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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. X. No. 86

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Down the St. Lawrence

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

Some weeks ago I made mention, in passing, of the pretty little town of Sorel, and I promised to call in there as I proceeded on my journey. It is quite possible that few of the readers are acquainted with Sorel, yet it was an important place in the early days of Canadian history, and is equally an important place to-day. I call it a town, for it is too small to be designated as a city, and very much too large to be called a village. It is situated forty miles below Montreal, and a little above the head of Lake St. Peter. It is at the mouth of the Richelieu River, and built upon a deep bay that is sheltered on both sides by high capes extending into the St. Lawrence. At present, and for years past, the principal industry at Sorel is ship-building; it is also the repairing shop (if I can so call it) for the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company. There all the splendid fleet, from the place steamer to the smallest ferry-boat, is lodged during the winter months, and undergoes repairs, repainting, refitting, and all improvements. The Dominion Government has also extensive workshops at Sorel, and the place is a small hive of industry, it is blessed with two or three first class hotels, and not cured (as are many other places) with a host of taverns and saloons. It has a very large market, especially as the distance to Montreal is so great the people of the surrounding country, must find an outlet for their products. Its streets are wide, clean and all lined with maple trees. There is a magnificent park, or public garden in the heart of the town, facing which are some very elegant residences, a fire station, police station, court house, city hall, prison, post-office and the new Anglican Church. The Sisters of the Congregation do Notre Dame have a grand convent here, and not less than four hundred pupils attend. The Christian Brothers have an equally fine college, and the Grey Nuns have a double institution, consisting of an orphanage and asylum for the aged, and an hospital. The Catholic Church is one of the largest and finest in the Province, outside the cities. All lovers of steamboats call at Sorel, and the South Shore Railway has its eastern terminus there. So much for Sorel as it is to-day!

Every Tuesday and Friday the steamer "Chambley" leaves Montreal, goes to Sorel, crosses the Richelieu as far as Chambley Basin, and returns next day to Sorel, and thence back to Montreal, making one

of the pleasantest and most interesting excursion trips in Canada. There is a world of history connected with Sorel, especially if we go back to the days of the old French regime, and the wars between the colonists and the Indians. It would be a long story, to tell of all the historic events of importance that transpired in and around that town. And up the Richelieu you are sailing, not only between the most picturesque banks of a glorious river, but you are actually passing through scenes and places that occupy a most conspicuous page in Canadian history.

One of the great boasts of the Canadian citizen abroad is the independence, freedom and responsible government that he enjoys at home. Yet these glorious privileges were won for him along the banks of the Richelieu. The memorable days of 1837-38 mark a turning point in the story of Canada. The names of Baldwin, Lafontaine, Papineau, Nelson and Mackenzie are inalienably associated with the struggles and triumphs of that stirring time. The ancient halls of the Canadian legislature were the theatre of the political drama that culminated in the securing for Canada that which no argument, no force, no concession, no goodwill, no rebellion, no threat could procure for Ireland. And the crowning efforts of the "patriots" of that day were witnessed by the hills and valleys that intervene between Sorel and Chambley.

On that occasion you stop at St. Mark, at St. Ours, at St. Charles, and above all, at St. Denis. If you get off the boat, as you have ample time to do, and walk through the quiet and lovely villages, your feet will tread historic soil, and your eyes will gaze upon places that were looked upon by the peasant-heroes of that time. At St. Denis you step from the steamer up a small wharf and into a winding, dusty road, around a bend of which you see the old mill once so valiantly defended, when the British forces came down the slope between the long lines of maples and elms, up yonder. You look upon the spot where the constituted authority of the land first learned the grand lesson that subjects as well as rulers have their sacred rights, and that it is safer to respect than to abuse these rights.

I might go on for pages, telling the story of all that transpired upon the banks of the lovely Richelieu, but that would simply mean the transcription of a long and exciting chapter in Canada history. But even for the one who has no great interest in the record of that period, and who is contented to sit down and enjoy the fruits of the labors and sacrifices of the men of that time, without giving a thought to all they had done, or how they had done it, there are still seductive charms on the Richelieu. The scenery is surpassingly beautiful, and as full of delightful surprises, at every bend, as is, in its domain of terror and grandeur, the far-famed Saguenay. (A trip we will take together in a week or so hence). But even should the tourist not find time to visit the Richelieu, there will be ample compensation for the few hours of delay, in visiting Sorel and its surroundings. A little distance below the town are the Islands of Sorel, and if ever nature were lavish of her treasures it surely is in that fairy-haunted place. And apart from the panoramic beauties of woodland, there is an additional attraction in the unsurpassed facilities for hunting and fishing. It is, after all, one of those stages in a journey that might be compared to an oasis.

What Sorel is in winter I have no idea; but it must be a very sequestered place, when the great highway of the St. Lawrence is closed by the ice, and the drifting tempests of the north career along its frozen surface, passing Sorel as if in too great a hurry to stop or disturb that sheltered nook. But when the hammers of industry are clanging upon the anvils and the mechanics are at work in the shipyards or vast sheds, there surely are signs of busy life. But for the ordinary traveller, Sorel presents all its attractions in summer, and it is during that season that it must be seen to its full advantage.

## CELEBRATION OF POPE LEO'S NAME DAY.

Mr. P. L. Connelan, writing to The Dublin Freeman's Journal, under date of Aug. 19 says: The events that occur in the Vatican have always a world-wide interest. The place occupied by the Pontiff in the higher affairs of the world gives a special value to everything he says and does. He occupies a large and prominent place in the history of the present age.

Therefore, more than usual interest surrounded the celebration on Sunday last of the feast of St. Joachim, the name day of His Holiness Leo XIII., who was prior to his elevation to the Pontificate, known as His Eminence Cardinal Joachim Pecci. On that day the Holy Father received in his private library the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals now in Rome, who presented to him their best wishes on his happy anniversary.

An Irish Friar walking out of the Porta Pia one afternoon saw four cardinals walking together, and remarked that, in all probability, no other city but Rome could present such a spectacle. On last Sunday morning no less than twenty-two cardinals surrounded the aged Pontiff. These were their Eminences Cardinals Serafino, Vannutelli, Mocceni, Aglardi, Aloisi-Masella, Rampolla del Tindaro, Di Pietro, Satolli, Gotli, Ferrata, Cretoni, Cassali del Drago, Casetta, Sannumatali-Zanaroli, Respighi, Martinielli, Genari, Macchi, Steinhuber, Segna, Pierotti, Vives y Tute and Tripepi.

A number of patriarchs, archbishops and bishops were also here, as well as the Knights of Malta, the Roman Prelates, and the Private Chamberlains of His Holiness, as well as many members of the Roman aristocracy and nobility.

Leo XIII. was looking very well, indeed, and there was a cheerfulness and vivacity in his movements and expressions that was difficult to reconcile with his advanced age. He thanked the Sacred College of Cardinals for the good wishes presented to him, and he expressed his profound satisfaction at being enabled to celebrate with them the feast of the glorious Patriarch St. Joachim, who has given us in the Blessed Virgin Mary a most tender Mother, and he is pleased at seeing how the veneration of St. Joachim is ever assuming greater proportions, and a fuller development in the Catholic world. In confirmation of this fact the Holy Father referred, with special complacency, to the solemn functions celebrated in these days in honor of this holy Patriarch in the church which is dedicated to him, and to the ever-increasing numbers of the faithful who assisted at these functions, edifying all by their piety.

But, said His Holiness, that temple itself, consecrated to him, is a solemn monument of the increase of the veneration and the devotion of the Catholic world to St. Joachim. This church, due to the initiative of the Catholics, at the period of his Sacredredotal Jubilee, and as a memorial of this, has become, as it were, an international lists in which the Catholics of every nation contend in the rivalry of honoring St. Joachim.

And here the Holy Father called to mind the most minute particulars of what has been done, and what is now being done by the nations towards the decoration and embellish-

ment of the chapels which are at present either finished, or in the way of being finished with a certain time, are those made at the expense of the English, Dutch, North American, Belgian, Irish, Polish and French Catholics, and even those of Canada, who desire that their chapel shall be dedicated to St. Anne. As to the Italian Catholics they have, with just consideration, desired that their chapel shall be dedicated to St. Alphonsus Liguori, Founder of the Redemptorist Fathers, to whom the service of the church is entrusted. There is every reason to hope that, within a short time, this will become, if not one of the greatest churches of Rome, certainly one of the most ornate and richest, and it will endure as a testimony of the increasing devotion of the Catholics of the whole world for the glorious Patriarch whose name Leo XIII. has the honor to bear.

Then, by a natural succession of ideas, the Pope went on to speak of the tender and devout veneration which is rendered everywhere to the Most Blessed Virgin. The Pontiff was pleased in remembering the large part taken by the Sacred College in the increase of the splendor of such veneration by taking part frequently in the solemn ceremonies held in Her honor. He referred then to the coronation of images of the Blessed Virgin recently made, or about to be made, by Cardinals Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, Cassali del Drago, Ferrata, and Aloisi-Masella. He spoke also of his own recent inauguration and benediction of the faithful reproduction of the Grotto of Lourdes erected in the Vatican Gardens, adding that he had composed a brief invocation to the Blessed Virgin in order that it might be sculptured near the grotto. Then he distributed printed copies of this inscription in Latin, which is as follows:

Insigna heu misere scindit discordia Gallos

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ment of the chapels which the respective nations desired and have acquired in the new church. England, he said, recently sent 60,000 francs for the altar of the Blessed Sacrament—the chapel which that nation possesses in this Church of St. Joachim—and Holland sent 20,000. Then Leo XIII. added: "France, in spite of what is happening in that country at the present time, has desired that even she shall have her place in this church; she has requested and obtained a chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart, sending expressly a Redemptorist Father in special mission for the construction of the said chapel, and contributing provisionally 500,000 francs!"

The Pope then remarked that amongst the chapels which are at present either finished, or in the way of being finished with a certain time, are those made at the expense of the English, Dutch, North American, Belgian, Irish, Polish and French Catholics, and even those of Canada, who desire that their chapel shall be dedicated to St. Anne. As to the Italian Catholics they have, with just consideration, desired that their chapel shall be dedicated to St. Alphonsus Liguori, Founder of the Redemptorist Fathers, to whom the service of the church is entrusted. There is every reason to hope that, within a short time, this will become, if not one of the greatest churches of Rome, certainly one of the most ornate and richest, and it will endure as a testimony of the increasing devotion of the Catholics of the whole world for the glorious Patriarch whose name Leo XIII. has the honor to bear.

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Adus, Alma Parens, cumulus portus Salus

Tristia Lourdensi crimina merge lacu.

The copies distributed have this invocation printed in elegant type, preceded by an explanatory epigraph, and illustrated by a view of the miraculous Grotto.

