asking you, for the company, to continue your services with us. We can better afford to lose a little in money than to lose one who so honors her trust—and herself."

Out in the summer evening Emily walked home with shining eyes. It was good, oh, so good! to have the place, but underneath was something better. She had not failed herself.—Youth's Companion. YOUNG GIRLS AND BAD COMPANY. Boys are not the only mortals that bad company ruins. No person can withstand or resist the evil influence of bad companionship. Parental influence cannot check it. No virtue is so strong, no intelligence or education so superior or enlightened as not to fall a victim to the baneful influence of evil companionship. The proverb says: "Tell me with whom you associate and I will tell you who you are." Or, again, "Companionship is among likes or makes likes." This being so, therefore should the greatest vigilance be exercised in this respect. St. Augustine says: "Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood."

WHEN YOU ARE TIRED. Don't grit your teeth and work harder. Ease up a little. Don't talk any more than you can help. Talking takes vitality. Lie down in a dark place if only for fifteen minutes. Don't read anything in which you are not interested. Don't feel that everything must be done in one day. There are 364 more. Realize that it is better to leave things undone than overdo yourself. Avoid people and their woes at that time. Seek some one frivolous. Don't try to improve yourself. Give your mind a rest. And don't forget that a little lemon juice in cold water in the morning is a great help.

THE SAYING OF PRAYERS. You ask how prayers said over and over again like the rosary can be any good. I saw young Mrs. Martin last week with her little girl in her lap.

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She had her arms around her mother's neck and was being rocked to and fro, and every time she rocked she said "Oh, mother." True, she was only a child; but "Except ye become as little children"—We are nothing more than children with God and His Blessed Mother. To say "Hail Mary, Hail Mary," is the best way of telling her how much we love her. And then this string of beads is like Our Lady's girdle and her children love to finger it and whisper to her. And we say our pater noster, too; and all the while we are talking she is showing us pictures of her dear Child, and we look at all the great things He did for us, one by one; and then we turn the page and begin again. How tender and simple it is! A great Mother whose girdle is of beads strung together which dangle into every Christian's hands; whose face bends down over every Christian's bed.—Robert Hugh Benson.

Any person who drinks 25c. tea and once tastes 30c. "Salada" will see that it is not only finer in flavor, but that as one pound makes many more cups, it is economical to use.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterwards that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove, as every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.—Dumb Animals.

more than ten thousand people during which thousands of communions are distributed. The Eucharist, the communion, the love of the Tabernacle—these all constitute the sacred fire, which it is our duty to preserve. We feel it, above all in the heart of our childhood and youth, so that we may assure to our country, oppressed by the enemy of good, a future of perfect faith. This will be the lesson and the resolution which I take away with me from this Congress, and like every Catholic, I shall nurse in my heart an unconquerable hope for the return of the whole of England to the feet of Jesus Christ.

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

James A. Young, St. Paul, Minn. (Boston Pilot.)

The recent death in St. Paul, Minn., of Mr. James A. Young, a leading merchant of that city and an old-time friend of the Pilot, makes opportune the re-printing of the following item which appeared in the Pilot in 1893, taken from the N. W. Chronicle:

"The death in this city on the 20th inst. of Mr. James A. Young's mother recalls the case of a couple of conversions which took place some thirty-five years ago, and which exhibited again the perfection and beauty of God's wonderful ways. About the time mentioned, Mrs. Young, then a non-Catholic living in the city of Quebec, Canada, was taken with a severe illness which seemed likely to prove fatal. For better treatment she was sent to a hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Here she was not only restored to health, but what was of much more

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the holder to a free package of our special Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea. To MRS. ST. TOWN.

Noted Convert Dead. Mrs. Carrie Shean, of Los Angeles, Cal., who died last week, was a convert from Methodism. A nurse by profession, she came in contact with many Catholics. Administering to the sick and dying, day and night, she learned to understand the happiness, contentment and peace exhibited by the Catholics in their dying moments on the one hand and then the uncertainty, alarm and fear of those who faced death without any fixed faith or belief. Death bed scenes were the principal cause of her conversion.

"May now the Christian nations seek the protection of Mary with an ardor growing greater every day; let them cling more and more to the practise of the rosary, to that devotion which our ancestors were in the habit of practising, not only as an ever-ready remedy for their misfortunes, but as a badge of Christian piety."—Pope Leo XIII.

Ignorance is a Curse.—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habits. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any disagreement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

Archbishop Bruchesi on Canada. You ask me as to the position at this moment of the Catholics of Canada. I cannot do better than repeat to you what I said at one of the great gatherings of the Congress. I was referring to the expectation of a Eucharistic Congress to be held in Canada, and I begged my hearers to remember that in the old Province of Quebec in our towns and above all in our country districts, our faith has a reality all its own. Those who do not fulfil their Easter devotions are the exceptions to the general rule. Frequent communion, long held in honor, has become universal under the earnest recommendation of Pius X. Daily Communion is practised in our communities, and even among the scholars of the colleges and boarding schools. Associations of day and night adorations are flourishing. The devotion of the first Friday of each month and of the Forty Hours have a particular hold on the hearts of the people. Our procession of the Petre Dieu are every year true national omissions, taking place in our large towns with perfect freedom, and under the protection of the civil authorities; and finally at Notre Dame of Montreal, on the 1st of January, by virtue of the special permission of the Sovereign Pontiff, the year is opened by a mid-night High Mass, in the presence of the exposed Host, before

importance, she was, through the example of the good Sisters, led to see the weakness of the faith she had lived in up to that time, and before leaving the hospital, had the happiness of being received into the Church of God.

"She had a son in this country, who hearing of the illness of his mother, hastened to see her. He had her for a short time, and as he was hurrying to her bedside, he deliberated with himself as to how he should make known what he had kept hidden. As soon as he reached her the rejoicing mother told her boy of God's great goodness to her. Judge of her surprise when he informed her that by a special grace he too had been brought into the one fold of the Good Shepherd—this was the secret he had hesitated to tell her. What a happy day that must have been for both mother and son! Some twenty-five years ago she came to live with this son, now bound to her by ties which he had been before a stranger, and she continued to make his home hers till called to her home eternal. Up to death, she led a life exemplary in every Christian virtue, daily thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift for having directed her to the fountain of endless joy. A life thus spent always receives its reward even on earth. Three generations of loved ones watching at her bedside assisted in bringing joy to her departing hours. May she rest in peace." It is but proper to add that the life of the son was to the close, also in the highest degree beautiful and exemplary.

LIVER COMPLAINT. The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels. Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, yellow complexion, yellow eyes, itchy coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc. Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY of Padua Dear Reader.—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help...

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

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

Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received...

Address—Father Gray, Catholic Mission Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

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—Pope Pius X.

TORONTO, OCT. 29TH, 1908.

THE LAMBETH CONGRESS.

In a lecture delivered by a clergyman of the Church of England a few days ago in the school room of one of the churches of that denomination in Toronto, the subject of which was "the recent Pan-Anglican Congress," the lecturer is reported as having said that "in his opinion that Congress was the greatest religious gathering ever held." "There were present," the lecturer said, "235 Bishops and 1,000 delegates, representing in all 251 dioceses throughout the world," and 25,000 persons assembled every night to listen to the deliberations.

We have no desire to minimize the importance of this gathering at which there were present so many gentlemen of high respectability, and for the most part of amiable character, and who are regarded by their coreligionists as men worthy of the highest veneration.

The Conference or Congress passed seventy-eight resolutions, having reference to various subjects of religious interest, such as the observance of the Lord's Day, the inducements which it is proper to hold out that there may be a continuous supply of young men to study for the ministry, the evils which follow from a disregard of the sanctity of marriage; but on all these questions, and in fact, on all the questions dealt with by the Congress, a damper is thrown by the candid admission of the delegates that they have no legislative authority, and therefore they can do no more than recommend their resolutions to their clientele. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of the dignified character of this Episcopal and Lay delegation admit that this is a very weak point in the proceedings of the great Lambeth gathering.

How different from all this were the proceedings of the first Council of the whole Church held at Jerusalem 1,857 years ago, an account of which is given in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 15. A question had arisen, owing to the contention of certain Judaizing Christians that the converts to the Christian religion coming from the Gentiles should be circumcised according to the Jewish Law. Saints Paul and Barnabas opposed this, and the Council sustained them, decreeing that no such burden should be imposed though a penitential decree was passed at the same time requiring that all Christians should abstain from blood and things strangled. The latter decree was revoked by the Church in the course of time, but the decree abolishing circumcision has been the law of the Church down to the present day, for the Apostles spoke with the authority which Christ conferred upon them when He said: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth," and "As the Father hath sent me so do I send you." (St. Matt. xxviii. 18; St. John xx. 22.)

At the Council of Nice held A.D. 325, almost 16 centuries ago, there were 318 Bishops besides a large body of clergy of lower rank. At this Council was decided once for all time the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ which had been denied by the Arian heretics, and the work thus effected has been perpetuated in the Church of Christ, the Creed of Nice being repeated in the Mass every Sunday and important festival to the present day. Did the Lambeth Congress do a more important work than this? Surely not, for it did not even attempt to quell the many discordant doctrines which rend the Church of England and the other Churches which have sprung from her in America, Australia, Africa, etc. In what respect then can that Congress be called the most important Church gathering ever held, a gathering which could not say for its decrees what the Apostles said at Jerusalem, and their successors at Nice: "This hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us."

The ablest defenders of the Church

of England and the Churches which have sprung from it, have repeatedly said in Parliament and in the Church papers that these Churches are in a hopeless condition of "Lawlessness" and what has the Lambeth Congress done toward effecting a cure? Absolutely nothing. And is this the greatest Church gathering ever held?

But now we must admit that the Conference did one thing toward unity of faith—or perhaps we should rather say toward unity of Non-Faith. It has practically abolished the Athanasian Creed! This Creed and the Creed of Nice are two of the greatest bulwarks of religion against Rationalism and Deism which have been built up by the Church of God during the nineteen centuries of its existence. They are two of the three Creeds referred to in the 8th of the 39 Articles of Anglicanism, that they "Ought thoroughly to be received and believed; for they may be proved by most certain warrants of holy Scripture."

Now, the Congress has declared that each Church therein represented may use or reject the Athanasian Creed from the Liturgy as it sees fit. Who is so blind as not to see that the purpose of this "decree," or rather "resolution," is to abolish in due time the belief in Christ's Divinity and the Oneness of His Personality? The Christian Faith has been handed over to the Canon Hensons and Rev. Dr. Crapsey of that English Church, to be mutilated as they think advisable.

THE MONTH OF THE ANGELS.

