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VOL. IX.—No. 31.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest.—BALMEZ."
TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A MISCHIEVOUS ORGAN

The Toronto Evening News Taken to Task for Its Anti-Catholic Venom.

To the Editor of The Register:
Sir—In the fight for justice to Catholicism in this and every other province of Canada which you have long been waging and never more ably than now, I beg to direct your efforts to a quarter very much in need of your attention, namely, that den of unprincipled bigotry, the office of The Toronto Evening News. From this office circulars were sent some time ago to the Catholic clergy of this city, inviting contributions of news from their respective churches. Here was an intimation of a desire to show Catholics fair play and to win their support. But lo! not many weeks after this precious circular was sent around, a series of the most grossly insulting libels on the tender and most revered of Catholic doctrines appeared with glaring headlines in the columns of The Evening News. Members of the Catholic Truth Society of this city felt it a duty to direct these misrepresentations, not only in the interests of their church, but in the interests of our common country. They were fully aware that they should approach the mighty autocrat of The Evening News much after the style in which some Armenian who has been robbed must seek redress from the Commander of the Faithful. Therefore it was with bated breath and whispering humbleness that they addressed a mild protest regarding the way in which their most sacred beliefs were vilified and a brief statement of the true nature of these doctrines. Lest, perhaps, the contributions of those who were smarting under insult may have been unintentionally a little too warm, a calm statement from a distinguished professor far away from the scene of strife was sought. In vain was all this labor. The Evening News refused to give Catholics any chance of replying to the vilifications which were flaunted in its columns. If a coroner's jury finds that a victim has died because he belonged to some sect which rejects medical treatment The Evening News is most liberal in giving space for explanations, but Catholics must not be allowed a line in which to repel the most insulting travesties on their creed.

The latest manifestation of this enlightened policy on the part of The News appeared in its issue of Wednesday, July 3rd. Two days previously a patriotic meeting was held in Toronto. At that meeting excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. Brodeur, a distinguished French-Canadian at present occupying the Speaker's chair at Ottawa, and by Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance. Both of these speakers, as well as Toronto's worthy Mayor and other citizens denounced racial and religious cries as most detrimental to the upbuilding of a

strong Canadian national feeling. The echo of their noble and patriotic words had scarcely died away when The Evening News was at its hellish work of stirring up religious rancor. It found a delicious titbit in the shape of an alleged dispute between Bishop Bonneau of Lincoln, Nebraska, and one of his priests. This is the way in which the savory morsel is served up by the skillful chef of The News: "Heaven's gate is shut tight. Bishop of Lincoln exercises his Rome-given powers. A Churchly Autocracy. Father Murphy denied a passage to Heaven for disobedience!" After these spicy headlines The News goes on to say that "the edict of the Bishop of Lincoln has gone forth against Father William Murphy . . . and the latter is now barred from Heaven according to the laws of the Catholic Church."

So flagrantly false and offensive and malicious was this article that a correction was sent by a member of the Catholic Truth Society in the faint hope that it might be inserted. The writer in a few lines, from which everything that could savor of bitterness was excluded, explained that if the Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska, acted in the manner alleged (which is more than doubtful considering the malignity manifested in the whole report) he was not exercising but grossly abusing his Rome-given powers. Rome would be the very first to repudiate such action as a gross violation of her Canons. No Bishop has the right or power to shut Heaven's gates against any man. The Pope does not claim such a power. The severest penalty inflicted by the Church is major excommunication. Catholic theology lays down two conditions as necessary to incur this penalty—grievous sin and a knowledge that this penalty is attached to such sin. The person excommunicated must be a grievous and obstinate sinner. He has by his own act shut Heaven's gates against himself, and the sentence of excommunication is intended to bring him to a sense of the enormity of his crime. This is precisely what St. Paul did in the case of the incestuous Corinthian whom he delivered to Satan for the destruction of the flesh that the spirit may be saved (I Cor. v. 5). What a grand opportunity The News would find here for some of its scare headlines! As excommunication does not shut Heaven's gates against any one, neither does it keep them shut. Excommunication places no one outside the pale of salvation. It does not prevent anyone from praying with effect. It does not cut off from the grace of repentance. The person laboring under the penalty can be a sincere repentance become reconciled to God at any moment. To show how outrageously false in the "Heaven's-gate-is-shut-tight" heading, it is only necessary to quote that elementary principle of Catholic theology that any priest even though deposed and degraded, is empowered and bound to absolve in case of danger of death a person under sentence of excommunication who shows any sign of repentance.

The Evening News had no room for these explanations. They were evidently not up to the lofty literary standard of the paper which makes a specialty of 12th of July harangues and illustrated histories of the Orange Order. The proceedings of The News recently are quite intelligible. It is preparing for the approaching Provincial elections by catering to the bigots of Ontario. Evidently the policy of the party which The News supports is to make professions of liberality on the platform and through the more reputable papers and at the same time carry on a propaganda of bigotry of the worst kind through gutter sheets and lodge and side-line wire-pullers. It is to be hoped that The Catholic Register will give this plan of campaign due attention, and that the able writers who have given its columns a power and an interest unequalled by anything in the Catholic field in this Dominion will pay their respects to the tactics of The Toronto News, of which this communication is a first instalment.

CATHOLIC TRUTH.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of virtue of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

MISCHIEF MAKERS WAKING UP.

The communication which we publish to-day exposing The Evening News has not been written without cause. Many Catholics had lately begun to think that the party press the stripe with which The News is marked had learned something. But it is an obvious mistake to think so. The Conservative party in these latitudes has ever been unfortunate in its press; and there are many men prominent in the Conservative party who know this and would like to see a genuine change. It is a consummation which, however devoutly they may wish, they are unable to bring about. In years past the Conservative press in Ontario succeeded in making the name of their party odious not alone to the Catholic citizens of the Province, but to every citizen of Canada who desired to see peace and good will prevailing in the country. But is

the journalistic tone much improved in the present? We have The Ontario Tory vilifying and abusing the French-Catholic people of Quebec, and The Toronto News insulting the Catholic people of this English-speaking province. What is the good of attempting to put the past behind us and professing to discern a more enlightened disposition in the present? Of course we all realize that toleration and peace must continue to be cultivated and striven for. But it is an extremely doubtful thing that much is to be gained by shutting our eyes to the difficulties which an incurably rabid party press continues to roll in the path of those who wish to work for better things. We wish in this strain because we are convinced that the writer of the communication which we publish to-day hits the nail on the head when he attributes the recrudescence of anti-Catholic mischief in the Conservative party press to the approach of an election.

CORNER STONE OF ST. MARY'S, LONDON

Laid by His Lordship Bishop McEvay—Sermon by Father McBrady

London, Ont., July 29.—The laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Church, yesterday, was an event in which not only the Catholics of London, but all citizens were interested, for apart from the idea of the church's growth involved, it presaged the construction of another handsome edifice, dedicated to the worship of God. When the present church was partly destroyed by fire, the people of the diocese immediately began to prepare for one to replace it, and decided also to make their new church one that would be creditable to the diocese and the city. The site at the corner of York and Lytle streets was chosen, and work began at once. Yesterday's ceremony has been looked forward to for some time and with much interest, an interest that was proved by the presence of thousands of people, not Catholics alone, but of all denominations. The Catholic Order of Foresters, the C. M. B. A., the Christopher Columbus Society and the St. Vincent de Paul Society assembled at St. Peter's school and marched in a body to the new church, where by that time several thousand people had gathered. A temporary pine floor had been built, and the clergy and prominent members of the orders mentioned took their places. The ceremonies began at 3:30 o'clock and were conducted, during the impressive silence of the great crowd, with all the solemnity of the Catholic Church.

His Lordship Bishop McEvay was assisted by Very Rev. Dean Kilroy, of Stratford, and Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., of Chatham. Rev. Father Egan was master of ceremonies. Rev. Father McBrady, president of Assumption College, Sandwich, and the other clergy who assisted were Rev. Father Traher, pastor of St. Mary's; Rev. Father Aylward, Rev. Father McKeon, Rev. Father Noonan, of Biddulph, Rev. Father Stanley, Rev. Father Pinsonneault, Rev. Frank Powell, a member of the diocese, who will say his first mass and the first mass in the new church, and two students of the diocese, Mr. Barry and Mr. Nolan. The psalms and litanies were sung by the combined choirs of St. Peter's Cathedral and St. Mary's Church.

A cross was erected at the east end, where the altar will be, and thither the clergy proceeded first, and His Lordship, the Bishop, blessed the salt and water. He then went to the corner-stone and blessed it, tracing a cross on the corners of all the sides.

Rev. Father Traher said that in the stone was a document containing a record of the event, which stated that the corner-stone was laid by His Lordship Bishop Fergus Patrick McEvay, in the presence of a number of the clergy and a large concourse of laity. It named Pope Leo XIII. as head of the church; Monsignor Falconio, Papal A'egate in Canada; Archbishop Leuba O'Connor, Archbishop of the See of Toronto; Bishop McEvay, Bishop of London, and Rev. Hubert Traher, priest of parish of St. Mary's. The temporal authorities were named—King Edward VII., Earl Minto, Governor-General of Canada; Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor

of Ontario; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada; Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario; Sir John Carling, Senator; Charles S. Hyman, M.P. for London; F. B. Leys, M. P. P., and F. G. Rumball, Mayor. It stated also that the church was designed by Fred. C. Henry, of the firm of Moore & Henry, architects, of this city. The names of the contractors were also given. It contained copies of The Catholic Record, The Toronto Catholic Register, the London dailies, the coins at present in use, and other articles which might be of interest at some future time.

Rev. Father Traher said that on the stone he had found a number of articles, some from Catholics and some from non-Catholics. Others had come from non-residents of the city. One was a donation of \$27.50 from the parish of Mount Carmel, where he was in charge several years before coming to London. The people of Mount Carmel were represented by four of the members, who to assist in the ceremony had driven a distance of 35 miles that morning. The offerings showed that he was kindly remembered by former parishioners, and also that they were as thoughtful and generous now as they were in days gone by. The offering was a great compliment and a moral encouragement. Other offerings toward the building fund were from John Ferguson & Sons, \$100; James Reid & Co., \$25; Hobbs Hardware, Company, \$10; Rev. Father McCormick, predecessor to Rev. Father Traher in the parish of St. Mary's, \$100; Rev. Father McCabe, La Salette, \$100; Rev. Father Noonan, Biddulph, \$100, besides offerings for memorial windows, statuary, sanctuary carpet, chancel, clock, and other offerings that would be acknowledged at a more favorable time. Father Traher also mentioned a gift of \$100 from Bishop McEvay, which was in addition to the \$1,000 subscription from His Lordship towards the new church.

Rev. Father McBrady preached the sermon. Father McBrady is president of Assumption College, Sandwich, having succeeded Rev. Father Cushing when the latter was appointed vice-provincial of Toronto. He said that he wished to speak of two words in Holy Scripture, one from the lips of Jesus Christ, and the other from the great Apostle St. Paul. Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye shall be my witnesses to the ends of the earth," and Paul's words were, "We are the helpers, the artisans of God." "I do not know," he said, "where any higher honor could come to man than to realize in his life the one or other of these sayings. To be a helper of God or to be a witness of Jesus Christ, to stand up for what is fair and true and good, for honor and for justice, should be the aim of every man." Yet it seemed that, as he stood before the vast gathering, as he held out his hand for the uprearing of the church, he was making them artisans of Jesus Christ by asking them to help in "the work. Did it ever occur to them to reflect upon the splendid hospitality received from God? God had given them hospitality. He

(Continued on page 4.)