Several publications received on his name-day were likewise distributed to those present, Leo XIII. adding a few words of comment on them: "Cardinal Pietro Marini," by Mgr. Nicolò Marini, being one; another was the work of Professor Angelini, bearing the title "Autheba, ex fabula H. Senkewitz—Eamus ad ipsium" work which the Holy Father described as written with a savor of golden Latinity, and the beautiful poems of Mgrs. Batolini (Quanteide), Terrinoni, Giordano, Forchelli, and Professor Castaldi.

Turning then to Cardinals Serafino Vannutelli and Aglardi, Suburban Bishops of Frascati and Albano, he inquired concerning their respective dioceses, their Eminences furnishing information concerning the proximate pilgrimages from these cities to Rome if the pilgrims came in great numbers from Latium, the Pontiff will descend into St. Peter's to receive them. He anticipates having to descend frequently to St. Peter's in the latter quarter of this Jubilee year, as the pilgrimages are likely to be numerous.

From Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop of the Lateran, the Pontiff asked news concerning the beginning of the works for the restoration of the ceiling of the Lateran. The Cardinal furnished particulars concerning the inspection that had been made of the state of the ceiling, and the labors necessary to its repair. The Pope showed a keen interest in the information given him, and expressed his hope that, through the generous help of the faithful, that even this important work which may well be called the crowning of the grandiose restorations executed at the Lateran may be happily completed. It is reported that the cost of this most important and most necessary work will be no less than 400,000 francs, and that Leo XIII., out of his poverty, has undertaken to provide 100,000 francs, or one fourth of the total expense.

It is a moment such as this that one begins to have a glimpse of the enormous extent and importance of the interests with which the Pope is concerned. After this conversation Leo XIII., seeing amongst those present the Most Rev. Monsignor Rabbani, Patriarch of Antioch of the Syrian Rite, and the Most Rev. Monsignor Jacques Crouzet, Vicar Apostolic of Southern Madagascar, furnished those present with the consoling news brought to him by those Missionary Prelates concerning the increase of Catholicity in their respective fields of labor; and he asked the Vicar Apostolic to furnish further particulars of the situation, which Monsignor Crouzet did, to the great satisfaction of His Holiness, as well as of those present.

Afterwards the Pontiff received various Catholic Associations—The Councils of the Italian Young Men's Society, of the Society for Catholic Interests, of the Circle of St. Peter, of the Aristic Workmen's Society, of the Leonino Catholic Circle, and the

other Federated Societies of Rome. The Commendatore Professor Orizio Marucchi, well-known to the Irish pilgrims who recently visited Rome, presented His Holiness with a richly-bound copy of the third volume of his important work on Christian Archaeology, "The Basilicas and Churches of Rome." This is the final volume of the series, and is distinguished by that clearness of exposition and extensive knowledge of the subject which are characteristic of the works of this author.

The composer of ecclesiastical music and director of the choir of Santa Maria Maggiore, Commendatore Moriconi, presented His Holiness with a beautifully bound copy of the hymn which this maestro had set to music, and which was performed, under his direction, on 6th July, when Leo XIII. blessed the Roman people in the Courtyard of the Belvedere at the Vatican. No less than 600 boys sang the hymn to Moriconi's music on that occasion.

On this day also, as is always the case, an immense number of telegrams came to the Holy Father from Sovereigns, Princes and distinguished personages of every class, and from every part of the world. Considerably over a thousand such messages were received at the Vatican. One telegram sent from the City of Catania contained 20,000 words, these largely consisting of the names signed to the congratulatory address sent to the Sovereign Pontiff. Leo XIII. was engaged in this reception during two hours, and he did not seem to suffer from the heat and from the fatigue of such an occasion. Such is the fashion in which his name-day was celebrated in the 63rd year of his age, and in the 25th year of his Pontificate.

In the Church of St. Joachim there were special services on that day, and special prayers offered up for the preservation of the life of Leo XIII. High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Lazzareschi, titular Archbishop of Neocesarea. The ceremonies, in the afternoon closed with the singing of the "Te Deum," Cardinal Macchi giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

This morning I made a visit to the Church of St. Joachim. At the chapel of Ireland the curved ceiling is occupied by a fresco of St. Patrick in glory, the borders of rich gold work showing the emblems of the stamrock and the Celtic cross. The scaffolding for the painting of the fresco still stands, but no men were working there, this morning. The English chapel, which is that of the right transept, is quite finished, and is very rich and beautiful. The Dutch chapel is quite finished, and is attractive from the richness and historical interest of its frescoes. The Polish chapel is also quite finished, and is brilliant with paintings. The chapel of the United States is also completely finished, and is, in its way, nearly as rich and brilliant as the English chapel. The Belgian is under the hands of the workmen, who were busy there to-day Spain has done nothing in the way of actual work to the chapel allotted to it. The Canadian chapel is very simple; so is the German chapel, which has an incomplete look. The prominent nations of the earth are thus taking in hand the formation of an international church in Rome, in which they will all have a place and a share.

## WEDDING AT PETERBOROUGH.

A wedding, which attracted many visitors from Toronto and elsewhere took place last week at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough. The principals in this very pretty wedding were Miss Josephine Welsh, daughter of Mr. Edward Welsh, and Mr. Edward Hyland. A large number of friends witnessed the ceremony, which was solemnized by Rev. Dr. O'Brien. Mr. T. Y. Milady, of Toronto, was groomsmen.

An enjoyable wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, after the ceremony.

Mrs. Gump—Margaret, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he a friend of yours? Margaret—No, indeed, mein; it was only me, he was!

## Catholic Temperance Movement

Editor Catholic Register:

When I wrote a letter to The Register last week on the above subject, I had no idea that this week's issue of your ably edited paper would contain the splendid sermon on the question, delivered at St. Peter's Church, in your city, by Rev. Father Meehan.

I think all thoughtful Catholics will admit that there is serious food for reflection in the words uttered by Father Meehan, and I pray that more of our priests, in this banner Province of Ontario, will soon be heard, with no uncertain sound, in favor of establishing "Catholic Total Abstinence Societies" in every parish in the Province.

I venture the assertion that in many parishes there are Catholic laymen only waiting for an opportunity to join and encourage temperance societies in their midst. Some will say, "Oh, you will only get probably ten or twelve men to join." Very well, then start with that number. It is surprising what that number of energetic and resolute men, having a good cause in view, by working together, can accomplish. I know more than one young man in the parish to which I belong, which consists of some two hundred families, who, one or two years ago, never touched liquor in any form, and who to-day are almost complete drunkards, and are fast becoming public nuisances, who, I honestly believe, would be useful members of society and a joy to their families and a credit to their faith, had there been a temperance society in our midst that would have had a strong tendency to have kept them from taking the course which they did in giving-way to drink.

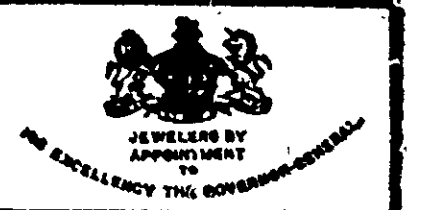
Yes, Mr. Editor, get unborn children will some day rise up and call blessed the Catholic priests and Catholic laymen, who will start and encourage a genuine Catholic Temperance movement in Canada. Thanking you for space for this letter, in your column, I am

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

## ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HESSON.

The Catholic people of Hesson lately decided to open a subscription to erect a bell in St. Mary's Church. Father Guam was agreeably surprised when he heard that the sum forthcoming on call, was \$400, more than sufficient to buy one bell for the pretty little church. It has therefore been decided to put in two bells.

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S. Laurence Giustiniani

LAURENCE from a child longed to be a Saint; and when he was nineteen years of age there was granted to him a vision of the Eternal Wisdom. All earthly things faded in his eyes before the ineffable beauty of this sight, and as it faded away a void was left in his heart which none but God could fill.

he fully appreciated the protest. "But," said he, "conciliation is impossible. For my part, I would wish—"

"Do your duty," shouted M. Villiers. Then in a trembling voice came the command, "Give the warnings!" A little pale-faced soldier appeared with a drum which he rolled in a somewhat awkward or melancholy manner such as one might hear at a funeral.

EXCITING INCIDENTS

At that moment I expected to see the crowd move back. Not a man not a woman moved. The only effect of this first order was to make the crowd rush forward and become massed in front of the convent door.

The answer came back from the crowd "Vive la liberte! Vive les seours!" "Charge!" The mounted police advanced slowly, evidently without any excessive zeal.

The entire troop fell back. "Charge!" Now the troops, moving at a more rapid pace, turned upon the crowd in the front ranks of the latter the men resisted, using their canes.

WARRING UPON WOMEN. "Charge!" Once more they made the attempt, but this time the crowd opened their ranks like trained soldiers, as most of them were, allowed the horsemen to advance, and then closed in behind them, in front of them and on their flanks.

A DECIDED SUCCESS The Burlington Gazette of Sept. 3 says: Rev. Father O'Reilly's garden party in aid of St. John's Church at the Hotel Brant grounds on Wednesday evening last, proved to be a very successful affair in every particular.

ONE GIRL'S BRAVE ACT At last the convent gate was cleared, but one young girl stood in front of it with folded arms. The crowd shouted to her to get away. Her answer was, "No!" Then with her little white hands she clasped the bars of the gate.

PROTESTED IN VAIN Suddenly they were halted by M. Villiers, the deputy of the district. "In the name of an indignant people," he said, "I protest against the odious act which you are about to commit."

NEVER IS TIME more precious than when some member of the family is attacked by colic, dysentery or any bowel trouble. The doctor is distant but if Perry's Peppermint Cure is at hand it will soon relieve the sufferer.

rage the fellow struck the window with his crowbar and sent a shower of broken glass among the sisters. "Open the door," shouted Moerdes, "we are unable to open it!"

"The mother superior," said I to him, "refuses to sign your process verbal, unless you attach to it her protest in extenso." The protest was attached to the document, and then the old sister in a trembling hand and in large letters such as one might find in the copy books of the children whom she taught, signed "Marie-Leontine Jestin."

"Sister," said the commissioner, "will you promise not to bring any more convent teachers into this establishment?" "No."

"Well, sisters," said Moerdes, "I must proceed with the expulsion and seal up the place." The other sisters were sent for. They all came down weeping like children and carrying with them the poor little relics which were the only ornaments of their cells.

"Where do you wish to go, my sisters?" asked Commissioner Moerdes. "I have orders to place myself at your disposal for the execution of whatever decision you may take."

After a while her husband's wealth diminished and the luxuries to which she had been accustomed had to be given up, but no word of complaint was ever heard from Mrs. Paget. Then her health failed and paralysis and loss of speech followed.

After years of splendid toil her son was knighted for his services to his profession, but long before that he had proudly declared himself well born—Youth's Companion

About eight hundred people from Hamilton, Dundas, Oakville, Milton, Burlington and surrounding country made a merry gathering and pronounced it the most enjoyable event of the season.