On the second day of October comes the feast of the Guardian Angels, whilst the close of that month is marked by that of the Archangel Raphael. We can, therefore, say of the month now drawing to a close, that it is more than any other the month of the Angels. It is most appropriate that this month should not pass without a reference to what St. Paul styles "ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation." (Heb. i. 14.)

In the Apostles' Creed we express our belief in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. Now, as earth here includes the multitudinous forms and gradations of life with which this sphere overflows, the natural and inevitable conclusion is that heaven too must have its fill of life as much higher and more varied than that of earth as it is above earth. The creative goodness which shows its power and wisdom by the wondrous and teeming life of earth, must have enriched heaven's brightness with a tide of glorious life appropriate to it. Hence the Nicene Fathers, unfolding the Apostles' Creed, added the words "of all things visible and invisible" to the first Article thereof. Here we are given to understand that this visible world with its almost endless gradations of life is only one part of God's creation, and that beyond it stretches an invisible world of beings altogether removed from material conditions, of beings who like their Maker, are unseen yet seeing, beings of a purely spiritual nature.

The very study of nature itself would therefore lead us to the existence of innumerable higher forms of that intellectual life on the first verge of which we find ourselves here below. Here, as elsewhere, revelation comes to the aid of reason, enlarging and clarifying its vision. A glimpse of the invisible world is afforded us, and we behold it peopled with inhabitants of a purely intellectual order, spirits without a body, some all bright with a light of which that of star and sun can give us no conception, others dark with a terrible gloom compared with which earth's most pitchy darkness would be cheerful. The bright ranks are the spirits who remained true to their Creator in the hour of trial. To them the name "angels," which means messengers, is given, because as a reward of their fidelity God employs them to carry out His most important errands, associates them with Him in His councils, His plans, His glory. One of their offices is to thwart the malice of those who were once their associates in grace but fell therefrom because of their rebellion. These latter seek the ruin of man created to take the places they have forfeited. They are permitted by God to tempt us, in order that by defeating them we add to their confusion and merit glory for ourselves. The angels are not unsympathetic spectators of this struggle. They know what it means, for they have themselves fought and won. At all times they are with us bringing their inspiration into our daily lives. Their influence for good avails us far more than the efforts of their fallen comrades make for our harm. When we heed them not, and listen to the suggestions of our enemies and theirs, they do not abandon us, but seek to bring us back to God and rejoice when they see us kneeling devoutly at His feet.

What an encouragement to us in our daily struggles it should be to realize that those blessed spirits who fought the good fight and won are constantly at our side! They have taught us some of our most inspiring prayers, our Gloria and our Sanctus. How grateful we should be to our Heavenly Father for their com-

panionship! They bring something of the atmosphere of Heaven into our lives here. And in return we should strive to give them a reflexion of their heavenly home by doing our Father's will here below with some little of the holy joy with which they do it in the kingdom of His glory.

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Through all the ages a rule of faith wherewith to test his allegiance has been given to man. In the Garden of Eden the first man was told "of all trees save this thou mayest eat, but on the day in which thou eatest of the forbidden fruit thou shalt surely die." Afterwards there were "Moses and the Prophets," who taught the Children of Israel those things which Jehovah wished them to know, and since the days of the coming of the Messiah, there has been another rule, but one upon which there is such diversity of opinion, that as a result we have the hundreds of so-called religions of the present day.

A RULE OF FAITH.

Until lately the majority of non-Catholics, calling themselves Christians, maintained that the Scriptures and these alone were the rule by which men were to be guided. "Search the Scriptures" and enlightenment followed. Now, however, the "higher criticism" has swept away from under the feet of thousands of those who once pinned their faith to the Scriptures, the rock to which they clung.

Because the Church always maintained that the Scriptures of themselves were not sufficient, she has been reproached and charged with want of reverence towards the Sacred writings. Now it is seen that the Catholic Church and she alone, is consistent in her attitude towards the Revealed Word, because she in the twentieth century as in the first, reverences, preserves and studies the Sacred book, while others who once protested that the Bible and it alone was sufficient, now find themselves miserably stranded.

To the logically minded this is not surprising. No book of itself is a guarantee of its own authenticity. The Bible might be spurious or authentic, and that it is either must be decided by some body outside itself. The pronouncement to have weight must come from an undoubted source—in other words the pronouncement must have an infallible origin. Where is this origin to be found? Throughout the whole wide world to-day there is only one body that claims the virtue of infallibility, and that body is the one, holy, Roman, Apostolic Church of God, and consequently it is she alone with whom the decision as to the authenticity of the Scriptures rests. This decision was made long ago, and while she gives to the Holy Scriptures her imprimatur as the revealed word of God, she does not give them the title of the sole rule or guide of Faith. This she reserves for herself, and this on the authority of Him Who throughout the ages shall be known as the Divine Teacher.

Before the time of Our Lord and then there were the Old Scriptures, but while Our Lord read and discussed there He did not command them to be distributed in order to sow the seed of His doctrines, but He said to His messengers, "Go, teach all nations, whatsoever I have taught you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Those to whom Our Lord spoke were His apostles and disciples. Obeying Him, they spread themselves over the earth, teaching whatsoever had been taught them. Those to whom they spoke in turn taught others, and so the work went on from then until now. At the time of Our Lord the New Testament was not written. It was the Apostles and others who later wrote the gospels, epistles, etc., termed the New Testament. Thus it would have been impossible at the beginning that the religion of Christianity should have been taught through means of the Sacred writings. The Church makes use of the Scriptures, but not as an entire rule of Faith. The religion established by Our Lord while upon earth has come down to us in many ways, through tradition, the writings of the Fathers and the Sacred Scriptures, and it is the office of the Church, as the only infallible guide, to decide the authenticity of all calling themselves such, and to give them to her children for their guidance.

The fallacy of claiming the Bible as the sole rule of Faith is now made manifest for many of those who cling to this doctrine in the past, having been disturbed by the ruthless advocates of the modern criticism, have

been shorn of every vestige of certainty and are now rudderless and wrecked on the tempestuous sea of doubt. To have certainty we must have infallibility and nowhere on earth does this exist, and nowhere on earth is any claim made for it, save and except in the Ark of the one, Catholic, Roman and Apostolic Church.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT.

We have but to direct the attention of our readers to a new department opened in this issue on page 7, to find for it many interested readers. It is edited by the students of St. Michael's College, and in its first appearance deals with subjects that touch upon things that will meet the hearty hand-clasp of affection in places near and remote. St. Michael's College in its life of over half a century, represents in its output those who have filled and are to-day filling, positions in every sphere of life, where the culture of intellect and the highest development of the physical, moral and religious, are of value. The students in their columns of the Catholic Register, will form for themselves a chain, linking past with present and connecting those children at a larger growth who are continuing their studies in the greater school of life, with the ranks of ardent youth, from amongst whose members shall go out weekly the home letters of the Alma Mater.

We hope for St. Michael's column a long reign, and predict for it an ever growing clientele of affectionate and interested readers.

COMMUNICATION

To The Catholic Register:

Your readers were taken by me in my last communication from the tender beauty of the Green Isle to the rush and roar and smoke of that great vortex of the world's commercial activity, London. From what was then said of its vastness, it will be evident that for anything worthy of the name of a study of its manifold phases of life and places of interest, weeks would be required. As your correspondent had only three days there, he could not hope to begin to make the acquaintance of that mighty metropolis. At best he could only give a cursory glance at some points of special interest to him. These were Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Buildings, St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery and last, but not least, the new Westminster Cathedral and the Franco-British Exhibition. The Tower of London, also, had an interest for him but certainly not an attraction.

From his early school days Westminster Abbey had a charm for the present writer. Some delightful essays of Addison, describing his rambles in its cloisters and the tender melancholy awakened by its tombs, together with Washington Irving's exquisite composition on Westminster Abbey in the sketch-book, were mainly responsible for this feeling. Hence after an early Mass had been heard in Westminster Cathedral and a business visit paid in order to complete arrangements for the journey to Rome, your correspondent took the shortest route for the famous Abbey. He found it all that the pencil of the artist and the pen of genius had depicted. As many of your readers are aware, it is built in the form of a cross, its main entrance surmounted by two towers, the loftiness of which makes them conspicuous landmarks for some distance. In size, for harmony of proportions, in elaborateness and beauty of carving, it is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. This is particularly true of the most modern portion of the edifice, the chapel of Henry VII., which forms the head of the cross. When we bear in mind that this latest portion is four centuries old, we can form some idea of the venerable dignity which age has given to the rest of the building.

Never did your correspondent see anything in carving so exquisite as the exterior of Henry the Seventh's chapel. Its walls are covered with a network of tracery as elaborately beautiful as though it were the richest lacework. And yet there is nothing overdone or gaudy about this abundance of decoration. It is in perfect accord with the rest of the building. Whilst the dark hue imparted to the stone by centuries of dust and smoke seems to give a touch of pleasing severity to the richness of the carving.

Impressive, however, as the external appearance of Westminster Abbey is in its dusky grandeur and wealth of ornament, its interior more than fulfils the promise of its exterior. Your correspondent was lucky enough to be in London when the sun was able to make itself effective through its smoke, and he never will forget a morning hour spent in Westminster Abbey when the sun was pouring through its windows. He was in the edifice on the previous evening when the sky was cloudy and the lofty arches towered dimly above him. But now the great shafts of sunlight, heavy with the dust of centuries which formed a golden haze, fell on the ribwork and tracery of roof and walls, and revealed the elaborate and exquisite finish of the work. Your correspondent gazed

upon the lofty aisles of Notre Dame in Paris; but the interior of that world-famous church is cold and plain compared to the beauty which that morning's sunshine revealed in Westminster Abbey.

Your correspondent regrets that he did not see the interior of Henry the Seventh's chapel, which contains the Coronation chairs and the royal tombs. His first visit was in the evening when the light was growing dim, and he determined to leave the chapel for the next morning. When he arrived next morning a service was going on in the Abbey. Your correspondent respected a notice, posted up conspicuously, which requested visitors not to move around during the service. Even without this notice he would have seen the discourtesy of such a proceeding. Others, however, paid very little attention to anything save sight-seeing, and the shuffle of feet and the buzz of conversation went on, to the evident annoyance of the worshippers. Worshippers, did I say! Worship is what is conspicuously absent there. The little group who assisted at the service, apart from those present out of curiosity, had the well-bred, decorous air of persons attending a sacred concert. The singing of the trained boy choir was beautiful. The rich tones of the organ harmonized admirably with the solemn grandeur of the place. But the whole affair sounded thin in the vastness of the mighty Abbey. It was an artistically beautiful service, but not one which would lift the soul to Heaven or send anyone to his knees. How different from those far-off days when every nook was filled with a kneeling multitude, when the light of the great altar penetrated every recess when Kyrie and Gloria and Sanctus and Agnus Dei rolled and swelled and reverberated along those lofty and gloriously carved aisles, when kings and knights and their retainers bowed as the Consecration bell told of the advent of the God-man on the altar. One could fancy these venerable walls hungering for the sights and sounds of long ago, yearning for that Presence which lighted the place day and night. Now the lamp has gone out, the incense cloud no longer rises; and instead of Mary's pure face and the warrior-clad form of the Archangel Michael, there is the visage of the man who cut his country's throat and wound up by cutting his own, Lord Castlereagh.