PERIL OF IRRELIGION

Remarkable Letter to the Pope Declaring the Saving Power of the Catholic Faith

The letter which follows, says The New York Sun of July 26, was written recently to the Pope by a citizen of prominence who is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church. For personal reasons he declines to allow his name to be published, although he says he firmly believes in every sentiment expressed in the letter.
To the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., Rome, Italy:

Most Reverend and Holy Father—I take the liberty of addressing you because I am much interested in the success and growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, for the following reasons:

First—That the Catholic Church trains its young in a way to secure good morals, good citizenship, a respect for property rights, and the rights of others.

Second—Because of the firm faith of the Catholic Church in God, Christ, the Holy Bible, and a firm acceptance of the religion of the Saviour, without which civilization must eventually disappear.

I believe it is almost necessary for the future of my country that the Catholic Church should grow and be a strong power here. The Protestant Church in the United States is fast drifting into infidelity. In many of the great theological seminaries of that Church open disbelief in some parts of the Bible is taught. Thousands of ministers of the Protestant denominations are men who believe that certain parts and books of the Bible need not be accepted. Their position and work have hastened the growth of disbelief in all religion.

Because of my position before the public I feel that I may be forgiven by you for writing you this letter. Many thousands of the strongest men in the United States, made apprehensive by the spread of socialism, are turning their eyes toward the Church of which you are the revered head. The greatest banker in the world, and one of the greatest men of our country, told me very recently that he believed the Roman Catholic Church was a necessity for the preservation of our society.

I have talked with a very large number of our ablest and best men who believe as he does on that question, but there is a feeling among the masses of our people that the great authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have feelings of antagonism against the United States of America. If this feeling could be removed I believe the next ten years would see a very large movement of our best people into your Church. There are at least 12,000,000 Catholics in the United States. The church buildings and edifices are among the finest here. The attendance at church on Sunday is very great; nearly as many men as women are at religious services. The Catholic schools taught last year 853,000 scholars at a cost of at least 40,000,000 francs. The other expenses of the Roman Catholic Church here must have been at a very low estimate, 60,000,000 francs more, making a total of 100,000,000 francs which the Roman Catholics of the United States paid for the support of their religion last year without any State aid whatever.

When our people see this sort of devotion to faith, and see Roman Catholic men in such large numbers attending church services on Sunday, and then look about to see what Roman Catholics of the United States receive in return from the great Head of the Church they think that Roman Catholics in the United States are not encouraged in such a way as they should be by the authorities in Rome, and this leads to the conclusion that there is an antagonism between the authorities at Rome and the American spirit and nation. American people think that their country is a very great one, and is destined to become one of the great factors in shaping the policies of the world.

Yours has been one of the most wonderful lives the world ever saw. During it, greater changes have taken place than in the same number of years in any other age. You have seen Napoleon dethroned and exiled Bis-

mark and Victoria live and die. Down into the new century you have brought great purity, learning and love of God and humanity. If you could do some thing before you shall be removed from this earth to the feet of the Saviour that would aid in adding millions to your Church in this great, energetic and growing nation, you will do that which strengthens civilization and will help to bring into the true Faith millions who are now in danger of being disbelievers in all religion.

With prayers for your continued health, I am, most respectfully and sincerely,
Your Most Respectful Servant.

A PRIEST ON THE UNIONS.

Peterborough, July 26.—At a public meeting held in the Council Chamber to consider the situation of the C. P. R. trackmen Rev. Father O'Brien, who was one of the speakers, said he did not come to discuss the strike, but he came to show his sympathy with labor. After hearing the statement of Mr. Wilkinson he believed they were all in sympathy with the strikers. He had read Mr. Pope's letter, but claimed it was unfair to now hold the trackmen responsible for the tract. As regards the union, he said it was the Union that the C. P. R. did not want to recognize. Yet on account of a union between the C. P. R. and G. T. R. individuals going on the annual excursion to St. Anne de Beaupre this year had to pay \$2 more than others years. He instanced other facts to show that there was a union between the C. P. R. and G. T. R. in regard to rates. Why then if they had a union between the roads, if the engineer's union and the conductor's union were recognized, why not recognize the trackmen's union. They should show their sympathy in a practical way and not travel by the road. They had seen in the papers how a man had been arrested and fined \$2 for walking on the track and how Mr. Shevlin had been taken hold of by a man supposed to be a detective for walking on C. P. R. property in town. Was this not absurd and contemptible on the part of the C. P. R.? He referred to the trackmen's work in the fierce heat of summer or severe cold in winter either during night or day for \$175. Strikes were deplorable, but he referred to the strikes in the Carnegie works, where wages had been cut because business was not profitable, yet a few years afterwards Mr. Carnegie could come out and scatter his millions. So it was with the C. P. R., in which he had taken pride always as a Canadian. Their earnings were not decreasing or their stock going down, yet they hesitated over this little increase in wages. He concluded by saying that he believed the trackmen had the sympathy of all the priests and clergymen of the town; for their case and their conduct was such as to commend them to all men.



Diamond "Twins"

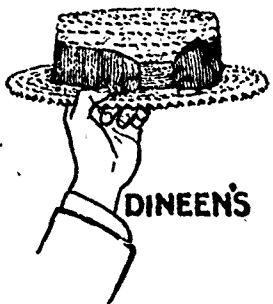
In our diamond ring known as the "Twin" pattern the two gems are set side by side diagonally and is a most effective style.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

The Roman Catacombs have been recently described in an anti-Catholic paper, published in Rome, as fit objects for the State to look after, and take over into its possession. This is the way the comedy begins. The Italian State has an avicious longing to possess these sacred Christian cemeteries, and to turn them into a show-place, and to make money out of them.

There was a cessation in the more extensive work of the Commission. Yet, it was shortly after the Italian invasion that De Rossi, assisted by the generosity of the late Monsignor Xavier de Merode, brought to light the Church of St. Domitilla, built in the second floor of the Catacomb of St. Petronilla.

The "Bulletin of Christian Archaeology," written by De Rossi, was continued in spite of the unrestricted means of the Commission. That "Bulletin" is continued even to-day by his scholars and followers.

To tell all the discoveries made, and the labors achieved in the Catacombs within the years that have elapsed since the invasion of Rome, would occupy volumes rather than a few lines in a letter.

The fact that the Prince fell ill at Paris shows the dangers attending aged persons when travelling. The Prince was ever restless, and instead of remaining quietly on his property in Germany he came to Paris, and three days after died at Ragatz, in Switzerland, where he had hoped to pass the summer.

All Catholics will be deeply touched by the Pope's letter to the Orders and Congregations now persecuted in France, and especially by that part of it wherein he says that he did his best to avert persecution but his efforts were unavailing.

lunched here on this occasion. The fact establishes the condition of the Pope's health. In the morning he paid a visit to the vineyard, which he has had planted in the Gardens, inquiring minutely of its condition from the gardener. He also visited the other parts of the Gardens, and was particularly interested in the progress of the plants and vegetables.

IRELAND

DEATH OF CANON M'NEECE, MAGHERAFELT.

When the death of the highly revered parish priest of Margherafelt, the Very Rev. Canon Henry M'Neece, was received in Armagh it caused the sincerest and deepest possible regret. He had labored zealously in the Cathedral Parish for many years as curate and Administrator and during that time he became greatly endeared to the parishioners.

FRANCE

It is rather remarkable in connection with the passing of Prince Von Hohenzollern that he practically received his death summons in Paris, a place with which he was so closely identified for many years during his long career. The great German Catholic nobleman succeeded as Ambassador here Count Harry Arnim, who had gone against Prince Von Bismarck on many questions, and who, notably, would have preferred to see a monarchical restoration in France after the war of 1870-71.

The bones of Father Marquette were thought to have been unearthed at Point St. Ignace on the Straits of Mackinac in September, 1877. David Murray, who owned a farm in the neighborhood, came in his clearing operations upon traces of a cellar believed to have been the foundations of the old chapel founded by Father Marquette at Point St. Ignace and where a band of converted Hurons had borne Father Marquette's body in 1677.

The great interest with which, from the very beginning of our Pontificate, we have regarded the Church in the United States of America caused us, among other things, to urge the speedy founding of a great university at Washington, and once founded to strengthen it with our authority and every evidence of good will.

Miss Millang supposed, she says, that they were going to find a priest since the clergy shall be educated under one and the same teaching, and animated by one and the same spirit. Hoping for the accomplishment of these good things, with the same desire with which you are striving for the good and honor of your churches, we most lovingly impart to you, Our beloved Son, to the Rector, the professors and the students of the Washington University the Apostolic Blessing, as a pledge of Our love.

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This has naturally aroused the ire of the anti-Clerical Belgian papers. The sneering Independence Belge says that clerical Rome is no longer on the banks of the Tiber, but in Belgium. The Patriote retorts that the people are utterly foolish who refuse to see that Belgium can profit in many ways owing to the influx of French Religious.

UNITED STATES

A RELIC OF MARQUETTE.

Frankfort, Mich., July 8.—Much interest has been occasioned by the finding of a golden crucifix by a workman at the new hotel. The crucifix, which is 11 inches in length by 5 in width, is mounted on a base 2 inches square, is heavily plated with gold and believed by some persons to have been the property of Father Marquette, said to have been buried 225 years ago.

Telegraphic despatches at the time announced that in the presence of the Catholic Bishop of the Upper Peninsula some bones were disinterred which were found wrapped in a birch bark coffin. The belief was expressed that Father Marquette's bones had really been found.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY HONORED.

My Dear Sir—I take pleasure in transmitting to you a copy in Latin and English of the autograph letter of His Holiness recently sent to me by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

To Our Beloved Son, James Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Titular of St. Mary's Beyond the Tiber.

Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing. The great interest with which, from the very beginning of our Pontificate, we have regarded the Church in the United States of America caused us, among other things, to urge the speedy founding of a great university at Washington, and once founded to strengthen it with our authority and every evidence of good will.

POPE RAISES MONSIGNOR CONATY TO BE A BISHOP.

Plattsburg, N. Y., July 17.—It is reported that Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., who is delivering a course of lectures before the Catholic Summer School, at Cliff Haven, this week, on "Christian Education," has been highly honored, and that he has received a cablegram from Cardinal Gibbons announcing that the Pope has elevated the Monsignor to a bishopric.

WAS IT A MIRACLE?

St. Louis, Mo., June 11.—Acting under orders from Rome, Archbishop Kain has appointed a court of priests to investigate the alleged miraculous cure of Sister Catherine Burke, of the Sacred Heart, from a malignant cancer with which she was afflicted. Details of the case have already appeared in The Catholic Standard and Times. The investigation is secret and the conclusions will be sent to Rome, where the seal will be broken.

Sister Catherine Burke is 36 years old and is a native of St. Louis. She joined the order when 17 years old. Two years ago, when stationed at Omaha, Neb., she became afflicted with a stomach trouble. An Omaha physician said she had a cancerous tumor and he finally gave her up. The last sacraments of the Church were administered to her. The Sisters decided to make a novena to Mme. Barrat, foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart. They prayed for nine days and a garment that had been worn by Mme. Barrat was placed on Sister Catherine. On the morning of the ninth day, it is stated, Sister Catherine got out of bed entirely cured, dressed herself and reported to the mother superior for duty. She is now said to be in perfect health.