Out on the lawn the XIIIth Band furnished a first class programme of music, as follows: March, New Colonial; waltz, Cymfibia; Anglo-American selections, march, Harlequin; selection, Twilight in the Mountains, and the Badajos.

Then a man, who was evidently selected from one of the worst socialist nests of the arsenal of Brest, advanced with a crowbar and began to batter down the door. For ten minutes he worked at it furiously. But the door was too solid for him. In a

Colv. of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, Fr Doyle, of Freeiton, Fr Crofton, of Dundas, Fr Donovan and Fr Walters, D. D. of Hamilton

A GREAT MAN'S MOTHER. Set in the mosaics or interwoven with the decorations of the various corridors and galleries of the Library of Congress at Washington are the names of those who have been the world's leaders in thought and deed.

There was a moment's silence, then the questioner disposed of the subject half-seriously, half-whimsically. "Well, at any rate," she declared, "there's one comfort! These men all had mothers!"

Mrs. Paget was a handsome woman, well-educated for her day, resolute and strong of will and of speech. She was the mother of seventeen children, nine of whom lived to grow up.

She was active in the society of the time and in all the public charities, was passionately fond of beauty in every form, and as she found time somehow to learn to paint, she soon equaled her teacher.

After a while her husband's wealth diminished and the luxuries to which she had been accustomed had to be given up, but no word of complaint was ever heard from Mrs. Paget.

After years of splendid toil her son was knighted for his services to his profession, but long before that he had proudly declared himself well born—Youth's Companion

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COMB, let us with glad music  
Hail the Holy Cross;  
With special exultation  
We glory in the Cross.

NINTH MONTH 30 DAYS **September** THE SEVEN DOLORS

1902

Table with columns for Day, Month, Year, Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, and Moon's Phases. It lists the days of the month and corresponding moon phases.

**Indulged Prayer**  
A plenary indulgence is granted once a month to all those who shall say the chapter of the Seven Dolors every day for a month. If, being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. Other indulgences for the frequent saying of this chapter are granted.

### The Strike at Rocky Bottom

(By J. A. Conwell.)

The board of directors of the Rocky Bottom Iron Works was in session. The question before the board was whether the works should close or not.

"You must understand, gentlemen," argued Mr. White, president of the company and chief owner of the stock, "that we are now operating the works at little or no profit and that the cause of it is the unexpected failure of the rise in the river and a consequent lack of cheap fuel. We must shut down. There is no other course."

"How can we do that?" inquired Mr. Gray, treasurer of the company, local merchant and principal magnate of the town that had grown up around the works. "Our contract with the Broadway Bridge Company requires us to deliver a big lot of finished lumber every week."

"There is a clause in the contract which suspends its operation during a shut-down occasioned by a strike or an accident to the machinery," answered the president.

"But there is no strike, and the machinery is all right," said Mr. Gray. "Suppose, Brother Gray, that a cut of 15 or 25 per cent. should be made in the men's wages, what would be the result?"

"Superintendent Brown can answer that question better than I can," said Mr. Gray, turning toward that officer.

"The men wouldn't work an hour under such a cut," responded the superintendent.

"Just what I expected," continued the president, locking his fingers under his prominent abdomen and twirling his thumbs with satisfaction.

"We'll make the cut, the works will close, we shall avoid possible losses, and at the same time shield ourselves from trouble with the bridge company."

"But our workmen; are their interests not to be taken into consideration?"

"Business is business, Mr. Gray. I am here to look out for my own interests and for those of the other stockholders."

"The men are our neighbors, though not yours, Mr. White. Many of them are friends. Whether they strike or continue to work at the reduced wages, they and their families will be sorely pinched."

"Somebody must be pinched, in any event. If we continue to operate the works, at a loss it will be us; if we make the cut it will be somebody else. I'd rather pinch them than be pinched any time."

The cut was ordered and the president hurried away to catch the 4.50 train for the city. The remaining directors gathered on the sidewalk, where they were joined by young Harry Brown, an assistant under his father, and others, among whom were John Mason, one of the foremen.

Mason was king among the men in the works. They regarded him as their leader, and followed wherever he led. Being an intelligent and observing man, he had suspected that the company was not making money and feared some such course as the one adopted. He was, therefore, not taken unawares.

"Of course, we can't work for such wages," said he to Mr. Gray. "We must go out."

"How are the men to live through the winter without work?" inquired the merchant.

"That is what I should like to speak to you about. If we can make some arrangement with you to help us till the river rises and coal comes down, we'll be O. K."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread, Mason, don't act hastily."

"If we should accept the cut it would be all up with us. Our wages'd never be put back to where they are now, never. Mr. White'd say if we can work through the winter for such wages, we can do it through the summer. But we can't do it and live half-way decent."

"And if you strike?"

"He'd expect to start up at the old wages as soon as coal comes, and he'd do it, too."

"In what way do you expect me to help you?"

"You have your warehouse filled with everything that we'll need. There are about 400 of us, Mr. Gray, and you know there is not a black sheep among us. If you'll honor our committee's order for supplies we'll obligate ourselves, jointly and severally to repay you as soon as we get

to work again. And two weeks' work, maybe less, will pay the debt. We shall be very grateful for your help. Will you not do for us what you'd like to have some one do for you if you stood in our shoes?"

Gray knew the men, their wives and their children, and, being a man of few words, quick of decision in an emergency, and amply able to comply with the request, he answered: "All right, Mason. I'll do it. But I want you to countersign the orders. Then I'll be sure there's no extravagance."

"Suppose the works should not start up again, Mason," said Superintendent Brown, a quiet listener till now.

"An improbable contingency. There's too much money in their operation ordinarily to allow them to remain idle very long."

"The old Vulcan mills across the river haven't had a fire lighted in them for five years," continued Mr. Brown.

"Because the concern's in court and can't run till the suit's decided."

Harry Brown and his father, more like brothers than like father and son, turned up a side street that led to their home.

"I think Mr. White must have a paving stone in his breast instead of a heart. What do you think, father?"

"I think if you want to remain in his employ, you would better be cautious how you criticize him," answered the discreet elder.

"I know I kept my mouth shut over there in the crowd. I want to open it now. Think of how many things the men and their families will be deprived of if they are forced out."

"Such as a half-a-day lay-offs, picnics, excursion on the river and so forth."

"Well, shouldn't they have these diversions?"

"Perhaps. But consider the other side a moment. Mr. White told me that unless there was a shut-down he could neither take his family abroad next summer nor permit them to spend the season at Newport."

"Do you consider that a hardship?" exclaimed the young man, stopping and turning toward his father.

"Why shouldn't it be? The poignancy of one's disappointment depends upon how one has been reared. May not this be felt quite as keenly by his wife and daughters as the wives and daughters of our men will feel the loss of their brief outings? And if somebody must meet with disappointment and deprivations, you surely do not expect Mr. White to shield the men and their families at the expense of his own wife and daughters. A man must look out for his own first."

"Mr. White looks out for his own first, last and all the time. I can hardly think it right for him to run the risk of bringing suffering to the families of 400 men in order to prevent his wife and four daughters from putting because they can't go to Paris next summer."

The strike had been on for a month. Mr. Gray had disposed of his stock in the works, and was no longer treasurer. One evening a number of the idle men had gathered in his store, where he also kept the post-office. The river was rising rapidly, and the men were discussing the probability of cheap fuel in the near future and the consequent re-opening of the works.

Harry Brown was there, too. He had had a good deal of business to transact with the cashier in the store when the works were in operation, and the business hadn't seemed to lessen any since the shut-down. The cashier was Mr. Gray's daughter.

While Harry was talking to Miss Gray through the opening in the glass partition behind which was her special domain, there was a commotion among the men at the other end of the room. Superintendent Brown had come in, with others, and appeared to have some interesting information. Harry was called, much to his disgust, and joined the group.

Mr. Gray had received a letter from the president of the Broadway Bridge Company. Among other things he had written:

"I have bought the old Vulcan mills from the litigants, and propose to start them as soon as they can be put in shape. I am sure you will do me the favor, Mr. Gray, to accept the presidency of the new company. I know that the best workmen will flock to your standard. I have done with the Rocky Bottom works."

"Mr. White will certainly sue him

for breach of contract," interposed Superintendent Brown.

"Wait a minute, Brown," said Mr. Gray, looking over his spectacles, "and maybe you'll change your opinion." And he continued to read.

"I have notified White that his violation of the contract released us. I discovered that he had forced the strike on the men, and am advised that he had no more right to make an unreasonable cut in wages and claim exemption from the obligations of the contract on account of the subsequent strike than he would have to chuck a steel rail into his fly wheel and claim exemption on account of an accident to his machinery."

"What do you say to that, Brown?"

"Nothing. I am not a lawyer."

"Now, Harry, here's something that'll interest you," continued the old gentleman, turning to his letters.

"Tell young Brown that he can have the superintendency of the Vulcan, subject to your approval, of workmen and can get more out of course. I have kept an eye on him when he didn't know it and have observed that he is popular among the them with less grumbling on their part than any man I ever knew."

Some of the men crowded around their young favorite, and before he was aware of their intentions they had hoisted him on their shoulders and were carrying him with noisy good nature toward the cashier's apartment.

The young lady was soon informed of the news and blushed prettily, but could not be induced to come out of her office and congratulate the young man. She knew that she would have an opportunity to tender her congratulations later.

Mr. Gray and Harry Brown had no trouble in securing first-class workmen. The Rocky Bottom men were the first to offer their services. As John Mason phrased it: "We know our friends, and propose to stand by them, from Mr. Gray and Harry Brown down—no, up to Miss Pearl."

Harry thought so, too, and was convinced beyond any doubt when, a month later, he learned that a day's pay of every man in the mills had been quietly contributed toward the purchase of a magnificent service of silver as a wedding present for himself and Miss Gray—Sunny South, Atlanta.

#### A PAPER THAT NEVER RETRACTS.

An American newspaper once announced that a notorious thief, well known locally, had been lynched for horse stealing. The man called at the office, sound in mind and limb, and demanded a withdrawal of the unfounded statement. "We cannot retract," said the editor, "we never do." "But The Mail, which published a similar report, has withdrawn it," said the man. "That may be," replied the editor. "The report appearing in The Mail was no doubt without foundation, but our news is always true. However, we don't mind saying in the next issue that the rope broke, and that you escaped with a slight contusion." If a story told in journal circles is well founded, a somewhat similar incident, says The Cornhill Magazine, occurred in London. One day a gentleman called at the office of a well-known newspaper, and said to the editor, a famous man in his time: "Sir, it is announced in your paper that I am dead." "Well," replied the editor, "if it is in our paper it is correct." "It is not correct, for here I am alive," rejoined the other. "Well, it can't be helped," said the editor. "But I expect you to contradict it, said the gentleman. "No, I cannot do that," said the editor, "as we never contradict anything that appears in our paper. I will do the only thing that I can do to bring you to life again! To-morrow I will put you in the list of births."