Such were the thoughts which stirred your correspondent as he sat for one whole hour through the aforesaid service, with a fine statue of God-father on one side of him, and one of Castlereagh on the other. The juxtaposition of the Englishman who sought to restore to Ireland the self-government of which a reptile son robbed her was highly suggestive, pointing out as it did that Ireland's worst enemies have been of her own household, whilst some of her best friends have been from outside her shores. The centuries long gone by seemed to rise before your correspondent. At intervals he would return from the past to the present, and wish that the service was over in order that he could move over to visit the famous chapel. But an hour passed and still the song continued. Your correspondent found that he could not wait any longer, and left with a decided prejudice against long week-day services.

The impression most dominant in his mind after that hour's experience was the total change from its original purpose that has taken place in the magnificent Abbey. It was a house of God, it is now a house of man. It was a temple, it is now a museum. It was the home of the living God; it is now the shrine of hero-worship. Nothing can better illustrate the change which has come over it than your correspondent's experience of that morning's service. It was followed with interest by a comparative handful; it was listened to with impatience by many who came to visit its tombs, and ignored altogether by the usual type of sight-seers. It was not the service they wanted, but the sights. The Abbey to them was not the house of God, but the resting place of England's illustrious dead. The glory of the Most High that once enveloped it as with a shining cloud had disappeared with the Altar, and the glory of man which is but dust, had taken its place.

Dust! yes everything was redolent of dust. The monuments which guarded the dust of the illustrious dead crowded one another. At every step the visitor stepped over the ashes of some one who in the eyes of friends or of the world once loomed up largely. Your correspondent was forcibly reminded of this as in his exploration he found his foot resting on a flag in the floor, and looking down, read the name of Sir Isaac Newton. The fact that the ashes of him whose genius soared to the heavens, discovered the law governing the movements of suns and planetary systems, and drew from the ocean waves the secret of their movements, reposed beneath that stone, gave to your correspondent the strongest thrill of emotion he felt in Westminster Abbey. Beside the slab which bore the name of Sir Isaac Newton was another bearing a name almost as illustrious, that of Lord Kelvin. Allied in genius, both were deeply religious, and splendid examples of the harmony of science in its highest flights with religion.

The comparison of the simple slabs covering the remains of these two of Science's greatest sons with some of the cumbersome monuments over titled nobodies suggests the need of pruning the too luxuriant crop of Abbey monuments. If interment in Westminster Abbey is a national tribute to genius, one is tempted to ask what business have those befrizzled and be-dandied statues of fashionable dames and dandies reclining on pompous monuments to be there? Nothing can be in worse taste than some of these tombs, which are utterly out of harmony with the place and provoke the cry: "Why cumber they the ground?"

One spot to which your correspondent fondly turned was Poet's Corner. The fact that the dust of very few of the poets whose names are commemorated there rests beneath, however, prevented him from experiencing the same thrill as that inspired by the graves of Newton and Kelvin. The Abbey of that name is not, however, the only historic spot with which the name Westminster is connected. Ward by is (Continued on page 5.)

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LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

London, Oct. 15, 1908.

Like that of St. Thomas at Canterbury, the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor in Westminster's glorious Abbey, has been despoiled of its magnificent surroundings, but we must be thankful that, unlike the churchman who was "an old Knight as well as a young Saint," the remains of the saintly King of England are still intact within the receptacle which pious hands prepared for him, though the silver and ivory statues of Our Lady which once looked down upon those mortal remains and the golden lamp which burnt continually before them, have long since passed into the coffers of a ruthless King.

But the centuries are powerless to dim the flame of faith which still burns before that shrine and beckons the faithful to gather about in prayer, as the rustling leaves of October begin to patter like sandaled feet around the walls of the old Abbey. Last Tuesday a continuous stream of Catholics encircled the tomb all day long with kneeling figures, telling their beads just as the pilgrims of the olden times used to do. But it was impossible not to keenly feel the difference in the atmosphere of the place. For various causes this year the Chapels of the Abbey were fuller than on any previous occasion. Outside in Parliament Square knots of malcontented, gangs of larikins, and small parties of genuine out-of-works had begun to gather quite early in the morning, and while waiting for something that might happen, these overflooded units of them mingled with the Americans, Canadians, schools, nuns, priests, and country cousins who were making their way as sightseers or pilgrims through the crowded aisles. From this rougher element came ignorant and disparaging comments upon the quiet kneeling figures about the Saint's tomb, while the constant pressure of people, rendered it very difficult to kneel.

OTTAWA NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

In celebration of the anniversary of Archbishop Duhamel's consecration, an assembly of all the canons in the Ottawa diocese, will be held shortly at the Basilica.

A semi-annual conference of all the French-speaking priests in the local district was held during last week, in Holy Redeemer Church, Hull, when eighteen were present. Mgr. Routhier, Vicar-General, presided, and Archbishop Duhamel was also in attendance. The purpose of the assembly is the consideration of matters of common interest in the local parishes.

The Brothers and students of La Belle Academy, to the number in all of over four hundred, were recently entertained to a most instructive lecture by Dr. R. H. Chevier, president of the Ottawa Valley Immigration Society. The lecturer outlined the vast resources of Canada, particularly its opportunities for settlers, not only in the far West, but also in Ontario and Quebec. The lecture was attended by many interesting statistics. Brother Philadelphus introduced the Doctor to the students.

Mrs. Eliza Corbell, wife of Mr. Stanislas E. Simon of Hull, and a niece of Mgr. Routhier, Vicar-General, passed away recently after an extended illness. Mrs. Simon, who was fifty-seven years of age, was a most prominent member of the various charitable organizations of Notre Dame de Grace parish, in which, by her zeal and direction, she had made many friends, and her death caused general sorrow. To mourn her there survives three brothers, Rev. Father S. J. Corbell, of the Archbishop's Palace; Rev. Father O. Corbell of Manchester, N.Y.; Rev. Father E. Corbell of La Tuque, Que.; three sisters, Rev. Sister Mary De Lorette of the Grey Nuns Community in Gatineau Point Convent; Mrs. Mathe, whose husband is manager of the Union Bank at Plantagenet, one son, Mr. Chas. A. Simon, and two daughters, the Misses Marie and Charlotte Simon, who reside at home. Mgr. Routhier, assisted by Rev. Father S. J. Corbell, officiated at the requiem service, Archbishop Duhamel presiding. The pall-bearers were Ald. H. Dupuis and Messrs. A. Caron, J. A. Laferrriere, B. Carriere, G. Ardouin, T. C. Carriere, P. H. Durocher and T. St. Jean.

LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

water, commences a series of celebrations to mark fittingly its sixtieth year of life. The Diocese gave us our present Archbishop, so it is fitting that he should be the first to grace the triduum of thanksgiving, and this he will do by presiding at to-night's solemn vespers and procession of the united choirs of London.

On Monday and Tuesday next the English pilgrimage starts for Rome. There are three sections. The first (no night travelling) and the third, start on the 19th, their ranks numbering about three hundred persons, including several Bishops. The second class, which has been the largest patronized section, leaves on Tuesday. Altogether the total number of the pilgrims will be something like 750, as many persons, who are travelling independently, are affiliating themselves to the pilgrimage on its arrival in Rome. I learn that it is not yet certain whether His Grace Archbishop Bourne will lead the pilgrimage, as at first intended. If he is prevented from so doing his place will be taken by the senior Bishop of the party, probably His Lordship of Birmingham.

The deputation will present to the Holy Father the Peter's Pence offering of England for the last five years, in addition to the magnificent collection of chalices, vestments, and altar linen which was exhibited before the close of the recent Congress, and which is mainly the offering of the ladies of England. While unable this year to join the pilgrimage, the writer hopes to give the Register's readers some slight sketches of the same, based upon knowledge of the places visited, and the letters of more leisureed friends who are accompanying it.

The Code of Pius X.

The end of the work of codifying the laws of the Church is in sight, says Rome—so clearly in sight that we are able to announce that in about six months from now all the Bishops who rule dioceses throughout the Catholic world will receive draft copies of the new Code of Pius X. After that more than a year and probably less than two years must elapse before the Code can be promulgated, because each of the Bishops will be asked to institute a study of the plan submitted to him, and having done this, to forward to Rome any observations he may have to make, especially those based on his experience of local needs and conditions. In this work the Bishops will, of course, avail themselves of the service of the best canonists in their diocese. In many respects this colossal work constitutes the chief of the great reforms which Pius X. set before himself in his programme "to restore all things in Christ." He had been only a few months in the chair of Peter when he published the famous document announcing his decision on the subject and on April 14, 1904, he appointed a Pontifical Commission to put it into execution.

It would be hard to find a better illustration than this of the character of the present Pontificate, of the great mind and practical energy of the Pontiff, and of the marvelous organization of the Catholic Church. The Holy Father meant the reform to be thorough in every sense. The new Code was not to be simply a catalogued collection of the laws of the Church—laws that were obsolete or obsolescent were to disappear, new laws required by present conditions were to be added, laws that differed in different countries without adequate reason were to be unified, laws that were set forth in obscure or ambiguous or antiquated or verbose phraseology were to be drawn up in clear terms. A truly immense task and one that might well have been supposed to require the assiduous labors of a generation of canonists. But Pius X. wanted to have the first draft of the new Code completed in

about five years, and in this as in every thing else he has set his hand to, he has been successful. Even death has seemed to spare every one of the Cardinals he selected to serve on the commission, although it has in the interval swept off almost one-third of the members of the Sacred College. These Cardinals are: Rampolla, Satolli, Genari, the two Vanuttelli, Agliardi, Cassetta, Cavicchioni, Merz del Val, Ferrata, Matthieu, Vivesy, Tuto and Segna. But the life and soul of the commission has been from the outset that indomitable worker Monsignor (now Cardinal) Gasparri, who is still its secretary. The consultants include such a brilliant body of canonists as perhaps was never before at the service of a Pope, men like Father Wrenz, now general of the Jesuits; Sebastinelli, Lega, Esser, Janssens, Van Rossum, Kaiser, Lepicier, Bastien, Bucceroni, Lombardi, Melata, Lugari and more than a score of others, nearly all of them authors of world-wide reputation, who have spent their lives in the study or practice of Canon Law.