MARRIAGE FRAUD ON A CATHOLIC.

New York, July 16.—Justice Maddox, of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, annulled yesterday the marriage between Josephine Millang Breuer, of Bay Side, J. I., and Charles Breuer, of Great Neck, L. I., on the ground that the woman's consent to the marriage contract had been secured through fraud. The plaintiff was allowed to resume her maiden name. The case is interesting because of the ground on which the marriage was annulled, and according to Justice Maddox, the case is without precedent in the jurisprudence of this State.

Both Breuer and Miss Millang are, or were, Catholics. The Catholic Church does not recognize divorce for any cause. Breuer, who had been previously married, but had divorced his wife, in order to secure Miss Millang's consent to marry him told her that his first wife was dead. After their marriage he confessed that his first wife was alive. Immediately upon learning that she had been deceived Miss Millang left the man and never afterward lived with him. Several months afterward she retained Lawyer Emanuel Friend to institute proceedings for the annulment of the marriage, on the ground that she had been led into it through fraud.

Breuer is a man of considerable wealth and lives the life of a country gentleman at Great Neck. He was first married several years ago, and some time later secured a divorce from his first wife, who is said to be living in Arlington, N. J. About two years ago he began paying court to Miss Millang, the daughter of a wholesale florist, who died several years ago, leaving a considerable estate. She learned in time that her suitor had divorced his wife. When he proposed marriage she told him that being a Catholic she could not marry him while his first wife was alive. Breuer thereupon said that his first wife had died two or three years before. Miss Millang believed Breuer's statements and a marriage ceremony was performed on June 25, 1900, in the City Hall by Alderman Rottman. After the ceremony the couple took a carriage and drove to the Long Island ferry at the foot of East Thirty-fourth street.

On Long Island and he married again according to the law of the Church. On the way to the ferry the bride asked her husband to what priest they were going and he then said that it would be impossible for him to be married by a priest. She asked why it would be impossible, and he said that if they had a religious marriage he would have to tell the priest that he had divorced his first wife and then lie to him, because a priest would not marry a divorced man with his first wife living. The bride asked for explanations, and Breuer then confessed that his first wife was alive. When the carriage reached the ferry the bride left it, telling her husband that she would never live with him, and went home to her mother. A family council was called in a few days, and it was then decided to seek an annulment of the marriage.

ANGLO-SAXON BIRTHRATE.

(San Francisco Call.) In the New England States it has long been noted that the old families of so-called "native Americans," that is to say, the people of British descent—have actually ceased to multiply, and in some New England localities the death rate among them is higher than the birth rate. The recent census in England shows that the birth rate there in 1899 was but 29.3 per thousand inhabitants as compared with 35.6 in 1878. Australian reports show a decrease in the birth rate there. Thus it appears that in old England and in New England, in the climate of Canada and in the climate of Australia, and under all the varying conditions of those widely separated countries, the Anglo-Saxon birth rate has begun to fall below the standards of the past.

From these figures philosophers draw the conclusion that the British race has passed the period of its highest fertility and has started on the decline. It may be the facts cited can be explained upon some other hypothesis than that of a diminished fertility, but if so it is curious that the diminution should have occurred so generally in all parts of the world where British races have settled and colonized. We have, then, the facts that (outside of the South) the birth rate of the British race and their descendants, when unmixed with other races, has declined in all parts of the world, and it would seem, therefore, that the theory of a loss of fertility is not an unreasonable one.

It would be a curious thing if the Anglo-Saxon race, which has met the new century with proud expectation of dominating the world before the century closes, should suddenly cease to multiply in proportion to other races and lose its prestige among the peoples of the earth. It is to be noted there is no diminution of the birth rate among the Italians of the Germans. The rapid increase of the Italian race of recent years has been, in fact, one of the marvels of Europe in spite of the heavy immigration that has carried millions of Italians into every progressive country in Europe and to all parts of North and South America. The population of Italy has in twenty years advanced from 21,000,000 to 35,000,000. There has been of late much talk of "decadent" races, and now the statistical experts are intimating that the mighty Anglo-Saxon may have to be included among them.

NEW ENGLAND'S DECAY.

Ottawa, Ont., July 10.—A remarkably outspoken letter on the lack of children in New England families is printed here from the Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice Writing to a friend Mr. Mills says: "The New England people are upon the soil, but not of it. They obviously dislike farming as much as their women do having children, and were it not for the foreigners who have taken up their residence among them, there would be neither children born nor fields cultivated.

"If left to themselves, the existence of a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers would be as rare as the great auk, and the race is sure to share the fate of the dodo. "This must be a very serious problem for the United States statesmen. Stop the foreign immigration and the United States would not increase in population, and after a time their numbers would begin to diminish. There is obviously something wrong with a people who, under conditions so favorable, have such small families. "The United States woman does not realize her duties to God and her country, and thinks more of her own pleasure than she does of the responsibilities which the Creator has imposed upon her."

GOOD DIGESTION SHOULD WAIT ON APPETITE.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

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The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PAIN EXPELLER) From Capt. F. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 5, Montreal. "I was frequently troubled with PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, of throat, fever, chills, neuralgia, cramps, and all ailments which befell me in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy I have ever used at hand." Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 50c. and 25c. bottles.

The HOME CIRCLE

A RIVERIE. (J. William Fischer.) The moonbeams are creeping around the green trees...

me and obrome it may be stated, are largely made up of nitrogen, which forms four-fifths of our atmospheric air so essential to animal life...

comes a belated appreciation of her, but there is small comfort to a hungry heart in post-mortem affection.

MAGNESIA A SUMMER FRIEND. A cake of magnesia is a good friend to the economical woman in these days of many light frocks...

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS. The "happy woman"—you will recognize her presence the moment she crosses your path.

HOW TOMATOES SHOULD BE EATEN. From now on tomatoes are best eaten raw if it is liked to stew the vegetable occasionally...

Few People Escape Piles

And Dr. Chase's Ointment is the Only Positive and Guaranteed Cure for This Torturing Disease. There is usually very little satisfaction in consulting a physician regarding a case of piles...

RULER OR SLAVE?

It is the easiest thing in the world for a mother to slip into the attitude of humble self-abnegation towards her children...

CHILDREN'S CORNER

TAMING A LION.

In Cleveland Moffett's series of papers on "Careers of Danger and Darling," the eighth article, "The Wild-Beast Tamer," appears in St. Nicholas for August.

Of course, a wild-beast tamer should have a quick eye and delicate sense of hearing, so that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind...

I do not purpose now to present in detail the methods of taming wild beasts, rather what happens after they are tamed...

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying some simple weapon—a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom...

Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage at a distance.

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Subscription: In City, including delivery, \$1.50; Outside, \$2.00; Single copies, 5c.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy. Advertising Rates: A liberal discount on contracts.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1901.

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

We give prominence to day to a letter which appeared in the New York Sun testifying to the wonderful influence for good which the Catholic religion is exerting upon the present condition of life in the United States.

A Catholic writer this week, we think, overstates the case when he says: "Outside of the Catholic Church there is a general conviction that there is no such thing as that which has been hitherto called the guilt of sin."

As against this view we think the very fact that people are rallying round Mrs. Eddy's standard is pretty fair proof that they fear the guilt of sin, and are only too prone to take the gamblers' chance in accepting, or at least trying, the panacea she offers when she tells them that sin and disease are but a delusion not to be felt if resolutely denied and ignored.

No one will ever attain happiness by shutting the eyes to guilt. The eyes, it is true, may be shut to sin, and the sin may not be dreaded without a reawakening of conscience but this at least follows that the less dread sin occasions the greater fear and cowardice physical pain inspires.

In any event the future of the Catholic Church in the United States is not to be doubted whether difficulty beset the path or facilities not known in the past clear the way.

THE LOGIC OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The North American Review allows one W. D. McCracken "of the Christian Science Publication Committee," ten pages of its valuable space for a statement of what he calls "the simple logic of Christian Science."

Here we have the whole "science" boiled down. First God knows no evil or suffering. Therefore evil and suffering do not exist. God is mind, however, says Mr. McCracken. He explicitly declares over and over again that it is the "mind which suffers," matter cannot. All suffering, all sensation is mental.

Incidentally Mr. McCracken defends Mrs. Eddy, the author of "Christian Science," from the charge that she made money by having her head engraved on souvenir spoons. He admits she gave the permission to have the spoons manufactured, but she never received a cent from the sale of them.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. In September of next year the Irish Christian Brothers will celebrate the Centenary of the foundation of their Institute. The Archbishop of Dublin, in a speech at the laying of the foundation stone of the new Novitiate and Training College of the Christian Brothers at Marino, on June 10th, 1900, expressed the hope that the building would be completed for the celebration of the Centenary in 1902.

THE MISSIONS IN CHINA. It is hoped in Rome that the withdrawal of the European troops from China will not have a bad effect on the population, and that the Catholic missionaries will be able to continue the work they were so successfully carrying on before the Boxer outbreak, but letters from missionaries in China give reason to fear that there may in some measure be a renewal of those sanguinary scenes by which the Chinese startled the world.

Fou Sian, the general and head of the Boxers, has returned to his village, where he is no doubt awaiting the word of command to begin a new expedition when all the European troops have left. At present we are living as if there had been no war, and we can move about with security.

MISS O'ROURKE'S APPOINTMENT.

The appointment of Miss Mary O'Rourke on the staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute is more distinctly a gain to the school than a recognition of the young lady's qualifications which had long been conceded by the Board.

MORE HONORS.

Last week The Register noted the distinguished success of a Catholic pupil in the late Normal School examinations. The young lady mentioned was not the only instance of Catholic distinction. We have since seen with very great pleasure the announcement that the winner of the gold medal—or "the medallist," as there is only one medal—of the Ottawa Normal School for last session, is a Catholic, Miss Minnie St. Charles, Madoc, Ont.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Perhaps Mayor Morris of Ottawa, is now in a better position to realize whether there are any "broad gauge" Catholics in Ottawa who support his attempts to introduce religious rancor into the Capital for political purposes useful to Mayor Morris himself.

The Rectorship of the Irish College, Rome, has been definitely vacated by the appointment of the Rector, Right Rev. Monsignor Kelly, to be Coadjutor to Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. Monsignor Kelly is to be consecrated in the Church of St. Joachim, Rome, on Sunday, the 18th of August, the Feast of St. Joachim.

A point, it seems, has been raised in Parliamentary circles whether legislation will be necessary to strike out of the Coronation Oath to be taken by the King at Westminster Abbey the references to the Church of Ireland, which, it is hardly necessary to say, was disestablished in 1869.

Mr. H. T. Kelly of Foy & Kelly, left the city to-day for a voyage to the old country, via Montreal. He is taking the trip for a much needed rest. He expects to be home by the middle of September.

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

By the Bishop of Salford, England. The advantages of a good Catholic newspaper as an antidote to the poisonous literature of the day, penetrating, enlightening and giving spiritual joy and strength to every Catholic family, are too obvious to need further recommendation from me.

SOME MISTAKES ABOUT ROME.

(From The Springfield Republican.) To the Editor of The Republican. I suppose that you have not anywhere a greater admirer of your paper than myself, although I do not agree with you on some matters. I do most heartily approve of your anti-Imperialism and kindred topics, however.

W. HOURKE COCKRAN DONATES SITE FOR CHURCH.

New York, July 22.—W. Bourke Cockran, whose summer home is at Fort Washington, L. I., has just donated a site for a new Catholic Church there, and he will, besides, contribute most of the funds needed for the building.