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an east India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparation, and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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**The HOME CIRCLE**

**DEPENDS ON POINT OF VIEW.**  
The tale combines the elements of tragedy and comedy: If you ask the woman to whom the incident happened, it was tragedy pure and simple. If you ask the neighbors it was comedy of a high order. The occasion was one dear to the heart of woman, the annual bazaar, given on behalf of the local church. At this emporium articles bought for sixty cents might be had for as low as \$2.50. Mrs. Blank had small respect for anyone whose donation cost less than \$5. Hers had cost \$15. It was a statuette, more than two feet high, of Mercury. When the local expressman called Mrs. Blank, who had not yet left her room by reason of a headache, loaned out of the window and told him to go right into the library, take all the packages on the table (she was sending some fancy work in addition to the statuette) and go up to the church. All of which he did. About 8 o'clock the generous donor started hawking. She knew her Mercury, banked by her doilies and her shaving mug, would look extremely well, and the bad humor she had been in earlier in the evening in consequence of the non-arrival of a new hat vanished as she drew near the building. When she entered her reception was almost equal to an ovation. Such expressions as "How original!" "Whatever suggested it to you?" "The idea is taking like wild fire." "Are charging fifty cents a chance and some women have taken four." "What did you stand it?" asked the gratified woman. "Oh, we are keeping it in the box. There it is." Mrs. Blank looked into the box wherein resided her new hat. Then self-preservation induced her to murmur weakly "I am glad you liked it." The examination was simple enough when it came. It seems that on the arrival of the hat from the milliner's the daughter of the house had opened it and inspected it, she placed it on the head of Mercury. Here the ex-expressman found it, and with rare politeness placed it back in the box and started it off to the church. — N. Brening Sun.

**THE ABUSE OF SHADE,**  
For our hot summers shade around the house seems to be an absolute necessity. It is well to remember, however, that, like most other good things, we may so use shade that it becomes absolutely harmful. It has been observed that while a house is new and has little shade, it is healthful, but after the house is

**POISON IN THE HOME.**  
Some homes are atmospherically poisoned by a critical, censorious, sneering, iconoclastic, or burlesquing spirit. They are rife with depreciation. Now nothing is more indicative of character than that which we admire. Kinds and degrees of admiration are the thermometer of character—but especially degrees. When a child has developed an admiration, an attachment, an affection—an appreciation, in short—it must not be ruthlessly broken down, even though at first sight it may seem objectionable. Under training the object of admiration may be changed or improved, but the spirit must be fostered. There is something good in every ideal, even though it be a Robin Hood. This good element must be admired with the child, even while a contrast may be—not too directly, however—drawn with the unadmirable qualities of the heroic ideal. The child's enthusiasm may be for a person or a thing, an attachment for a toy, a garret, a song, an admiration of an achievement, a sense of mystery and awe. Under no circumstances must the sanctity of ideals and loves be subjected to ridicule, or unqualified and summary challenge. "A sour father may reform prisons, but considered in his sourness, he does harm." And for the word "sour" we may substitute the censorious, burlesquing, depreciative spirit too common with men and women who are good enough to reform prisons and build hospitals while they are engaged in a ruthless raising of ideals. Sometimes this idol-breaking arises from a chronic censoriousness, sometimes from a habit of being "funny."



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THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1902

TO WORK!

Our columns to-day offer further evidence, if that were necessary, that there is a demand on the part of the Catholic people of this Province for organization in the cause of temperance and general progressive activity.

Last week's issue of The Register has challenged the approbation of thousands within and outside the city. From all quarters we have received words of encouragement and appreciation. Whatever aid this paper may be able to give to so admirable a spirit as has been awakened all round about us by the honor which Dr. O'Brien, of Peterborough, and his Total Abstinence Society achieved at the recent Conference of Catholic international temperance workers shall be freely and gladly exerted.

The cause of temperance is at present neglected. A large Catholic community without a living temperance organization stands confessedly in need of a revival. Just now Cardinal Moran is preaching the 'good cause in Ireland, and in England there is something doing, which a contemporary says would gladden the heart of the late Cardinal Manning.

One of our correspondents asks what has become of the League of the Cross in Ontario? By the way, it was Cardinal Manning who established that League and brought it into a condition of flourishing efficiency in London. The large provincial centres of English population followed suit, and the good work spread to America and the Colonies.

The cause of temperance in the United States, on the other hand, is flourishing, because the present generation of Catholics in that country is producing men strong in the essential qualities of leadership. It is not in temperance alone that Catholic achievement for the general good in public directions is seen as the light shining before the eyes of all men.

Perhaps we feel the need of leadership here in the Dominion. In Ontario we doubtless have men capable of leadership, but they, assuredly, have never asserted their power. The people feel this. We hear it every day. To some it sounds like an admission of Catholic impotence to make any such declaration. But for our part we have greater faith in the possibilities of an opportunity. There never has been a time when an opportunity did not call forth a leader.

We have now the opportunity presented to us in this Province of a community demanding effort and organization for the high and holy work of Catholic progress with temperance as the foremost plank. Is it possible that such an opportunity is to pass without inspiring some strong soul that will make the most of it? We believe not.

Meanwhile there is work to be done and progress to be marked. To start organization is the first duty. To follow every day will tell. It is manifest that the spirit of the people is more than willing. They are desirous to begin work. But it must be work according to a definite plan. Are there not men enough now in communication with each other to form the plan and give direction to the latent force. Let that be done and much will have been accomplished. The cause shall not want for a leader.

BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

The most numerous and influential religious teaching community in the Catholic Church is, doubtless, remarks The London Daily News, that of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, which was founded by St. John Baptist de la Salle, whose statue in marble is about to be enshrined in one of the great niches of St. Peter's in Rome. From the latest official statistics issued by the Superior-General of this Congregation, it appears that outside France the Institute numbers some 20,000 members, and directs 2,040 schools, in which are educated some 350,000 boys. In Belgium it possesses 114 schools, with 831 members and 25,000 pupils. In England and Ireland it has 33 educational establishments. It is in America that the Brothers are most numerous. There they claim 182 establishments, with 1,414 teaching Brothers and 46,900 scholars. Two years ago the French Superiors determined to eliminate the classics from the curriculum of their American schools. Many of the American Brotherhood considered the decision inopportune. The case was submitted to Rome, and argued there vigorously for some months, and finally the decision of the French Superiors was upheld, and has been in force ever since.

AUSTRALIA FOR HOME RULE.

Recent Australian papers received in London contain long reports of large and enthusiastic meetings at various centres in favor of Home Rule at the Melbourne gathering, at which a letter was read from Archbishop Carr, advising continuous and unflinching agitation, the speakers included four members of the Senate of the Federal Parliament, two members of the House of Representatives and several members of the State Parliament. On the West Australian Goldfields it is hoped to raise £1,000 for the Parliamentary Fund. The movement there is being supported by Messrs. Hugh Mahon and J. W. Kirwan, members of the Federal Parliament. The former was at one time private secretary to Mr. Parnell. Mr. P. Whelan, J. P. of Kalgoolie, who was in Ireland at the last general election, is a frequent speaker at Goldfields meetings. Branches of the U. I. L. are being established in all the States, and much satisfaction is expressed by Irish-born members at the enthusiastic participation of Irish-Australians who have never seen the old country. Arrangements are being made to hold a convention in England. Australia is practically solid for Home Rule, all her statesmen being prominent advocates of the cause.

AN INFAMOUS LAW.

The firm grip with which the two railway companies of Canada hold the people by the throat was never better illustrated than when an American citizen in Toronto was this week arrested, confined in a filthy cell over night like a criminal, and fined \$20 in the morning, all because he had sold the return half of a railway ticket for its value. The sale was made to a railway detective employed to decoy persons who are ignorant of the existence of this infamous law. There is no such law in the United States, where offices are opened for the sale of unused railway tickets. And why should the rule not be the same here? If a railway sells a ticket and refuses to give value to any holder of that ticket, the company should be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences. That would be justice. The present form of the law is outrageous.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Premier Seddon has returned to New Zealand. Mr. Chamberlain brought him forth to stampede Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Edmund Barton. The thing could not be done. It is too much to hope that Mr. Seddon goes home a wiser man. He seems to be of the sort that knows not wisdom.

The Rev. J. Oswald Murray, for many years attached to the Church of St. Martin's in the Fields, Charing Cross, London, has been offered, and has accepted, the important position of Professor of Theology at St. John's College, Winnipeg. Mr. Murray, who is a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, has, during his residence in London, taken an active part in connection with the work of the Irish Literary Society, on the Committee of which he is Vice-Chairman, and where his gifts as a lecturer and speaker have been very highly appreciated.

Most Rev. Dr. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, has gone to Europe in the first international dispute to be submitted to the arbitration tribunal established by the Hague Conference. The case in question relates to the famous Pious fund, which for many years has formed the subject of a dispute between the United States and Mexico. The fund was established as far back as the year 1697 by a number of pious people who desired to assist the Jesuit Order in carrying on their mission work in the region which is now New Mexico and California. Mexico, when she won her independence from Spain in 1836, took over charge of the fund but she stopped paying interest on the capital sum when California was ceded to the United States twelve months later. In 1868 the matter was referred to arbitration, when Sir Edward Thornton, the arbitrator, awarded the arrears of interest then due to the Church authorities in the United States, but since then Mexico has paid nothing more. The amount now claimed by the American Hierarchy is \$980,862, and recently an arrangement was reached to submit the matter to the Hague Court.

When it comes to the turning of an honest penny few people are able to give pointers to the British peerage. Members of the august circle have taken to showing themselves in their Coronation robes at so much a head. Others are selling the seats on which they sat at the historic ceremony. A Peers is advertising the chair used by her in the Abbey.

There are 85,000 Catholics in the 'Protestant' city of Belfast. They have no share in the municipal government.

The following petition is being extensively signed by the women of Ireland. 'We, the women of —, unite heart and soul in sympathy, in prayer, and in protest with the brave women of France, struggling to protect their Altars and their Homes. Our hearts burn with shame to hear of such scenes enacted in a country that boasts of its liberty—a country, once so great—once so Catholic. We utterly condemn the wanton prosecution of these holy Nuns, whose lives are spent in ministering to the very poorest of the poor, and utterly execrate and brand as villains and cowards the men who, in defiance of all equity and justice, are oppressing God's Church and God's poor, and warring against helpless women and children.'

DEATH OF MISS JULIA BOYLE.

We regret to record the death at Almonte, of Miss Julia Boyle, second daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Boyle, of The Irish Canadian. Miss Boyle, who will be remembered by many friends in Toronto, was a trained nurse of Bellevue Hospital, New York City. Her health became impaired in June last, and about two months ago she gave up her work and came to Almonte on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Dowdall, wife of Mr. P. C. Dowdall, druggist, of that town. To the sorrow of her relatives and friends she died on Sunday last, having been attended in her illness by Rev. Canon Foley, who administered all the comforts of the dying Catholic Christian.

