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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Another Remarkable Chicago Irishman—Hon. William J. Onahan, Recipient of Papal Honors—A Great Scrap-Book Maker—Mr. Matthew Teefy, of Richmond Hill, a Similar Preserver of Many Old Canadian Newspapers and Documents—Wm. Jarvis and Peter Perry—An Irish-Canadian Address to Queen Victoria in 1838—Mr. Teefy's Family—A Characteristic Anecdote of Sir John A. Macdonald—An Anecdote of Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel.

One of the most remarkable Irishmen in Chicago and one of the best known in the United States, is Mr. William J. Onahan, who has resided now over fifty years in that city and has participated in many events there and filled many public positions of responsibility and trust. In some respects he is a good deal similar to our Mr. Matthew Teefy of Richmond Hill, as he is of a literary turn of mind and likes to preserve records of events transpiring in his life-time, and it has been said that the history of the United States could be written out of the scrap books that he has made. He once exhibited to me a number of those books, all made alike, bound alike and put together with a uniformity that was remarkable. The Chicago Post of a recent date has an article on this predilection of Mr. Onahan, which I will refer to further on. Mr. Onahan has been honored by one of those later medals presented by the University of Notre Dame, as a mark of distinction conferred on eminent American Catholics for services to the Church and to society. Mr. Onahan has been engaged in many movements for the benefit of his fellow countrymen and co-religionists, beginning with the colonization movement inaugurated by the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, some fifty years ago. Those who know will remember that Mr. McGee looked upon the State of Illinois as a very favorable field for Irish emigration, when he wrote a poem entitled "The Happy Homes of Illinois." Mr. Onahan, too, has taken great interest in the cause of temperance in which he has ever been an enthusiastic worker among his fellow countrymen. His pen, too, has been very extensively engaged on Irish and Catholic subjects and the press of Chicago looks upon him as an authority to be consulted when any of its members are in search of concise and correct information. Mr. Onahan is now a widower and if I am not mistaken, his wife was a native of Toronto, and I have an idea that I remember her when she was a little girl, bright and fair. At any rate she is now of happy memory and was well beloved by all who knew her.

Mr. Onahan for several years past has made an annual trip to the land of his birth and I believe has already taken his departure for this year's journey. This summer the trip is to be extended to Rome, where Mr. Onahan expects to have an audience with Pope Pius X., who has just renewed an honor bestowed upon him by Pope Leo XIII. This, the highest awarded to lay members of the Church, is that of *Causiriche Segreto di Cappella*, which, when translated, means "Private Chamberlain with cap and sword," and carries with it the right to the title of Count and the entrance to the Vatican. Mr. Onahan is one of the most influential lay members of the Church in America, and was first given the honor on account of the notable work he performed in organizing the Columbian Catholic Congress, which met during the

World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Up to that time he had the honor of having organized the first Catholic Congress for laymen held in the United States—that of 1889 in Baltimore.

The decoration which came with the testimony of the order is an elaborate one of gold and garnets. A gold medalion of the Pope accompanied it. He remarked to a press representative in Chicago several weeks ago: "If I have the honor of an audience with the Holy Father this summer it will be the first time I have ever been received. I never saw Pope Leo until after his death. I was one of those in the procession who carried his body from the Vatican to St. Peter's. I never have seen the present Pope, as I left Rome just before he was elected."

But to return to Mr. Onahan's scrap books. Mr. Onahan may possibly make a printed volume out of his scrap book. He has more than one hundred volumes of clippings, which he has been preparing and preserving for years. "I have," said he, "made one scrap book each year for almost forty years. In addition I have made scrap books on various subjects. I think the history of Chicago for the last fifty years could be written from these. I believe I have in them much information which never has been put in permanent form and in time will be forgotten as the older generation passes away." Many analysts and seekers of knowledge of the past go to Mr. Onahan for information, which he is happy to supply, information that cannot be found at any other source.

The latter statement is also true of Mr. Matthew Teefy of Richmond Hill. The two gentlemen seem to have tastes much alike and are fond of preserving records. In a "History of York County," published in the year 1885, I find the following reference to Mr. Teefy's collection of rare and interesting Canadian documents which I had the pleasure of looking through and examining for myself and which have long since become historical:

"There are several spots in the village (Richmond Hill) which are of special interest to students of our local history and topography. Not the least interesting of these is the office

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of Mr. Teefy, the village postmaster, which is situated on the west side of the main street, in a central and convenient locality. Mr. Teefy is the gentleman already referred to as the clerk and treasurer of the village corporation. He is an enthusiastic archaeologist and antiquarian, and probably knows more of the history, topography, traditions and folk lore of Richmond Hill and its neighborhood than all the rest of the inhabitants put together. He is a gentleman upwards of three score years of age, but his physical and mental vigor are those of one in the prime of life, and he presents the appearance of a man of forty or forty-five. He has been postmaster for thirty-four years, having been appointed to that position in 1859. He has also been a magistrate for a period of thirty-one years, and has during all the interval been one of the most popular and useful citizens.

"His private office is immediately to the rear of the post-office, and is crammed full of objects of interest. In the centre of the room is his desk, from which he dispenses magisterial justice. The wall to the right is lined with volumes of the Dominion and Provincial Statutes and other law books and works for technical reference. Another side of the room is largely taken up with files of the "Colonial Advocate" and other rare old Canadian newspapers which long since have been practically unprocurable. Around, set in suitable frames, are various old documents, the sight of which is eminently calculated to gladden the heart of any one sufficiently versed in Canadian history to

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know their value. Conspicuous among them is a printed address from Mr. William Jarvis, dated "ork, 14th July, 1800." Mr. Jarvis was for many years Provincial Secretary for Upper Canada and was the gentleman referred to elsewhere in this volume as having been sharply admonished by Lieut.-Governor Peter Hunter for neglect of duty. The document now under consideration is addressed "To the Free and Independent Electors of the Counties of Durham, Simcoe and the East Riding of York." It sets out that Mr. Jarvis will be a candidate for their suffrage at the ensuing election; that he has not relinquished his intention of so doing, and that all reports to that effect are utterly unfounded.

"Next, we find a framed broadside issued as an advertisement by Peter Perry, dated at Whitby, on the 20th of December, 1841. Most readers of these pages doubtless have some knowledge of Mr. Perry. "From forty to fifty years ago," says the author of "The Canadian Portrait Gallery," "there was no name better known throughout the whole of Upper Canada, and in Reform constituencies, there was no name more potent wherewith to conjure during an election campaign. Peter Perry was closely identified with the original formation of the Reform Party in Upper Canada, and for more than a quarter of a century he continued to be one of its foremost members. During the last ten or twelve years of his life he was to some extent overshadowed by the figure of Robert Baldwin, whose lofty character, unselfish aims, and high social position combined to place him on a sort of pedestal. But Peter Perry continued to the very last to be an important factor in the ranks of his party." He died at Saratoga Springs, New York, on the 24th of August, 1851. At the time when he issued the broadside which hangs framed in Mr. Teefy's office, he kept a general store at Whitby, originally named "Perry's Corners."

"We next come to a framed address from the Irish inhabitants of Upper Canada to the Queen, printed in 1838. It is headed "Erin go Bragh!" and deplores the recent rebellion, at the same time avowing the loyalty of the Irish inhabitants.

"Mr. Teefy also has a number of volumes of rare and unprocurable pamphlets, concerning which it is not an exaggeration to say that they are worth their weight in gold. But space fails to describe the multimodum of the way objects which are here exhibited. Any one who feels sufficiently interested in the matter should call on Mr. Teefy and see them for himself."

I believe that Mr. Teefy and Mr. Onahan are about the same age, but Mr. Teefy is still in harness as postmaster and is the oldest person holding a similar position in the Dominion of Canada. It is only a few months ago that he resigned the municipal office of village clerk and treasurer. He was then presented with an address and a gold-headed cane. He came to Canada with his parents when quite young, from the County of Tipperary, Ireland, and learned the printing trade in Toronto in the thirties. Mrs. Teefy, the wife of this distinguished Canadian Irishman, is yet alive. They are the parents of the Rev. Dr. Teefy, the talented Catholic divine of Toronto. Another son is a barrister in Chicago, whom "Old Timer" has met; and another son is a banker in Stockton, California. They have several daughters, too, one of whom is the wife of a well-known merchant of Orillia, Ont., and another is her father's assistant in the Richmond Hill post-office. A third daughter, I understand, is the wife of a professional gentleman in one of the new North-western cities. They are all talented and thriving and present very creditable records. I wish we had many more Irish Canadian families like this one.

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The following anecdote of the late Sir John A. Macdonald is now going the rounds of the American press and it is exactly like what Sir John would do and say under the circumstances:

"The late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, one evening was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when at a late hour he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not gone far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

This has reminded me of an anecdote I once read of Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel at the Irish state trials in 1844, when Daniel O'Connell and other "travellers" were tried for treason. Shiel was counsel for one of the prisoners. The reporters wanted to get a report of his speech before it was delivered. It was a very long speech and full of legal technicalities. It was printed in full in a little paper published in Hamilton, Ontario, called "The Liberal," shortly after its delivery. What I want to show is the wonderful memory of the man, just like that of our own T. D. McGee. Mr. Shiel took the reporters into his parlor and delivered the speech for them there and they took it down in shorthand. When the great speech was afterwards delivered in Court the reporters had their notes previously taken down before them. It was delivered precisely word for word as he gave it to them in private and there were no alterations to make. But it was not Shiel's failing to get drunk and then accuse the reporters of taking his place.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

## Rev. Bernard Vaughan, Censor

Many people outside the sphere of his own church are grateful to Father Bernard Vaughan for his vigorous denunciation of the vices and follies of the "smart set." Such forcible utterances, as have been delivered in Farm street on recent Sundays are the more welcome because sermons are too rarely related to the life of the day. The empty and often vicious lives of our idle rich are a fit theme for burning indignation in the preacher. It is an ignoble existence meriting contempt as much as indignation. Of all men and women, the votaries of pleasure are the less happy. Carlyle wrote with insight when he extolled the lot of those who have to work in order to eat, compared with that of those who are not under that blessed compulsion. It is a consoling reflection that the "smart set" does not mirror the nation. But the prevalence of a low conception of marriage is not limited to the luxurious classes. Roman Catholicism has rendered an inestimable service to Christian civilization by its attitude toward marriage, and Father Vaughan's eloquent protest against the habit of regarding lightly the most sacred of all human ties, is in harmony with the best traditions of his church.—London Mail.

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## DR. SLAVEN'S DEATH

The Passing Away of One of Orillia's Leading Men

In addition to the notice published in our issue of last week regarding the late Dr. Slaven of Orillia, we are happy to publish the following tribute from the Orillia Packet:

Notwithstanding his long and serious illness, it was with something of a shock that the town learned on Saturday evening that Dr. Slaven had passed away. His friends had never given up hope that he might be sufficiently restored to get about once more.

Few have taken a more active part in various phases of the making of Orillia, during forty years, than John Wallace Slaven. Born near Picton, in the County of Prince Edward, this province, in 1834, he came to Orillia in 1862, and established his first drug store on the site of the present post office. That business is still carried on at the stand then known as King's corner, by the eldest son of the founder, Mr. R. R. Slaven.

From the first, Mr. Slaven identified himself with the interests of the town, as a member of the Mechanics' Institute, the Township Council, and other public activities. After the village was incorporated, he was Councillor and Deputy Reeve, and in 1889 and 1890 he was Mayor of the town. He also took an active interest in educational matters, was Chairman of the Separate School Board for a long term of years, and was a member of the Collegiate Institute Board up to the time of his death, having also filled the Chairmanship of that body. He also had been for several years a member of the Board of Health—in fact never and however he could serve Orillia, the County, or his country, he manifested a readiness to do so. It was during his term as Mayor that the grant for the present post office was secured, and he twice visited Ottawa, as well as devoting considerable time to that object, and also the securing of a custom's office for Orillia. Another public act which gave Dr. Slaven much gratification during his second year as Mayor was the securing of Royal Humane Society medals for two of the Panna Indians, John Wesley and Charles Nanjushking, for the rescue of James Jackson from drowning in the Narrows. Dr. Slaven had always been a warm friend of the red man, and at the time the medals were presented Chief Benson marked their appreciation of the interest the Doctor had taken in them, by making him an honorary chief of the Ojibways, an unusual honor. His Indian designation was Nah-wah-qua-kee-zig-Ogeemah, literally Big Man in the Middle of the Day, or Noonday Chief. A Conservative in politics, he was many years Chairman of the East Simcoe Liberal-Conservative Association, and in 1882 was chosen to contest the riding for the Legislature against Mr. Charles Drury, but was defeated after a spirited contest. Prior to the downfall of the Conservative Government in 1896, he was promised the first vacancy in the Senate in this section of Ontario. In religion he was a devout and consistent Roman Catholic. In 1892 he was elected a Vice-President of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, and at the expiry of his term declined the Presidency, for business reasons.

In 1866, when Fenian filibusters invaded this country, he was one of the first to volunteer, offering his services as a private in the company then formed at Orillia, and since known as No. 7, of the 35th Regiment, Simcoe Foresters. He was given a commission and went to Thorold with the Company in October of that year. He attended the military school to qualify himself for military command, and on the retirement of Captain Darling became Captain of the Company, and to the last never ceased to take an interest in its welfare. The present, we believe, is the only year since his retirement that he failed to meet "old No. 7" on its return from camp, and his cheery words of welcome and commendation were appreciated by every member of the Orillia detachment—past or present. Though confined to bed last June, when the volunteers returned, he sent a short letter, signifying his desire to be with them if he could.

In 1867 Dr. Slaven married Miss Margaret I. McDonell, daughter of the

late Alexander McDonell, Esq., of Glengarry, who survives him, with two sons, Robert Ramsay Slaven of Orillia, and Dr. Alex. J. Slaven, Dayton, Ohio, and three daughters, Mrs. E. F. Doty, of Merchantville, N.J.; and Misses Lillian and Laura Slaven of Orillia. Dr. Slaven himself was the second of a family of ten sons, of whom only three now survive—the eldest, Mr. Thomas H. Slaven, of Paicines, California; Mr. Milo Slaven, of Buffalo, who attended the funeral; and Mr. Fred. Slaven, of Picton. An only sister, Miss Mary Slaven, of Picton, also survives.