CORNER STONE OF ST. MARY'S, LONDON

(Continued from page 1) had sheltered them. There was the creation, grace and the prospect of everlasting joy. Should not the heart of man throb out its gratitude to him? Was he to do nothing in return for the hospitality? Was it not right to build churches, erect material edifices and monuments, which were called houses of God? There were multitudes of men in the world who laughed at such an idea, scoffed at such works and could make us believe that churches were unnecessary but who knew the contrary of the case better than the child of the Catholic Church? Since Adam's day, a veil, a pall, hid God from man's intellect. Man could make God out in some measure, not in his incomprehensible majesty, but still he could know God.

Let us that marched in the procession. The offering of the Mount Carmel people, he said, showed that there was still gratitude in the world. He hoped that virtue would long continue to flourish. His Lordship was sure all classes of citizens would rejoice to know that such a beautiful structure would be built, and he hoped the time would come when many such buildings could be erected.

MICHIGAN COMMEMORATION.

Mgr. Falconio and Archbishop Bruchesi Present at the Cadillac Celebration in Detroit. Detroit, July 30.—The old church of St. Anne's was filled with worshippers at the mass which was celebrated to commemorate the first missionary mass said in Detroit 200 years ago. The celebrant was Monsignor Falconio, and among the distinguished clergy present were: Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, Archbishop Elder, and Bishops Foley, McAvoy, Messner, Horstman and Spaulding.

CANADIAN NEWS

DEDICATION OF ST. MALACHI'S CHARLOTTETOWN.

The Charlottetown (P.E.I.) Herald of July 24 says: The solemn dedication of the new St. Malachi's Church, Kinkora, took place on Sunday last, His Lordship Bishop McDonald officiating. The Solemn Pontifical Mass and dedication ceremonies were attended by an immense throng of people, one of the largest congregations ever assembled at Kinkora. His Lordship was assisted in the ceremonies by Rev. Donald McDonald, Tignish, as arch-priest, Rev. James Aeneas McDonald, of St. Ann's, Hope River, and Rev. S. T. Phelan of Georgetown, as deacons of honor, Rev. J. C. McLean of Summerside, as deacon of office, Rev. J. T. Murphy, as sub-deacon of office and Rev. Dr. Monaghan as Master of Ceremonies. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Doyle, of Vernon River, a former pastor of St. Malachi's. The discourse was eloquent and practical. The Rev. preacher first complimented the pastor and people of Kinkora on the magnificent new church they had built. Next he pointed out that the church is a house built for the worship of God, where He dwells in a special manner by His presence in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

HOTEL DIEU, CORNWALL, OPENED

Cornwall, July 26.—The new Hotel Dieu Hospital was dedicated and formally opened Wednesday. The dedication ceremony took place in the afternoon, His Lordship Bishop Macdonell of Alexandria officiating. He was assisted by Rev. Vicar-General Corbett, Rev. Dean DeSaunhae, Rev. Father Desjardins of Cornwall, Rev. Dean McRae, Glen Nevis; Dean Fitzpatrick of Williamstown, Fathers Fitzpatrick and Campbell, St. Raphaels; J. A. McRae, Alexandria, and D. McMillan, Dickinson's Landing. After the ceremony, Rev. J. McRae, who has recently returned from Rome, delivered a short address congratulating the diocese upon having such a fine hospital. He also referred briefly to his sojourn in Rome. In the evening the entire building was brilliantly illuminated and was visited by several hundred citizens. An excellent musical and vocal programme was rendered. The soloists were Miss Edith Greenwood, Mrs. L. Chaelebois and Miss Sadie Fox of Farran's Point. Mrs. A. S. Macdonell was accompanist. Fleck's orchestra rendered several selections. Ice cream and other summer refreshments were served by the young ladies, and quite a snug sum netted for the hospital fund. The sisters wish to thank all who assisted them. A list of donations will be published next week. Wednesday morning Miss Margaret McDonald of Alexandria received the veil and took her final vows as one of the sisters of the Hotel Dieu Order of St. Joseph. Her profession was received by His Lordship Bishop Macdonell of Alexandria at the Hotel Dieu. Her name in religion will be Sister Margaret Mary.

OTTAWA'S MAYOR CONDEMNED.

Ottawa, July 24.—The members of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association at their last meeting passed a resolution, criticizing the mayor for his action in hoisting the city hall flag on July 12. The resolution was as follows: "Whereas, Mayor Morris did on the 12th instant, on his own responsibility, cause the official flag of the Dominion of Canada to be raised on the City Hall, and thus made the city party to the Orange celebration of that day, and publicly insulted not only the Irish Catholics, but all Catholics in the city of Ottawa; and, whereas, our esteemed and respected president, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, did wisely protest to Mayor Morris for hoisting the flag on such an occasion, and properly stated to him that the flying of the flag on that day could be construed in no other sense than as a direct insult to the large body of Catholics in the city of Ottawa. Resolved, that the association, representing as it does, the national spirit of the Irish Catholic people of Ottawa, unanimously endorse the action of our president, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, and condemn Mayor Morris for his narrow, unjust and insulting conduct."

OTTAWA NEWS.

Ottawa, July 26.—His Grace Archbishop Duhamel arrived home yesterday evening from Lake St. Marie, Que., where he has been on his pastoral visitation. He will preside at the annual retreat of the secular priests, beginning August 5th. The retreat will take place at the Ottawa University, at which it is expected there will be over one hundred priests. The Redemptorist Fathers from St. Anne de Beaupre will preach. Father Lavoie, a retired priest, died suddenly at Alfred near Caledonia Springs yesterday. The late priest was talking quietly with two friends

on his verandah when he dropped dead. Deceased was formerly parish priest of St. Joseph's village. He was 64 years of age.

MR. LATCHFORD'S 92ND BIRTHDAY.

Ottawa, July 27.—Mr. James Latchford, father of Mr. F. R. Latchford, is to-day receiving the congratulations of his friends on his hale and hearty appearance on this his 92nd birthday. Mr. Latchford, sr., was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, July 27th, 1810, and came to Canada in 1846, settling in Ottawa. He has lived in and around the big city ever since, an honor of which few living can boast. Mr. Latchford is in perfect health and in the full enjoyment of all his faculties.

HAMILTON DIOCESE CLERICAL CHANGES.

His Lordship, the Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, has made the following clerical changes, to take effect on August 1: Rev. Emmet Doyle of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, to be administrator of Dunnville; K. v. Geo. Murphy, of Freelon, transferred to Dundalk; Rev. Geo. Cleary, assistant at Dundalk, to be assistant at Paris; Rev. Joseph Crofton of Cathedral, Hamilton, to be assistant at Dundas; Rev. George Whibbs, transferred from assistant at Dundas, to be assistant at St. Patrick's, Hamilton; Rev. A. C. Walter of Caledonia, transferred to Cathedral street; Rev. Wm. Gell, assistant at Galt, to be administrator of Freelon; Rev. Jonas Lanhard, assistant at Decemerton, to be assistant at Galt; Rev. R. C. Lehmann of Berlin, to be administrator at Decemerton; Rev. J. C. Cannon of Dunnville, to be pastor of Caledonia.

BIRMINGHAM—O'NEILL.

A London (Ont.) despatch says: The marriage of Mr. John Birmingham, formerly of this city, and Miss Edith O'Neill, daughter of Mr. Patrick O'Neill, of 131 Mill street, which was celebrated at Milwaukee on July 22, was an event in which much interest was taken by their many friends in this city. The wedding was performed at St. Matthew's Church by Rev. Father Ryan. The bridesmaid was Miss Amanda Seufft, and Mr. George Lankin, formerly of London, was best man. Among those who were present at the wedding was the bride's father, who went with her from London to Milwaukee.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. McLellan, of Detroit, was in Toronto last week on business and renewed his acquaintance with several Catholic friends in the city.

Miss Mabel Grady, a graduate of Kingston Business College, has secured a position with Messrs. Long Bros., Collingwood.

Hon. Wm. Harty was a visitor at the Legislative Buildings on Tuesday.

Mr. James McMullen, ex-M.P. for North Wellington, was in the city on Tuesday.

SILENCING IRISH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE COMMONS.

London, July 30.—There was a wild uproar in the House of Commons between 1 and 2 o'clock at the conclusion of the debate on the taxation of agricultural property.

Conservatives interrupted Mr. Walton, Liberal, with cries of "Divide." William Redmond, on a point of order, called the attention of the Speaker to the interruptions, but the Speaker ruled that the point was not well taken.

Mr. Walton resumed, but quite inaudibly, owing to the persistent cries of "Divide."

Mr. Redmond shouted—Police! Police!

The Speaker said this expression was disorderly.

Mr. Redmond—Why don't you keep order?

The Speaker directed him to leave the House and named him. Mr. Balfour, the Government leader, moved Mr. Redmond's suspension, and this was carried by a vote of 303 to 71.

Patrick O'Brien persisted in the same point of order and was in turn named and suspended.

The bill was adopted.

London, July 30.—James J. O'Shea, the Nationalist member for West Waterford, was suspended in the House of Commons to-day for disorderly conduct in applying the term "judicial blackguardism" to the conduct of Baron O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, in charging the jury at the recent trial of Mr. Walsh, Chairman of the Waterford County Council, on charges of conspiracy at Cork. Mr. Walsh is connected with the United Irish League, and the latter boycotted a man who rented a farm from which the previous tenant had been evicted. The Nationalists contend that Baron O'Brien conducted the case in an extremely partisan way.

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IRISH NATIONAL SCHOOLS CONDEMNED.
Liverpool, Catholic Times: As one result of Archbishop Walsh resignation the Board of Irish National Education has received an all but unanimous condemnation from Parliament. This may be said to be the general effect of the debate on Friday evening. There was no disposition to criticize or blame individual Commissioners. It was recognized that they are doing their best to work an institution which is unrepresentative, out of harmony with the wish of the people, and behind the times. The Board itself was denounced with an argumentative power which was unanswerable because it was derived from the logic of facts. Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon, Mr. T. O'Donnell, Mr. Richards, and, above all, Mr. T. W. Russell, exposed its shortcomings in speeches which ought to prove its doom. Mr. Russell's remarks were particularly pertinent when he spoke of the objections to judges being members of the nominated Boards in Dublin and said he would have them cleared out of all the Boards bag and baggage. What right, he asked, had they to be going up the back stairs of Dublin Castle? They were well paid and they should stick to their job which was not a severe one Mr. Russell was right, too, in proclaiming that it is a revolution not an enquiry that is needed for the improvement of Elementary education in Ireland. The National Board has on the whole been used as a system for stifling education.

"UNITED STATES" IS SINGULAR.
In his recently published work on "A Century of American Diplomacy," General John W. Foster, former Secretary of States, uses the singular verb in connection with the United States, and is called to account therefor by a prominent critic, who admonishes him that "to make United States a singular noun would require an amendment to the Federal Constitution."

LIEUT. COL. MASON BANQUETED.
On Tuesday night last at Webb's the members of the Dominion Day Celebration Committee tendered a complimentary banquet to Lieut.-Col. James Mason, Chairman of the celebration, and presented him with a beautiful illuminated address. Letters of regret were received from His Worship the Mayor, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Lieut.-Col. N. F. Paterson and J. Castell Hopkins, who all spoke in eulogistic terms of Col. Mason. Dr. John Noble presided, and the various toasts to Canada, etc., were responded to by A. H. McConnell, Alex. Muir, W. A. Sherwood, G. R. Van Zant, Thomas L. Church, Dr. E. H. Adams, Capt. J. Cooper Mason, Inspector W. F. Chapman and others.