Miss Boyle was an admirable young woman of more than ordinary ability and courage and imbued with a rare devotion to the work which she had chosen for a calling. Having passed through Bellevue Hospital she had gone into nursing professionally and had a career of merit ahead of her

when her health broke. The only members of the family now surviving are the two daughters, Mrs. Dowdall and Miss Harriett Boyle.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from St. Basil's Church to St. Michael's Cemetery. The remains had been brought up from Almonte and were taken directly from the train to the church. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Sullivan, who also attended at the grave side. Along with the members of the bereaved family present were many friends from Toronto who had seen the wholly unexpected announcement of the death in the evening papers. May the soul of the departed rest in peace.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH ROYAL.

Montreal papers contain reports of the funeral of Hon. Joseph Royal, ex-Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Territories. A large concourse of friends followed the remains and a number of people had gathered at the church of the Jesu.

The remains were received at the door of the church by Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., the apostle of French-Canadian colonization in the Northwest, who had worked with the deceased for many years in Western Canada.

The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Desjardins, S. J., who was assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The chief mourners were Mr. Alfred Royal, a son of the deceased, Mr. L. A. Lesage, Dr. Valade, of Ottawa, and Major S. Gagnon, of Montreal, sons-in-law. Paul Emile Lesage, Henri Gagnon and Joseph Royal, grandsons, Francois Mercier, Dr. Leclere, and Antonio Prince, relatives.

Indifference in the Catholic Body

In his sermon in St. Peter's Church last Sunday morning Rev. Father L. Minehan touched upon the subject of indifference in the Catholic body, which has recently been discussed in this paper. He said:

'And it came to pass that when Jesus went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees on the Sabbath day to eat bread, they watched Him.' (Luke xiv., 1.)

Brethren—The Gospel of this day leaves us in no doubt as to the motives by which our Lord's host and fellow guests were actuated. Under the guise of hospitality He was invited to the table in the hope of finding something in His words and manner which would serve as a pretext for the charge of violating either the Sabbath or some of the self-made observances which the Pharisees set above the weightiest things of the law. We can imagine the host conducting his Guest to the place of honor with an unctuous smile of welcome (that is if his principles permitted him to smile on the Sabbath), whilst at the same time he gives a furtive sign to his conferees to be on the lookout for developments. It was very probably pre-arranged that the man sick of the dropsy of whom the Gospel speaks should appear on the scene, so that our Lord could be accused of violating the Sabbath if He healed the sufferer, or, if He did not, His power might be called in question. But this neatly contrived scheme was upset and their smile of malice changed to blushes of mortification by one factor that they did not take into consideration, namely, that Christ was watching them. He showed them that He read their hearts by His pointed question, 'Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?' showed His power by instantly restoring the dropsical man to perfect health, justified His action by reminding His critics that everyone of them would hasten to lift a beast of his out of a pit on the Sabbath day. He did not stop here, but, seeing what jealousy and rivalry prevailed amongst them about the first seats at table, gave them a beautifully simple and effective lecture on humility. The men who came to find fault thus found a fine opportunity for exerting their power of observa-

tion on themselves. It is, however, altogether unlikely that critics of this stamp profited by the occasion. Like the Master, his representatives they have had at all times to face the scrutiny of unflinching eyes. They have been watched by those who combined all the cunning and malevolence of the Pharisees. On the other hand they have been watched by friends who went to the opposite extreme, and regarded everything they said and did as perfection. Between these contrary attitudes there is the happy medium of wholesome, helpful, discriminating criticism. Forgetful of mutual frankness and friendship. On this we will briefly dwell to-day, and it is a most appropriate subject for the season of solid work when we enter after the relaxation of the summer holidays.

First of all have we any right to criticize our priests at all? This question is put because sometimes the impression is conveyed that there is a circle of inviolability drawn around a priest by the Church and that some malediction will befall those who dare to find fault with anything he does or says. Such an impression has absolutely no sanction. The Church indeed declares the person of her priests to be sacred. They are consecrated to God. They are in the words of St. Paul 'Ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God.' But that character demands a corresponding nobility of life. If the Church wishes us, as she does, to have a high idea of the dignity of the priesthood, she cannot wish us to see without protest that dignity dishonored. It is true that our Lord says, 'Judge not, that you may not be judged.' But these words refer to harsh, uncharitable, unjust judgments dealing with the motives and hearts of others—judgments on the part of those who see the mote in their brother's eye whilst they notice not the beam in their own eyes. That our Lord instead of condemning, actually imposes well ordered criticism as a duty is evident from His precept of fraternal correction. 'If thy brother shall offend against thee, go out and rebuke him between thee and him alone. . . . If he will not hear thee take with thee one or two more. . . . If he will not hear them, tell the Church.' (Matt. 18-17). Sometimes (but rarely, thanks to God) we hear it said 'My conduct is my own affair. I am responsible to God and my superiors. Follow my counsels and leave my actions alone.' The man who uses language of that kind is condemned by his own lips. No one can claim to be a teacher, and lawfully say at the same time, 'My conduct is my own affair.' Whoever demands the reverence due to a teacher is bound to act in a manner worthy of a teacher. Whoever claims to be a dispenser of the mysteries of God ought to keep his hands undefiled. And if He does not it is the right and duty of those to whom he ministers to protest and seek redress in the proper quarters.

The priest then is not exempt from criticism. He cannot claim this exemption even in the exercise of his ministry, much less outside it. If he be unpunctual, negligent, wanting in reverence at the altar, if his pulpit utterances show want of thought and preparation, if the sick be neglected, all these and similar deficiencies are legitimate subjects for criticism. It must be borne in mind that we are not bound to accept everything we hear from the pulpit as Gospel truth. No individual priest or bishop is an infallible teacher, the Bishop of Rome excepted, who is infallible in his capacity as teacher of the universal Church in faith and morals. The priest and still more the bishop in the pulpit, is the messenger of an infallible Church. He is bound, as such, under the most solemn obligation to study the message entrusted to him in order to deliver it correctly. We must take it for granted that he does so unless the opposite be clear. Should we, however, have good reason to believe that either wilfully or through carelessness Catholic teaching has been departed from, a little inquiry from conferees or superiors will clear the matter up. The teaching of the Church is clearly and amply set forth in approved catechisms and theological works. And should any notable departure be made from this teaching in any pulpit, the matter would quickly be noticed and dealt with. Whilst, therefore, false doctrines have been preached by individual priests and bishops, such have been in every case quickly

detected and condemned. There is, then, very little fear of our being led astray by what we hear from our pulpits. The instances in which any thing dangerous to faith is preached there are exceedingly rare, and are not long permitted to go uncorrected.

It is our duty then to accept our priests as duly authorized exponents of the mind of the Church. They have been carefully tested as to their fitness before receiving the commission to preach. At the same time should their utterances seem out of harmony with what we have been previously taught we have a perfect right, and it would be our duty, to demand that the matter be cleared up. Outside the domain of faith and morals in questions of a non-religious character any utterance of priest or bishop, or even of the Pope, has just as much weight as his learning and ability will give it, and hence is as open to criticism as the opinion of any other individual.

Outside his sacred duties the priest then has no special exemption from criticism. In his performance of these duties criticism also has its place. But in every case, especially in the latter, this criticism must have certain qualities which we now proceed to consider.

It must first of all be charitable. St. Paul lays down this rule beautifully in the Epistle of last Sunday: 'Brethren and if a man be overtaken in any fault you who are spiritual instruct such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.' (Gal. vi., 1.) If charity of this kind should regulate our conduct towards all our fellowmen surely it ought in a special manner to govern our attitude towards our priests. St. Paul in one of the notable passages of his Epistle to the Hebrews points out how God did not choose angels for His priests but men taken from our midst, experiencing all our weakness and temptations, in order that they be better able to sympathize with, console and make allowance for our frailties. One of the most beautiful traits of our Lord's character was his unvarying gentleness towards the very imperfect men He chose to be His apostles. How tenderly He rebuked their rivalries, ambitions, worldliness! It is impossible to read without the deepest emotion His conduct towards Judas on the night of His Passion. He washed the traitor's feet, made him conscious again and again that He knew his treason, warned him of its consequences, and yet did not reveal his guilt. Judas sat near Him at the table on which the adorable sacrifice of the Mass was instituted, was the first sacrilegious communicant, and yet the Master neither by word or sign made known the traitor's crime to anyone except in a whisper to the beloved disciple St. John, whose head rested on His bosom. Surely here is an exquisitely tender manifestation of the charity which our Lord wished to be exercised towards His priests. Towards them the order of charity prescribed by our Lord in the case of faults ought specially to be observed. First of all bring the matter to his own notice. Should that not suffice, invite the co-operation of one or two of his friends or conferees. If this move be not effectual, then have recourse to his superiors. There is nothing more detestable than the habit of carrying on an underhand criticism without giving its object the least inkling of what is going on. The primary object of all true criticism is to reform or improve. And how can there be reform when the one needing reform is kept in the dark? Let there be above all frankness in our criticism of priests. Let them know what seems objectionable in their manner. Let them know wherein we think they could do better. And let all this be done in the spirit of charity and zeal for the interests of the Church.

Our criticism should be broadminded, not actuated by pique or personal motives but inspired solely by our anxiety for the honor of the priesthood and the good of souls. There are at times certain touchy characters, chronic grumblers, who always have a grievance, who are so narrow and full of petty selfishness that they imagine that they are slighted or slighted at or aimed at when such a thing is in reality never thought of. Sometimes these gather a little knot of sympathizers around them, and then indeed poison is brewed. God pity the priest who has such a wasp's nest in his parish, especially if he has not the good sense not to disturb the hornets.

Our criticism should be respectful.

We should ever remember that a priest, whatever be his faults, is a priest forever, and that he will have a terrible account to render to the great High Priest Jesus Christ. Whose powers he exercises. It will be hard enough for him then, we should not try to make it too hard now. At the same time we must bear in mind that we are each and all concerned in the dignity of the priesthood, that the priest is for us our spiritual father and our guide, and should he deviate from this character it is our right and duty to protest and protest before the matter goes very far, according to the rule laid down by our Lord.