The funeral was a striking tribute of public esteem, being largely attended by the business and professional men of the town. The service was held in the Church of the Angels Guardian, where High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Moyna, assisted by the choir. The church was crowded, a large proportion of those present being Protestants. The town council and the collegiate institute board attended as corporate bodies. His colleagues on the latter body also sent a beautiful wreath. At the conclusion of the Mass, Father Moyna gave a short address. It was unusual, he said, to preach a sermon at a Roman Catholic funeral, but in this case, he thought some departure from the usual custom would be justified. They were gathered round the bier of a good citizen. In private life he was an affectionate husband and a firm friend. His gentleness was proverbial, and his love for the children was pleasant to see, and was most heartily reciprocated, as was shown by the number of anxious enquiries made for him by boys and girls during his last illness. In this he was following in the footsteps of the Master. In religion, Dr. Slaven was tolerant, but he did not carry his toleration to the point of indifference, as too many did. He was firm in his own convictions, and held strongly to them, though he respected the right of those who differed from him in their opinions. This was true toleration. In his life as a citizen, he took his full share in the work of the state. The members of the Church were deeply indebted to him in particular for his long services on the Separate School Board. In short he rendered unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's, and unto God the things that were God's.

A long cortege followed the remains to their last resting place in the Roman Catholic cemetery. The pall-bearers were Sheriff Harvey, Messrs. E. B. Alport, T. Mulcahy, J. O. Perry, J. B. Marston and John Regan. The body was consigned to the grave with military honors, accorded by a squad from No. 7 Company, under command of Captain Grant and Lieutenant Eaton.

## Missions in the Congo Free State

Catholics who are in sympathy with the great work of the Church in Africa and in the welfare of the Congo Free State may be interested in the convention which has been concluded between the Holy See and the Congo Government for the encouragement of missions and the advancement of Catholicity and civilization in Central Africa.

The Holy See and the Congo Free State have entered into an agreement for the furtherance of missionary work in Africa. In accordance with this convention, the Congo Government grants each Catholic mission from 250 to 500 acres of land in fee simple and provides also, in certain cases, a stipend for the missionary in charge. The Church, on its part, agrees to establish new schools for the natives, especially agricultural and manual training schools.

The preamble of the convention sets forth that: "The Holy Apostolic See, being desirous of encouraging the systematic diffusion of Catholicism in the Congo, and the Government of the Congo Free State, appreciating the important part taken by the Catholic missionaries in the work of civilizing Central Africa, have made an agreement between themselves and with the representatives of the Catholic missions in the Congo for the purpose of still further assuring the realization of their respective intentions."

Then follow the nine articles of the convention, signed on the part of the Holy See by Monsignor Vico, Apostolic Nuncio, and on the part of the Congo Free State by the Chevalier de Cuvellier, Secretary-General of the Department of Foreign Affairs.



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## AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

(By Will. W. Whalen.)

A slender little creature, with short bushy black hair, eyes that were great wells of blackness, lips red as cherries, a sweet, Madonna-like face—that was Lalite Frazer.

She smiled pleasantly at the nurses, showing a row of pearls that Helen of Troy might have been proud to claim for her own, and graciously bowed to the Sisters that she met on her way to the room assigned her. It was such a pretty one that the nurses called it the "fairy" room. It had been fitted up for the Sisters by a man whom they nursed back to health. He never could forget their kindness, and tried in this way to show his gratitude.

Miss Frazer came to the hospital on a Saturday. The following Monday she was to undergo a surgical operation. She was given into Bridget Purcell's charge. When Bridget brought her lunch, on the day of her arrival, she was lounging in a wicker chair, buried in a deep reverie. Her hands were clasped behind her head, and her face wore a look of mingled remorse and fear. She murmured a kindly greeting as Bridget set down the tray. How pretty she looked as she ate the crisp toast and sipped her chocolate!

A book was lying on the table, one of those paper-bound novels, written in a flashy style by some of the modern-day authors. She caught Bridget's eye resting on the colored title-page.

"I suppose you don't read novels, Miss Purcell?" she said, a smile flitting across her face. "Miss Purcell is your name, isn't it? I think Sister told me that Miss Purcell would be my nurse."

Bridget bowed in assent to the last question and replied:

"I don't have much time to read novels; we are kept very busy here, and when our 'outing-day' comes, I assure you, we nurses at Mercy Hospital do not spend our moments poring over the pages of a novel."

"Perhaps," her brows knit in a small frown, as if she were in pain, "it would have been better for me had I read fewer novels. I think, she added, smiling brightly, "you and I shall be friends, Miss Purcell."

That afternoon Bridget had a few moments' further chat with Miss Frazer, and found her an excellent conversationalist.

"You must take me to your chapel this morning, Bridget," she said. "Is it a pretty one?"

"Very, I am sure you will like it, Miss Frazer."

"Miss Frazer! Why not Lalite?" she queried, with an arch smile.

"However, Bridget," she rejoined, "you know by this time, I dare say, that I am not a Catholic."

Yes, Bridget knew that. She had persisted in calling a picture of St. Teresa, which hung on the wall of her room, "that beautiful Virgin," meaning, of course, the Mother of God, and, though about to undergo a serious operation, she had not asked for a priest.

That evening when Miss Frazer and Bridget entered the chapel it was only dimly lighted. She knelt while Bridget made a little act of obedience to the patient Watcher of the Tabernacle. Bridget looked askance at her beautiful face as she knelt there, her slim hands folded, the faint light heightening her rich, dark beauty. Bridget thought of proud, lovely pagan Fabiola, and in her secret heart wished that she might prove to be Miss Frazer's St. Agnes.

"Remain here a minute, Lalite, please," she whispered, "until I turn on the light."

"Bridget"—how soft her voice was now—"I do not care to see the chapel this evening; you may show it to me in the morning."

She arose hastily and turned to leave the chapel. When the portieres had closed with a gentle rustle behind them, she said:

"I am going to lie down now, Bridget. Good-night," smiling, "bring me an egg for breakfast."

Next morning Miss Frazer was dressed in a pretty pink gown, cut low at the neck, displaying her round, white, pillar-like throat, at which a single jewel blazed.

"Do you care to see our chapel this morning?" Bridget said, as she chatted with Miss Frazer. "We shall have high Mass at nine o'clock. I dare say you have never attended Mass?"

"No; but I know what your Mass is like. One of our actors—for the first time Bridget learned that Miss Frazer was an actress—was a Catholic, and a very good Catholic. He explained to me something about your Mass, Bridget," she confessed, prettily. "I know very little of any religion. I believe that there is a God, and that there are Ten Commandments, but I do not belong to any sect. You can't call me an infidel," she laughed, "though in truth I am not what you may call a good Christian."

As Bridget left her she said, "Come for me at nine o'clock; I'll attend your service."

The nurse and her patient entered the chapel just as the priest ascended the altar steps. Miss Frazer genuflected, she was very polite. She seemed to be in profound thought as she sat beside Bridget. The "Mass-Book for Non-Catholics" which Bridget had given her lay in her hand neglected and unopened. She knelt with reverence, or what looked like reverence, at the Consecration.

"How solemn! how grand!" she said later in the day. "Bridget, you Catholics have a splendid service in your Mass. Oh, the melody of that Kyrie!"

When Bridget entered the "fairy" room that afternoon Miss Frazer was lying on her bed, her face bathed in tears.

"You are not well?" said Bridget, as she brushed back the thick dark hair.

"Oh, Bridget, how glad I am that you have come! I am so wretched." She sat upright, looking like a beautiful wild creature with her disordered hair and tear-wet eyes. She drew Bridget down beside her. "Bridget, I never before met a woman I liked so well as you or one who won my affection in so short a time. How I wish I had such a sister! Perhaps I should have been better if I had," with a little sigh. "Oh, Bridget," tears rolling down her cheeks, "mine has been a selfish, a sinful life, and now—now—the end is come!"

"Lalite," Bridget responded, trying to be cheerful, "you speak as if you were old and had seen long years of crime. Why, you are scarcely out of your teens; and you speak of the end. What do you mean?"

"I feel that I shall die under the knife to-morrow, Bridget," she sobbed.

"I have known a number of patients who felt that way," Bridget said, "yet they left the surgical table and are alive to-day."

"But they were not in so feeble a state as I am; and, oh, I have had dreams," shuddering, "such terrible dreams! I am sure that at the first cut of the knife I shall die," she persisted, "and, oh, Bridget, it is an awful thing to die when one has led such a life as mine. It is a fearful thought that I must face a God whom I have never honored. People say that He is merciful, but they also say that He is just. Bridget, Bridget, you Catholics believe in praying for one another; I ask you to pray for me."

"You must not pay any attention to your dreams, dear Lalite; they are the children of your disturbed mind. Perhaps, dear, you would like to see a priest—I mean a minister—a priest—"

"She interrupted with, "No, no, no, no, Bridget, I want to see no one but you."

"May I send our chaplain to you?" Bridget pleaded.

"No," she repeated; "I want no minister, no priest."

"Lalite, dear, please do let me bring Mother Eulalia to you. She can talk to you so much better than I can, and—"

She lifted her hand with a little gesture of angry impatience. "Bridget, I declare that I want no one but you. If you bring a Sister to me you will displease me."

Bridget drew the yielding head down on her bosom. How like a child the actress was, with her big eyes and quivering mouth!

"Bridget, mine has been a gay but an empty life. I ran away from home over two years ago. I wanted to go on the stage and have my own way; my home was too quiet. I have one brother, who is much older than I, a hard, stern brother, Bridget, who was never kind to me. He—" She paused, her voice choked with tears.

"But your mother, Lalite, didn't she love you, and wasn't she kind to you? And your father loved you?"

"Yes, both my parents loved me and were too kind. Oh, I was so wilful, but I am sorry—sorry."

"Haven't you seen any of your relatives since you left them? Haven't you heard from your home?"

"I succeeded on the stage from the night of my first appearance. Bridget; my voice and talent won recognition for me. I wrote home a year after my mad flight, and my brother answered my letter. I shall never forget his cruel words; they have blasted my life. He said that he never cared to see me again; that my father was dead—dead of a broken heart. There was not one word about my dear mother in the letter."

Miss Frazer buried her face in her hands, and tears trickled through her fingers.

"Of course, dear," Bridget said, gently, "you did wrong in running away from home, but your sin is not beyond forgiveness. You were young and giddy."

"I have not told you all, Bridget; my running away and becoming an actress was not all—not all." She repeated the words mechanically. "You can guess the rest of my story; a giddy young girl, gifted and beautiful, on the stage without a mother's warning voice to guide her. Perhaps if I had known more about God then, if I had been a Catholic, like you, I should not have sinned so grievously."

Some Catholics sin often, and in grave matters," Bridget answered, "but they repent, Lalite. You can do the same."

Miss Frazer was silent.

The soft summer breeze came through the open window—Bridget could feel it for years afterwards—bringing with it the scent of the flowers in the garden below. It played with the dark curls that clustered about the actress' ears and throat. Bridget could see the sky, with its fitting clouds. Her heart throbbled in pity for the bowed, sorrowful figure of poor Miss Frazer. What could she say to cheer her?

Miss Frazer was awake betimes next morning. Great circles were beneath the dark eyes; there were lines of pain and weariness about the sweet mouth; the face was drawn. She told Bridget that she had not slept at all during the night.

She looked at her watch. The hand was on the stroke of eight.

"In two hours, Bridget," she said, sadly, "I shall meet my doom."

The small fingers were clenched and a shudder ran through her.

"Your thoughts are too gloomy even for this sad occasion, Lalite, dear; I feel certain that you will not die."

"I wish I could feel so, Bridget; this is a hard, cruel old world, yet I am afraid to leave it. It must be a blessed thing for a world-weary soul to say farewell to this vale of misery—a soul that has suffered patiently for God, a soul that has sinned less heinously than I." She paused, then went on: "Oh, I have suffered, suffered so much. My life has been a failure, my frail craft wrecked immediately after leaving the harbor; for I am still young. I wanted fame and fortune, I found heartache."

"I have loved, ah! loved so fondly!" she continued. "Roger Carroll, the

man I loved, whom I still love, was a Catholic. I might have been his wife, but—he loved me, Bridget, as much as I loved him. He was all that was good and true and noble—not like the other men I knew."

"Sometimes my shallow, sinful heart reproached me when I looked at his frank, boyish face—the dear face that is impressed upon my heart; he was so much better than I. We were lovers for one short month. Oh, those happy, happy days! Then we parted and the sun of my life set."

"I knew Roger would never make me his wife unless I became a Catholic; but since the Catholic Church had such sons, why should I not become her daughter? When Roger Carroll joined our company I had been on the stage about a year, and my life, as I have already told you, had not been what it should have been. Roger had heard nothing of my past, and I was happy that he had not. During the brief month he knew me he so bound himself up in my heartstrings that he never left my thoughts night or day. My stay in Paradise was short; already a serpent was planning my ruin."

"One of our actresses, Leah Stroud, conceived a violent passion for Roger Carroll. She was a tall, majestic woman, a perfect blonde, far more beautiful than I; and I feared with a jealous fear, when she cast her eyes upon him, that she might steal Roger from me. Many a pang of jealousy I suffered when I viewed her wonderful beauty. Why could I not be so lovely to win my heart's hero? But Roger withstood all her wiles. He treated her as a friend, nothing more."

"When Leah Stroud saw that I had Roger Carroll's love she came to me one day as I sat in my room at the hotel."

"Miss Frazer," she said—she never called me Miss Frazer unless she was angry—how can you conscientiously retain the love of such a man as Roger Carroll?"

"Conscientiously! I echoed, my heart beating rapidly. Did she know of my past? "What do you mean, Leah?"