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RIGHT SHALL RULE.

Short is the triumph of evil, Long is the reign of right, The men who win by the aid of sin, The nation that rules by might, The party that lives by corruption, The trickster, the knave, the thief, May thrive for a time on the fruits of crime, But their seeming success is brief. Sneer if you will at honor, Make virtue a theme for jest; Reflect on the man who strives as he can, To seek and to do the best; Make goodness a butt for slander And offer excuse for vice; Proclaim the old lie, the corruptionist's cry, That every man has his price. Yet know that the truth shall triumph, That evil shall find its doom; That the cause of right, tho' subdued by might, Shall break from the strongest tomb; That wrong, though it seems to triumph, Lasts only for a day, While the cause of truth has eternal youth, And shall rule o'er the world for aye. —Selected.

Led Into Light

(By Kathleen Eileen Barry.)

George Ross felt tired, mentally and physically; moreover, a sense of impending calamity weighed him down. Although he tried to reason away the intangible fear that tugged at his heart-strings, it increased in force. For some time he had been walking up and down the length of his library listening nervously to the hurrying feet in the room overhead. But now he paused by the open window and looked out. Below him the smooth asphalt of Lexington avenue gleamed in the electric light. A ray from the lamp on the opposite corner fell upon his striking head, with its crown of crisp dark hair, and on his rugged face, from which deep, penetrating eyes looked forth. That he was a man of strong individuality and keen intellect was discernible at a glance. His firm mouth and square jaw betokened tenacity of purpose and a dominant will. But in his expression there was a kinliness amounting almost to sweetness which attracted his weaker brethren. The night was hot; the atmosphere seemed surcharged with electricity. This thirteenth day of June had been a record-breaker in point of heat and a storm was imminent. Masses of lowering clouds hid the moon; a rumble of thunder sounded in the distance. At another time George Ross would have lingered to watch the marshaling of the atmospheric forces, but just now he was too restless to remain inactive, and he soon resumed his tramp through the room. Before he had taken many steps the door opened, and a grave-faced doctor advanced toward him. "I'm sorry I can't bring you such good news this time, Mr. Ross. The child is a fine, healthy little fellow, as I reported before, but the mother's condition is causing us great anxiety; in fact, Dr. Latham bade me tell you that our worst fears are being realized." Mr. Ross' lips whitened, but he gave no other sign of the emotions that rioted through his mind and heart. "I have every confidence in Latham and yourself," he said, quietly. "I know you will do your best for Mrs. Ross. Shall I go to her now?" "No, we'll send for you later on if—well, if we think it advisable." Mr. Ross nodded. He escorted Dr. Norris to the foot of the stairs and watched him enter the room above; then he returned to the window. As he stood there he thought of the eighteen years of his married life and of the woman who had been his helpmate in sunshine and shadow. If he had known how to pray or if he had believed in the existence of God he would have poured out his soul in agonized supplications for her safety. But since he had passed the adolescent stage he had been an unbeliever, and now his maturer years he was known as the founder of a new school of antitheism which out-rivalled the Kantian school. This being so, he could only hope and wait. And all the while the undefinable fear grew stronger, until at last his blood felt as though it had turned into water. He tried to calm his mind by thinking of his brilliant career as lecturer, author, and man of science. He thought of the pinnacle on which his labors had placed him; of the adulation he was constantly receiving from his disciples; of the ideal home and social life which he enjoyed. He dwelt, too, on the fact that after years of fruitless yearning he had now a son to inherit his name and fame, and that this, the dearest wish of his heart, had been satisfied long after he had ceased to hope for its fulfillment. For the moment the pride and ambitious hopes engendered by the

thoughts of his boy made him forget all else. The next instant he was roused from his reverie by the breaking of the storm. The sky looked like congealed blood, streaks of forked lightning shot diagonally along it, peal after peal of thunder crashed over the roof tops, the very air seemed palpating with terror. All at once his wonted calmness returned. He leant far out and fearlessly watched the conflict of the elements. The rain-swept avenue was deserted; even the cable cars no longer whizzed by. In the opposite house he caught a glimpse of a group of women huddled in a corner of the room. The vivid flashes of light showed him their white, scared faces. He noticed that they repeatedly made the sign of the cross, and his lip curled scornfully at the sight of what he considered a superstitious practice. As he again looked skyward he beheld an intense blue-white glare, from out of which a line of light shaped like a writhing serpent, suddenly shot downward, it twisted about the slender spire of the church, then glanced off, and simultaneously he felt as though a red-hot wire had pierced his eyeballs. He jerked his head and pressing his hands over his lids swayed to and fro in voiceless agony. When he again opened his eyes impenetrable darkness surrounded him. With quick, uneven steps he groped his way to the electric button above the desk and pressed it. There was no result. Cimmerian darkness still encompassed him. He stammered to the bell-ropes and clutched at it. Its loud summons rang through the house. After a moment he heard his butler's quiet interrogative, "Yes, sir?" "The lights, John!" he cried hoarsely; "I can't turn them on. Bring lamps—candles—anything—only be quick!" "Lights, sir! Why they were on full head. The room is ablaze with them!" A low cry startled the man. He advanced hurriedly and peered into his master's ashen face. What he saw there upset his self-possession. "Merciful God! You're blind!" he exclaimed. "Here—Mary—Jane—Bill—some of you bring down the doc—" The words died in his throat as a strong hand gripped his windpipe. "Be still, you fool!" commanded Mr. Ross; "my wife will hear you. Do you want to kill her?" Then the fierce grip relaxed and he said in his usual even tones: "Go now. I forbid you to gossip about this down stairs. And unless I see you, see that I am not disturbed." The man whimpered an assent and left the room. Slowly and uncertainly Mr. Ross walked to his desk in the space between the two windows and sank into a chair. The fury of the storm had abated and a cool, refreshing breeze played on his forehead. He was quaking from head to foot. A sense of utter helplessness oppressed him. The darkness which hemmed him in filled his head with horror. He turned his head from side to side and waved his arms wildly as though to dissipate it. Staggering to his feet he moved towards the window. A heavy oak table was in his path. He collided with it. In his frenzy he beat his hands against it until they were cruelly bruised. Once more he sought the chair before his desk. As he settled into it he moaned, "Blind! Blind!" and ground his teeth in impotent fury. But he soon summoned his strong will to his aid, and presently he was able to think calmly. He fully realized what had befallen him. His scientific knowledge made it possible for him to diagnose his own case. And, by a curious coincidence, his friend, Professor Knapp, had told him only three days before of a parallel case, where sudden and complete loss of sight had resulted from exposure to intense light. He remembered that the great oculist had said the prognosis in these rare cases was bad, as the central scotoma or blind spot produced by the exposure invariably remained, despite all teches, electricity or hypodermatic injections of strychnia that were tried. The thought that his public career was practically closed in this his forty-fifth year was inexpressibly bitter. He would have to abandon the series of lectures which were setting New York agog; he must cease working on his new book of "Materialistic Philosophy," which he confidently expected would win fresh laurels for him; he would be forever shut out from the sunlight, and, bitterest thought of all, his eyes would never be gladdened by the sight of his child's face! As these ideas flashed through his mind he was seized with a sickening sensation of giddiness; his head fell forward on his breast and for a period merciful oblivion was vouchsafed him.

face with stoic boldness the darkened future. He no longer trembled like a frightened child. He resolved to accept misfortune with as cool and immovable a front as he had hitherto accepted the favors showered on him by Dame Fortune. None must think that disaster had bowed his proud spirit or broken down the superb courage for which he was noted. His firmness of purpose wavered somewhat as he thought of the grief into which the news of his condition would plunge his wife—that loving, gentle woman who had made him her god in his solitude for her it actually comforted him to remember that if the doctor's fears were well grounded she need never know the worst, that her life would flicker out peacefully and that she would not be called upon to share his burden. As though in answer to this unspoken thought he heard Dr. Latham's voice at his elbow. "Ross, dear friend, I have a painful duty to perform. Your poor wife is dying. For years she has suffered with valvular heart trouble of a serious nature. She would not let you know lest it disturb you to the extent of interfering with your work. Neither Dr. Norris nor myself dared oppose her will by speaking openly. But for the past few weeks I have been trying by guarded hints to prepare you for the inevitable. She wishes to take leave of you now. I beg that you will try to keep your natural emotion in check. She has been so patient and resigned all along that it would be a pity if her serenity was disturbed at the end." He paused and waited for an answer. None came. "Ross, dear fellow, you must meet this trouble like a man. Come now, look up—Oh, good God!" The exclamation was wrung from the doctor at sight of his friend's anguished face and unseeing stare. "So you, too, think this is the handiwork of your god!" said Mr. Ross, bitterly; "yet you call Him good and John dubs Him merciful! Why not say He was wise, also, to bide His time and make me blind when I most need my sight?" Dr. Latham answered soothingly and asked for details of the accident. They were given clearly and succinctly. "Knapp is out of town," wound up Mr. Ross. "When he comes back tomorrow I will place myself under his care. He has one similar case. In speaking of it he told me the eyes looked normal when glanced at casually, but that the ophthalmoscope disclosed an opaque spot of white at the macula surrounded by a ring of congestion. Examine mine and tell me if Millicent is likely to notice my blindness. I intend to conceal it from her, if possible." "She won't know. Dying eyes are not sharp. But have you strength enough to play such a part beside her deathbed? It would be a terrible ordeal." "Not half so terrible as to let her suspect the truth or to remain away from her when she asks for me. Give me your arm, Latam. You must help me to a chair close by her and guide my hand so that it may clasp hers. Don't be afraid. I won't break down." A few moments later he was in the room where the Angels of Death and Life hovered over the mother and her babe. "I have given you a son, Heart's Dearest," Mrs. Ross said, faintly; "before long he will take my place." "No one can ever do that, Millicent—neither man, woman nor child." He could not see the love-light in her face, but the weak pressure of her fingers spoke volumes. "I want you to look at our boy now," she whispered. "Nurse, bring him here, please. See, George, isn't he pretty? What color do you think his eyes are?" Mr. Ross' head dropped lower: "I—I hardly know, dear Blue, are they not?" he hazarded. She smiled triumphantly. "George, you are color-blind! They are brown—deep, deep brown, like your own." A stifled groan broke from the blind man. She did not hear it. The fictitious strength which had come to her at sight of him was fading away. She gasped for breath and moaned feebly as a spasm of pain shot through her. "Is there anything I can do for you, Millicent?" he asked, tenderly. "Is there any wish of your ungratified?" Her cold hands clung to his. In broken sentences she cried: "Oh, George, I'm afraid to die! You said there was no after life. I gave up my faith for you. And now it is so dark; everything is slipping away from me, there is nothing to hold on to. I feel death's icy touch on my heart. The logical sophistries of the people we now bring me nothing of comfort. There is a God somewhere. I feel it now. But I cannot reach Him!" She fell back exhausted, the death-dew on her brow. He bent over her, murmuring every fond and reassuring word that came to him. For awhile there was silence. The ticking of the clock of the mantelpiece seemed to