Besides individual criticism to which the foregoing remarks are specially applicable there is a general criticism which is equally important. We are not to consider priests in their individual capacity only. They form a very important body and ought to exert as a body a very tangible influence in every department of life. In the social, political, educational world they ought to make themselves felt as a power for good. They ought to have a definite ecclesiastical policy which would make the Church prominent as an uplifting agency in every sphere. And here is where we want an enlightened, zealous Catholic public opinion and a well conducted and fearless Catholic press. Anyone reading the reports of the recent conferences held by non-Catholic religious bodies cannot fail to be struck with the contrast between their activity and our remissness in this regard. Ministers of the Methodist and other denominations from every part of Canada meet together at frequent intervals, compare notes and methods, see wherein they have gained and lost and discuss the best plans for work with the most representative members of their respective bodies. What an inspiration there would be if such a gathering of Catholic priests and laymen could be brought together often! There are, of course, difficulties in the way. Parishes could not be deserted, work could not be left, expenses would not be easily met. But despite all these difficulties quite a representative gathering could be made. And how instructive and helpful and Catholic it would be to have the missionary, from the Northwest or from the Yukon discuss ecclesiastical needs and openings with the priests from Ontario and Quebec. What a help it would be to bind our Catholics together to have the broadminded, zealous Catholic layman from Vancouver join hands and conversation with his conferees from Winnipeg and Halifax. This is the very spirit of the Catholic Church. The great Council of Trent expressly decreed that Provincial Councils should be held every three years. What is the present state of affairs amongst us? The priests of this Province of Ontario are almost as much unknown to one another as though they lived in different hemispheres. As far as entering into the civic life of the laity is concerned, a priest, here and there, attends a meeting of a Catholic society and this is the whole sum total of intercourse between the Catholic clergy and the laity outside their official duties. The leading Catholic laymen of one city do not know are the leaders of Catholic thought in the next town.

Surely such a state of affairs demands prompt and vigorous measures, if we are not to permit that indifference, the evils of which were graphically described in a leading article in the last issue of one of our Catholic papers, to be numbed us. Indifference is one of the greatest curses of religion, in fact, is the source wherein weeds of every kind grow. 'Thou hast the name of being alive and thou art dead' is the language in which our Lord characterizes lukewarmness. Let Catholic public opinion be self in this matter vigorously and without delay. Let a sphere in which it is needed, and can do a.

THE DEMON D. . . . old-time time it was a . . . demons moved invisibly . . . ambient air, seeking to . . . men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is 'Farnale's Vegetable Pills,' which are ever ready for the trial.



Beautiful and impressive Ceremony at St. Columban's... The blessing of the new bell for St. Columban's Church by His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, of Alexandria, on Friday afternoon last, was a very beautiful and impressive ceremony...

The bell is a splendid specimen of the bellsmith's art, having been made in Louvain, Belgium, a place famed for its bell foundries for centuries past. It has a rich, mellow tone, but a correct estimate of its beauty cannot be made until the bell is in its proper position in the tower.

After the ceremony the members of the committee in charge of the arrangements waited on His Lordship Bishop Macdonell and presented the following address, which was read by Mr. E. O'Callaghan: My Lord and Rev. Fathers...

His Lordship expressed his acknowledgment in a brief, but kindly and sympathetic speech. The following composed the committee: Messrs. D. J. Gillies, E. O'Callaghan, W. B. Cavanagh, D. D. S. E. Fallon, C. P. Deruchie, F. Kelly, W. J. Deruchie, John M. McDonald, P. St. Thomas, D. G. McDonnell, M. Henchy, Allan Macdonald, J. E. R. Matte, W. P. Kinsella, Jas. Murphy.

SEND ALONG NAME. We have received an account of a Hamilton wedding without the name of the sender, which should be attached not for publication but as an evidence of good faith.

To the Editor of The Register. Dear Sir—It was with great pleasure that I read the correspondence from a 'Catholic Merchant' in your issue of last week. It opened up a train of thought which I am confident has been in the minds of many of your readers since the news reached us of the success of the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of Peterborough, and his banner band of workers in the matter of temperance what are the Catholics of Toronto doing? So far as appears to the public eye the answer is 'little or nothing'.

Here then the work is started by our Archbishop and his predecessors, but does any organized method exist by which it may be continued and extended? The answer so far as I am aware is. There exists no such method. What is wanted is a society that will gather in all the Catholic youth of our city, not alone at the time when they have obtained their majority, but when they are leaving school—I am taking for granted that temperance is on the curriculum in our schools—so that the idea of total abstinence may grow with their growth, and become so much a part of themselves and their habit of thoughts, that no prejudice or like difficulty will need to be overcome, and that to be a total abstainer will be the rule and not the exception.

For those already confirmed in the drink habit a few special apostles will be needed, and in a city such as ours, there are surely some who, if not endowed with the power of Rev. Dr. O'Brien—for his success is, phenomenal—have at least sufficient enthusiasm to follow in his footsteps and do their utmost in the cause. While not detracting from the honor due to Peterborough—all praise and success be theirs—we may say that the temperance movement is not new to Toronto. Some years ago it flourished, though quietly. I think I could now place my finger on not one, but several of our city priests who had branches of the League of the Cross in a very flourishing condition. Later we have not heard of them. Where are they now? Could not those branches be resurrected to form a nucleus for the great society which I should like to see in the future?

The point touched on by 'Catholic Merchant' of the alarming number of our young men who are engaging in the liquor traffic, is a sore one. 'He who runs may read' that the charge is altogether true. Of course the reason for so many entering the business is not far to seek; to open a saloon is the quickest way to gain a living with a competence something above the ordinary. Avenues to anything above the barest existence have been and still are—here I beg to differ somewhat from 'A Catholic Merchant'—closed to many Catholics, but if the proper spirit were abroad, it would be felt that a life of poverty and obscurity were honor when compared to riches and publicity, when the riches are acquired at the expense of the poor, and the publicity gained only from the glare of barroom lights.

I have reason to believe that many hitherto passive in the matter, have been roused to a feeling that measures should be taken, and that quickly, to organize in the cause. Now seems the acceptable time. Workers are needed, and I am confident they would be forthcoming if a prospect of a good start were but in sight. Our Catholic press can do much in the matter. You, Mr. Editor, have kindly given your columns for correspondence and The Catholic Record has an editorial of encouragement for Catholics generally. With such support those interested need not fear to come forward. The cause is of the best. Father Mathew was the first to spread abroad the doctrine of total abstinence. It has been taken up not alone by Catholics, but by many outside the Church, who are perhaps ignorant as to him in whose footsteps they tread. Can the zeal of the first apostle of temperance not be renewed in some measure at least? Again let me repeat, 'now is the acceptable time.' Let all interested in the matter come to the front and make themselves a power, until the lack of temperance will no longer be a reproach, but our possession of it shall be our pride and our glory. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, I am yours, A CATHOLIC.

Mr. M. J. McSweeney writes: Union of love and harmony, possessed by a couple after fifty years of married life, are blessings worthy of returning thanks to Divine Providence, and it was for this reason and also to congratulate them on such precious endowments that about 150 guests invaded the residence of Mr and Mrs. R. M. Goodman, Oshawa, a few days ago, on the feast of their golden wedding. During that day and night the house was thronged by sons, daughters, grandchildren, sons and daughters in law, old and young acquaintances, all joining in one chorus of good wishes for the couple they were honoring. Among the large number present were Rev. Mr. Roberts and the Mayor of Oshawa. Many telegraph and telephone messages were received from people in the United States and various parts of Canada expressive of regret for inability of attendance. The edibles furnished on the occasion were of the best quality. Games were indulged in on the lawn, which was brilliantly illuminated. The entertainment, after a presentation of a purse of gold by the sons, was brought to a close. The writer joins with the rest in wishing them long life and happiness.

KENTLETON—O DONNELL.

On Monday last there was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral one of the prettiest weddings of the year, when Miss Clotilde O'Donnell, eldest daughter of Mr. M. C. O'Donnell, of the Toronto Public Works Department, was united to Mr. Arthur E. Kentleton, of Hamilton, Ont. The ceremony took place at 9 o'clock, and at that hour the grand old edifice was well filled with the many friends of the popular and pretty bride. The assemblage included a large number of the officers and members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which Miss O'Donnell has for the past few years been a most active and energetic member. The Nuptial Mass was said by Rev. Dr. Treacey. The bride was attired in a gown of white mervine silk, trimmed with silk applique. The bride veil was caught by a sunburst of pearls, a gift of the groom, and she carried bride roses.

The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Blanche O'Donnell, who wore a gown of white silk batiste, trimmed in pink, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. She wore a large picture hat in black and white. The groom was supported by Mr. John Hancock. The usher was Jack McCarthy. After the ceremony, the guests were driven to the residence of the bride's father, No. 559 Church street, where a wedding breakfast was served. A special feature of the Nuptial Mass was the singing of Miss Annie Foley, and recitation of the Wedding March by Miss Adele Le Maitre, the Cathedral organist.

PICNIC AT UXBRIDGE.

The picnic of the Catholic congregations of Port Perry and Uxbridge was held at Elgin Park, Uxbridge, on Labor Day. A watch contest between Miss Nellie O'Brien, of Port Perry, and Miss Agnes Whalen, of Uxbridge, was conducted by these young ladies with a great energy. When Mayor Kelly announced the state of the poll at 5 o'clock Miss Whalen had about \$45 and Miss O'Brien \$48. They were then given ten minutes extension of time and came back with totals of \$80 and \$110, showing that each of them had plenty of friends and possibly a dollar or two up their sleeve. Miss Whalen, having collected the most, received the gold watch.

A lacrosse match between teams from the east and west ends provided excellent sport. The game resulted in a tie, 1-1. The Goodwood team paid Siloam half the price of the football offered for competition and took the trophy home with them. Mr. Ed. McCabe officiated as referee, and J. Wagg umpired at the floodwood end. The sports were under the management of Mr. Breen, who did a great deal of work in various ways in connection with the picnic and contributed largely to its success.

PICNIC AT HAVELOCK.

The picnic held at Havelock on Monday of last week under the auspices of the Catholics of that village passed off most successfully. The af-

fair was attended by between 1,500 and 2,000 persons and Father Conway should be greatly pleased with the interest his parishioners take in the affairs of his church. All the surrounding towns and villages sent large representations, whilst many from Peterborough attended. An excellent programme of athletics including lacrosse and baseball matches, was given.

Rev. Father McGuire, of Hastings, who had charge of the arrangements, in the absence of Rev. Father Conway, who is on a visit to the old country, did everything in his power to make the picnic a success. Among those in attendance were Rev. Father McClosky, of Campbellford, Hon. J. R. Stratton, Senator George Moffatt and Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

ST. PETER'S T.A.S., PETERBOROUGH.

The now famous T.A.S. of Peterborough ran their annual excursion to Jubilee on Labor Day, and it was a complete success. In fact, broke all records. Five boats, the City of Peterborough, the Water Lily and scow and Rainbow and scow, had been chartered for the day, and they all had their complement of passengers. The crowds were easily handled, and all had a happy outing. The run to Jubilee was greatly enjoyed, and upon arriving at the objective point several hours of solid pleasure were entered upon. A programme of sports for the little folk were run off, and there was excellent music for dancing and every opportunity presented for having a good time. All these were taken advantage of to the full. Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Rev. T. Crowley enjoyed the trip and outing.