"You know what I mean, Miss Frazer," she said, with bitterness. "Roger Carroll knows absolutely nothing about you; if he did he would scorn to breathe your name."

"Ah, heaven, she knew all!"

"I arose, staggered to a couch and fell upon it with a moan. Already I saw the fruit of happiness torn from my lips. Leah Stroud's severe face softened as she gazed upon me."

"I will not betray you, Lalite," she said, not unkindly, "if you give Roger Carroll up!"

"Mad with rage and disappointed love, I leaped at her; I could have torn her limb from limb."

"I will never give him up!" I shrieked, regardless of what I said, regardless of all consequences.

"With a cold, sneering smile, that was more cruel than a blow, she left me. An hour later, as I paced the floor like a wounded tigress, Roger Carroll came to my room. With an exclamation of welcome I turned to greet him, and beheld the mockingly triumphant face of Leah Stroud behind him. A glance at his countenance told me that the worst had come. The door closed.

"Lalite," he caught my poor fluttering hands in his strong grasp—oh, I dared not meet his honest eyes!—"tell this woman she lies."

"She cannot," hissed my arch-enemy.

"Oh, God, Roger! burst from my lips, my punishment is greater than I can bear. Forgive me, forget my past; I have begun anew."

"He dropped his hands as if they were hot coals; his face turned ashen, and with a groan that came straight from his heart he left me, left me, never to smile on me again."

"Wish a bitter cry I fell senseless to the floor. Then came a dreary spell of sickness; I was kept to my bed for nearly a month. I never saw Roger Carroll again. I heard that he went far away. Leah Stroud, in destroying my hopes of becoming his wife, ruined her own. Oh, Bridget, I shall never forget the hours that Roger and I spent together, the religious instructions he loved to whisper into my willing ears. See," she drew a small rosary from her bosom, "this he gave me only the night before we parted."

She pressed a kiss upon the shining beads, and a great pearly tear rolled down her colorless cheek.

"Dear, I need not tell you of my life after he left me; it is too sad a story. Oh, had I only met Roger Carroll before I fled from my home I should not have fallen so low; I should have been a good woman. But I dare say all wicked women would have been different had they met a good man and loved him while they were what they should be."

Shortly before Miss Frazer was taken to the surgical room she gave Bridget her real name—Charlotte Burroughs.

"Bridget," she whispered, clinging to her, "you must not let my brother Robert know anything about me until I am dead."

As Bridget stood like one in a dream at the door of the operating-room, after poor Lalite had been received into it, Sister Antonius's soft voice said, "Please take a lunch to the patient in Room 5. I will remain here, Bridget; if the doctors need anything, I will get it for them."

For the next hour Bridget was so engaged with various duties that she had no time to inquire about Charlotte.

Mother Eulalia came hurriedly to her side. "Bridget," she said, "go to Room 7 at once. That new patient, Miss Frazer, has just been taken from the operating table. She is calling for you; she wants you to attend her. Sister Antonius can do nothing with her. I fear the poor girl has but a few hours to live."

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Bridget flew to Charlotte's side.

"Stay, Sister Antonius," she said,

laying a detaining hand upon the nun's arm.

"No, I want only you," said Charlotte, peevishly, her eyes opening: "only you, Bridget, no one but you."

"Pray for her," whispered Bridget to Sister Antonius as she left the room.

Bridget saw that Charlotte's hours were numbered. All the color had gone from her face, her lips were almost white.

"Bridget, it is awful to die. Oh, if I could only undo the past! I meant to become good when I got old but the Almighty Being, whom I neglected has cut me off short. Bridget, I look now to you; is there any hope for me in eternity? After my miserable life in this world, what awaits me in the next?"

"Christ came to save sinners, dear," Bridget murmured, supporting the drooping head with her arm. "Our sins are as a little grain of sand beside the mountain of God's mercy."

A sudden thought struck Bridget. "Lalite"—she will call her by the name under which she first knew her—"have you ever been baptized?" She asked it eagerly, anxiously.

"No, Bridget; I belong to no sect." "Thank God, oh, thank God! Lalite, you believe in God, that Christ is the Redeemer of the world?"

"Yes, Bridget." Her voice was growing fainter.

God's all-powerful grace must have been pouring into that poor worn heart. Perhaps, in the peace of some convent cell a saintly recluse was sending her petitions to the throne of God for the soul that was about to leave the world. Perhaps Roger Carroll was praying for the unfortunate girl he had loved.

"Bridget, all Roger Carroll's teaching comes over my heart like an overwhelming flood. Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, look down with pity upon me. I want to die a Christian and a Catholic. Will this belief save me, Bridget?"

Her eyes opened with a weary stare, her voice seemed far away.

"Lalite, baptism will save you, will make you a saint."

Her eyes were closing. Bridget seized a glass of water that stood on the table and poured it over her forehead. Lalite joined her hands as Bridget murmured the solemn words of baptism.

"Lalite, I have Baptized you Mary in honor of our Blessed Mother. May she lead you to the feet of her Divine Son!"

Charlotte's eyes opened, and into them came a beautiful light such as Bridget never before saw in the eyes of a mortal. Those eyes gazed into hers with a look of gratitude that she never forgot. They then closed, to open in this world no more. Charlotte's lips parted and a single word came from them. Bridget bent down her ear, and heard, soft as the sigh of a zephyr, "Mercy!"

She fell on her knees and with a fervent prayer pressed her face into the bedclothes and wept tears of joy.

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The

Children's Page

IN-DOOR SUN.

Once on a time, in far Japan, There lived a busy little man, So merry and so full of fun, That people called him In-door Sun.

Now In-door Sun made mirrors fine, Like those in your house and in mine, And in these-looking-glasses bright His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad To see his face look cross and bad That he began to take great care To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew All seemed to like him better, too; For, like the mirrors, every one Began to smile on In-door Sun.

Now try this just one day, and see How bright and smiling you can be; You'll find both happiness and fun In playing you're an In-door Sun. —Little Folks.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Hide and seek in the barnyard Is the greatest game to play; Hide and seek for the children At the close of a summer day.

Hide away in a corn crib, Or behind a straw stack tall; Or hide away inside the barn, In old roan Nellie's stall.

Hide behind the woodsied, Or in a clump of trees; Hide down in the hen coop, Or hide just where you please.

Then sit as quiet as little mice, For fear that you'll be found; For Tom and Bert and Mary Are hunting all around.

And if they chance to spy you, You join their band so gay, And hunt the other children, Who are still hid away.

And so the hours of evening Between the day and night Are given o'er to Hide and Seek, The children's dear delight.

THE DIFFERENCE.

In an apron of blue by the sand heap she sits, And makes the most wonderful pies. She follows the brooklet that sings as it runs, All under the sweet summer skies. And mischievous breezes will linger, I wene, To ruffle each wild yellow curl. She croons a soft song while the hours slip along— She's a glad little morning girl.

But when 3 o'clock comes, then, behold what a change! She wears a white frock, ruffled too. She walks up and down in the very front yard, And her slippers are shining and new.

In a prim golden row, not a hair out of place, Can be seen every round shining curl. Oh, long seems the time, and so slow drags the day— She's a sad little afternoon girl.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry; She races through her breakfast to be in time for school; She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry, And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule. She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing. Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime; She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going. And yet—would you believe it—she never is in time. It seems a contradiction until you know the reason, But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state That she never has been known to begin a thing in season, And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

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DICK'S DOLLAR.

(Buffalo Union and Times.) Dick was an orphan boy, fourteen years old, who worked for Mrs. Lane on her farm. He had plenty to do, but got for his labors only his board and clothes. Frequently he was scolded; sometimes he was slapped. Affectionate himself, the greatest want he had was love.

When Father John went to that neighborhood to say mass once a month, Dick was his devoted slave. He met him at the station, carried his heavy missionary satchel to the house, waited on him, and finally, served his mass.

Father John loved the boy and appreciated his services. One time, after Dick had been unusually attentive and self-denying, Father John, as he was going away and the train was starting, put a silver dollar into the boy's hand and said: "That's for yourself, Dick. I want you to spend it. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Father," said the boy, "and thank you very much." The train was off before he could get over his surprise or say another word.

A dollar! A whole dollar! And his own to do with as he chose! Dick went up the road with a light heart. He came to a store. There were many things in it he would like to buy—a clock, a baseball and bat, a pair of skates, etc. While he was looking in the window, Will Hartford came up to him.

"Hello, Dick," said he, "don't you want a trade?" "What is it?" asked Dick. "I must have some money to go on an excursion next week. I'll sell my sled, my fishing-pole and my pen-knife for a dollar."

That was a bargain—four dollars worth for a dollar! "I've a mind to take 'em," said Dick. "Why, have you a dollar?" asked Will.

"Yes, Father John gave me one this morning for himself." "Oh did you see Jim's puppies?" asked Will suddenly, as he noticed in the window the picture of a pointer dog and a hunter on a box of ammunition. "He has four. They're the finest breed. He wants five dollars a piece for them, but he offered me one for a dollar."

All thought of sled, fishing-rod, and pen-knife were out of Dick's mind. He wanted a dog—something living to love, a dog to lick his hand, to play with him, to go with him hunting. "I guess I'll spend my dollar for a pup, Will," said Dick.

"All right, Dick," answered Will. "I don't blame you—I'd just like to have one of 'em myself." So Dick hurried away to buy the dog, lest other purchasers should be before him. As he drew near the church he saw an old man trying the sacristy door. Dick went up to him.

"What do you want there?" he asked. "I want to see Father John." "He left half an hour ago on the train for Mainville."

"O that's too bad," said the old man. "I expected to see him here and I walked twenty miles to get here." "You can take the next train at 11.10 o'clock," said the boy. "Father John will be in Mainville till after mass to-morrow."

"I can't go," said the old man. "I have no money. And I did so want to see him." "The fare is eighty-five cents," said Dick. "Take this and go," handing out the dollar. "You'll have fifteen cents for something to eat. Father John will give you money to get back."

The old man seemed reluctant to take the boy's money, but at last he consented. "I'll pay you back," he said, "trust me," as he walked away towards the station. Dick was not sure that he'd ever see his dollar again, but he had been touched by the misery of the old man when the latter found out that Father John was gone.

So hope of clock, baseball, bat, skates, sled, fishing-pole, pen-knife, and dog was gone, and the boy, being a real boy, was sad. What a disappointment. But if it was to be done over again, he'd do it just the same—sorrow and suffering appealed to his loving heart and he was prompted to make sacrifices.

He went back to the house and told Mrs. Lane. She was furious with him. "You wasted your money," she said; "you gave it to a worthless tramp; you're a good-for-nothing boy!"

A month later Father John came back to say mass again. When he met Dick he said: "You need not tell me how you spent your money. The old man to whom you gave it told me. He is dead. He was feeling that he would not live long and had not been to his duties for nearly twenty years. You can see that he must have been anxious to find a priest. He died at peace with God. He had no relatives. He owned a run-down farm about twenty miles from here. It is worth about \$3,000 to \$4,000. He willed it to you and made me your guardian."

"O Father!" exclaimed the boy. "And you are to come to live with me, and next September you are to go to college." "O Father!" exclaimed the boy. "Yes, God has rewarded you in this life for the sacrifice of your dollar, a thing that He does not always do, and now you must put new talent out at interest."

Dick did not understand the last part of that sentence, but so long as Father John said it it must be all right.

THE APOSTOLATE OF CHILDHOOD.

Wherever there is a Sunday School and a train of altar boys, methinks, if they heard the following true story, some souls might be brought to the Master, and a little child would lead them.

About two years ago, while my choir boys were standing in the sacristy waiting for services to begin, I noticed for several Sunday evenings a little fellow about twelve years of age looking in the open door, and wistfully and earnestly watching the train of red cassocks and white surplices that were ready to march into the sanctuary.

"Who is that boy?" I asked, on the third Sunday evening. "Father, he's a Protestant. He is Charlie X—," I looked around but Charlie had disappeared. However, the next Sunday night he was there, and when I went towards him he stood his ground like a man.

His big blue eyes widened, when I spoke pleasantly to him. "Am glad to see you, Charlie—do you like to watch the choir boys?" "Yes, sir," and an unspoken wish shone on his face. He was a bright, manly-looking lad, and I was pleased with his appearance.

After a moment, during which he never took his eyes from my face, he said: "Could I be a choir boy?" "But you don't believe in the Catholic church, Charlie!" "Won't you give me a chance, father?"

The words struck me particularly and the lad's earnest face impressed me. I turned away to look up a spare cassock and surplice in the wardrobe, but the boy mistook my movement for a refusal and was turning slowly and sadly away, when I called him, "Yes, my boy, I will give you a chance; put these on"; and I helped him.

No king robed in ermine could have been more grave, even reverent, than this boy, when fully equipped in cassock and surplice and hymn book in hand, he stood beside a companion in the middle of the lines. "Now, do as the other boys do," I whispered, as the train started for the sanctuary. I watched him from the door; he was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion, and listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the evening sermon. Sunday nights we have sermons of a doctrinal nature, followed by benediction. Charlie never flagged in attention! Every Sunday evening he was there, and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys had said good night. "Well, Charlie," said I, "tired of being a choir boy?" "How he looked at me!" "Oh, Father! No, indeed, but Father, may I be a Catholic?"

I put my arm around him—I couldn't help it, the little face was so serious! "Certainly, my son, but your parents must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, Father, I brought them to church every Sunday, to see me in my choir clothes and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Catholic."

I inquired his address, and I went to see his parents soon after this. I found they were unbaptized Protestants, and of course not one of the six children had ever been baptized.

I talked about Charlie, and found both parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the rest of the household.

The end is soon told. I instructed the little apostle, and his father and mother, and baptized them and all the brothers and sisters, eight in all. He was soon confirmed and made his first Communion, and then encouraged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the Sanctuary rejoicing in the new found treasure of faith and lifting his innocent heart in prayer.

Who knows, but some day he may stand on the altar steps, and break the bread of the word to starving souls who are yearning for just such an apostle!

Friends of the mission work, pass on this true story, perhaps somewhere there may be another father and mother who need "a little child to lead them."—Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Missionary.