beat on his brain with the force of a sledge hammer. Presently she spoke again, this time more faintly than before: "George—the baby—I want him baptized. I won't rest easy in my grave unless—" The weak voice trailed off into silence. The nurse, an old woman in snowy apron, kerchief and quaint cap, stepped to the bedside again. Her tear-stained face looked like a withered apple which still retained a fleck of pristine roshness. She bent over the dying woman and said softly: "Listen to me, accush—listen to Peggie, who has known you all the thirty-eight years of your life. Let me send for the priest, Old Father Mack lives in the next block. He'll christen your baby and whisper the good word in your ear. Darlint, let me fetch him!" With sudden and marvelous strength Millicent Ross raised herself on the pillows: "George, I may send for him? You will let him come?" "If it please you—yes." Old Peggie hobbled off as fast as her rheumatic limbs would carry her. Dr. Latham administered a cordial, which brought back some color to the gray face. George Ross sat beside her, with lowered eyelids. His iron self-control never faltered, although he was undergoing torments. Soon a venerable priest entered. When he approached the bed Millicent whispered: "My baby—baptize him!" Peggie made some hasty preparations, and picking up a small white bundle from the foot of the bed came forward. "What name?" asked Father Mack. Mr. Ross did not answer; neither did his wife. She was watching that animate bundle with wistful eyes. "George, after his father, perhaps," suggested Dr. Latham. Mr. Ross shook his head negatively. "Anthony, after your father, darlint," put in Peggie. "And this is St. Anthony's birthday, too." No objection being made, the priest repeated the name and went through the baptismal service in its simplest form. Then he again stooped over the mother and spoke to her in low, earnest tones. "You can do nothing for me," she gasped. "It's too late. I gave up my faith long ago. I am an unbeliever." "My poor child, it is never too late. And no creature is an unbeliever at heart, whatever they may say or think to the contrary." He talked on and on and she listened greedily. Then she said the Lord's Prayer, and her faltering voice repeated it after him, word for word. The creed was gone through in the same way and a fervent act of contrition. Suddenly Mr. Ross felt her hand slip from his grasp to the crucifix which was held out to her. His heart was wrung with pain. She had loved him so wholly, so absordely, yet now that she was going from him forever she forsook his clasp to cling to the emblem of Christianity against which he had waged war for a score of years. "Verily, if this priest be right," he mused; "if Jesus of Nazareth, whom I called the Galilean idyl, was truly God, His hour of triumph is here!" The trend of his thoughts was disturbed by her thrilling whisper: "Dear love—good-bye! We'll meet again. Our boy will bring you to me. I'll wait for you—up there—with my Saviour and—"

George Ross ever-increasing gloom and despondency. The leading oculists of America had failed in their efforts to restore his sight. They had all declared him incurable. But an English specialist, who had won fame by a new method of treating the eyes with electricity, gave a different verdict. He assured the patient that he would bring back the sight by persistent treatment, and that it would probably return as suddenly and swiftly as the lightning flash which took it away. Mr. Ross put himself in this specialist's hands, yet he felt utterly hopeless as to the result. He was weary of life, and was only restrained from self-destruction by love for his son. The child was the one ray of light in his darkened existence—the one bright star in the never-ending night through which he moved. He idolized the boy, and Anthony in turn adored this sad-faced man who was so cold and stern to all save him. As soon as he could toddle he caught his father's hand and tried to lead him into the sunshine. As he grew older he gravely called himself "Daddy's Eyes." They were inseparable. Mr. Ross talked to him as though he were a companion of his own age. The most perfect understanding and sympathy existed between them. Just now Anthony was perched on his father's knee. He held a small mirror, into which he gazed intently. "I hasn't grown much since my last birthday, daddy," he said. "You 'member how I looked then?" "Yes, little son. You gave me a word picture of yourself. But I want another now." "Well, my eyes look like Peggie's chocolate drops, on'y there's a lot of shiny white round them an' they's very big, an' my hair's the same as that golden floss they sew things with. It's too long; it makes me hot an' the boys call me girl-baby. Can't I cut it off, daddy?" "I'll speak to Peggie about it by-and-by, dear. Go on." "Oh, that's all, on'y I have a teeny weeny red mouth, and there's a frowny place just like yours on my forehead." "But you never frown, Tony; you are always smiling?" "Deed, no, daddy I've got a big temper inside of me. It did jump out to-day like my Jack-in-the-box, an' I knocked Cousin Eddie down." "Anthony! he's older and stronger than you! What was the trouble?" "He sulted you. He said you didn't believe in God; then I hit him hard an' he fell." "So, my son, you are an exponent of muscular Christianity! Hump! All you professing believers, big and little, are alike; you are ready to kill each other at any time for a mere difference of opinion. Now, you must tell your cousin you are sorry. He was quite right. I do not believe in God!" The child wound his arms around his father's neck and, kissing the shut lids, said, pityingly "Oh, my poor, poor daddy! That's 'cause you can't see!" The sorrow in the sweet voice went straight to the father's heart. He dared not trust himself to speak. "I am your eyes, daddy dear. I'll show you where God is. His house is in the sky. My mudder is with Him. She comes 'sometmes when I'm asleep. She says she's waiting up there for you an' me, an' that I must bring you to her." George Ross started as he remembered his wife's farewell words. Then he said quietly: "You are fanciful, my boy. Your mother died when you were six hours old, so how could you know her even if it was possible for her to come to you in a dream?" "Oh, I did know her the very first time," the child said confidently. "It was when I was so awful sick. She did hold out her hand and smile at me. Daddy, you b'lieved in God that time. Peggie said she did hear you pray to Him!" George Ross winced. He did not like to be reminded of what he called his "monetary weakness," when he had dropped on his knees beside his fever-racked child and echoed old Peggie's prayer: "Oh, God, don't take him from us! In Thy mercy let him live!" He put the boy down gently. "Run away, Tony, and play with your birthday present." The child obeyed, and the father paced the length of his library wrapped in thought. He recalled the days of his youth and the unhappiness in this home resulting from that crying evil known as "a mixed marriage." When he grew old enough to have an opinion of his own, he refused to embrace the religious tenets held by his father and was equally reluctant to adopt his mother's beliefs. He resolved to find out for himself the underlying principles of Christianity and select the creed that seemed most in accord with them. To further this end he began a course of desultory reading, and was soon lost in a quagmire of sophism as misleading as it was brilliant. He emerged from it a confirmed unbeliever, and for twenty years waged war against the Creator. His wear-

pon was not the sword of ridicule so clumsily wielded by some of his brethren, or the blasphemous invectives which defeated their own end by disgusting the listener. With all the strength of personal conviction he denied that there was anything psychical in the universe outside of human consciousness. He rejected the Bible as an authority in doctrine and morals on the plea that it consisted solely of hypothetical assumptions and untenable statements, and he had a way of presenting the rationale of his narratives—stripping them of their mysteries and theological adjuncts—which impressed the hearers. As he was master of one of the best prose styles, his writings were eagerly read and his lectures were largely attended. "Facts" when expounded by this clear-voiced, keen-brained man of science were accepted more readily than they would be presented by a less gifted individual. He paused now in his walk and sighed heavily as he remembered that this was the fifth anniversary of the night when his public career had come to a sudden end. His gloomy reflections were interrupted by the hasty entrance of his son. The boy rushed up to him and in a voice vibrating with excitement cried: "Daddy—daddy—come quick! Peggie's niece told me about a church in Sullivan street where blind peoples are cured. St. Anthony is down there, let us go. He will make you see. Hurry—oh, daddy, hurry!" "Don't be a silly baby! Peggie must not let any one put such superstitious notions in your head. I won't have it. Now, let me hear no more of this nonsense!" Never before had Anthony heard a note of sternness in his father's voice when addressing him. He slunk back, dismayed, abashed, quivering with pain. He was a brave little fellow, so he tried to restrain the starting tears, but he could not choke back the sob that shook his small frame. At the sound of it the blind man's heart melted. Dropping on one knee, he opened his arms and said tenderly: "Come to me, Tony. I didn't mean to be cross." The boy clung to him. After a moment he whispered pleadingly: "Oh, daddy, if you'd on'y come! Please do—jus' this little once. For my sake—do!" Mr. Ross marvelled at the child's insistence. Hitherto his lightest word had been a law to the boy—a law to be obeyed instantly and unquestioningly. He was displeased to find this instance proved an exception, but when he found that the child was trembling with earnestness and that his whole heart seemed bent on visiting the church, he gave in. "Very well. I will take you there, since you wish it so much. Tell John to get a hansom." An ecstatic hug rewarded him. Five minutes later father and son were bowling towards Sullivan street. The servants in the Ross household were greatly excited over the incident. They crowded to the windows and peeped after the retreating vehicle. "Sure it's a beautiful sight to watch the mather goin' towards the House of God wid an angel ladin' him be the hand," sobbed old Peggie. "an' mark my words, girls and boys, he'll come home to us a changed man! Something inside of me whispers it. Let's kneel down every wan of us an' pray for him!"

was Father Paola, the gentle pastor who had labored in that parish for many years, who was familiar with the names and occupations of his people and their sorrows and their joys and who smiled on them now from the altar with the same love and benignity he brought into their poor homes.

But Anthony did not share their knowledge. He had seen just such another face, figure and seraphic smile when Peggie brought him to kneel before the statue of St. Anthony in the Dominican Church near his home. And he drew his own conclusions.

He waited until the voice ceased, then scrambled from the seat and rushed down the aisle, his fair hair floating around him. Straight through the sanctuary he sped, and falling at the priest's feet grasped the rough robe, while his clear treble sounded through the church in the earnest appeal: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make my daddy see!"

The blind man started up and would have followed, only that some one caught his arm.

The priest saw and recognized the famous infidel whose writings and lectures had done incalculable harm. Impulsively he fell upon his knees and, putting his arm around the child, repeated in vibrant tones: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make his daddy see!"

The people were stirred to the depths. In very truth "their hearts were moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind," and from every corner of the church there arose the spontaneous, thrilling cry: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make his daddy see!"

The volume of mighty sound swept upward to the Great White Throne and died away in a sobbing whisper. Father Paola murmured something to the child, who nestled confidently against him. The little fellow trotted back and slipped his hand into that of his father.

For a few moments Mr. Ross sat bolt upright, but when the strains of "Tantum Ergo Sacramentum" floated through the church, some power stronger than his own will or inclination forced him to his knees.

The choir of trained voices rose and fell piercingly sweet:

Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hail!
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.

Around him he heard men and women praying. The belief and adoration in their whispered words thrilled and awed him. A germ of faith sprang up in his heart and quickly sprouted. A great wave of emotion swept over him. He buried his face in his hands, and for the first time since childhood hot tears streamed down his cheeks. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain shoot through his eyes. He hastily raised his head. A second later he was on his feet clutching wildly at the pew. Before him there seemed to spread a reddish cloud—waving—fllickering—breaking here and there. In the midst of it appeared myriads of sparks, whirling, dancing and changing into points of colored light. Then all at once the cloud melted; the shifting mass steadied, and he saw!

For a second he gazed wildly at the altar with its twinkling lights, at the priest in his gold-hued vestments holding aloft the shining monstrance and at the bowed heads of the worshippers. Then he turned swiftly and beheld his little son looking at him, the sweet brown eyes and beautiful face full of love.

With a rapturous exclamation he reached him to his breast and hurried down the aisle. When he reached the communion rail he prostrated himself on the ground, his haughty head bowed in the dust, and through the length and breadth of the church his voice rang out in the tremulous cry: "Oh, Lord! Oh, God! I believe! Help Thou my unbelief!"