WHEELS AT BUSY CORNERS.

Now that traffic is so heavy at King and Yonge and Queen and Yonge streets, bicyclists should be compelled to dismount at these corners, as pedestrians are sometimes in danger of being hurt, together with getting their clothes destroyed by them. The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

MAX O'RELL ON FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Max O'Rell writes in The New York Journal: Paris, Aug. 30.—France is still in a turmoil on account of the enforcement of the Associations Law. All the congregations and schools which are being closed by the Government and their inmates expelled by the police, should have received a six months' notice to leave, at the very least. During that time they could have made their preparations and set themselves right with the law; but they are being dealt with as indiscriminately and roughly as if they were gambling halls or disorderly houses, and the people are getting indignant.

Colonel de Saint-Remy, of the Eighteenth Chasseurs, is going to be tried before a court-martial for refusing to lead his soldiers as a regiment of policemen. Now, the army is instituted to protect the country against foreigners, and although it may be used to suppress a revolution in arms, it never was meant to play the part of the police.

The advanced Republicans, who are in power at present, are the very first to instill into soldiers the respect of their own opinions, and it is pretty hard that a gallant officer should be unable to respect his own, and be compelled to undertake a worthless piece of work which stinks in his nostrils. You speak of tyrannical monarchs, but for tyranny give me the government of the mob, from the Reign of Terror to Monsieur Combes' administration. Russian autocrats are not in it.

WHEN PEOPLE SAY blood they should often say bowels. Iron-Ox means the Cure. IRON-OX TABLETS. Fifty Tablets 25 Cents.

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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY. SEND THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL. It is a shame and a great mistake for parents and guardians to allow their children to romp around streets and by-lanes instead of compelling them to attend school.

COAL IS KING. It is a common practice for coal cart drivers to form a procession of five or six vehicles, closely knitted, as they go along the streets. This is a great obstruction to the general public at crossings, and should be put a stop to.

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# Enterprising Jimmy

The old merchant handed the charter-party copies back to young Jimmy Evans and remarked:

"These are very nice, my boy. I like to see them done so neatly and ruled so correctly. Little things like that add greatly to the reputation of our office. Keep on as you're doing and we'll see if we can't make a first-class ship broker out of you."

The lad's face flushed crimson with pleasure and embarrassment, and, reading, saying nothing, which was a very good answer under the circumstances, he hastened back to his tall

"Go-whillikens!" ejaculated Ralph Connor, after Mr. Grenhard has left the office. "I've been here over a year now, and the old man has never given me any such dose of taffy in the whole time."

"Good reason why," growled the elderly office manager, who could not help overhearing the conversation of the two lads. "You take a whole day to make a set of copies, what with tearing up expensive blanks and beginning, again, and even then they're so smudgy and blurred that it's all one can do to read, let alone admire them. The trouble with you, Ralph Connor, is that you don't understand the meaning of what you're writing. You go on at it just as if you were a parrot. Young Evans has pretty nearly bothered the life out of me by asking questions, but I will say that he seems to profit by what he is told."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged, Mr. Waldron, for all your kindness to me," said Jimmy. "I know that I owe a great—"

"Oh, it's all right," interrupted the manager. "Come over here and check all these commission accounts with me."

At the close of the lengthy task young Jimmy edged about a moment or two and then said:

"Mr. Waldron, may I ask—"

Ralph Connor, over at the next desk, commenced to snicker and work some arm like a pump handle. The office manager turned on his high stool to glare at the humorist and then "knock" to Jimmy, merrily saying:

"He may I ask," repeated the boy, nervously, "may I ask you Mr. Grenhard is so excited about not getting this two thousand ton steamer charter?"

"Can't get the steamer," replied the office manager, without turning around.

"But there are lots of them in the harbor," persisted the youth. "Why, if any dozens when I came over in the ferryboat from Jersey this morning—"

"Yes, I dare say, but they're all either liners or ready chartered," said Mr. Waldron, fusing with some documents as he spoke. "You see, this war in South Africa has made a great scarcity in tramp steamships at New York, as well as at other ports. The British Government is using a great many of its transport service. I'll venture to say there are a dozen more waiting to snap up just such a ship as we want the moment she arrives. I don't suppose you really know what a tramp steamer is."

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "I do not. I've always lived inland until we came here, and am not posted on any kind of shipping very much, but now that I'm in the business, I'm going to learn all I can about them."

"That's right," returned the manager, admiringly. "Here's a little pointer for you now. A tramp steamer is one belonging to no regular line, but seeking cargoes from one port to another, wherever she can get them."

"And we have an order to charter a two thousand ton steamer and have not been able to find one as yet?" inquired the lad.

"Just so," assented Mr. Waldron, "what makes the thing worse is, this order comes from our biggest customer, and he declares that unless we can secure the charter for him by to-morrow morning he will take his business to another ship brokerage concern."

"Whew!" whistled Jimmy, "solely."

"So I shouldn't wonder if we lost our biggest account," went on Mr. Waldron, sardonically.

"But such a tramp steamer may come into the harbor by to-morrow

morning," spoke up Jimmy, eagerly.

"Yes, but if it should, how can we be sure of getting her? The Maritime Exchange serves us all alike in the matter of reporting arrivals. Other brokers have the same show as we do," observed the manager. And he concluded by nodding his head significantly over toward the piled up work on the junior clerk's desk.

And Jimmy Evans and the rest of the office staff of Grenhard & Company, ship brokers, of New York City, were soon immersed in the details of their regular labors.

Late that afternoon Jimmy left the office and hastened toward his suburban home. In going to the ferry he had to pass along a portion of West street, and became very much excited on noticing a certain craft in the North River. The vessel was heading inshore and evidently was about to come alongside of a dock. A longshoreman and half the city landlubbers could have told at a glance that she was a private yacht, but Jimmy never asked. He was possessed with the insane idea that she was a tramp steamer just arriving. The question of her probable tonnage bothered him.

"I'm sure I can't guess whether she is of two or ten thousand tons," he muttered, desperately.

But putting this detail aside for a moment, the lad dodged his way across the street, in and out among the recklessly driven teams, entered the freight shed very much out of breath and waited for the craft to make her landing. This was accomplished in short order, and scarcely had the gang plank touched the wharf before Jimmy was running up it, very neatly bowling over a portly individual who was about to commence the descent.

"Well, young man," began the latter, a trifle brusquely, as he staggered back from the shock of the encounter, "what are you trying to do? Knock me—"

"Please, sir—er—captain—excuse my haste, but are you a tramp—er—that is, your vessel, I mean—is she a tramp steamer?" interrupted the excited youth.

"Hey?" snorted the other, wondering.

"Because, if she is, I can offer you a line charter," went on the guileless Jimmy, "that is—er—if your boat does not run much over two thousand tons."

"Bless me! The boy must be crazy," exclaimed the portly individual.

"If I am right in my guess that this vessel is a two thousand ton tramp steamer, and I do hope I am, you really must give our firm the chance of chartering her," rattled on the enthusiastic youth.

"What is the name of your firm?" queried the other, commencing to be interested by the lad's combination of ignorance and earnestness.

"Grenhard & Company, one of the oldest and best in our line," declared Jimmy, proudly.

"And what share may you have in the firm?" questioned the elderly man.

"Me? Oh, I'm only a junior clerk, the lowest in the office. I suppose I ought to be really called the errand boy, but Mr. Waldron—"

"If the office boy of the concern runs around hunting up steamships for charter, I wonder what duties the head of the firm reserves for himself?" commented the portly gentleman, much amused.

"But you have not answered my question yet," put in Jimmy, fearing that he was not making a good impression. "I don't mind telling you that it is a very important matter for us. Unless we make this charter by to-morrow morning we shall lose our biggest customer."

"Dear me, dear me," cried the other, "that's too bad!—after all your exertions, too."

"Then you've not a two thousand ton tramp steamer?" queried the boy, with a falling inflection in his voice.

"No, only a two thousand ton dollar steam yacht," replied the portly individual, gravely. "But I—like your spirit, and I'll tell you what we might do. We might help you to find what you're looking for."

"Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side, "this young man is in

search of an incoming tramp steamer of about two thousand tons that may be open for charter. See if you can help him out. I won't need the yacht again until late to-morrow."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mariner, touching his cap with a forefinger and speaking as if such an order was nothing out of the common way.

"And, by the way, young man," said the portly individual, interrupting Jimmy's torrent of thanks and turning to descend the gang plank, "you would better send a telegram to your home people, so that they won't be worried should you be absent over night."

And away he went to a waiting cab, with an attendant valet and two sailors loaded down with small luggage. After having followed the suggestion of the thoughtful yacht owner Jimmy returned aboard, the gang-plank was taken in, hawsers cast off and the little steamship departed upon her odd mission, steaming directly down the New York Bay and into the open sea.

On the following morning the senior partner of Grenhard & Company showed some excitement in his face as he entered the office.

"Where's Evans?" he demanded, looking over at the unoccupied desk.

"Not here yet, sir," chirped Ralph Connor.

"Sick, I guess," growled the office manager.

"Well, well, I hope not," returned the kindly old man. "Mr. Lawson has not been here yet, Waldron, has he?"

"No, but he telephoned that he would be in a few minutes. Here he is now."

"Good-morning, Mr. Grenhard," cried a thin, undersized personage, with bright red hair, entering at the moment. "I hope you've got that charter all fixed for me."

"My dear Mr. Lawson," commenced the old broker, in an evidently apologetic manner. "I trust you—"

"I am a man of my word," interrupted the newcomer, "if you haven't that steamer for me I'll transfer my custom elsewhere. Grimshaw has cut in ahead of me twice now, and if you can't supply the vessel—"

While Mr. Lawson was delivering this tirade Jimmy Evans had come in, looking very white about the face but with excitement glistening in his eyes. Hastily scribbling a few words upon a scrap of paper, he stepped forward and presented it to his employer. He returned to his desk immediately after doing so.

Mr. Grenhard glanced carelessly at the little memorandum, started, read it again and the started over at the now husily engaged junior in open-mouthed amazement.

"I'll simply have to do as I said," continued the would-be charterer, "and make a new connection."

"I would remind you that I also am a man of my word," replied the head of the firm, throwing back his head, "and I never promise unless I can fulfill the obligation. I must confess that I really did not think that I could fill your last order, but by a lucky chance here's just what you wanted; the Cecilia, twenty-one hundred tons, is in my hands for charter at a lump sum within your limit. This vessel is just entering the harbor, light, and will be ready to load at once."

Indications point to the lowest of junior clerks of Grenhard & Company as one of the coming successful merchants of the great city.—Success.

**WOMAN IN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.**  
(By Archbishop Ryan.)

Before the advent of Christianity woman was, in most countries, little more than the white slave of man, who had dominion over her property, and in some places over her life. The degradation which polygamy stamped on her was everywhere felt. It was sometimes simultaneous polygamy, when a man kept several wives at once, and sometimes it was the no less criminal, but more comfortable and convenient, the successive polygamy of divorce.