VACATION GAMES.

The games played by boys and girls are almost alike the world over. Some of them can be dated, like "London Bridge," which may be traced to the insurrection of Jack Cade in the Wars of the Roses five hundred years ago.

The Spanish children play a variation of Blindman's Buff, which they call "Blind Hen." It begins with "giving the pebble" to determine who shall be the afflicted fowl. A child shuts in one hand the pebble, and then presents both little fists to the other children passing in file. Each, while all sing the first stanza given below, softly touches first one of the hands, then the other, and finally slaps the one chosen. If this is empty, she passes on. If it holds the pebble, she must take it and be the one to offer the hands. The child who finally remains with the pebble in her possession, after all have passed, is the blind hen. As the game goes on the children tease the blind hen, who, of course, is trying to catch them, by singing the second stanza given below:

"Pebble, O pebble! Where may it be? Pebble, O pebble! Come not to me! Tell me, my mother, Which hand to choose, This or the other? That I refuse, This hand I choose.

"She's lost her thimble, Little blind hen. Better be nimble! Try it again! Who'll bring a taper For the blind hen? Scamper and caper! Try it again! Try it again!"

According to the traveller's account the Spanish boys and girls play several other games well known to our American boys and girls, but usually under other names. They understand how to make the "handchair" and "drop the button," only their button is usually a ring. "Hide the handkerchief" carries with it the familiar cries of hot and cold, but our "Puss in the corner" becomes "A cottage to rent."

"Cottage to rent? Try the other side; You see that this Is occupied."

"Tag" with them is a thoroughly poetic conception. One child, chosen by lot, is the moon, and must keep within the shadow. The others, morning stars, are safe only in the lighted spaces. The game is for the morning stars to run into the shadow, daring the moon, who is successful in catching one, becomes a morning star in turn, and passes out into the light, leaving the one caught to act the part of moon. As the morning stars run in and out of the moon's domain they sing over and over the following stanza:

"O, the moon and the morning stars! O, the moon and the morning stars! Who dares to tread—O Within the shadow?"

The traveler quoted had not found them playing house precisely after the manner of our small maidens. However, their game of Washerwoman would bear comparison with our best in point of fun. The mother says:

"Marquilla, I'm going out to the river to wash. While I am gone you must sweep and tidy up the house." "Buena, madre."

But no sooner is the mother out of sight than naughty Marquilla begins to frisk for joy, singing:

"Mother has gone out to wash; Mother'll be gone all day. Now can Marquilla Laugh and dance and play."

But the mother returns so suddenly that Marquilla sees her barely in time to begin a vigorous sweeping. The mother then sings, accusing her daughter, and administers a spanking.

After this lively exercise the washerwoman goes away again, charging Marquilla to churn the butter, then to knead the bread, then to set the table, but always with the same disastrous results. The mother finally condemns her to a dinner of bread and butter, but Marquilla makes a point of understanding her to say bread and honey, and shares this sweetener with her sympathetic mates who form the circle. This time the beating is so severe that the children of the ring raise their arms and let Marquilla dodge freely in and out, while they do all they can to trip and hinder the irate washerwoman in her pursuit.

Any of these games may be tried when the young players tire of the well-known round of American play time exercises during the long hours of recreation in vacation.

A GOLD MEDAL. I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were Junco's enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson. "Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

GIVE US

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

The Cry of all who have once tasted it. A trial will convert you.

Lead packets only—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c & 60c per lb. At all grocers.

"The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mollified, replied: 'Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk.'"

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, very rarely awarded, not so much on account of its cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor lad on horse back rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'"

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to get a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The children's Own.

As milder develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the cancer gradually disappears. Send 6 cents (stamps) to Stott & Jery, Bowmanville, Ont., if you are troubled with cancer.

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

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is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

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Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

His Mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping-car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?" "Tourse I do," he returned sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer." —Youth's Companion.

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Advertisement for Hamilton Incubator, featuring a detailed illustration of the incubator and a testimonial from a satisfied customer.

Advertisement for Dodd's Kidney Pills, featuring a circular logo and a testimonial from a patient who has been cured.

Advertisement for Hamilton Incubator, featuring a detailed illustration of the incubator and a testimonial from a satisfied customer.

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TORONTO, JULY 19, 1906.

**A CLERGYMAN'S PAY.**

An Anglican clergyman at Fenaghville, in the Ottawa diocese, has tendered his resignation on the ground of inadequate salary. Having a wife and six children he complains that his yearly income of \$800 is altogether insufficient. At the same time he admits it to be greater than that of seven-tenths of the clergy of the diocese. What is to become of Anglicanism under such circumstances? For a clergyman to support a family of six children and maintain his dignity upon such a salary, not to mention the cost of education, is almost impossible. But the gentleman resigns from what he calls the priesthood. There is a contradiction here. If he deems his ministry a priesthood, it must be that of Melchisedech, which is eternal, and from which he cannot resign. Supposing he resigns from the exercise of it, to what calling will he devote himself? To some worldly and more lucrative calling? That will not do. That is neither evangelical nor apostolic. The difficulty is that he has not left all to follow the Master; he is not willing to trust that if sent without purse or scrip he will not want. There is no application in the text of St. Paul which he quotes: "If any provide not for his own, and especially those of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." To throw up his calling for such a reason is not the confidence he would, or should, urge his flock to practise. That the laity of any denomination should allow a stipend to remain constantly at a low ebb whilst the tide of expenses rush on to threaten the manse is a disgrace to them. Protestantism based upon private judgment looks upon the minister as a servant, a mere teacher or something of the kind. The members pay as they wish. There is no divine power insisting upon payment; nor is there any real sacrament or worship requiring the offices of a priest, so that there is no demand. But the difficulty in the present case is the household. Wife and six little ones have to be provided for. Celibacy would have obviated all this and saved the services of an unselfish candidate to what may be a deserving but poor people. It is under the sad circumstances of hardship and poverty that the Church of God shows up with remedy for evil and efficient policy for sacred ministrations. Imagine a Jesuit missionary resigning his work of zeal because his salary was only eight hundred dollars. With his boat in summer and his snowshoes in winter onward he goes with his message of peace and his worship of sacrifice. He has no care of his own. He left them long before, he left all; and now neither poverty nor hardship, nor shipwreck nor cold, nor anything, will separate him from his mission. Truth is with the old Church; with it too, are stable organization and apostolic unselfish devotion.

**THE TWELFTH.**

The usual gathering, the usual noise of drum-beating and the usual glare of orange ribbon and July heat, marked the Toronto celebration of the battle of the Boyne. Some were in the procession who should have excused themselves. Amongst these were the Minister of Education and Mayor Coatsworth. The former felt ashamed, and turned off to the Legislative Buildings on the ground that he had work to do. The latter continued to the exhibition grounds, where he appeared on the platform, and addressed the crowd. It will become a Mayor of a mixed city such as Toronto to so identify himself with this division-sowing party celebration. The Hon. Mr. Foy ought to look after his mayoralty candidate.

As for the poor multitude of listeners they were too blind to see whether they were being led, and too prejudiced to hear fair play. Ministers—so-called—were there, with the usual denunciation of Rome, the usual boasts of liberty, and the usual cant of calumny and uncharity.

Despite all this, however, and taking generalities for data, it is interesting to note that a self-respecting public is discountenancing more and more all such exhibitions. The spirit of Christian Charity is abroad, that spirit which calls for courtesy between man and man, and it decries and frowns upon tunes that carry with them offence and insult to one-sixth of a city's inhabitants, and calumnies which are against the laws of justice and truth and against the spirit that should actuate and weld together all portions and classes of humanity.

**REQUEST WAS REFUSED**

The refusal of Trustee Shaw, Chairman of the Public School Board of the city, to allow the flags of the city schools to fly in honor of the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, in accordance with the rules of consistency and good sense. When the chairman said that he did not consider the "Twelfth" a national holiday and could see no justification for raising the flags on the Public Schools, he was in harmony with the ethics that govern all such events. To raise the flags on the feast of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick or St. John the Baptist, would be to honor the patron and people of a certain nationality, and as such would be justifiable and to most people commendable. To comply with the request in this instance would be to countenance party feeling, which in no case is within the province of the civic fathers, and in the present instance would be to gratify a few while at the same time offering an implied insult to many unoffending and non-interfering citizens. To listen to insulting party tunes from a party procession may be borne with a certain amount of equanimity, but to have these emphasized by the formal consent of a city official would be something quite different. From this, however, we were saved by the consistent conduct of Trustee Shaw in refusing to be a party to the matter.

**EFFECTS ALREADY FELT.**

From our Montreal exchanges we learn that the late action of Archbishop Bruchesi in inaugurating a temperance crusade, has already been productive of much good. His Grace has just returned from a pastoral tour during which thirty parishes were visited. General results for good were everywhere visible and the good results from the anti-alcohol movement were particularly prominent. Referring to the assistance which the government and municipal bodies could give, His Grace said:

"Give us the assistance and sympathy of the Government and the municipal bodies, and it will take a comparatively short time to regenerate the whole people."

Nevertheless, the Archbishop was of the opinion that the chief hope in the matter is in the salvation of the children, for he said:

"I have little hope of making a temperance man out of the habitual drunkard, but it is the children and rising generation we are after; for I tell you the girls and boys of our land hold its future in the hollow of their hands."

"The curative methods have been wrong in the past, we acknowledge it, and we are starting out on new lines. Formerly, as now, a child was taught from the cradle that to lie, to steal, and to cheat were crimes which every good boy and girl should avoid and abhor, but the good mother and father never once thought of adding: 'Thou shalt not drink whiskey.'"

"Hence the great defect of the training of the home circle. Children saw liquor kept in the house, they saw father and friend take a friendly glass, and who would think of failing to indulge in the 'petit coup' at New Year's, or when another little one came to gladden the home circle. The children would ask, and would be, of course, refused at a tender age, yet at 16 or 17 they, too, must begin to drink and treat their companions."

All seriously minded people cannot but be in accord with the mind of the Archbishop of Montreal on the subject, and cannot withhold admiration for this, his great work along temperance lines.

**PRESIDENT LOUDON.**

By insisting upon the acceptance of his resignation, President Loudon severs his connection with the University of Toronto, with which he has been so long and so creditably associated. Matriculating in 1858, he pursued with brilliant success the study of both classics and mathematics, graduating with high honors in 1862. From the rank of student he rose step by step amongst the teaching staff until 1892, when on the death of Sir Daniel Wilson he was named President of the University. It would be out of place to eulogize or criticize the rule and policy of President Loudon who now lays down his burthen,

wearied with the strain of education and the exacting demands of a growing institution. Had he started now when he is leaving off, with the presidency better defined and more honorably secured, he would have every prospect of progressive success and continued health and usefulness. Had he belonged to an earlier generation, when the University was much more simple and much less expensive, he would have administered it with scholarly care and sound economy. Dr. Loudon had the misfortune to enter upon his presidency when the demands of the University were doubly severe, by reason of the fire and by reason of the ever increasing calls of science and the expansion due to the newly federated institutions. His position was further handicapped in the question of appointments. In these and other respects he had the odium of his position but not its freedom of efficient action. President Loudon may not always have taken in at a glance the whole field of University usefulness and extension. But his eye was single and his purpose one. A distinguished son of his Alma Mater, he always remained a zealous, devoted guardian of her interests. Whoever may succeed him will not bring to the office more unselfishness or steadier application to its onerous duties. With his departure another volume of University history is closed. It devolves now upon the Board to select another who will write in scholarly, masterly hand the next volume.

**MORALIZING ON TRAGEDY.**

The late tragedy in Madison Square, New York, when a wealthy spendthrift named Thaw deliberately shot the distinguished artist, Stanford White, has elicited a surplus of moralization. "Thaw," says one newspaper, "in jail to-day with the blood of White upon his hands, is the victim of too much money." "Money," says another, "is the root of evil—money, left to a family that is wholly without the balance, the taste, the refinement to derive from money its greatest economic value and the greatest return to themselves." We would prefer to wait. Whatever may have been Thaw's training and early life, he is now on trial for murder. We can await the result of this trial. No doubt too much money spent in sinful pleasures laid the train to the cold-blooded deed which now leaves upon the spendthrift's brow the brand of Cain. All these are the sins and crime of an individual. We are anxious to see if United States society will palliate this shedding of blood by a multi-millionaire. An idle-rich class may be a danger to society, but we can hardly admit the humiliating idea that he is a type of an idle-rich class. It will not do to launch out with socialistic theories because of one crime, however revolting it may be; or even threaten rich young men that if they do not spend their money properly then "the public conscience" will take care that they do. The Toronto Globe looks upon the tragedy as an object lesson to teach the rich. Granted. But here was a young man who had attended one of the leading colleges, whose extravagant habits were a scandal to every circle in which he moved. He was a sensualist from his early teens. No lesson beyond some deeper degradation could be taught him. He is no type—unless it be of fallen humanity. The educational lesson in the whole thing is addressed to parents. They should train their children early in life to self-denial, to charity for the poor, to the responsibility of wealth, to religion and its elevating and ennobling principles and practices. As long as religion is left out of education, so long will the number of young men like Thaw increase and so long will tragedies like that of Madison Square multiply.

**THE POPE'S HEALTH.**

Quite frequently we see discouraging reports of the Holy Father's health. As a general thing they are without foundation, and receive in due time their deserved contradiction. The other day came, however, a report from Mgr. Paquet of Quebec upon whose statement the utmost reliance may be placed. He states that on visiting the Sovereign Pontiff lately he found him very much changed from the time he had last seen him, which was a year ago. His holiness is more marked with care, his manner is much less vivacious and his step weaker. The burthen of his high office, the confining strain of his life in the Vatican, and the dread of the ever approaching storms of socialism in France and Italy, are telling severely upon the health and spirit of our venerable and beloved Sovereign, Pius the Tenth. It should be the prayer of the Universal Church that God may still spare him in strength that he may carry out his purpose and renew all things in Christ.