Then he staggered into the air, the boy clinging to his neck. During the rapid homeward drive he only removed his eyes from his child's radiant face to glance at the starlit sky, and once again the prayer of thanksgiving in his heart found its way to his lips. In that moment he whispered a vow to undo so far as

possible all the mischief he had done by his writings and false teachings and to devote the remainder of his life to disseminating the light that had come to him.

As soon as they entered the house Anthony's ringing cry, "My daddy b'Heves in God an' now he can see—can see!" brought the ser's flocking to the hall. Peggie led the way. "What did I tell yez—what?" she asked, joyously. "Now, glory be to you, my God, shure this is the happiest mimit of me life!" And having wrung her master's hand, she retreated, sobbing and laughing in the same breath.

The good news traveled fast, and before long the eye specialist arrived on the scene, breathless and excited.

"I have been expecting this for some time, Mr. Ross," he cried, and forthwith he plunged into a scientific explanation of the how, why and wherefore.

Mr. Ross heard him to the end, then he said unsteadily:

"I cannot follow your arguments. I am dazed with joy. I can understand and realize one thing only—that I have been led into light."

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

One sultry day, during the long holidays, when I was making a tour through South Wales, I flung myself on the soft turf at the foot of an old oak tree. The beautiful river Wye lay at my feet, and through the trees, tinged with the rich hue of autumn, a glimpse of the ancient ruins of Tintern Abbey conjured up ghosts of the past, when the good Cistercian monks inhabited it and tilled the rich soil in the lovely valley; for the monks were not idle men. Their days were spent in bodily labor, in study or in visiting the sick.

Forth to the house of death the good monks go;
And as they wind along the lovely vale,
The Miserere, chanted soft and low,
Blends with the sweetness of the evening air.

They go on mercy's errand, with the tale
Of Him who died that death might vanquish be,
To one whose spirit trembles on the verge
Of death's unfathomable, blackening sea.

The sounds of the vesper chants floated past me, and as the Gloria Patria swelled louder and louder and louder, and was echoed by the rocks above me, I was carried in spirit to other—far other scenes.

In a dark, dirty court in a vast city, two boys were picking up old bones, old shoes, bits of rusty iron, and all sorts of refuse that they could find. Eagerly they placed their treasures—for treasures they evidently were to them—in an old bag; when full, they conveyed it to a marine store shop and sold the contents for a small sum. If each little worker could have seen his angel guardian tracing his steps, all day and all night bearing him company, his monotonous task would have been lighter. I observed that the angel of one of the boys often shed tears.

"Why do you weep," I said, "while your angel companion often smiles as he follows his charge?"

"The boy I watch over?" replied the weeping angel, "worships a god who will lead him to perdition if he continues to do so. He worships Mammon, the god of this world. He hoards the money he gets instead of helping his mother, who works hard by day, and sometimes through the night, to support him. He heard that a man who was a bone picker made his fortune and he hopes to do the same."

"And why," said I to the other angel, "do you so often smile?"

"Hugh, the boy whose steps I trace," replied the angel, "worships the God of heaven; he goes to mass regularly, never forgets his prayers, and works hard out of school hours, and gives the money he gains by the sale of the refuse he collects to an aged grandmother, whom it helps to support. Hugh has one great wish; he longs to be a priest of the great God whom he loves and worships."

The little toilers worked on, the angels—whose golden wings and white robes never became sullied by the filth through which they passed—

ever following them and protecting them in danger, sometimes stooping to whisper words of encouragement, counsel and warning. All night, too, they watched them as they slept.

The scene changed. I found myself in a brilliantly lighted hall. Richly dressed ladies and gentlemen were seated at a rich banquet and addressing flattering speeches to their host. Each had an angel guardian.

Happy man! I said to the angel guardian of the host.

"Nay," replied the angel, "this is Jasper; he has forsaken the true God; he never goes to mass; never prays. The idol he worships cannot give him a quiet conscience—cannot make him happy. And the memory of the mother whom he neglected, and who died in the workhouse, continually haunts him, and the cry of starving multitudes is ever ringing in his ear, although he tries to turn a deaf ear to it."

The brilliant scene vanished and I found myself in the chamber of death. Jasper lay dying and a priest was administering the last rites of holy church. His guardian angel—faithful to the last—stood there.

"Dear angel," I said, "you are still with him, and you are smiling now." "I have never left him for an instant," replied the angel, "and the priest—who is his old companion, Hugh—has never ceased to pray for his conversion. Jasper made his peace with God before his illness, and to Him he gives the immense wealth he has amassed. Hugh still treads the courts and lanes, where, in the childhood, he and Jasper toiled together, but now it is as the priest of God, and to do His work."

"There is joy among the angels in heaven over one sinner doing penance," and "They who convert many to justice shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," sang the angels, as the scene vanished, and I awoke as the sun was setting—brilliantly illuminating the beautiful ruin. As I walked home in the twilight I felt the presence of my guardian angel more sensibly than I had ever done in my life, and I resolved to be more devout in future to him, "whose office will last beyond the grave, until at length it merges into a still sweeter tie of something like equality, when on the morning of the resurrection we pledge each other, in those first moments, to an endless blessed love."

MAKING SQUIRRELS USEFUL.

St. Nicholas for August contains the following letter:

Burlington, Iowa.

Dear St. Nicholas—There are a great many squirrels about our place, and they are very tame. They eat the seeds of the pine-cones, and later some of the maple seeds, and sometimes they dig out the seeds of apples. We have a large black walnut tree in our yard, and in the fall the squirrels know when the nuts will do to rake. Some they eat on the spot, but they take away a great many and bury them in the ground, and pat it down so smooth that the place can't be found by one who has not seen them put the nuts in.

This last autumn one of these squirrels had picked a fine nut from the very top of the tree, when our man threw a stone at the squirrel, which frightened him into dropping it. But pretty soon Mr. Squirrel found he wasn't hurt, and picked another nut from the top of the tree, and the man threw another stone, and Mr. Squirrel dropped the second nut. After a while the squirrel picked a third nut, which a third stone brought down, and this was kept up until that squirrel had picked thirty-one nuts from the top of the tree, all of which he had been made to drop. Then he gave it up as a bad job, and our man secured 31 nuts from the top of the tree.

This device, to be successful requires the squirrel to be tame enough not to be frightened too much by a stone, and that the stone shall be thrown near enough to frighten but not to hit the squirrel. Probably girls couldn't throw a stone accurately enough for that.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear any boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

An important literary enterprise under the direction of Dr. O. S. Marden, the editor of "Success," is now nearing completion. It is The Success Library, comprising six thousand pages, and one thousand, five hundred original illustrations, and ninety-six full-page plates in color. More than five hundred distinguished American and European writers have contributed the articles which will be inspiring, practical and helpful. The library is adapted to the home, office, school and college.

RICH AND POOR ALIKE use Pain-Killer. Taken internally for cramps, colics and diarrhoea. Applied externally cures sprains, swollen muscles, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

ALL SORTS OF BOYS.
(A. E. Houghton.)

There's the witty boy, and the pretty boy,
And the boy who oils his hair;
There's the cat-faced boy, and the rat-faced boy,
And the boy with the bovine stare.
There's the steamy boy, and the dreamy boy,
And the boy who is "up-to-date."
There's the boy who smokes, and the boy who jokes,
An the boy who is always late

There's the tender boy, and the slender boy,
And the boy with limbs like a bear's
There's the stoutish boy, and the loutish boy,
And the boy who slides down stairs.

There's the cheerful boy, and "that fearful boy,"
And the boy who deserves a flogging;
There's the boy with a heart, and the boy too smart,
And the boy whose brains want jogging.

There's the grass-green boy, and the bright keen boy,
And the boy who is always bubbling;
There's the climby boy, and the grimy boy,
And the boy who shirks his tubbing.

There are many others, oh men and brethren,
And none are all bad, you bet,
There are boys and boys—yet through grief and joys,
They are somebody's darlings yet.

Book Review

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The early struggles of Mr. Albert Toft, the well-known sculptor, are thus recorded in an article upon him, by Mr. John Hamer, in The Magazine of Art for July: After this training at Kensington he determined to begin at once that career of artistic production which has been the sole ambition of his life. To be long penniless, to be hungry, to despair at times, and yet to hope against hope; all this he has known, and he is stronger for the experience. But these struggles, severe though they were, left no trace of bitterness; to such a temperament life is so interesting, art is so enchanting, that no time is left for cherishing bitter memories. Old friends and fellow students, scattered now throughout the world of art, will recall the story, for it was the common knowledge of the set to which Mr. Toft belonged in that day. "The born artist, the born solitary" will "follow his star," and the sufferings of his predecessors will profit him little—he has to live it all over again. He began humbly, making small bas-reliefs of well-known men and studies of busts. But once started on the artist's career, he has never turned back. His achievement is remarkable for a man still so young, but he is full of life and nervous energy. One feels that he is the artist to the finger-tips, but an artist of the creative order, to whom life is the supreme thing—the great reality. He is an illustration of the saying, which will be easily understood if we remember his ancestry, that all true art is the culmination of a great tradition. Here also, as everywhere, the law of evolution is at work.

THE AUGUST ST. NICHOLAS.

The first fifteen pages of St. Nicholas for August are filled with text and pictures of a sort to catch the reader's attention and hold it; for the opening article is one of Cleveland Moffatt's "Danger and Daring" series, his theme this month being the taming of wild beasts by men and women. That the career of a wild beast tamer has its perils we all know well; that it has its humorous incidents also, the story (and picture) of a tiger being kicked into unconsciousness by a frightened quagga it was ruthlessly running down in a ring, amusingly attests. There is a good deal about "Our Yellow Slave"—gold—in an article by Charles F. Lummis, and Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, in "The Port of Bottles," tells what becomes of some of the messages people seriously or jocosely consign to the keeping of the sea. The serials run on entertainingly—John Bennett's "Story of Barnaby Lee," Allen French's "The Junior Cup," and Harriet Comstock's "Boy of a Thousand Years Ago." And there are rhymes and jingles, pictures, anecdotes and acrostics, in the usual abundance. As usual, also, much of the best matter in the magazine is to be found in the editorial departments—Books and Reading, Nature and Science, the St. Nicholas League, etc.

LITERARY NOTE.

An agreeable literary stimulant is the superb midsummer fiction number of "Success," which shows most delicate blending of the fanciful and the helpful. Five good short stories flavoured with inspirational features as "How the Twenty-nine Immortals Started for the Hall of Fame," by Cyrus Patterson Jones, "Trilles which Lead to Fortune," by Rufus Rockwell Wilson, and other characteristic success articles.

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COOLS, COMFORTS AND HELLS THE SKIN, EMBELING THE MOST TENDER FACE TO ENJOY A CLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS. Avoid dangerous, irritating which facial preparations are represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which really does and generally contains "wood alcohol" a deadly poison.

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OF A KARN PIANO and a full ringing sustained note is the ready response. Our earnest and persistent endeavor has always been to produce an instrument of the finest musical capacity. To achieve this happy result we spared neither money nor pains anticipating for our instruments what they have already obtained, a lasting popularity built on a basis of genuine quality.
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one finds all the pleasing qualities demanded by the most exacting musician. Intending purchasers invited to inspect them at nearest agency.
BELL ORGANS which are also well and favorably known, made in styles suited to all requirements.
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To Pay-in-Advance Subscribers.
The agents of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER are authorized to offer the following famous pictures as premiums:
"Mater Dolorosa"—15c. "Leo XIII.—1878." "The Virgin and Child"—15c. "The Holy Family"—15c. Flight into Egypt—15c. "Immaculate Conception"—15c. "Christ Rising Jerusalem"—15c.
Never before have pictures as expensive and beautiful been offered as newspaper premiums. In order to extend the offer to the largest possible number, we will send the pictures upon receipt of money within 30 days after the subscriber's name has been placed on our list.
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
3 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

Gospel: St. Luke xviii. 1-14: The Pharisee and the Publican.