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J. W. GREENWAY,
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to site and equipment. Of convents, monasteries and other religious houses the metropolis possesses over 170. Twenty-eight orders or congregations of men have one or more houses in London, and between sixty and seventy congregations of women. Several hundred priests are actively engaged in special work.

Edited by
St. Michael's
College Boys

College Column

The average boy's idea of a newspaper man is that of a benign old gentleman who peers at him over a pair of spectacles from behind a partition which separates the rest of the world from that abode of literary effort, "the sanctum."

That privileged character who enjoys at will "ball games and parties, inquests and hangings," has much at his command to excite envy in the heart of the small boy.

Even the larger boy sees in newspaper work something to be desired, which will help him in his future occupation. Some such idea inspired St. Michael's College boys to brave the elements of the unknown region behind the partition, but the committee in their tentative enquiries about newspaper space in the Catholic Register, found that awesome individual, the editor, quite approachable, and quite in sympathy with our experiment.

We are therefore indebted to the Catholic Register for this innovation in college literary work.

We are not going to talk big at the beginning. There are many and varied ideas about our departure from established lines of work. Just how these ideas will develop remains to be seen. Whether the process and the tedious one to the readers of the Register, we cannot say, but we hope to make it interesting.

Certainly there is no lack of interest within the college. Students and professors alike are awaiting the result, and we hope to interest our parents and friends similarly, thereby providing a stimulus for steady, increasing effort.

In a word we want to become, for the time being, newspaper men, in the hope of improving our literary composition, creating a new interest, rousing a new spirit, keeping in touch with our friends and establishing for our alumni a ready reference for the events and persons of their own day.

For the future the column will be a weekly feature of the Register, thanks to the kindness of the paper management. We will chronicle items of interest to all the friends of our institution, hoping to establish a closer bond of union between them and the college. Our new interests will be outlined briefly, and our athletic progress noted from time to time.

Special effort will be made to make these articles as interesting as possible to the alumni of the college. In order to facilitate this matter we desire to say that any communication regarding their own or their classmates' progress since leaving college, will no doubt prove interesting reading to their friends scattered about the country. Such communications will be most gladly welcomed.

St. Michael's College is one of the four federated colleges of the University of Toronto. As such it enjoys advantages unequalled by any other Catholic college on the continent. The nature of this federation is often misconceived, and the status of St. Michael's College students in the University of Toronto is not always clearly understood. The University of Toronto is related to its four Arts colleges—St. Michael's, Victoria, Trinity and University College—much as the Dominion is to the various provinces. As regards Federal concerns, residents of different provinces are on the same footing and share in the same rights and duties; while in provincial matters each lives under an autonomy adapted to local needs. So it is with the University of Toronto and its four Arts colleges, in one or other of which, by the way, every arts student must be enrolled, it is the university, and not the college, that conducts examinations and confers degrees. All students from the various colleges have the same examinations, write in the same halls side by side, and receive their standing in the class lists and ultimately their degrees, without regard to the college to which they belong. The examinations, it may be added, are conducted by the joint faculty of the university and the four colleges. Moreover, St. Michael's has full representation in the Senate and Council of Toronto University. Certain subjects called university subjects are taught by the university to the students of all colleges alike, for example, Natural Sciences and Physics; whilst certain others are taught by each college to its own students. St. Michael's has the special privilege of teaching Catholic Philosophy and Modern History according to its own curriculum, and setting examination papers on the same. All the students who choose religious knowledge as an option, attend these lectures in the college. Matriculated students enrolled in the Arts course receive free instruction in university subjects. Hence it is seen that practically the entire course of study—which is the honor philosophy course of the university—with the few reserves mentioned above—is taught in St. Michael's.

Thus, while being subject to the discipline and persuasive elements of a college conducted under Catholic auspices, the student, at the end of his course, obtains the Degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Toronto, an institution whose high standard is recognized throughout the world.

Perhaps what is the most interesting part of college life consists in the meetings of the various societies. Each week the students of the Arts Course assemble in the club-room to enjoy what might be termed an intellectual recreation.

The Literary, Dramatic and Debating Clubs have for their object the encouragement of literary pursuits, and the training of the members to express themselves clearly, concisely and logically. Throughout the scholastic year a number of debates are held, and essays written on subjects which are instructive as well as entertaining. By these societies the literary, social and recreative parts of student life are most fully developed.

St. Michael's Literary Society held its first meeting on the 8th inst. The chief business transacted was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Rev. A. E. Hurley, C.S.B.

First Vice-President—Leo O'Reilly, '08.

Second Vice-President—Wm. J. Heffron, '09.

Secretary—M. J. Oliver, '10.

Asst. Secretary—Jos. A. Macdonald, '10.

Curator—Richard Dwyer, '11.

Class Representatives—'09, W. J. Heffron and H. A. McDevitt; '10, C. McNeill and B. S. Doyle; '11, C. Coughlin and A. Clancy; '12, J. Sheridan and G. Somers.

Of the many Register readers who have pursued their course within the walls of old St. Michael's, there are none, we rest assured, to whom it would not be a source of great pleasure to be now in touch with some of their former fellow-students, who have since won a distinguished place in Church or State.

It is partly the intention of this special department to re-unite the students of years long past, and form a close bond of union between the older and the younger Alumni. Such action is well calculated to stir up a wholesome "esprit-de-corps" among at least one group of Catholic college men, and thus effect a wider and deeper diffusion of genuine Catholic spirit.

The real strength of a university or college lies in its men. From her earliest days St. Michael's has been fortunate in having for her students men who have later entered upon lines of activity as divergent as pulpit and parliament. In this she has been thrice blessed in so far as worthy products of culture and refinement are concerned.

As the year runs on we shall take occasion, and find it a pleasure, to refer more specifically to some of our distinguished graduates and former students.

Perhaps the interesting feature of each school year is the sizing up of the new boy on the recreation ground. The boys who made up the previous year's teams are all accounted for. The new men who show up for practice are criticized by the wise ones, and freely discussed. So many positions on the teams are vacant that the candidates vieing with each other for the vacancies enliven the campus into scenes of activity and energy.

Football presented a complicated front to the house this year. A new union of clubs had sprung into prominence and the college team was entered. Old friends and rivals accompanied us, making the association thus far a very friendly one, full of possibilities for the future. Both College first and second teams were strengthened this year, and the second team entered in a second division of the same union, the Inter-Provincial. The third team represents the House in the City Rugby Football League. A fourth team plays intermittently with the various city high schools.

Progress thus far has been very encouraging. In all seventeen games have been played by the four teams, of which only six have been lost. Everybody kicks the football and the feeling in the College grounds is intensely loyal.

The Handball League has reformed for the season, and the local team is practising steadily to bring back the Association Cup, held by them for some years.

Hockey prospects are being carefully considered and every effort is being made to put forth a team worthy of its two famous predecessors.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of St. Michael's College was held on Wednesday, October 14th, at the College.

Shortly after four o'clock a meeting of the Association was called to order by Dr. J. A. Amyot, President of the Association. Mr. H. T. Kelly, K.C., the Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting and also the Treasurer's Report. The meeting then devolved itself into a committee to see what could be done by the Old Boys of the College to assist the College in the work which it is doing, and His Grace Archbishop McEvay was called on to address the meeting, and in his usual, able and eloquent manner, described to the meeting the good work which the Basilians Fathers have been and are now carrying on for the benefit of Catholic Education in Ontario. At his suggestion a plan was adopted by which the members of the Alumni were to assist in a practical manner their old Alma Mater, His Grace heading the list himself with the donation of one hundred dollars for this purpose, and in less than half an hour a large sum was subscribed by those present. This money is to be collected by the Executive Committee of the College, and the funds are to go to the faculty of the College to help it in its work.

Afterwards short addresses were delivered by various members present. The election of officers then ensued which resulted as follows:

Honorary President—His Grace Archbishop McEvay, Toronto.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto; His Lordship, Bishop Burke, Albany, N.Y.; His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, Hamilton, Ont.; His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, Peterborough, Ont.; His Lordship, Bishop Scollard, North Bay, Ont.; His Lordship, Bishop Hartley, Columbus, Ohio.

President—Dr. J. A. Amyot, Toronto.

Vice-Presidents—Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Toronto; His Honor Judge McCurry, Parry Sound, Ont.; Rev. J. J. Barrett, Salem, N.Y.; Mr. J. P. Murray, Toronto.

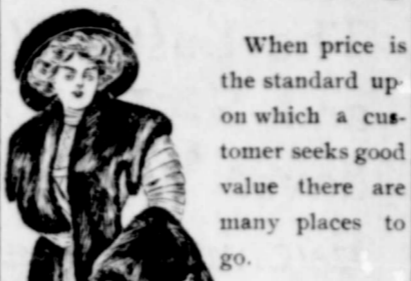
Council—Rev. N. Roche, Toronto; Rev. J. H. Coty, Hamilton; Very Rev. J. J. Egan, Barrie, Ont.; Rev. F. F. Rohleder, Toronto; Rev. A. O'Leary, Collingwood; L. J. Cosgrave, Toronto; Thos. Mulvey, Toronto; E. V. O'Sullivan, Toronto; T. L. Monahan, Toronto; Rev. J. J. Heffron, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Secretary-Treasurer—H. T. Kelly, Toronto.

After the elections were over an address (Continued on page 7.)



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THE VOICE OF FAITH

(By Josephine Hamilton Nicholls.)

Pere Julien glanced thoughtfully over his congregation; every one was present from Raoul Debalon, his next door neighbor, to Pierre Rouge and his parents, whose rice farm was fully three miles across the prairie. The bright weather had brought them all out, some on foot, some in rude carts and dilapidated buggies; others on little wild crooked ponies, for which the countryside is famous. Mere Guimauve, in her flowing sacque and snowy sun-bonnet, dozed peacefully in her place; Brigitte, little Jean's pretty wife, was hushing her baby softly, and Pierre Lasson, with his head on his hand, stared between his fingers at Joyeuse, the blacksmith's daughter, who affected not to see him.

The priest's glance rested on them tenderly. He loved them all; they were very dear to him. He knew their weaknesses (for they were but human), but he also knew their underlying goodness and worth.