**THE SPIRITUAL NEEDS OF THE SOLDIER.**

At length the British Government is awakening to the matter of greater regard and interest in all that pertains to the welfare of its soldiers, particular prominence being given to their spiritual needs and necessities. When opening a new addition to the home for soldiers and sailors at Pimlico on the 11th inst., the War Secretary, Haldane, expressed his views on the matter in words that redound to his credit and which will bring him thanks throughout the broad realm of His Majesty's dominions, for wherever a soldier is found, thence will gratitude emanate for him by whom at length the true value of the soldier has been defined. Speaking of the soldier himself the Secretary of War said "unless those connected with the welfare of the soldier strove to awaken in him a sense of his infinite worth, they would never succeed in their work." Mark the words, "infinite worth," and yet on the authority of Kipling we know that it is only when war looms up lurid and threatening that the soldier is valued, then only is he one of "the thin red line of heroes"; at other times he is only "Tommy Atkins," whose value is something less than zero, and whose welfare interests himself and himself alone.

War Secretary Haldane further said: "They could not induce men to give the country their best unless they were prepared to hold out some prospect of care and help, due those willing to lay down their lives for the nation."

Here is the matter in a nut-shell, and yet how many a leader of a "forlorn hope," how many a hero who ran a chance of reaching eternity, while "cannon to right and cannon to left, volleyed and thundered," has been left to die a miserable death, finishing only with a resting place in a pauper's grave. Regarding the spiritual wants of those defenders of the Empire, Mr. Haldane said:

"I feel strongly that the care of the spiritual needs of the army should be placed on a comprehensive footing. I have been trying to devise a new element in the War Office organization for increasing the breadth and reality of the foundation on which this matter should be dealt with. The Army Council has decided to appoint a committee as part of the regular army organization, charged with looking after the spiritual needs of the soldiers on a broad and comprehensive basis. All churches would be represented on this committee, and it would also include distinguished laymen who appreciated these matters."

On this point the Secretary of War is evidently well intentioned, and if the matter can be adjusted with that spirit of toleration which is the right of all religious belief, then a great change will have taken place for the better. For some years chaplains have been supplied both for Catholics and Anglicans, though if we are not mistaken, no other religious bodies are yet recognized, but a time was, and not far remote, when to be a member of the Catholic Church was for a soldier to place himself outside all chance of promotion. This, however, has been gradually dying out and the present action of the Secretary of War, if developed fully, may do away with all prejudice and partisanship in matters of religion, while at the same time leading to the higher spiritual status of the soldiers themselves. While decrying the necessity for the soldier, it has always seemed to us that the military profession stands amongst the highest in the land, and as such it should be honored. To a certain extent this is recognized in other countries, in France for example, where her highest gift, the Legion of Honor, which though sometimes given to others, is usually earned by her soldiers, is always greeted with the highest military salute. In all grades and all departments of military life are found men of exceptional talent and intellect, but because their possessor is vested in a uniform, those talents are for the most part unrecognized. The word "soldier" should carry with it greater weight than the words "general" or "marshal," for while the latter denote the highest grades in the divisions of military life and discipline, the word "soldier" contains the reason, the very essence for the soldier's being, that is that he defend and if needs be, die, for his country. Where the soldier, then, is a necessity, may both his material and spiritual needs be looked after. For us in Canada our opportunities are perhaps few, it is only the old pensioner, his breast oft times covered with medals, that we may have the opportunity of helping and honoring. This help and honor have not always been the product of the past, nevertheless, to the soldier it is a rightful due, for no one who has once taken His Majesty's shilling has escaped the obligation of dying if needs be in the defence of the people of the country, and "greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

**Dr. Hyde's Parting Message.**

O friends and children of the Gael in America, I am departing again beyond the seas, and I am going home to Ireland. I would like to say a word of thanks to you all and to leave with you my seven thousand farewells and blessings in each single spot in which we are scattered throughout this wondrous country. I have traveled the land up and down, east and west, north and south, and I have found nothing in any place except a hearty welcome. In whatsoever place I spoke and explained this new teaching, the teaching of the Gaelic League, the people have accepted it and they have been all of one mind with the people at home, and it is not alone that they were of one mind and one word with us, but they were also generous and open and kind and hearty, assisting us in every way, putting courage in our hearts and putting money in our treasury in order to establish a Gaelic Ireland again in Erin.

I have travelled now close upon nineteen thousand miles, and I have visited between three and four score cities, and I have explained the cause of the Irish language in the presence of eighty thousand people or more, and I have not heard a single word in any town of those that was not favorable to our cause, and the newspapers were everywhere more than kind.

I understand now in a way in which I never understood it before, how great is this country and how numerous and strong and powerful are the Irish who are in it, and these tidings will raise the heart of every Irishman at home when he hears them.

I have expressed my deep thanks by letters to many of the friends whom I met, but there were many others to whom I had no time to send letters, and I shall ask of them to accept this excuse from me, for I had not much time to myself to do everything I should have liked.

I offer a thousand thanks to the Archbishops, to the Bishops, and to all the clergy for so readily understanding the meaning of my story and for heartily helping me as they have done; and it is not to the Irish alone that I am grateful, but to the Americans themselves also. There is a great likeness between the two nations, and I have found that the people of Ireland have left their own mark on the mind and character and spirit of the Americans. There are few places in which there is not a drop or two of the blood of the Gael to be found amongst the people. I would sooner have the goodwill of this country than anything else in the struggle which we have set on foot to bring back the language and music and customs of Ireland, and if we are loyal and faithful to ourselves we shall get that from them.

I have been seven months amongst you from the day I arrived until this day, and there is grief on me to be leaving you, but that which was set before me I have now done and there is no Irishman in this country who can say that he does not understand now what the Gaelic League is doing in Erin. The blessing of God with you all. I am,

THE CRAOIBHIN.

**A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION**

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

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

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

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

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

**DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL**

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

"ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

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Jolly Rev. at Berlin, Ontario, President.



.....The HOME CIRCLE.....

MOTHER IN EVERY-DAY DRESS.

Good morning to you, Mr. Artist, Here's a picture I want you to paint; Just a photograph of my mother In a style that is olden and quaint.

'Twas caught in a pocket camera One day when she sat all alone; The shades of the evening were falling, And all of her work had been done.

Don't try to leave out any wrinkles Or bind up a straggling hair; 'Tis just as she looked on that evening, I want every one to be there.

Her pictures at home in the album Are fairer than this one will be; As she looked in the bloom of her beauty, But this one is dearest to me.

I can look at all those and remember Her beauty and numberless charms; I can look at this one and remember How she rocked me to sleep in her arms.

Then make it as plain as this picture, Nor think I will love it the less; The dearest thing under the heavens Is a mother in every-day dress.

—Whitney Montgomery in Christian Observer.

WHEN I GO HOME.

It comes to me often in silence, When the freight stutters low— When the black uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago;

Always with throbbing heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing For peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces odd and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range

Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That may never die away And it seems the band of angels, On a mystic harp to play,

Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wending— When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn's shadows Come drifting, drifting in,

Sobbing, the night winds murmur To the plash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again.

AN EXILE

Oh, the green is on the meadow, an' the laughter in the rills, An' the maple-buds are swellin', an' the bush is on the hills.

Shure the very trees are laughin', an' they seem to wink an' nod, Spillin' dainty, fragrant blossoms all across the smilin' sod.

Oh, the air is soft an' balmy, an' it stirs the blood like wine,— For I know the sun is shinin' far across the ocean's brine,

Kissin' all the hawthorne-hedges, till they're white with fragrant snow, As they were that fair spring mornin' when I left them—long ago.

Tho' me head is frosted over with the snows of many years, An' me face is lined an' wrinkled, an' me eyes are dim with tears,

Yet me heart is young an' foolish, an' I long with eager pain For a glimpse o' hawthorne-hedges— an' to see the bog again!

Shure I thought the gold was growin' free an' wild on every tree! An' that all the men were equal in this land o' liberty.

Wirra, now, I'm not complainin'— but I'd give me eyes to be Once again in dear old Ireland— God's own Isle—across the sea! —Mary M. Redmond in the New World.

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John, With ever so much to do, Stitches to set, and babies to pet, And so many thoughts of you— The beautiful household fairy, Filling your heart with light, Whatever you meet to-day, John, Go cheerily home to-night.

Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall see a wearied face Calm in eternal sleep.

The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow, The patient smile may show— You are too young to know it now, But some time you will know.

Look backward, dear, into the years, And see me here to-night— See, O my darling, how my tears Are falling as I write,

And feel once more upon your brow The kiss of long ago— You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know.

CHILDREN AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

"The effort to foster in the hearts of children devotion to the Blessed Sacrament should begin early in their lives," said the Rev. M. F. Foley, of Baltimore, in an address delivered at the last Eucharistic Congress in this city.

"Their immature minds may be capable of little or no effort to understand how or why Jesus is present in the Blessed Sacrament, but their innocent hearts can be taught in many ways to realize the reality of our Lord's sacramental presence and to love Him who so loves the clean of heart.

Tell the child that the Lord is in His holy court, and that all the earth should keep silent before Him. Tell the boy why his head should be uncovered in the church, and tell the girl of the contrary usage.

Tell the meaning of the ever-burning taper. Tell the little one, too young to assist at Mass, but old enough to assist at the shorter Benediction, what the Benediction is. Indeed, in many ways Christ Himself is, without noise of words, teaching His little ones and bringing up to His holy mountain and into His holy place the innocent in hands and the clean of heart.

One day, some years since, two little boys were at play near their parish church, where the Forty Hours' devotion was in progress. Tired of sport, one of them said to the other, 'Let us go into the church and see God.'

They went and saw Him. The little fellow who made the suggestion now at the altar daily knows his Lord in the breaking of bread; the other child has long since seen his Lord in the Beatific Vision.

Truly from the lips of babes there comes to God the perfection of praise. Parents should by word and example encourage their children in the practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament. Let the little ones be taught that the dear Lord is a good friend and neighbor upon whom they are in duty bound to call, that He loves them and wishes them to come unto Him to speak to Him, and ask of Him what they want.

This good habit can be easily formed, and, once formed, it will oftentimes abide with the children all their lives, and be handed down to their children and their children's children.

PILES MAKE LIFE WRETCHED BUT THERE IS QUICK RELIEF FROM ITCHING AND THOROUGH CURE IN

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

It may be truthfully stated that piles produce more excruciating pain, misery and wretchedness of feeling than any known disease.

Life becomes a perfect burden during the attacks of itching, burning, stinging pains. It is a great mistake to imagine that the effects of piles are local, for, as a matter of fact, they sap the vitality of mind and body and slowly but surely lead to the ruination of the health.

This is true of itching and protruding as well as of bleeding piles, which, because of the loss of blood, are more rapid in their disastrous effects.

Dr. Chase's Ointment brings almost instant relief from the itching, burning, stinging sensations of piles and is a positive and thorough cure for every form of this wretched, torturing and oftentimes stubborn disease.

This has been proven in so many thousands of cases that there is no longer any room for doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most satisfactory treatment for piles that was ever discovered.

Mrs. W. Rowden, North St., St. Catharines, and whose husband has been caretaker of the Central school for nineteen years, states: "I wish to add my testimony for Dr. Chase's Ointment. For thirty years I was afflicted with piles which gave me such prolonged torture that I did not expect to ever be well again.

FATHER VAUGHAN DENOUNCES VOTARIES OF PLEASURE.

A strong attack upon "smart" London, England, society was made at Farm street church lately by Father Bernard Vaughan.

Preaching on the Pharisee and the publican who went into the Temple to pray, Father Vaughan said life, especially the life of the leisured class, was artificial. Society was exposed to the temptation of being idle like the Pharisee, formal, conventional, and unreal even in prayer.

Life was like a play, in which they were each taking a part. On the stage everything was unreal. Was the London season less conventional or unreal? The three acts of a drama, upon which when the curtain was rung down at the conclusion they were often enough forced to look back upon as a disappointing force if it had not proved a terrible tragedy.

When smart people, as they were called, were so habitually playing a part all the week long, it was, he took it, difficult for them to continue playing it even when Sunday came round. Actors sometimes became so absorbed in their parts, so identified with the characters they had assumed, that even when they were away from the footlights they continued to personify them, not returning to their true selves in their own homes.

The votaries of pleasure were often just as much absorbed in the part they were acting on the social stage as actors in the theatre itself.

It was no easy task for them when Sunday came round to all of a sudden forget their class distinctions, their privileged sets, their social successes, their worldly goods, and to remember that they were going into the presence of Him before whom man and woman were not what they happened to be, but what they were.

That the debauched beauty might be before God less than her maid who waited up half the night for her; nay, less than the meanest scullery-maid below stairs; while the millionaire, with means to buy up whole countries, might be in God's sight far less pleasing and very much more guilty than the lowest groom in his stable-yard.

It was a lamentable pity that society was so shallow, so hollow, so unnatural and so unreal, but most of all, it was a pity that it did not attempt to return to its true and genuine self at least on Sundays. To pretend to be what one was not, to pose and attitude as before one's fellow-beings was silly enough, but to carry on the childish game before the Almighty Himself was not only silly, but sinful.

Mayfair, so studded with chapels, was fast discovering it had little need of any of them, but Farm street, in spite of its extension, was all too small. What, then, became of the privileged denizens of the West End from Saturday to Monday? Were they on the river, in the country, or where? Certainly they were not in any church. There was no room anywhere in London, except in its churches.

Society had discovered it could get on very well without prayer, that when it did pray nothing came of it. Perhaps society had prayed like the typical Pharisee, and had gone to church with the same object as the Pharisee. If so, then society had better take up the attitude of the publican, and try what that might do.

The Pharisee went to the temple to be seen and to congratulate himself upon what he was; but the publican went to hide himself and to blame himself for what he was not. He was real, true, simple, and straight. There were people in the West End who had nothing real about or on them but their sins.

The only security against sin in the future was sorrow for sins in the past. It might be worth while to try if that were not true.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

"Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit, indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—St. Matt. xxvi, 41.