- St. Dominic, O.
Our Lady of the Snows
Transfiguration of Our Lord
St. Cajetan, C.
St. Peter Martyr
St. Romanus, M.
St. Lawrence, M.

LOCAL AND DISTRICT NEWS.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER McBRADY.

The Rev. Robert McBrady, C.S.B., was on Thursday, the 25th of July, treated to a series of surprises. He was invited to meet a few friends on that evening in the hall under St. Basil's Church.

If Father McBrady failed to express his thanks in his usual fluent phrases it was not to be wondered at under the circumstances.

Among those present were: Remy Elmesley, J. J. Murphy, Col. James Mason, John Hanrahan, D. Miller, Peter Small, Alex. Robertson, P. Boyle, J. D. Ward, John G. Pennefather, L. V. McBrady and others. Mr. W. T. Kernahan, who made the presentation speech, paid an eloquent tribute to Father McBrady's worth.

PARKDALE PARISHIONERS.

A meeting of the parishioners of Parkdale was held on Sunday 21st ult., at the school rooms to consider the question of erecting a church, the want of which is very much felt by the residents of the locality.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER JEFFCOTT.

Rev. Mr. J. Jeffcott, who has been parish priest of St. Lawrence for over nine years, and who has been appointed to St. Mary's, was on Sunday at vespers presented by his Oshawa parishioners and friends with a beautifully-illuminated, engraved and appreciative address, together with a well-filled purse.

CHANCELLOR WM. RAY HONORED.

At the regular meeting of Branch 15 C. M. B. A., corner McCaul and Queen streets, Toronto, July 17th, the members took occasion to present Chancellor Ray with a very handsome silver water pitcher and the following address: To Chancellor Wm. Ray, of Branch 15, C. M. B. A., Toronto:

presided over us, and our best wish is that you and your partner in joys and sorrows—Mrs. Ray—may be long spared to enjoy the fruits of your labors, and let us in the name of all the members of Branch 15 present to you this water pitcher as a slight token of our esteem for you, and out of the same may you drink to the health of us all.

Frank J. Walsh, President, T. M. Magarty, Recording Secretary. Bro. Ray was taken very much by surprise, and, in his usual genial way expressed his appreciation of the magnificent gift, more particularly the good-will of the members in taking such a kindly interest in his welfare.

The gathering was addressed by several members of the Branch, also visiting brethren, after which refreshments were served and a very enjoyable evening spent.

ST. JOHN'S PICNIC AT WESTON.

Weston, July 28.—The annual picnic of St. John's Church was held Saturday in Eagle Grove, and, in spite of the rain, which rather marred the afternoon programme, those present spent a pleasant time, and an evening of dancing was greatly enjoyed.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE R. S. GALLAGHER.

The remains of the late R. S. Gallagher were buried from his late residence, 58 Winchester street, on Thursday morning of last week. A Requiem Mass was said for the deceased in Our Lady of Lourdes Church by the Rev. Father Walsh, of St. Helen's, assisted by the Rev. Father Cruise.

Flowers were sent by the following: A wreath by the daughters of the deceased, a large cross by Mr. Bailey and Mr. Mylett, a cross by his employes, a cross by Mr. Peter Small, a pillow by Mr. Hastings, a wreath by Mr. Wm. Martin, a star by Mr. Clames, a half anchor by Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Cox, a wreath from the wholesale fruiterers, a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnett, an anchor from Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and sprays from Mrs. Meade, Mr. and Mrs. Klittrick, Miss Minnie Foley, Mrs. Small, J. K. Clames and Mr. and Mrs. M. Downs.

THE LATE EUGENE TORPEY.

Peterborough, July 24.—On Saturday evening, at his family residence in Otonabee, one of its most respected citizens passed away in the person of Mr. Eugene Torpey. The deceased was a comparatively young man of fifty-eight years, and in that time by his amiable disposition and integrity of principle had endeared to him a large host of friends and acquaintances.

He leaves behind to mourn his loss a widow, five sons—Michael, Roger, William, John and Eugene—one daughter, Mrs. A. Bowie, and four step-children. Their many friends and

acquaintances extend to them a heartfelt sympathy for the loss they have sustained in the death of a kind husband and loving father.

SENATOR McDONALD'S WIFE DEAD.

The Charlottetown (P.E.I.) Herald of July 17 says: We deeply regret to announce the death of Mrs. McDonald, wife of Hon. Senator A. A. McDonald, which sad event took place at her residence early on Friday afternoon. Mrs. McDonald had been suffering from diabetes for some time; and although from time to time there was cause for anxiety no alarm was felt until Tuesday of last week, when complications set in. After suffering for a brief period she became unconscious, and on Friday passed quietly away.

REV. P. W. CONDON.

New York, July 29.—Rev. P. W. Condon, assistant general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States, and also an officer in the General Council of the Order for the Province of America, died at Notre Dame, Ind., Friday. Father Condon had been connected with the Order of Holy Cross for nearly thirty years, and during that time had filled many important offices.

AN OLD-TIME PRINTER DEAD.

Montreal, July 30.—The sudden death yesterday of Mr. John Ford, mail clerk at the Montreal Post Office, and residing at 20 Cours St. Jacques, was a shock to his many friends. Mr. Ford had been for many years mail clerk of the Toronto train, and was well and favorably known by the travelling public.

This unexpected blow came as a great shock to Mr. Ford, who was stricken yesterday with apoplexy from which he did not recover.

and though he has not been employed at the business for about 20 years, he has always kept up his connection with the Montreal Typographical Union, and was at the time of his death on the active membership list, and took more than a passing interest in everything pertaining to the business.

M. J. DUNN, OTTAWA.

Ottawa, July 30.—Mr. Michael J. Dunn died at his home 13 Arthur street yesterday, aged 30 years. He was a conductor on the Ottawa Electric Railway. A year ago last spring he fell from his car in front of the postoffice and was severely injured.

The funeral will take place tomorrow at 9 o'clock, from St. Patrick's Church, to Notre Dame Cemetery.

MR. SCHWAB'S GIFT TO CATHOLICS.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 14.—Father Hickey, pastor of St. Thomas' Catholic Church, at Braddock, read the following letter from Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, to his congregation this morning: "New York, July 2, 1901.—Dear Father Hickey: As a personal favor to you and in keeping with our promises of the 19th ultimo, Mrs. Scwab and I agree to erect and pay for St. Thomas' new Catholic Church, Braddock, Pa., at a cost not exceeding \$50,000, the whole work to be left to the lowest and most responsible bidder, the plans, bids and specifications to be submitted to this office, 71 Broadway, New York, the work to begin on or after the first day of October, 1901, and to be continued to completion. Yours very truly,

CHARLES M. SCHWAB. Mr. and Mrs. Schwab were married by Father Hickey eighteen years ago, and while they lived in Braddock they were always much interested in the church.

LATEST MARKETS.

- Toronto, July 31.—Receipts of farm produce were 1,550 bushels of grain, 25 loads of hay, 6 loads of straw and 90 dressed hogs.
Wheat—300 bushels sold as follows: White, 100 bushels at 69 1/2c to 70c; red, 100 bushels at 69c; goose, 100 bushels at 68c.
Barley—One load sold at 43c per bushel.
Oats—1,200 bushels sold at 40c to 41 1/2c.
Hay—25 loads sold at \$12 to \$13 per ton for old, and \$8 to \$9 for new.
Dressed Hogs—Prices firm, but unchanged at \$9.50 to \$9.75 per cwt. The Harris Abattoir Co. bought 90 at those prices.

LOCAL LIVE STOCK.

Receipts of live stock at the Cattle Market to-day were light—38 carloads, composed of 595 cattle, 400 hogs, 452 sheep and lambs, with about 75 calves. The fat cattle offered to-day were generally speaking, of medium quality.

THE TIME TO INSURE IS NOW. Confederation Life. ASSOCIATION issues policies on all approved plans of insurance, and is a prosperous and progressive Canadian Company.

- Butchers' common 3 50 3 60
Butchers' inferior 2 50 3 25
Feeders, heavy 4 10 4 25

BIRTHS.

DALRYMPH—On Saturday, 27th July, 1901, at 92 Farley avenue, the wife of John J. Dalrymp, of a son.

DEATHS.

- McMAHON—On 29th July, 1901, Ellen McMahon, sister of the late John McMahon, of Hamilton.
McGUIRE—At the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, on July the 26th, Hannah Powers, wife of the late Frank McGuire, in the 54th year of her age.
O'RILEY—On the 27th inst., Margaret Christina Bernadette, beloved daughter of Bernard and Mary O'Riley, Montreal, aged 15 years.

Teachers Wanted.

WANTED—A PRINCIPAL FOR THE boys' department of the Peterboro' Separate Schools; duties to begin September 1st next; applications received up to the 31st inst. John Corkery, Secretary Sep. Sch Bd., Peterboro', July 27, 1901.

TEACHER WANTED—FOR S. S. No. 16, Crammie—male; holding second-class professional preferred; duties to commence Aug. 19th. State experience and salary wanted to Thomas O'Grady, Morganston, Ont.

WANTED—CATHOLIC MALE teacher for Separate School, teach English and German; 50 pupils. Address, Rev. Jos. E. Wey, Currier, Ont.

Inland Navigation.

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

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

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

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Commencing first week in June, for Whitby-Oshawa, every Tuesday and Friday 5 p.m. For Bowmanville-Newcastle every Tuesday and Friday 5 p.m. For Port Hope-Cobourg every Tuesday 5 p.m.

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Buffalo " " 1.75
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On and for ONDARVA through the steamer route to Youngstown (east side) at 11 a.m., 7 p.m. (east side) at 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R. and Niagara George R.R.

JUBILEE MEDALS in commemoration of the great Jubilee of 1897. Every person who has lived since that date has one in remembrance of this great event.

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, 3 FOR 25 CENTS. Post free. Made of aluminium—usual size. Obtainable at all stores, or from the Catholic Store, 807 Queen St. W., Toronto, N.B.—Special prices to the trade.

Timbers

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BIRTHS

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Order in Council, the Red and White Pine Timber in the following townships in the DISTRICT OF ALGOMA, namely:—The Townships of GRANTON (part), HART, CALVERT, L'AMOREUX, JARVIS, ANDERSON, CHESLEY, GIBSON, MATHIAS, CUNY, and HERRINGTON (part), and certain areas between the Paragon River and the Abanok River within the District of THURONTON, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on TUESDAY the SEVENTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

At the same time and place certain forfeited and abandoned Births in the Townships of DIOR, SERRADOUR and LUTHERWORTH, in the Districts of HASTINGS and COUNTY OF VICTORIA, will be offered for sale, the purchasers of these latter Births to have the right to cut all kinds of timber.

Sheets containing terms and conditions of Sale and information as to Area and Lots and Questions contemplated in each Birth will be furnished on application, either personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Timber Agencies at Ottawa, Saint John, Moncton and Port Arthur.

W. H. DAVIS, Commissioner Crown Lands, Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, June 1, 1901. N.B.—No unauthorised publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

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