"My children," he said, "it distresses me very much to tell you that unless something can be done, unless the money can be raised to pay the \$200 mortgage on our church we shall have to appeal to outside assistance. Now, it has always been our pride to be self-supporting, and it hurts me that at this late hour we need to ask for help, readily as it will be given. How much better if we can bear our burdens alone!"

A ripple went over the congregation. Adolph Rimont, the richest man in Fossville, stared ostentatiously through the window, determined not to have it thought that the demand was especially directed to him, and Madame Guimauve, stricken with sudden fear, clutched nervously at the handkerchief that held her little savings.

"Now, my friends," continued the priest, aware of their uneasiness, "I do not mean to ask you to give anything more; you have been very liberal and I am not one to ride the willing horse to death, but we must have the money before next month. The man who holds the note has said it. Therefore, I propose to choose Sunday week as a day of special prayer. I shall set it apart for that purpose. The good Lord who knows our needs will not fail us. If we ask with faith it will be given unto us."

The congregation slowly dispersed. They were simple people with an abiding faith in the efficacy of prayer, but hitherto they had asked for other things, for rain, for bright weather, for the recovery of a sick person, never for actual money. With all their confidence in Pere Julien, they felt a little doubtful as to the result of the appeal.

Hiram Granger, the big oil man whose wells and derricks lay to the west of Fosville, had strayed into the church that morning, and his expression during Pere Julien's address would have interested a student of human nature. Wonder, contempt, admiration in turn swept across his face. That any sane person could believe as the priest did puzzled him greatly. He looked from the pastor to the people, and in some of the sun-browned, listening faces saw the same faith reflected that illumined Pere Julien's countenance, but on others he read the doubt that had full possession of his own soul.

When he stepped out into the sunlight he found himself thinking of the little white church on the hillside, where he had worshipped as a boy. He saw again the gray-haired preacher, the handful of earnest followers. He saw his mother, hollow-cheeked, and thin; his father, worn with much toil. Yet they had been happy, these two; they had loved each other and found contentment amidst surroundings cruelly hard to the man remembering. But, after all, they had known happiness. Money, the lodestone of the present generation, had not been so all-powerful then, and perhaps—

"Bon jour, monsieur," said a voice in his ear. "I am glad to see you," and Pere Julien held out a welcoming hand.

"I am glad to be here," replied Granger. "I shall come again." "Whenever you like, Monsieur."

suppose," tactfully, "you are very busy over at the wells?"

"Yes, we are expecting some of our big men down. They'll stop for a day in New Orleans, then come out here to see how the work is progressing." "They will be pleased, I know. Ah, Mme. Guimauve, how has the rheumatism been treating you? And you, little Jean and Brigitte—no need to ask how you are. Pierre, when shall we hear the bells ring for you?" Granger, to-day slowly home, his mind shaken with unusual thoughts. The morning's experience and the unexpected voice of faith in an age given over to skepticism had set his memory wandering to other days. The hard life of the last twenty years had covered over his nature with a layer of modern materialism, but underneath was the eager boy who had prayed at his mother's knee in far-off New England.

Sunday morning, the day of prayer appointed by Pere Julien, dawned bright and clear. The backbone of the winter was broken, so every one said. Pierre Rouge and his father had been plowing all the week; Mme. Guimauve was setting out her tomato plants, and Joyeuse came into the church with a spray of peach blossoms at her white throat.

Meanwhile, over at the oil fields the Northern capitalists were smoking on the rude hotel piazza, after disposing of a moderately good breakfast. They were in high spirits, their visits having proved a success—the oil wells had turned out far better than they had anticipated, and the promise of a large return for their outlay had put them into an excellent humor.

Granger's stories, too, of the simple Acadian people, with their old mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, interested them greatly. It was a phase of life with which they were unfamiliar.

"By George!" cried Colonel Denham, his face shining with amusement, "you almost make me see those people. I verily believe I'd recognize Mme. Guimauve if I saw her."

"And Pere Julien," chimed in little Porter. "Can't you just see him in his black gown and broad-brimmed hat, with his white hair streaming in the wind?"

"Would you like to meet him?" asked Granger. "He's really a first-rate old chap. None of your sanctimonious kind, pulling a long face and teaching his flock that they're in danger of eternal damnation, but a cheery souled genial old fellow, who loves his joke and lives in peace and charity with all men."

"Where does he hang out?" asked Ridgeley, sending a puff of smoke over the railing. "Anywhere near here?"

"A couple of miles. Tell you what, Jim," (as if the idea had just occurred to him, though in reality he had been gradually leading up to it), "suppose we drive over to Fosville, drop in at the chapel for a few minutes and after lunching at the hotel, take the train for New Orleans?"

"Look here, Granger," said the youngest member of the party, a man of millions, whom self-indulgence had made languid, "aren't you rather letting us in for something? Doesn't seem to me a country priest can offer us very much in the way of entertainment."

"Oh, let's go," said the Colonel, rising. "It will be something to tell Helen."

The youngest member of the party made no further objection. If there was one person on earth whose good opinion he valued, it was the Colonel's daughter; and if a visit to Pere Julien could even remotely interest her, why, decidedly, it was worth the exertion.

Service was nearly over when the party of well-dressed Northerners, led down the aisle. The congregation would have been more than human not to have shown interest, and consequently stared at the newcomers with a frank curiosity in no way bordering on rudeness.

Colonel Denham's white hair and handsome old face aroused their admiration, but it was the youngest member of the party, with his curly head, and listless blue eyes, upon whom the attention focused.

Mere Guimauve, noting his expression, wondered compassionately if she were ill, resolving privately if she got the chance to suggest his drinking each morning upon rising a certain favorite tisane of hers, made from fragrant herbs growing upon the prairie. Brigitte, clasping her baby closer, dreaded to go out into the world alone, and Joyeuse, peeping over Pierre's broad shoulder, marvelled greatly as the stranger's moody glance passed her by in an abstraction too profound to note her fresh young beauty.

"The time has come, my children," said the priest, coming to the edge of the chancel, "for that earnest prayer that full unburdening of the soul of which I spoke to you last week. Sincere uplifting prayer, inspired by faith in a merciful and understanding Creator, and springing from the depths of our hearts, cannot fail of its purpose. Two hundred dollars is all we need to pay off our church debt, a small sum comparatively, and I feel sure that if we ask for it reverently and devoutly, with a trusting belief in God's never-failing tenderness, we shall not ask in vain. To your knees, beloved."

One, two, three minutes passed.

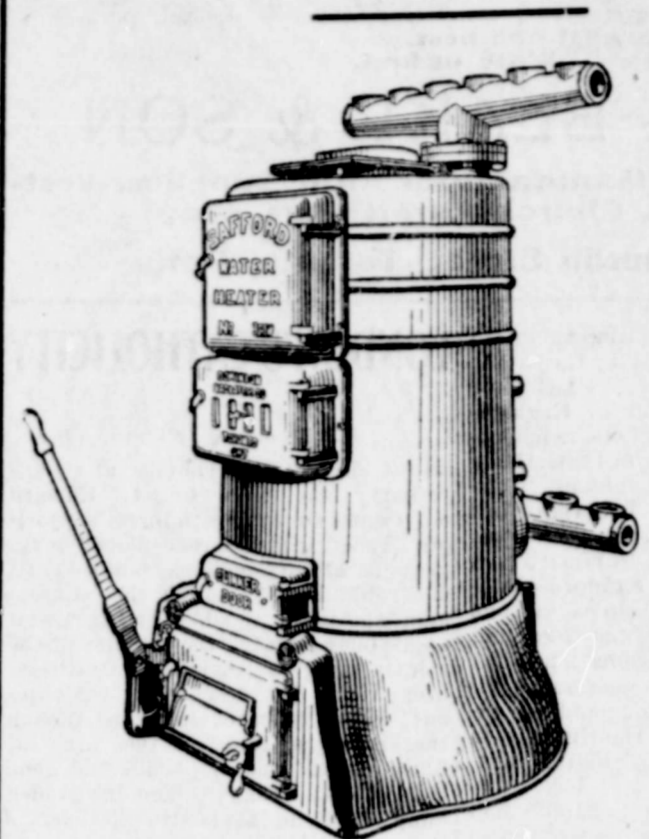
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Colonel Denham, bent awkwardly forward, chewed his moustache fiercely, bewildered by the sudden turn in affairs. Little Porter, down on his knees, repeated the Lord's Prayer earnestly. Ridgeley, half amused and half dismayed by his own emotion, buried his face in his hands, following Granger's example, and the youngest member of the party, after one penetrating glance into the priest's rapt face, and impressed by the sincerity of all about him, leaned his arms on the back of the bench and, with downcast head, prayed the first prayer that had crossed his lips for months.

"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner. Make me worthy of her love!" Slowly the priest rose, the congregation, after a moment's doubt, rising also. The choir began a solemn chant. Pere Julien lifted his hands in benediction and the service was over.

"I say," whispered Colonel Denham, catching at Granger's arm, "don't they take up a collection here? I'd like to give a trifle just to show good will, don't you know?" "Just what I was about to say," murmured Porter, while Ridgeley's fat hand strayed to his breast pocket.

"There you are," said the youngest member of the party, pointing to a box on the wall, with "For the church" painted on it. Let's wait till the crowd gets out."

A few minutes later Pere Julien joined them in his pretty garden, whither Granger had conducted his party. The old man's face was radiant; his eyes shone with a joy so pure that the other men were gratefully reminded that they had undoubtedly inspired it.

"Gentlemen," he cried, stretching out his hands, "how can I thank you, how can I express my gratitude for the generous gifts that will enable us to pay our debts?"

"It was a privilege," murmured the Colonel, reddening. "Granger had been telling us of your work among the poor."

"And of your kindness to all, strangers as well as friends," added Ridgeley.

"Ah, the admirable Granger!" exclaimed Pere Julien. "He knew we meant to pray for aid to-day, he heard me give out the notice last Sunday. Monsieur, I shall not soon forget you." The others turned and looked at Granger reflectively. It began to dawn on them that their visit had not been as accidental as they

thought, that (as the youngest member of the party had expressed it) they had "rather been let in for something." But while as business men they resented the trick, in the face of the old priest's delight they found it was impossible to be angry with Granger.

"How can I ever thank you?" repeated Pere Julien. "We are very poor here, and it seemed at one time as if we could not pay our debt, but with faith we can move mountains."

The youngest member of the party moved a few steps apart. He was stroking the leaves of a crimson rose (careless), a rose whose perfume reminded him of the girl he loved, the girl who loved him, but had sent him from her until he should be man enough to cease idling and make something of his life.