Some people think, or at all events act, as if they thought that prayer is a kind of spiritual luxury, a thing to practise as long as things go well and pleasantly, but to leave off when the times are dark. Others do not go as far as this, but look upon prayer as a duty to be done, a command to be obeyed, and if they grow careless about their obligations, this must share the same fate.

I wish to point out, however, that prayer and its necessity stand on an entirely different position. While it is perfectly true that prayer is a duty, yet the necessity of prayer is greater even than the duty of observing God's commands. To understand this you must remember the difference which exists between those things which must be done, or which we must have, because God has made them means to obtain our salvation. Perhaps the best way to make this clear is by a few examples.

Now, we all know that to tell a lie is a sin; that Almighty God has commanded us not to depart from the truth. Yet there are many persons so dull, and possessed with so little sense and intelligence, as to think that in some difficult circumstance it is right to tell a lie; for example, to save a friend from death or even from getting into small troubles. Well, suppose a man were to act in this way, thinking he was doing right. Would he commit a sin and offend God? By no means, if he did it in good faith. His ignorance would excuse him; it would not be a sin in such a case.

Take another example and a more important one. All Catholics know, owing to the advantages of their birth and education, that God has founded His Holy Catholic Church, and that He preserves it in the world in order to teach His truths and to administer the sacraments which He has instituted as the means of grace and sanctification. He has com-

manded all men to enter this Church and that they may be able to know that it is His own Church. He has given to it certain notes of which no other body of men is in possession. But now, let us suppose that there are some men, who owing to their dullness of apprehension, their bad education, their prejudice or any other reason, are unable to see that the Catholic Church is really and in truth the Church of God, would they commit a sin on account of the mere fact that they do not do that which they did not know they are bound to do? By no means.

Ignorance in this case also excuses. It brings with it many disadvantages and entails many evils, but it is not sinful in itself. But when we come to those things which are necessary, not merely because God has commanded them, but because they are made by Him means to the end, then the omission of such things involves more serious consequences. If a thing is a means to the end, the end cannot be attained unless the means is made use of; and if we could suppose a case in which a person were even in unblamable ignorance of such a means, that ignorance could not excuse him; he would not, and could not, without the means, get the end.

Now, there are some things which are necessary to salvation, not merely because God has commanded them, but as a means to attain it, and among these things is prayer. If we wish to be saved, prayer is so necessary that even ignorance will not excuse us from it. How foolishly, then, do those people act who leave off their prayers for every little misfortune or contradiction when our Lord bids them pray at such times.

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Apoplexy, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

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PROVINCIAL LOAN OF \$3,000,000

The Government of the Province of Ontario, under the authority of Chapter 4 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1906, invites subscriptions from the public for a loan of \$3,000,000 on bonds of the Province of Ontario, dated 1st July, 1906, and payable \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1926, \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1936.

With coupons attached for interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year, at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, Toronto. Bonds will be of the denominations of \$200, \$500 and \$1,000, and will be payable to bearer, but on request will be registered in the office of the Provincial Treasurer, and endorsed as payable only to the order of certain persons or corporations, and on request of holders may be exchanged for Ontario Government Stock, bearing the same rate of interest.

The issue price during the month of July, 1906, will be par, and after the 31st July, 1906, the issue price will be par and accrued interest.

ALL BONDS AND INSCRIBED STOCK ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SAID ACT ARE FREE FROM ALL ONTARIO PROVINCIAL TAXES, CHARGES, SUCCESSION DUTY AND IMPOSITIONS WHATSOEVER.

Purchasers of amounts up to \$1,000 will be required to send certified cheque with the application. For amounts over \$1,000 payment for subscription may be made in instalments, 10 per cent. on application, 10 per cent. 1st August, 10 per cent. 1st September, 10 per cent. 1st October, 10 per cent. 1st November, and 50 per cent. 1st December, 1906, with privilege of paying at an earlier date the interest on instalment subscriptions being adjusted on 1st January, 1907.

In the event of any subscriber for bonds payable in instalments failing to make payment of subsequent instalments, the bonds may be sold, and any loss incurred will be charged to the purchaser in default.

Forms of subscription (when payable by instalments) may be obtained on application to the Treasury Department.

This loan is raised upon the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Ontario, and is chargeable thereupon. All cheques should be made payable to the order of "The Provincial Treasurer of Ontario," and subscribers should state the denominations and terms (20 or 30 years) of bonds desired.

A. J. MATHESON, Provincial Treasurer, Treasury Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 27th June, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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Calendar table for July 1906 with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and Festivals/Events.

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**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-  
WEST**

**Homestead Regulations**

A NY even numbered section of Dominion  
 lands in Manitoba or the Northwest  
 Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserv-  
 ed, may be homesteaded upon by any per-  
 son who is the sole head of a family, or  
 any male over 18 years of age, to the ex-  
 tent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres,  
 more or less.  
 Entry must be made personally at the  
 local land office for the district in which  
 the land is situate.  
**HOMESTEAD DUTIES:** A settler who  
 has been granted an entry for a home-  
 stead is required to perform the condi-  
 tions connected therewith under one of the  
 following plans:  
 (1) At least six months' residence upon  
 and cultivation of the land in each year  
 during the term of three years.  
 (2) If the father or mother, if the  
 father is deceased) of any person who is  
 eligible to make a homestead entry under  
 the provisions of this act resides upon a  
 farm in the vicinity of the land entered  
 for by such person as a homestead, the  
 requirements of this act as to residence  
 prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied  
 by such person residing with the father  
 or mother.  
 (3) If the settler has his permanent  
 residence upon farming land owned by him  
 in the vicinity of his homestead, the re-  
 quirements of this act as to residence may  
 be satisfied by residence upon the said  
 land.  
**APPLICATION FOR PATENT** should  
 be made at the end of three years, before  
 the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Home-  
 stead Inspector.  
 Before making application for patent  
 the settler must give six months' notice  
 in writing to the Commissioner of Domini-  
 on Lands at Ottawa of his intention to  
 do so.

**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-  
WEST MINING REGULATIONS.**

Coal. Coal lands may be purchased at  
 \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthra-  
 cite. Not more than 320 acres can  
 be acquired by one individual or company.  
 Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of  
 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the  
 gross output.  
 Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is  
 granted upon payment in advance of \$150  
 per annum for an individual, and from \$50  
 to \$100 per annum for a company, according  
 to capital.  
 A free miner, having discovered mineral  
 in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500  
 feet.  
 The fee for recording a claim is \$5.  
 At least \$100 must be expended on the  
 claim each year or paid to the mining re-  
 gistrar in lieu thereof. When \$500 has  
 been expended or paid, the locator may  
 upon having a survey made, and upon  
 complying with the requirements, pur-  
 chase the land at \$1 an acre.  
 The patent provides for the payment of  
 a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales  
 of PLACER mining claims generally are  
 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable  
 yearly.  
 A free miner may obtain two leases to  
 dredge for gold of five miles each for a  
 term of twenty years, renewable at the  
 discretion of the Minister of the Interior.  
 The lessee shall have a dredge in oper-  
 ation within one season from the date of  
 the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10  
 per annum for each mile of river leased.  
 Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. col-  
 lected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.  
**W. W. CORY,**  
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
 N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this  
 advertisement will not be paid for.

**The Mouse and the Lion**

(Benziger's Magazine.)

For that they were described in the  
 order of their importance and rela-  
 tive values as the mouse and the  
 lion, and not in the least as the lion  
 and the mouse, is profoundly true, al-  
 though it was a truth suspected by  
 only a very few of the mouse's most  
 intimate friends, and never by the  
 lion himself—unless after it was too  
 late. Early in his career, before he  
 had made audible more than the  
 least roar, the lion had stopped to  
 marry the mouse. Not so early in  
 his career that she had not wondered  
 with becoming awe and gratitude, at  
 his kindness, and had resolved on her  
 knees—the attitude in which the pious  
 little mouse took everything that be-  
 fell her, good and ill—to consecrate  
 her life to furthering his good to the  
 utmost limits of self-forgetfulness.

There was no doubt that she had  
 kept her vow; no one outside the in-  
 nermost circle of her life knew how  
 completely she had kept it, not even  
 those to whom she was but the little  
 gray mouse, the inadequate mate of  
 the lion, admitted that, measured by  
 the standards of her powers, she was  
 a devoted and perfect wife. You will  
 also admit it when you learn that  
 "the lion" is Bertram Hardinger, the  
 novelist and poet, and that "the  
 mouse" represents Jane, his wife,  
 as she is styled on the beautiful Go-  
 thic cross which marks her sleeping-  
 place.

It took a long time for little Jenny  
 Ehart to learn to be the wife of a  
 great man. Bertram Hardinger be-  
 gan to be widely known within a  
 year after his marriage; then his  
 work took on a new tone, he was  
 accounted among the younger writers  
 worth reckoning upon, and—better for  
 him—worth reckoning with by the  
 big publishers and the magazines.  
 And as soon as his verses and short  
 stories began to be talked about, and  
 his novel appearance, to win high  
 praise in the best critical reviews,  
 New York society opened its doors  
 to him. It did more—it hailed him  
 within, and, of course, timid Jenny,  
 with her sweet face and scant arm-  
 ment of small talk, moved in his  
 wake like a pale satellite that would  
 gladly have been hidden by friendly  
 clouds.

She did not make a favorable im-  
 pression upon most of her husband's  
 admirers. The majority of those who  
 met and entertained the Hardingers  
 shrugged their shoulders at Jenny,  
 and remarked on the mistake of early  
 marriages for geniuses who had not  
 yet gauged their own power, nor  
 realized what they needed in a mate.  
 A very few looked below the surface  
 of her shyness and read in little  
 Jane's beautiful eyes something of  
 her sensitiveness to beauty, her fine-  
 ness of perception, her keenness of  
 critical faculty, which in her was an  
 artistic instinct not approached nor  
 governed by canons. Once in a great  
 while some one was able to draw  
 her out, and learned something of her  
 timid sense of humor, her lovable in-  
 nocence, of that quality which re-  
 mains untouched by experience, and  
 two or three there were who main-  
 tained that Jane was the poet and  
 Bertram the clod. But as most peo-  
 ple take the world and its citizens as  
 they find them, sparing themselves  
 the strain of making up their indi-  
 vidual minds, there were not enough  
 of them who discerned the real Jenny  
 to affect the popular belief that Ber-  
 tram Hardinger's marriage was a  
 mistake, saved from being a tragedy  
 only by its prosaic dulness.

Jane accompanied her husband at  
 first reluctantly, almost miserably.  
 She was so at a loss how to reply  
 to the enthusiasms outpoured upon  
 her, to the questions as to whether  
 she "had been the inspiration of that  
 delicious sonnet in the current Pan-  
 theon"; as to her exact part in the  
 labors of production, whether she  
 copied her husband's work or whe-  
 ther it was true that she held his  
 pens, like Dora in David Copperfield—  
 "some one had actually said that she  
 held his pens!" Jane could not par-  
 ty these thrusts, she wondered whe-  
 ther the feminine world which she  
 met was a collective idiot, or took  
 her for an individual one. Her gene-  
 helplessness rather tended to increase  
 that world's sense of Bertram's im-  
 portance—if his own wife stood in  
 awe of him he was a great man in-  
 deed, and evidently she did stand thus  
 in awe of him. Jenny saw that she  
 helped and did not hinder her lion,  
 and gradually became content to fol-  
 low him into the throng, even taking  
 a certain pleasure in seeing him  
 on the heights, she among his worship-  
 ers offering their incense at his feet,  
 the little wife more and more fore-  
 gotten.

Two Hardinger baby boys, who  
 might have carried on their father's  
 name in glory, died on the threshold  
 of life. When Jenny's little daughter  
 lived and grew into a winsome, bloom-  
 ing creature of a year, Jenny bloom-  
 ed with her into a fulness of life  
 that had not hitherto been hers. The  
 love of a genius may be irksome, but  
 the love of a baby commands the mo-  
 ther all things, and forbids her noth-  
 ing. Jenny could not bear to be far-  
 ther away than the length of the  
 stairs that led to the nursery from  
 the sound of the child's soft breath-  
 ing at night. But Bertram exacted of  
 her attendance upon more functions  
 that winter than ever before; at this  
 stage of her life he assumed that it  
 was unsuitable for him to accept  
 alone the invitations to them both,  
 and Jenny went from reception to  
 reception, from reading to reading,  
 separated from her husband by his  
 duties as the lion and her whole  
 heart leaning backward to her home  
 and to the cradle in that dim room  
 upstairs. She grew a more quiet, un-  
 conversational woman than ever that  
 winter, and for the first time Ber-  
 tram felt in his own heart the re-  
 flex of the doubts around him re-  
 lative to the wisdom of the mating  
 of the king of beasts with such a  
 humble member of his kingdom. Ber-

tram Hardinger did not intend to be  
 disloyal to his little mouse; he was  
 not conscious of disloyalty to her,  
 but conceit is damaging to perfect  
 loyalty, and supreme self-conceit had  
 flowed into Hardinger's soul on the  
 oceans of tea which he consumed at  
 the hands of admiring women.  
 One night the baby was ailing,  
 slightly feverish, and with an omin-  
 ous rattle in the throat that made  
 the anxious little mother's heart  
 stand still. It was a night on which  
 Bertram was to give a parlor read-  
 ing from the proofs of his approach-  
 ing novel. Jenny begged to be al-  
 lowed to stay at home, but Bertram  
 was obdurate.

"There is nothing wrong with the  
 child beyond a slight cold," he said  
 with his rare frown, for he was us-  
 ually as good-tempered as a mortal  
 should be whose every wish was an-  
 ticipated and never denied. "You  
 must come with me, Jenny. If it  
 were an ordinary reception it would  
 not matter—I could make your ex-  
 cuses—but when it is a reading from  
 the new novel, at such a house as  
 that—it is not a question that ad-  
 mits discussion." He waved his  
 white hands dismissively. "You  
 must go," he added.

Jane made no further appeal, know-  
 ing that it would have been useless.  
 Her nurse was far more experi-  
 enced and competent than she herself,  
 the baby would not suffer for her mother.  
 Jane alone would suffer in leaving  
 her, but her first duty was to her  
 husband, she must go. She went,  
 hanging long over her one treasure  
 with her lips pressed to the hot lit-  
 tle cheek, and with the hot little  
 hands clinging close around her neck,  
 for the baby loved her little mother  
 with a singleness of heart unusual to  
 her seventeen months of life. Jenny  
 had to unclasp the baby fingers when  
 she gave her over to the nurse at  
 last, and the child's wailing, sick  
 cry followed her down the hum of  
 voices and the music all the evening.  
 It drowned Bertram's sonorous plea-  
 sure in his own sentences, Jenny  
 heard nothing of the "author's read-  
 ing." Not that it mattered, for she  
 had taken down those sentences on  
 her typewriter as they fell from his  
 inspired lips, taken them with sugges-  
 tions and emendations that trans-  
 formed, strengthened, and vivified  
 them without that author—or his  
 little typewriter, for that matter—  
 having an idea of what had been done.  
 Bertram came home flushed and tri-  
 umphant in the corner of the carriage  
 lying back in splendid largeness of  
 position, lounging like a man to  
 whom the world is his oyster, an oys-  
 ter which he has just swallowed. Jane  
 sat tense on the very edge of the  
 seat. The evening had been long, the  
 drive home was interminable. Now  
 that she was coming back to her baby  
 her fears were suffocating her, and her  
 impatience was beyond control. Ber-  
 tram's key admitted them to what  
 fell on his wife's ears as an ominous  
 stillness. It was broken by sobbing  
 above stairs, and the little Irish  
 maid, coming upon them unexpectedly  
 in the hall, fell back against the wall,  
 and into wailing, crying: "Oh, Mrs.  
 Hardinger, dear, oh, Mrs. Hardinger,  
 dear; God pity you!"

Jane knew. She went upstairs  
 alone, and shut and bolted the nur-  
 sery door upon Bertram. The first  
 instinct of her sorrow was to ex-  
 clude him who had taken her away  
 that night, had stolen from her the  
 last hours in which she might have  
 had her darling. Something hard rose  
 up in her gentle heart against the  
 lion.  
 When the baby had been laid away  
 beside the other two Jane was still  
 the same sweet patient, devoted wife,  
 but there was a difference. Once her  
 duty to Bertram was as her breath  
 of life; she could not have done it.  
 Now she fulfilled it consciously, and  
 because she would. Her bereavement  
 released her from her social duties  
 for the rest of that winter. Bertram  
 went out as ever, with tiny pearl  
 studs in his expanse of linen instead  
 of the curious Russian gems brought  
 him from abroad by his publisher—  
 who wanted to hold him on his lists  
 exclusively. Bertram said that he  
 held his pens!" Jane could not par-  
 ty these thrusts, she wondered whe-  
 ther the feminine world which she  
 met was a collective idiot, or took  
 her for an individual one. Her gene-  
 helplessness rather tended to increase  
 that world's sense of Bertram's im-  
 portance—if his own wife stood in  
 awe of him he was a great man in-  
 deed, and evidently she did stand thus  
 in awe of him. Jenny saw that she  
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 a certain pleasure in seeing him  
 on the heights, she among his worship-  
 ers offering their incense at his feet,  
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 ing creature of a year, Jenny bloom-  
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 stage of her life he assumed that it  
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 One night the baby was ailing,  
 slightly feverish, and with an omin-  
 ous rattle in the throat that made  
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 lowed to stay at home, but Bertram  
 was obdurate.

"There is nothing wrong with the  
 child beyond a slight cold," he said  
 with his rare frown, for he was us-  
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 should be whose every wish was an-  
 ticipated and never denied. "You  
 must come with me, Jenny. If it  
 were an ordinary reception it would  
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 the new novel, at such a house as  
 that—it is not a question that ad-  
 mits discussion." He waved his  
 white hands dismissively. "You  
 must go," he added.

Do you know you can buy Red  
Rose Tea at the same price as  
other teas? Then, why not?

**Red Rose Tea**  
"is good tea"

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets  
T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG.  
TORONTO, 2 WELLINGTON ST. E.

said. He mourned less picturesquely  
 than he had mourned for the baby; he  
 was lazed. It had never occurred to  
 him that Jane could die. She was so  
 unlikeliably dependable that it was not  
 like her to leave him alone. After a  
 time the magazines began refusing his  
 contributions; his publishers told him  
 that they hardly cared to bring out  
 the novel he offered them the autumn  
 following Jane's death. They said—  
 kindly, because they pitied him—that  
 it was not up to his old standard.  
 But the next, they suggested; they  
 hoped that they might have the first  
 reading of the next manuscript he had  
 to offer. There never was a next  
 novel. People shook their heads and  
 said it was the saddest story, the  
 most beautiful thing that Bertram  
 Hardinger had done, his not doing  
 any more good work after his wife  
 and child had died. His genius, they  
 said, was bound up in his love;  
 heart-broken, he could no longer  
 work. Only a very, very few knew  
 the truth, and what shy little Jane  
 had actually done in touching her  
 husband's commonplace talent into  
 something not unlike genius by the  
 constant inspiration of her spiritual  
 insight.

It is the old fable of the mouse and  
 the lion. Not a remarkable story,  
 perhaps, but it has its moral if any  
 one cares to find it.—Marion Ames  
 Taggart.

**If people would devote half the  
time and attention to their feet  
that they do to their face, ten-  
der feet would be unknown.**  
A "Foot Elm" Powder in your  
shoes occasionally will keep your feet  
healthy.

**Power of a Song**

In a newspaper note Mrs. Florence  
 Maybrick, the famous American wo-  
 man who spent many years in an En-  
 glish prison, is reported to have re-  
 sumed her maiden name of Chandler  
 Day and to be living quietly in New  
 York in straitened circumstances. To  
 thousands of your readers the fact  
 that Mrs. Maybrick was the sister-in-  
 law of Stephen Adams, the compos-  
 er of "The Holy City," and that hers  
 was the first female voice that sang  
 the hymn, will come as a revelation.  
 Stephen Adams' true name was Mich-  
 ael Maybrick, youngest brother of her  
 husband, and the song was sung for  
 the first time on board his yacht.  
 A most touching incident in connec-  
 tion with the hymn occurred in San  
 Francisco several years ago. It was  
 Monday, in police court—a busy day.  
 A long line of "drunks," as many as  
 could be accommodated, stood ranged  
 before the bar. A former member of  
 a noted opera company, who had fallen  
 on evil days, was one of those  
 taken in the dragnet, though not in  
 line. After the noise and bustle at-  
 tendant on getting the first batch of  
 prisoners into order a strong, clear,  
 powerful voice rolled up from the  
 cells, singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping  
There came a dream so fair."

The words, sung in such an unusual  
 place, produced a visible shock among  
 the sodden wretches. Men dropped on  
 their knees and wept in silent pray-  
 er. The mangled music and sobbing  
 interrupted the court's proceedings.  
 The judge, making no order to stop  
 the song, it moved to a climax:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing for  
the night is o'er!  
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for  
evermore!"

Seeing the visible effects of contri-  
 tion on the faces of the men, the  
 judge, impelled by his feelings, re-  
 marked to the officer that there must  
 be some good left in them; they must  
 have another chance. And so it came  
 to pass that the singing of "The  
 Holy City" gave thirty of the sing-  
 er's fellow prisoners another chance.—  
 Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Cholera and all summer complaints  
 are so quick in their action that the  
 cold hand of death is upon the vic-  
 tims before they are aware that dan-  
 ger is near. If attacked do not de-  
 lay in getting the proper medicine.  
 Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's  
 Dysentery Cordial, and you will get  
 immediate relief. It acts with won-  
 derful rapidity and never fails to ef-  
 fect a cure.

Women of sedentary occupations are  
 allowing their muscles to become soft  
 through lack of physical exercise. A  
 good exercise for strengthening all  
 the muscles is as follows: Stand  
 erect, heels together, toes out, chest  
 thrown out; with arms extended  
 touch the toes with the tips of the  
 fingers, bending the body only just  
 below the waist line. Continue the  
 movement with hands extended over

the head, then throw the body back  
 as far as possible, and sway from  
 one side to the other. Exercise in  
 this way for ten minutes, then exer-  
 cise each leg for five minutes by  
 throwing the foot out in front at the  
 side and back. This exercise, if pre-  
 served in regularly makes the body  
 supple and the motions graceful.

A Clear, Healthy Skin—Eruptions  
 of the skin and the blotches which  
 blemish beauty are the result of im-  
 pure blood caused by unhealthy ac-  
 tion of the liver and kidneys. In cor-  
 recting this unhealthy action and re-  
 storing the organs to their normal  
 condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills  
 will at the same time cleanse the  
 blood, and the blotches and eruptions  
 will disappear without leaving  
 any trace.

**He Who Has Success**

Who has achieved success who has  
 lived well, laughed often and loved  
 much;  
 Who has gained the respect of in-  
 telligent men, and the love of little  
 children;  
 Who has filled his niche and accom-  
 plished his task;  
 Who has left the world better than  
 he found it, whether by an improved  
 poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued  
 soul;  
 Who has never lacked appreciation  
 of earth's beauty or failed to express  
 it;  
 Who has always looked for the best  
 in others, and given the best he had;  
 Whose life was an inspiration;  
 Whose memory was a benediction!"

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the  
 Way.—The sick man pines for relief,  
 but he dislikes sending for the doc-  
 tor, which means bottles of drugs ne-  
 ver consumed. He has not the reso-  
 lution to load his stomach with com-  
 pounds which smell villainously and  
 taste worse. But if he have the will  
 to deal himself with his

## In and Around Toronto

### ANNUAL EXCURSION OF A.O.H.

The annual excursion of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which takes place to Niagara Falls, N.Y., on Wednesday, August 1st, promises to exceed all former occasions in the matter of entertainment and preparation for the comfort and pleasure of the excursionists. The steamers Chippewa, Corona, Chippewa and Cayuga, will be the means of transit, the boats leaving at 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 2 p.m., and 3.45 p.m., returning from Lewiston at 5.15 p.m., and 6.45 p.m. The excursionists will be escorted to Orchard Grove by the 3rd Battalion Hibernian Rifles Band. Athletic events will be in order, of which a baseball match will be a feature. The attraction of the day will be the address of welcome by the renowned Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I. In the afternoon there will be a programme of Irish dances, including jigs, reels, hornpipes and figure dancing. Bro. Piper John Sullivan will entertain with his bagpipes during the trip across and a first-class orchestra will be in attendance at the grounds. Adult tickets \$1.25, children 65 cts. These tickets may be had from P. J. Manion, J. Phelan, Owen Cannon, Vincent McCarthy, C. J. Rooney, Jos. Daniels, Jno. Pierce, John Sullivan, Jno. Hurst, M. E. Cochrane, Jas. Finlay, J. J. Ryan, Jas. Hanson, D. Driscoll, T. Whirriskey, J. MacKeany, M. Fahey, A. T. Hernon, Chairman; H. McCaffrey and M. J. Ryan, Secretaries; D. Madden, treasurer.

### DEATH OF MR. EDWARD FOLEY.

To-day there is deep mourning in a Toronto household and the flags of the city are at half-mast, while sincere regret is general at the sudden and sad death of Mr. Edward Foley of the civic Water Works Department. The cause of Mr. Foley's death is already known. Coming home from Norway on Friday evening last in company with his friend, Mr. L. Fitzgerald, the horse which he was driving shied at something on the roadside and the occupants of the vehicle were thrown out. Both Mr. Foley and Mr. Fitzgerald were seriously hurt, the former fatally, and though every effort was made to save him, he died at St. Michael's Hospital on Monday evening, without ever having recovered consciousness.

Mr. Foley, who was 75 years of age, was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, leaving there for Ohio when a boy. He afterwards came to Toronto, and last October had completed a half-century of work in the service of the city. Of his work in this connection the Globe says:

"At the time when the Furness system of water works, which then supplied Toronto with its water, was taken over by the city, a little over thirty years ago, the services of Mr. Foley to the city were simply invaluable. Mr. Foley had been connected with the company and was practically the only man who had a complete record of where the various water mains in the city were laid. Many of these mains were simply old wooden pipe and had to be replaced, and here Mr. Foley's knowledge was of great service to the city."

In acknowledgement of those services Mr. Foley was presented by the city council with an address, while his fellow-employees gave him a handsome clock and tendered him a banquet. The address was as follows:

"The Mayor and members of the Council of the Corporation of the City of Toronto have much pleasure in offering you their sincere congratulations upon the completion of half a century of service in connection with the Water Works of this municipality.

"Entering the service of the company which operated the system in 1855, remaining continuously with the company until 1873, when the works were acquired by the city, and continuing from that date until the present time as an officer of the city, is a record of which you may be deservedly proud. That you gave efficient and faithful service to the company during the long period you were in its employ is well known, and the Council has much pleasure in bearing witness to the fact that you have rendered like service to the City of Toronto during the past thirty-two years.

"The Council, therefore, feel it a pleasurable duty to express to you on their own behalf, and on behalf of the citizens, their high appreciation of the long, valuable and faithful service which you have rendered to the community, and further, to voice the hope that long life, happiness and prosperity may be vouchsafed to you and the members of your household."

As a proof of the pleasure which the recipient derived from the public testimony, it is only necessary to repeat the words of a member of his family who said, "after that he seemed twenty years younger." Needless to say Mr. Foley was widely known and in St. Michael's Parish, where he had resided since coming to Toronto, his was a familiar figure. Though of late years he had taken no interest in society work, he was a member of the old Hibernians of the city, a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and an old collector in the Cathedral. His widow, four sons and three daughters survive. John and Joseph Foley of the waterworks department are sons.

The funeral takes place this morning (Thursday) from the family residence, 80 Bond street, to St. Michael's Cathedral, R.I.P.

### CORCORAN-BULGER.

On Wednesday, July 11th, a very pretty wedding took place in St.