"Take it," said Pere Julien, breaking the rose impulsively, "and tell me, my son, how I may repay you for what you and your friends have done for us to-day?"

"Pray that I may have my heart's desire," he answered. "It seems far enough from me now."

"And the mortgage money?" said the priest, smiling. "This morning you would surely have said we stood no chance of raising it, and voila!" He touched his breast significantly.

"You were more deserving than I, Father."

"Courage," said Pere Julien. "If it be a woman's love, be worthy of her; have faith in her understanding and all will be well."

And many months later, when by patience and courage he had won his heart's desire, the youngest member of the party, remembering Pere Julien's prophecy, sent him a special invitation to the wedding.

The priest acknowledged the courtesy by the gift of an Acadian basket filled with orange blossoms. On the bit of paper accompanying it he had written in his small, cramped writing:

"I said I not to have faith? God bless you, my children."—New Orleans Picayunes.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

The QUIET HOUR

MY PRAYER.

My Lord, my God, I love Thee well,
My every grief to Thee I tell,
To Thy true Heart alone I bear
My every wish, my every care.
Exert, O Lord! Thy tender sway,
And, Saviour, teach me how to pray.

Let me not lay before Thy shrine
A thought or wish that is not Thine.
Let me not strive, all vainly still,
To bend to mine Thy sovereign will.
But, when I come to Thee to-day,
Dear Saviour, teach me how to pray.

Press Thy soft touch upon my soul,
I crave Thy sweet and wise control,
Unto my eager lips be given
The prayer that finds its rest in heav-
en.

Let me not turn, unheard, away,
Dear Saviour, teach me how to pray.
—Sister M. Gertrude, Loretto Col-
lege.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART NOTES.

The strength of our Lady's sorrows, says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, is our strength too, and our souls grow weak under life's burden, though our days are filled with toil and our hearts heavy with grief and our limbs ache, why should we repine and become discouraged? Is it not true that into the lives of His dearest friends came the shadows of the cross, and the darkest hung over His own loved Mother's spirit? We know that those who were closest to His Sacred Heart, drank deepest of the chalice of His pains. When trials then darken our paths let us lift up our eyes to Calvary and remember that during His last hours "there stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen." These with John were there, and they were dearest to His Sacred Heart.

If Catholic lands and Catholic homes to-day are beautiful in their simplicity of virtue, in their unflinching permanency, in their benediction, it is largely due to the sweet memories and special benediction of Mary the mother of God. If the Christian mother is honored and is obtaining the obedience, love and devotion that her high and holy place entitles her to, it is because they are in the background high above the example and protection of Mary the mother of God. She has been "our human nature's solitary boast," and it is under her benign influence that woman has emerged from the slavery of paganism to the white light of virtue, progress and happiness that to-day marks her life.

"I doubt if we make the best progress until the Catholic layman has been stirred to do a great deal on his own responsibility," writes Father Denton in the Missionary. The average Catholic layman thinks that his great privilege in the Church is to pay his pew rent and oftentimes he is glad to do this to escape a scolding. Many are energetic and well-meaning and are really desirous of doing something to advance the welfare of the Church, but they always fear that they will infringe on the rights of the clergy. Possibly some priests are over zealous of their prerogatives and quite ready to nip in the bud any efforts of the layman to make the Church better known. It is good to know that the lay organizations of the country will have some representation in the next Missionary Conference. By this recognition they will take no more courage to work along their chosen lines and to keep within them. I believe more lay activity along well approved lines will be a great dynamic force for the Church in this country. While the priests will find in such co-operation a helpful element, the layman himself will be strengthened in his religious life. Give the layman something to do in the Church and he will be all the better Catholic for it.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S TRIBUTE.

The Pontificate of Pius is the Pontificate of Rome. The Pontificate of Rome! How wondrous it is even to the superficial reader of history, even to him, who, wittingly or unwittingly, conceals from his mind the divinity of its origin and mission! Extraordinary it is in its record of centuries, sublime it is in its aims and purposes, throughout its long reign over men and nations, and youthful and triumphant it still is, despite the fierce cunning schemes of the present to wreck its influence and arrest its

onward march. The most inveterate enemy of the Roman Pontificate is unable to dislodge it from the earliest pages of Christian history. It lived and reigned when, in the first century, Clement with a master's tone, admonished the disciples in Corinth; when, in the second, Victor spoke imperative counsel to the Christians of Asia Minor, and Irenaeus of Lyons wrote that with the Church of Rome, because of its primacy, all other churches must hold themselves in concord and agreement. It lived and reigned when the great councils of Christendom convened, when, in the words of Damascus, the Bishops of Nicaea received guidance from the City of the Roman bishops; when Cyril presided at Ephesus in the name of Celestine, and the bishops of Chalcedon proclaimed that Leo, through their legates, was their head and leader. It lived and reigned when, at the breaking down of the empire of the Caesars, as new races of men were building up the nations of modern Europe, the Pontificate of Rome commissioned apostles to teach them and bring them, one by one, into obedience to the religion of Christ and to the civilization which is the blossoming of its sacred teachings. And still to-day it lives and reigns with the story of nearly nineteen centuries inscribed on its scrolls. Time there was to put an end to the most wisely planned and most strongly built of human institutions. Meanwhile, kingdoms and empires had risen and had fallen. But the Roman Pontificate, time leaves firm and unmoved the rock upon which it is set; its sway was never broken; its light was never dimmed. Old it is, and well it bore itself amid its journeys through the ages. And to-day, as opens before it the twentieth of Christian centuries, it numbers as its subjects three hundred millions; it compasses beneath its sway men of all peoples and of all tribes, it speaks to the world with an authority such as no other existing power of whatever form dares covet, and in the vigor of its abiding youth gives the promise, which even its enemies do not call in vain, of owning the long future as triumphantly as it has owned the long past.—Catholic Columbian.

THE WRITTEN WORD.

The value and influence of good books was well exemplified by an incident told me the other day. A Catholic merchant gave a shopmate a copy of a Catholic book of instruction; result, the man is now seeking admission to the Church, something a few years ago, he would have scoffed at. Another case, a venerable old lady, who said she had been "dipped in the creek," by an itinerant minister, when she was a young girl, a few years ago went to live with her son, who had married a Catholic girl and who had himself come into the Church. The children were all interesting little ones and now and then would ask grandma to hear their catechism lessons. She gladly did so, although she hoped at first to thus implant in their young minds her own ideas of the Catholic doctrine, but she was amazed at the simple beauty of the questions and answers, and little by little she became interested in the paper-covered book and long before the children had acquired sufficient knowledge for their first Holy Communion, the old lady was convinced and applied for baptism and admission to the Church, that, as she put it, is the oldest and therefore the only one, because founded by the Saviour of the world.—C. C. Gleason, in Columbian.

TAKE WARNING.

Some thoughtful person has condensed the important mistakes of life and decides that there are just fourteen of them. Most people believe there is no limit to the mistakes of life; that they are like drops in the ocean, or the sands of the seashore, in number. But here are the fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own. To expect uniformity of opinion in the world. To look for judgment and experience in youth. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. To yield to immaterial trifles. To look for perfection in our own actions. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation so far as lies in our power. Not to make allowances for the in-

firmities of others. To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp. To expect to be able to understand everything.

THE DIVINE HARVESTING.

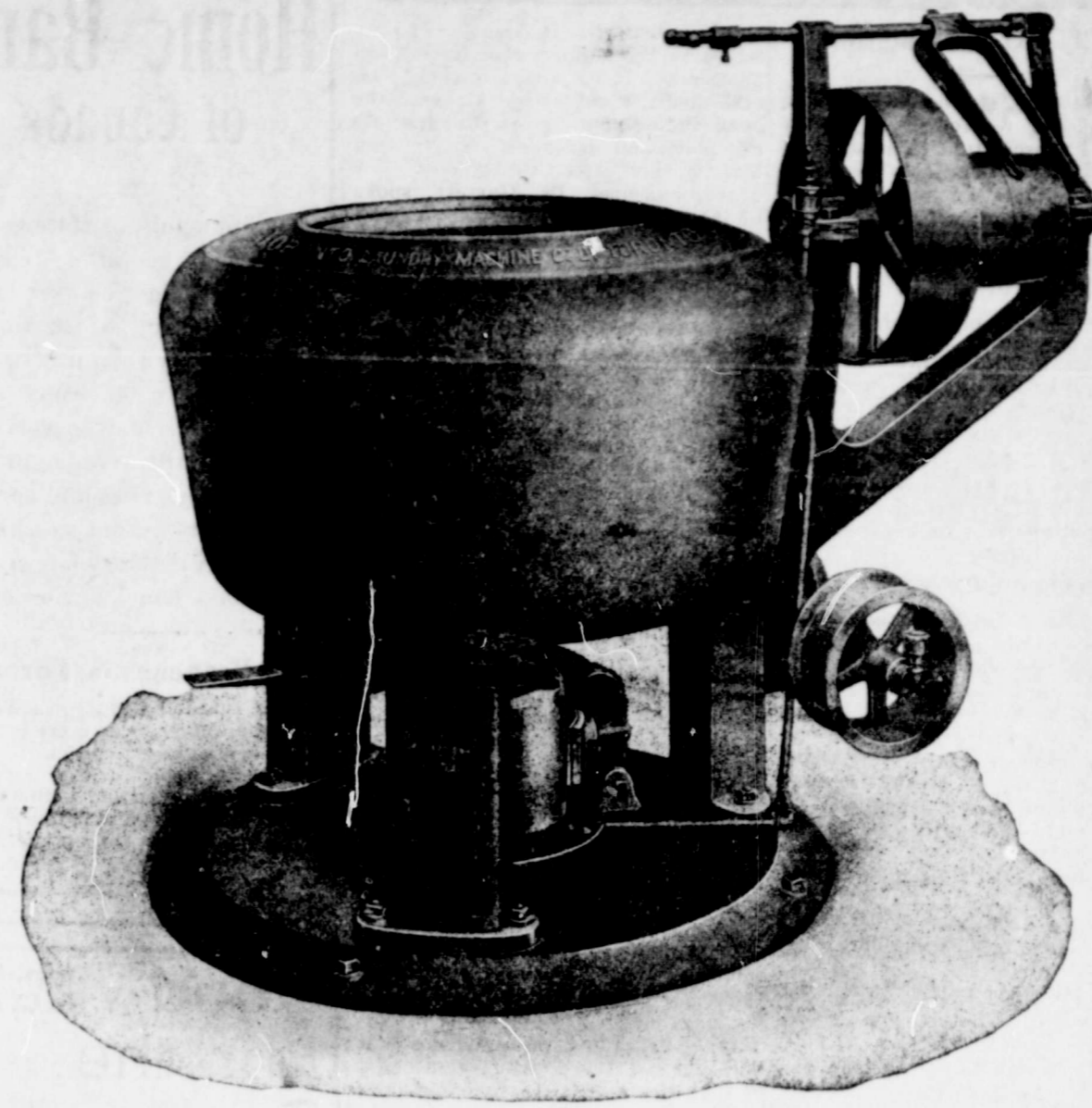
(Bishop Colton.)
To the apostles asking Him our Lord said: "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man, and the field is the world. And the good seed are the children of the kingdom, and the cockle the children of the wicked one, and the enemy that sowed them, the devil. The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. Even as cockle, therefore, is gathered up and burnt with fire, so shall it be at the end of the world. The Son of Man shall send His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all scandals and them that work iniquity and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth; then shall the just shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

The picture of the world here given us by our divine Lord, composed, as He shows us, of the good and the bad, is easily verified by looking into the human heart. Our hearts are God's favorite field and He sows good seed in them; good thoughts, noble aspirations, fervent love of Him, but Satan comes and sows cockle by wicked temptations which corrupt and, unless eradicated, in time destroys the seeds of virtue which God implanted. What was all fair and beautiful becomes now full of sin and imperfection. Our thoughts if not entirely of God, are at least divided; our aspirations become base and lowly, our love of God cold and indifferent. And the fault is all our own. Satan is the tempter, it is true, but as God cannot fructify the seeds of virtue without our co-operation, neither can Satan produce vice, so we are his ready tools and helpers and assist him to accomplish our destruction. A constant trifling with danger, an exposing ourselves to attack by neglect of prayer and the Sacraments, make us an easy prey to our enemy. Self-love, which prompts us to think only of ourselves or of others for love of self, to the exclusion of the love and consideration of God, is the chief cause of our downfall; a momentary gratification of some base passion is for the time preferred to happiness for all eternity; some temporary indulgence of greed for wealth or power, come how they may, is the exchange for the treasurer and glory of heaven; a mess of pottage for our birthright, the slavery of sin and the yoke of Satan, in a word, are preferred to the sinner to the freedom and happiness of the children of God and the joys of His heavenly kingdom. We sleep and our enemy comes and sows cockle, sows corruption in our hearts, and we sow the seeds of death as long as we remain in the state of mortal sin. We have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, for every faculty is practically dead when the soul is influenced by sin, for its use is only misuse breeding destruction and death when not accompanied by the grace of God. These magnificent gifts of God, therefore, the mind and its powers, the soul and its faculties, are the means the sinner gives to Satan to turn him from being the wheat of God's grace into the cockle, the chaff of corruption, that one day must be cast into the fire. Let us not forget, God will say to the wicked, "Depart from Me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire."

Therefore does our Lord bid us cut loose from whatever endangers our souls. "My hand scandalizes thee," He says, "cut it off; it is better for thee to enter life maimed than, having two hands, to go into hell, into the fire that cannot be quenched." Nor will it be for a time, but fixed and eternal, as the soul is immortal, nor is there liberation or escape, "for whosoever the tree falls," says Isaiah, "there shall it lie." The Church, our infallible guide, places the existence of hell among her dogmas and has condemned as many as sixteen centuries ago those denying it. The fathers taught it and the martyrs died for it, preferring, as they said, to suffer transient to escape eternal pain. Nor is it unreasonable to think that since the good must justly be rewarded, the bad as justly must be punished, and that God Who rewards as a God, must punish as a God. Treating of this matter St. Thomas says that man was created by God with an intellect and given his ultimate end either eternal happiness by good works, or eternal misery by bad. But life is a way and must here have an end, says the saint, and this end must be contained within the limits of this life; otherwise man could be always on the way and never, at his journey's end—never reach his Father's house, never receive his life's reward, and man feels he ought receive his rest after the heat of the day had been

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borne, the soldier his laurel after successfully fighting the battle, and he does so, or why should God have filled us with this desire if we could never attain it? The good, he concludes, must, therefore, be rewarded and the bad punished.

We need not pause here to consider what are the rewards of the just. Suffice it to recall the testimony of St. Paul who declares eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joys that God hath in store for those who serve Him; nor need we delay on pondering over the pains of the wicked and the miseries of hell, where the worm never dieth. It is for us to reflect and look into our hearts and see whether they are blooming with the wheat of virtue, or are they full of cockle and of sin and of the seeds of death.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

COLLEGE COLUMN

(Continued from page 6.)

Journalism was made to the College dining-hall, where an elaborate menu was prepared for the guests (about 200 in all) who came far and near to be present at this gathering. The banquet was presided over by Dr. J. A. Amyot, who proposed the toast of the Pope, which was suitably honored, the boys of the College joining in it, and singing an "Ode to the Pope."

The toast of the King was then proposed by the chairman and was responded to by the audience rising and singing the National Anthem.

Mr. D'Arcy Hinds was then called on by the President to propose the toast of the Hierarchy and Clergy; this was responded to by His Grace,

Archbishop McEvay and the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar-General.

The length of the speeches was limited on account of the Commencement Exercises being held the same evening, but in the short period in which His Grace did speak he pointed out to the Alumni and to the boys who were present, the splendid position which St. Michael's College held at the present time. He pointed out the differences between the rules of the College, when he was a student and what they are now, and advised the students of the present day to comply with the rules and regulations made by their Superiors, and to obey and follow them, and if this were done their future success would be assured.

Vicar-General McCann also spoke and pointed out that St. Michael's College was a proper place to have a toast of this nature proposed, as it had furnished so many members of the Hierarchy throughout the province, and stated if any more were required at any future time that he had no doubt that the College would still be able to supply them.

The next toast was that of Alma Mater, which was proposed by Dr. J. J. Cassidy, and in doing so he paid particular attention to the students there advising them to take all the exercise that they could without interfering with their work and referred to the pleasant times which he had while a student and gave a number of interesting reminiscences. This toast was responded to by the Honorable J. J. Foy, K.C., and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan. Mr. Foy, in a particularly pleasing speech, referred to his school boy days of 50 years ago and with his associations with the founders of the present College. He congratulated the College upon its work and upon the results which were being accomplished every day and wished the boys success in their undertakings. Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan also responded by paying a tribute to Rev. Father Roche, and urged upon the Alumni present and future to be loyal to their Alma Mater.

Following the Alumni dinner the guests of the day proceeded to College Hall, where the exercises attending the Fifty-sixth Annual Commencement and Distribution of Prizes, were held. His Grace, the Most Rev. Fergus P. McEvay, accompanied by a host of clergy and prominent laymen, all former students of the college, occupied the seats of honor. Hundreds of friends of the institution filled the remaining space of the auditorium and seldom has there been a more enthusiastic appreciative audience gathered within the walls of St. Michael's College.

The College orchestra having rendered the overture, Mr. Leo O'Reilly, '09, delivered the salutatory address. In a genial, happy strain he b'd welcome to the members of the Alumni and the friends of the College. He took occasion to pay special tribute to His Grace and expressed the wish that often would the honored Archbishop of Toronto attend the public functions of the students. During the course of his short talk he carried the former students back to days and deeds that are now fond and treasured traditions and closed his salutatory with the earnest hope that the students of the present would in the future contribute as much as now to

the name of Alma Mater as the alumni of to-day is doing.

Several vocal selections were rendered by the Glee Club and the College Quartette, and William Ulrich, '09, James Walsh '11, and George Somers '12, were heard to advantage in classic declamations. Rev. N. Roche, President of the college, presided at the prize distribution. He took occasion to compliment the students on the splendid work accomplished during the term of '07-'08 and briefly explained to his auditors the advantages derived from affiliation with Toronto University. College songs and campus yells greeted the reception of prizes by popular college idols.

Aloysius Clancy, '12, delivered a splendid address on "The Outlook for the Student of the Present." He dwelt for a time on the achievements of the past and then painted a vivid word picture of future possibilities. He touched upon the various lines open to the young man of to-day in the business, industrial and political world, laying special emphasis on the great work for the priest of the future. The oration was a masterful one and lost none of its force in the hands of the young orator.

Archbishop McEvay spoke for a few minutes at the close of the exercises. He noted the changes in the St. Michael's of thirty years ago and the college of to-day. He paid high compliment to the professors and priests of the past and the present, and ended his talk by expressing the wish to be able in the future to attend many like ceremonies of his Alma Mater.

Among the Alumni present were: Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C. M.P.P., Dr. C. H. Murray, J. P. Murray, Dr. J. A. Amyot, Dr. J. J. Cassidy, H. T. Kelly, K. C., T. K. Haffey, E. V. O'Sullivan, Albert Rost, T. L. Monahan, J. J. O'Sullivan, J. F. Boland, J. C. Foy, E. Foy, W. K. Murphy, Jr., R. G. Baigent, D'Arcy Hinds, H. E. R. Stock.

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In and Around Toronto

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Our collector, Mr. Joseph Coolahan, is now making his rounds. Kindly have your subscription to hand if not already paid. Promptness on your part will oblige.

LECTURE FOR YOUNG MEN OF ST. PETER'S.

On Thursday evening (to-night) Rev. Father Minehan will deliver a lecture in St. Peter's old church to the young men of the parish. The subject—St. Peter's in Rome—is of peculiar interest to the namesake parish of the world's greatest temple, and the late visit of Father Minehan to the sacred spot, ensures a true and graphic word-picture to the listeners.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the opportunity afforded them by the offer of the Nordheimer Piano and Music Co., Ltd., in the matter of the pianos and organs now presented, and of which all attending purchasers should avail themselves. A glance at the list of bargains published, shows the great reduction from first prices that may now be obtained. The Nordheimer instrument is acknowledged to be one of the very best on the market, and buyers are always sure of attaining the very best returns for the least money. Convents and our other educational institutions should seek the stock on hand.

DEATH OF MRS. CATHERINE GAFFNEY.

At her home at Tormore the death occurred on Friday, Oct. 16th, of Catherine Davis, widow of the late William Gaffney, who predeceased her almost forty years ago. She was born in County Carlow, Ireland, Jan. 25, 1824. Coming to Canada in 1847, she had been a resident of St. Patrick's parish during that time. Outside of the family circle she was very little known, as she lived for her family alone, yet she could count true friends among her acquaintances. She died fortified by all the rites of her Church and surrounded by all her family. Her end was peace. Two sons and five daughters mourn the loss of a loving mother. May her soul rest in peace.

OPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S NEW CHURCH.