Patrick's Church, when Miss Rose Bulger, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bulger, became the wife of Mr. James Corcoran of St. Francis Parish. The ceremony took place at 10 o'clock in the presence of many friends, Rev. Father Derling officiating and saying the Nuptial Mass. The bride, who entered the church with her father, wore a charming creation of Brussels net over taffeta, and carried lilies of the valley and roses. She was attended by Miss Maggie O'Hearn, who wore blue voile over taffeta and carried roses. Miss Teresa Corcoran, sister of the groom, also gowned in blue voile, was maid of honor. Mr. H. P. Hickey assisted the groom. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, about sixty guests being present. On their return from a trip to the Thousand Islands Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran will reside at 111 Gore Vale.

### HEENAN-MURPHY.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated by the Rev. Father Walsh in St. Helen's church, Toronto, on Monday, at 6.30 o'clock, when Miss Agnes Murphy was married to Mr. Albert Heenan.

The bride, who was given away by her cousin, Mr. Edward Hickey, was attended by her friend, Miss Winona Mains; the groom by the bride's brother, Mr. Patrick B. Murphy. The bride looked charming in a gown of white silk mull over taffeta, and a white leghorn hat with pale blue trimmings. The bridesmaid was attired in pale blue eolienne over taffeta, and hat to match.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, 269 North Ligar street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Heenan left on the 9.15 train for Lindsay, where a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Murphy. After their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Heenan will reside in Toronto.

### LORETTO ABBEY PUPILS.

The following is the list of successful candidates at recent music examinations at Loretto Abbey:

Toronto University.  
Senior Class I.—Miss Florence Smith, Miss Eva Almas.  
Class II.—Miss Leona Millar, Miss Olive Lynn.  
Junior Class I.—Miss Florence Phelan, Miss Birdie McWilliams, Miss Helena Terlin, Miss Edna McCreary.

Toronto College of Music.  
Senior Class I.—Miss Gladys Moore.  
Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
Intermediate Vocal—Honors, Miss May Wolfe; Pass, Miss Hattie Miller.  
Junior Vocal—Pass, Miss Leona Millar.  
Primary Vocal—Pass, Miss Norine Baker.

### RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

Toronto, July 16, 1906.

Miss B. Bird: Dear Sister,—At the last regular meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. No. 1, A.O.H., the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved that as Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove your beloved mother from this life of pain to life eternal, and while bowing to God's holy will, Who doth all things for the best, we beg to tender our heartfelt sympathy in this, your sad hour of bereavement. May God have mercy on her soul.

Signed on behalf of the Ladies' Auxiliary of A.O.H.,  
MRS. W. RICHARDSON, Pres.  
MARY E. MALLON, Secy.

### FEAST WAS OBSERVED.

Sunday last being the Feast of the Most Holy Redeemer, Solemn High Mass was sung at St. Patrick's church.

### FACTS ABOUT TORONTO.

Population, 262,749.  
Number of wards, 6.  
Area of the city, 18½ miles.  
Tax rate, 18 mills on the dollar.  
Assessment—Land, \$65,386,592; buildings, \$75,745,400; income, \$8,838,786; business, \$19,224,628; total, \$169,195,316. Tax revenue, \$3,064,914. Total revenue, \$4,471,971.  
Annual post office receipts, \$1,059,913.  
Number of building permits issued in 1905, 3,753.  
Value of buildings erected in 1905, \$10,347,910.  
Transfers of property in 1905, 7,863.  
Average death rate, 17.46 per 1,000.  
Police stations, 7; policemen, 325.  
Fire stations, 77; signal boxes, 209; firemen, 208.  
Public libraries, 6; number of books, 535,000; tickets in use, 56,000.  
Street gas lamps, 964; electric arc lights, 1,261.  
Theatres, 5; churches, 254; hotels, 117; hospitals, 9.  
Improved streets, 190 miles; unimproved, 75 miles; total, 265 miles.  
Sewers, 2½ miles; water pipe, 275 miles; gas mains, 287 miles; sidewalks, 475 miles.  
Best annual exhibition in the world; area of grounds, 160 acres; length of grand stand, 700 feet; seating capacity, 12,000.  
One of the finest city halls on the continent. Cost, \$2,500,000; total floor space, 5.40 acres; tower, 300 feet high; largest winding clock on the continent; bell weighing 11,645 lbs.  
Fine harbor for lake vessels used during 1905 by 3,400 vessels, representing a tonnage of 1,400,000.  
Free zoological gardens, containing 134 animals and birds, including one elephant, five lions, three buffalo, one polar bear and numerous others.

Twenty-five public parks, containing in all 1,640 acres.

Miles of street railway track, 91.69. Passengers carried in 1905, 67,831,688; transfers in 1905, 23,625,732; receipts, \$2,717,324; city's share, \$366,688.

Public schools, 52; pupils, 35,000; teachers, 708. Separate schools, 16; pupils, 5,297; teachers, 105. One technical school, 1,209 pupils, 24 teachers. Three high schools, 35 teachers, 1,400 pupils.

### Ursuline Conservatory of Music, Chatham, Ont.

The result of the music examinations at the Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ont., marks another brilliant success in the annual triumphs of that distinguished institution. Of the twenty-seven candidates in piano-forte and theory not one failed in the vigorous test, more than half obtaining honors. This is certainly a remarkable record, even among schools devoted exclusively to musical interests; yet it is but another proof, if proof were needed, of the excellent educational work constantly being done by the Ursuline Religious of "The Pines."

The musical training offered by their conservatory is built on a most solid foundation, and is conducted strictly on conservatory principles, as deduced from the curricula of the best music schools in the world. The piano-forte, violin, vocal and theory courses are equally comprehensive, and are taught with a thoroughness nowhere excelled.

The "Myers' Music Method" is used as a preparatory course for first-year pupils, though it has also proved of great service to more advanced students whose early training in time, rhythm, rudiments, etc., has been defective. This system is the most complete and effective method for developing the musical instincts of young children which has yet been devised, and it is impossible to overrate the benefits derived from it. The acquirement of the fundamentals of music, both theoretical and practical, is no longer an irksome task to the child, but a source of pleasure, by reason of the attractive way in which these essential elements are placed before him, and the genuine interest he at once feels in them.

Another point to be observed in connection with this system is that it corresponds with the very principle which the faculty of the Ursuline Conservatory have always so strenuously advocated and insisted upon—that the theory of music should be taught from the very earliest grades simultaneously with the practice of that art. This principle governs the entire course in instrumental and vocal music, no certificate ever being awarded in these branches unless accompanied by a corresponding warrant of theoretical knowledge.

The Ursuline Conservatory is at present affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory, and the courses are graded in accordance, Preparatory, Primary, Junior, Intermediate, Senior and Graduating, the final year being completed only when the latter institution has granted their diploma with the title of "Associate of Toronto Conservatory of Music." In addition to this, the theoretical course may be pursued through the post-graduate year, to the degree of Bachelor of Music.

With such an excellent curriculum and splendid record of annual successes to commend it to public favor, it is not to be wondered at that the Ursuline Conservatory is everywhere acknowledged as one of the leading musical institutions of the Dominion, or that pupils from all parts of the continent seek their education under its thorough, progressive tuition and elevating moral influence.

We are pleased to publish the following list of successful competitors in the recent examinations: Dr. A. S. Vogt, the well-known director of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, and one of the foremost piano teachers of the province, was the examiner of the piano-forte candidates, and the certificates are awarded by the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Piano, Intermediate—Gertrude Carnovsky, first-class honors; Alma Duffy, honors; Dora Ball and Dottie Wilson, pass.

Piano, Junior—Angela Crotty, honors; Hazel Joli and Laura Mather, pass.

Piano, Primary—Irene Laird, Bell McVean, Annie Tiernan, first-class honors; Gracie Laird, Yvonne Beaudet, Beatrice Christie, Eva Ducharme, May McKeon, Rena Merritt, honors; Florence Kontze, Marie Thiboleau, Thresa Langis, Mabel Wigle, Josephine Doyle, Alma Mailloux, Mary O'Connors, Henrietta Collins, pass.

Theory, Junior, including Harmony, Counterpoint, History of Music—Gertrude Carnovsky, 86 per cent, first-class honors.

Theory, Primary, including Harmony and Rudiments of Music—Beatrice Stephens, 80 per cent, first-class honors; Angela Crotty, 77 per cent, honors; Hazel Joli, 67 per cent, pass.

### Coyle—Doyle

The marriage of Miss Nellie Doyle, eldest daughter of Mr. Tim Doyle, of Brock, to Mr. Michael Coyle, youngest son of the late John Coyle, of Brock, was solemnized on Wednesday in St. Malachy's church, Vroomington, by Rev. F. Coyle of Toronto, brother of the groom. Rev. M. Cline, pastor, and Rev. F. O'Mally, of Oshawa, were also present. After Mass Rev. F. Cline spoke a few well-chosen words of advice. The bride was given away by her father. She was gowned in cream silk eolienne over taffeta and carried a bouquet of white peonies, and was attended by Miss Annie Curtin of Toronto, niece of the groom, who looked charming in a pretty white muslin and carried a bouquet of white peonies. The groom was attended by Mr. Leo Doyle, brother of the bride.

The presents were numerous and valuable, testifying to the high esteem in which the young couple were held.

A reception, attended by the relatives, was held at the home of the bride's parents.

Mid the good wishes of their many friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coyle left on the evening train for Toronto, Ohio and other points. On their return they will reside in Brock.

### Whiting—Savage

A very pleasant event took place at the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Thorold, when the marriage was solemnized of Miss Anna Rita, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Savage, to Mr. John A. Whiting of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Sullivan. The bride, who was given away by her father, was becomingly attired in white anon-de-soie, with large white picture hat of maline, and carried a white prayer-book. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Lizzie, who was attired in white organdie, with white picture hat, and carried a shower bouquet of pink and white roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Harry Whiting, of Montreal. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous dejeuner was served. Mr. and Mrs. Whiting left on the 2.40 train for New York and other points to spend their honeymoon. Among the numerous guests invited were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Friert, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Brockbank, Paris; Mrs. P. Henry Whiting, Brantford; Miss A. Meek, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. F. Cassidy, Paris; Miss Kathleen Meek, Brantford; Mr. John Collins, Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Deeney, Thorold; Mr. and Mrs. T. Pidgeon, Port Huron; Mr. and Mrs. F. Dodge, Port Huron; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Whiting, Brantford; Mr. and Mrs. J. Falvey, Little Falls, N.Y. The young couple were the recipients of numerous costly presents, showing the high esteem in which they were held.

### Work of the Catholic Truth Society

When the International Catholic Truth Society was first started, the programme of operations left much to be defined. The rough-drawing has now been pretty well got through, and the general situation and its requirements are now clear enough. The work is now being cut out and distributed to the several articulations of the machinery.

From the report of the seventh annual meeting of the society (March last), now printed, we glean a great deal of useful knowledge. The work mapped out by the commanding officers is of two kinds—corrective and preventive. The pamphlets issued by the society are doing invaluable service all over the world in correcting the grosser misstatements made by ignorant or prejudiced anti-Catholic writers. Bishop Maes has suggested that copies of these pamphlets be given to all priests engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics and this practical idea has been acted on. The efforts of the society to circulate this useful literature by other means are incessant and highly practical. It supplies at present the very large number of 7,100 families, regularly and gratuitously with these pamphlets, and a very large percentage of these again with Catholic magazines and periodicals, utilizing the remaining plan very extensively.

This is a fine showing in mere diffusive work, and its effect is not limited to the number of individuals indicated, inasmuch as there are several members to a family, and many of these individuals show the literature to friends who are not of the Catholic faith. Several of the pamphlets sent out, in many cases in response to requests, dealt with the status of members of the "ex-priest" tribe, and these were accepted as most useful, even a Protestant minister having written his thanks for the information thus afforded.

The preventive work done by the society is most important. Following up the prevention of misstatements in Vols. I and II, in the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Americana, during the past year the remaining volumes to No. XVI, were examined by four members of the society, and eighteen misstatements appearing in the proofs were corrected, while forty-three new articles were inserted and ninety-three bibliographical references to standard Catholic works were appended to articles already contained in the first edition.

Catholics everywhere can help on the work of this useful society very materially by a very simple line of action. It cites the case of a couple of councils of the Knights of Columbus and of individual Catholics who had taken the precaution of consulting the society regarding some historical works they had contemplated purchasing. The books were, on examination, found to be swarming with falsehoods. On this account the directors say: "We would suggest to the members of the society and to Catholics generally, that they request from non-Catholic publishing firms an endorsement of the I.C.T.S. for books wherein the Church, its history, doctrines, saints, etc., are discussed. No such endorsement will be given unless it represents the unanimous opinion of at least three scholars in the society. If this suggestion be followed, two results will follow: the individual will have no reason to regret the purchase and the publishers will be convinced of the wisdom of accepting from the society, corrections and eliminations for a subsequent edition."

What this useful society has now demonstrated during the brief period of its existence is the efficacy of systematic and properly ordered work for the frustration of the schemes of those who depend on the ignorance of the multitude and the apathy of Ca-

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tholics to gain them immunity while they spread the foulest calumnies against the Church and the system. It is easily in the power of Catholics to shatter such plans and overwhelm their authors with confusion. This society has shown how to do it. Some well meaning friends will, no doubt say, as they have been constantly saying, "Avoid controversy. Everything has its proper place." Silence under calumny is not always virtue. It is as great a service to expose a lie, at the proper time, as to endure a partial martyrdom.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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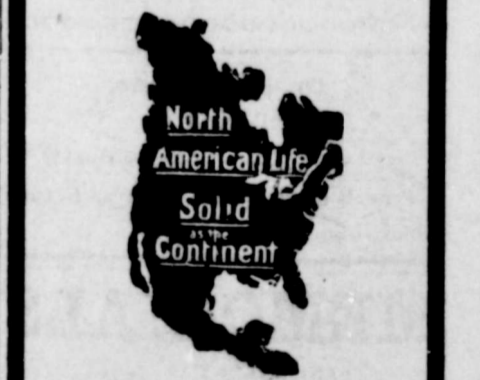
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