On Sunday next at 10.30 a.m. the new church of St. Patrick's on McCaul street will be opened. Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R., of Quebec, under whose rectorship the new church was begun, has been invited to sing Solemn High Mass on the occasion. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Father Auth, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Mary's College, North East, Pa. Special music is being prepared to honor the event, a feature of which will be the singing of "Ecce Deus" at the Offertory, by Hon. Judge Anglin. The event has been anxiously looked forward to for sometime and it is expected that the ceremonies will be of a most impressive character.

HOLY ANGELS SODALITY AT ST. PETER'S.

The Sodality of the Holy Angels of St. Peter's parish will number the last Sunday of October as one of the bright days of its career. For the first time the members carried in procession their beautiful new banner, bearing on one side a fine ly executed hand painting of an angel and on the other the name of their Sodality. In richness of material and beauty of workmanship the banner has won the admiration of all who saw it, and those who witnessed the procession of the Sodality and the reception of 24 new members into their ranks felt that the banner was in worthy hands. It is to be hoped that the Holy Angels' Sodality of St. Peter's will endeavor in numbers and attendance to be more and more worthy of their beautiful banner and of the blessed spirits of whom it reminds them.

RETIREMENT OF ORGANIST.

On Sunday night Mr. John B. Temple played his farewell service at Holy Rosary church (the Novitiate), Deer Park. For three years Mr. Temple has successfully directed the Holy Rosary choir and the progress made by the same is an example of his untiring energy and skill as an organist. Although Mr. Temple was but sixteen years old when he took charge of the choir at Deer Park laboring under difficulties from the very start, he made the choir a grand success. Keen regret is expressed by all at his leaving, for many and numerous are his friends throughout the north end of the city. Owing to pressure from studies hindering him from carrying on his regular schedule of practices, Mr. Temple announced his attention of retiring some time ago, but rather than leave the choir without someone to fill the vacancy, continued his duties till the services of Miss Charlebois of St. Basil's Parish were obtained.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL GRADUATES.

The annual exercises in connection with the graduation of the nurses from St. Michael's Hospital, took place on Thursday, the 22nd inst., at 4 p.m. The interesting function was held in the lecture room, but owing to limited space only the staff and those immediately interested were present. His Grace, Archbishop McEvay, presented the diplomas and medals, and Dr. Dwyer, whose long connection with the house, made him a competent chairman, did the honors of the occasion. He complimented the Hospital and nurses on the work of the year and testified that of the many classes who had graduated, none were better equipped than the present. Dr. Dwyer also paid a happy reference to the Archbishop, saying that his presence marked the first occasion on which the function had been so honored. Other

speakers were Dr. Oldright, who referred to the uniform cheerfulness and gentleness of the nurses, making special mention of Miss Graves, the head nurse, whose great care for every individual under her charge had marked her career throughout. A charter member, Dr. Garrett, spoke of the nurses and staff in the highest terms, and Dr. Anderson, who followed, said that the nurses of this institution had two virtues in which they excelled, these were their obedience in taking instructions and their gentleness. Dr. Uren bore testimony to the excellent service given by the nurses, on account of which he always insisted, when possible, on having a nurse from this hospital. Other speakers were Drs. Crawford, and Killoran, and Messrs. L. Cosgrave and Matthew O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor gave some interesting reminiscences of his long connection with the hospitals of the city, going back to the time when the only institution of the city was situated at the corner of King and John streets. The speaker also made a plea for extended quarters, as the present buildings were far too limited for the demands which the rapidly growing city made upon the hospital. After the presentation of diplomas and medals Archbishop McEvay gave an encouraging and optimistic address in which he declared that the doctors were a body of men doing magnificent work, and that perfect harmony always existed between the priest and the physician. "The doctor, the nurse and the priest form a solid phalanx," said His Grace, always working in unity for the good of society. Regarding the extension of the Hospital the Archbishop promised that "as soon as reasonable room could be obtained in a reasonable manner, the hospital would go ahead."

Refreshments were afterwards served in the emergency ward, which presented a most inviting appearance, the table laden with dainties was decorated with red and white—the colors of the hospital—a colossal epergne of red roses and white carnations, making a magnificent centerpiece. A social hour in which the graduating nurses received congratulations and were particularly feted, brought the interesting ceremonies to a close. The graduates of 1908 are: Miss Julia B. O'Connor, Toronto Junction. Miss Edith Gough, Toronto, Ont. Miss Amelia Cahill, Peterboro, Ont. Miss Martha Young, Peterboro. Miss Mary Boyle, Cobourg, Ont. Miss Louise Stephens, Toronto, Ont. Miss Katherine Ryan, Campbell's Cross. Miss Margaret Radigan, Galt, Ont. Miss Annie Dolan, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO MARKETS.

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

Donegal Memories

A collection of verse under not more than a dozen different headings, but embellished and marked by as many exquisite illustrations, have lately found their way to this office. The author is James Nicoll Johnson, of Buffalo, New York, U.S.A., and the theme of his muse is found in early recollections of scenes and incidents which he has summarized under the musical title "Donegal Memories."

Mr. Johnson's verse, while highly artistic, is bold and virile in its graphic effects, every line giving a picture about which there is nothing shadowy or incomplete. As an illustration, the following from "The Sand Eel Strand," may be given:

The raven croaks on the garden wall; There's a rush of the inflowing tide; The boats are all gone, unheard is the call, And the channel grows deep and wide.

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Here is another example taken from "Memories," which shows descriptive and poetic power of no mean quality: The mist in the morning up Muckish was creeping; The mill on the Cloon partly hid by the spray; Upon the swift mill-wheel white waters were leaping; I watched them with wonder and see them to-day.

Every line of the poet's work shows the poetic temperament and possesses acquaintance with nature and the near companionship of many and dear books. The output of Mr. Johnson's muse is not large, but it is amongst the best and his name adds one more to the gifted sons of Erin, whose soul's music has found vent by the expression of noble or beautiful thoughts in rare and exquisite verse. The little volume shows care and taste in its make-up, the illustrations being every one a gem, the whole reflecting credit on the Matthews-Northrup Works, Buffalo, N.Y., where it was privately printed.

Death of Mrs. D. J. McIsaac, Orillia.

The whole community was shocked last Saturday morning when it became known that Mrs. D. J. McIsaac of Orillia, formerly Miss Minnie Mahoney, was dead. Her death was very unexpected, as she was in her usual bright spirits within a few hours of her death. Her sister, who is a graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, was nursing her, and had left the room only a short time before, but during her absence the Angel of Death had entered and taken the loved one; her spirit had passed to the great beyond, where pain and sorrow are unknown. Mrs. McIsaac was the second daughter of Mr. Jas. Mahoney, Athlety. She was a devout Catholic, a life-long member of the Altar Society, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She was a faithful and devoted wife, a kind and loving mother and we trust she is enjoying a rich reward, merited by her martyrdom here below. She leaves a sorrowing husband and eight small children to mourn her loss, the eldest being only fourteen years, the youngest two weeks. She is also survived by her father and mother, three brothers and five sisters. The brothers are John of Dawson City, Yukon; James of Upergrove, and Richard of Athlety. The sisters are Mrs. P. Cosgrove, Mrs. J. Duffy of Fairville, Misses Maggie, Sophy, Elizabeth, at home. The funeral took place Monday morning to St. Columbkil Church, and was the largest funeral seen here for years. Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Dollard, and a beautiful and appropriate sermon preached. Among those who attended from a distance were Mr. Frank Distette of Toronto, Mrs. A. J. McDonald and Miss Agnes Mahoney. Many beautiful floral tributes were placed on the casket. The pall-bearers were six cousins of the deceased. We extend deep sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their hour of mourning. May her soul rest in peace.

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In Pre-Reformation Days (From the London Catholic Times.) Then as Richard Davey tells us in "The Pageant of London," Christ was recognized in the streets as the great King. In the fifteenth century every house on Corpus Christi Day was hung with wreaths of flowers and verdant garlands, whilst showers of fresh rose leaves and golden genestra or Plantagenet blooms fell thick as snow before the Host, carried, lost in a mist of incense, under a glorious canopy of white and gold, by the Bishop of London in full pontificals. The eight golden poles of this splendid screen were upheld by as many noblemen, their armor elaborately damascened in gold and silver. On either side of the Metropolitan walked their Graces of Canterbury and York, and in advance of them, two by two, all the Bishops that chanced to be in London, their mitres glistening and their pastoral staffs flashing in their gloved, gem-sparkling hands.

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR (Continued from page 1.)

ferred with than he desired to see the Roman Catholic Cathedral razed to the ground. The salvation Army is allowed to have processions daily and hourly—noisy and ugly and vulgar enough processions they are too—but nobody dreams of interfering with it. Bands of blousy females, bearing idly-inscribed banners and singing doggerel songs, are allowed to parade the streets, cheered on by their male "comrades" and supported and protected by the police; in short, every species of procession is permitted and always has been permitted for the last fifty years in this free country. But when a great, noble, and beautiful ceremony to the service of beauty and the glory of God is to be performed, it is forthwith suddenly and arbitrarily put a stop to by the interference of the second-rate Nonconformist lawyer whom for his sins and its follies this country has to endure as its Prime Minister.

Catholic Papers (University of Ottawa Review.) Too few among the Catholic young men of the day recognize the necessity of reading Catholic papers. They fail to realize the doctrines of their religion are little known, and, probably less respected by those of other denominations. Of course, to please the public, and Catholics form part of it, editors do almost anything in their power. At times, they even go so far as to tolerate sects opposite in belief to themselves; but, now and

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then, given expression to sneer, a slight, a fabrication. Let Catholic young men, consequently, spend more of their leisure hours in the study of newspapers that bring home to them the truths of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Faith. They will observe that many theories which at first seemed harmless, are absolutely dangerous; and many reports shamelessly false that took on the appearance of veracity. Catholic editors make it a point to answer questions to remove doubts and to refer charges in matters of faith and morals, of history and tradition. The trouble is taken to produce facts and figures; to give authorities and references. Surely such knowledge must be of great value to a Catholic who has any license to call himself one. With sufficient information of this nature stored up in our minds, there can be little danger for us in reading the publications of outsiders. It is true, there are few Catholic dailies; and, as a result, the current news must be sought in other issues. There is, however, no lack of Catholic weeklies. These papers picture our faith in a fair light; and, moreover, contain sound sense and profitable literature. The Catholic Record, Catholic Register, and Canadian Freeman, along with others, may be had at little cost. The expense or trouble, at any rate, weighs nothing in the balance with the benefits to be derived from perusing them. A thorough knowledge of his ground is the greatest assurance of a Catholic's safety in religion. E. B., '09.