Seneca laments the fact of almost daily divorce in Rome in her most cultured period, Juvenal, who lashed the vices and vicissitudes of his day, tells of one woman who by divorce married eight husbands in five months! Even the "divine" Plato, the most "naturally Christian" of the pagan philosophers, advocated a community of wives, and on the ground that the children would then become more exclusively the property of the State.

Such was the world when in the stable of Bethlehem, the birthplace of civilization, stood a woman. Her arms formed the throne of the newborn King who proclaimed the ransom of redemption had come from her alone. Filled with the spirit of God, she, representing as it were the whole sex, cried out in her sublime "Magnificat." "He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed, for He that is mighty hath done great things for me, and holy is His name."

Woman was exalted in the person of the Mother of Christ. Therefore it was, as it were, the triumphant "Magnificat" canticle of liberated womanhood! The Christian Church abolished at once simultaneous and successive polygamy, and thus preserved the dignity and freedom of woman. Should she ever become degraded again, it will be by the modern paganism that ignores Christianity. Already perils surround her. For nineteen centuries Christianity, organized in the Catholic Church, has contended for the indissolubility of the marriage tie, which is woman's only hope of retaining the position which she now possesses. Unfortunately, this doctrine has been disregarded, and divorce, with the permission to marry again, is drifting us back to successive pagan polygamy. The twentieth century will feel and see and acknowledge the wisdom of the old Church, in repressing, rather than partially indulging human passion, by sweeping away the very possibility of marriage after divorce.

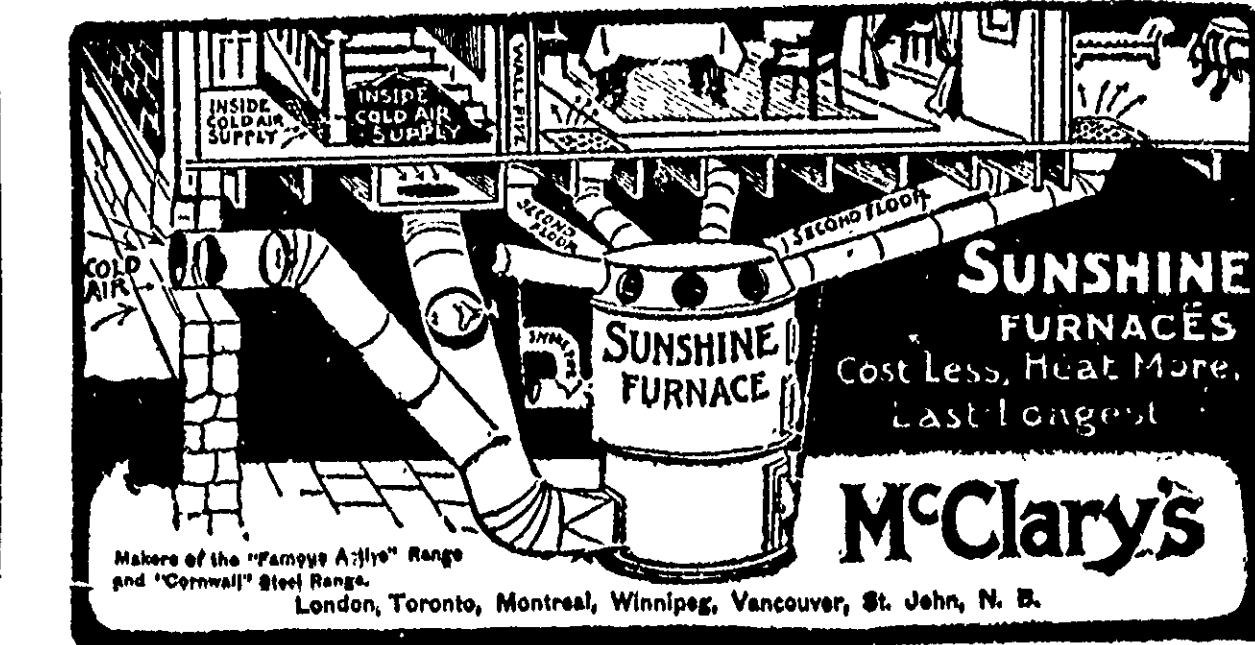
And not only over woman, noble and virtuous, but also over her fallen sisters, who are popularly supposed to be like fallen angels, destined never to rise again, has Christianity spread the aegis of her protection, and inspired hope of reformation. Under pagan civilization this unhappy class of women was simply ignored, and their case deemed hopeless.

Of all the beings on earth, who drink the bitter waters of human misery, the most truly wretched is that outcast woman who has lost virtue, and has come to know and to feel her supreme gulf and wretchedness whom the world in its cold-heartedness or pharisaical prudery deems it pollution even to mention, who, crushed by sin and sorrow and all social proscription, wanders in the world like a moral leper, parentless, friendless, homeless; whose heart is a wild waste, without tree, or fruit, or flower, or one gleam of joyous sunshine; whose hopes, like fallen leaves, are withered forever, and who wishes to sink like these leaves into the earth and be forgotten.

Only Christian charity could reach her, fallen as she is, she is a glorious subject of that charity. Fallen as she is, yet remember there was a time when that young heart beat high and joyous to a pure and holy love. There was a time when a mother's kiss was imprinted as a signet upon her yet untroubled lips, when the eyes now closed in sorrow, and scorching under her warm tears, laughed out the ingenuousness of her simple heart.

The world that allured and fascinated and ruined her, now flings her from its bosom, like a scorpion, or smiles contemptuously at her misery. Looks upon her as Satan looked upon Eve after he had wrought her fall.

Such was the fallen woman under Paganism and stern Judaism, when one of her class, with singular apparent audacity, which was really supernatural courage, entered the



banquet hall of Simon, and, untroubled by the presence of indignant Scribes and self-righteous Pharisees, fell weeping and broken-hearted at the feet of the Founder of Christian civilization.

She washes these feet with tears, and wipes them with her dishevelled hair. She kisses these feet in reverent love, for they are beautiful. Yes, Mary, "beautiful are the feet of Him on the mountains," high above the low prejudices of men, of Him "who evangelizes good things, evangelizes peace" to thy broken spirit, which, like thy broken alabaster box, sends upward to Him the odor of sweetness.

Mocking Pharisees understand it not and are scandalized "If this man were a prophet," they whispered to each other, "He would have known what manner of woman this is that touches Him, that she is a sinner." But see the Lord repels her not. She looks not into the heaven of His face, for well she knows that like the heaven beyond the stars, "nothing defiled should enter there." She speaks not, but only weeps. He who esteems most the heart eloquence of such penitent tears, hears and blesses and forgives her!

And how faithful this "sinner of the city" afterwards proved!

She was found on Calvary at her old place at His feet, His bleeding feet; she threw her arm around the bloody rood as He hung expiring upon it. She knew Him in the Garden

of the Resurrection when He pronounced her name and awoke the memories of Simon's banquet hall.

And now in Heaven she still clings to her old place, at Jesus' feet, the part "that shall not be taken from her forever," and prays for her poor outcast sisters—the sinners of the cities of the world. She became a factor in the great work of Christian civilization. From the time of Magdalen, the fallen penitent woman became favorite objects of Christian charity.

Quite a number of these poor penitents desire to remain all their lives under the protection of the Sisters, and a religious order called that of the "Magdalens," with vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, has been instituted for them. Of the penitents who leave, the greater number persevere in virtue and are happily married.

Of those who relapse into sin, quite a number return again to the house, as the vivid impressions made on them during their former residence there almost invariably revive. Amongst the penitents, especially in Europe, are found highly educated women, and it has sometimes occurred that the pure virginal Sister of the Good Shepherd receives as a penitent, one whom she knew in the world as a dear friend. We can well imagine such a scene! The Sister attempting to throw her arms around her, and the penitent recoiling from her and exclaiming, "Oh, don't, it

demons such as I have been."

And then behold the Sisters leading her to the Convent Chapel and leaving her before the tabernacle—Magdalen at the feet of Jesus!

**CARDINAL LOGUE ON IRISH LANGUAGE REVIVAL.**

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, who takes the warmest interest in the Irish language movement, presided at the Omeath Feis, on Sunday, August 10, and gave practical advice to those who attended. If, he said, they wanted to keep up the spirit of nationality they must keep up their national language. It was the charter of nationality—it was the spirit that breathed life into the dead bones of the country.

When their friends across the water wished to crush out the national spirit they first wished to crush the national tongue and they went far towards doing so. He then instanced the case of Poland, Ma ta, Austria and other countries, and said that if the people of these lands were making such a struggle to preserve their national speech he did not see why Ireland should not make an effort to preserve the Irish language.

A meeting of members of the Confraternities and Societies attached to Dublin city and suburban churches was held on the same day to consider the arrangements necessary for sending delegates on the pilgrimage to Rome. Father Ryan stated that the pilgrim hymn, "God Bless Our Pope," had been translated into Gaelic, and soon the children in the schools would be heard singing the praises of the great Pope Leo in the native tongue.

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The publisher's autumn announcements of historical works are of much interest to Irish and Catholic readers. Mr. Justin McCarthy has finished his history of "The Reign of Queen Anne," and proposes subsequently to bring his "History of Our Own Times" down to the death of Queen Victoria. Father Barry's history of "The Papal Monarchy from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII," is also announced, besides the first volume of "The Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton which is due on November 1st. Signora Giglioli's "Naples in 1799," including an account of the parts played by Nelson and Lady Hamilton, derived from Italian sources, will make up an autumn publishing season of unusual interest.

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**THE HERO.**  
(Will Read Dunroy)  
The bravest man is not the one who roars  
In panoply of vaunting night,  
Facing the world with muscles tense  
as steel  
And eager to essay the fight,  
But he who, helpless, watches where  
he stands  
With manacles upon his willing  
hands

The bravest man is not the one who shouts  
And lunges to the furious fray,  
Spurred on by plaudits of the waiting throngs  
Who cheer him as he stands at bay,  
But he who, pale and helpless, views the fight,  
By circumstances shorn of his high might.

The bravest man is not the one who leaps  
Across the chasm filled with fear;  
Nor he who rushes headlong down the steep  
To cope with dangers creeping near.  
But he who, wounded, grinds his teeth in pain  
And pants to feel his useless muscles strain.

The bravest man is not the one who overcomes,  
And vanquishes what he assails;  
But rather he who battles grimly on  
Although his enemy prevails.  
Who, fighting hopelessly, yet stands serene  
And scorns to do an action low and mean.

The bravest man is not the one who fights  
With flesh and blood before the world,  
In lofty combat where the world may see  
Him triumph, or to earth be hurled;  
But he who strives to reach the final goal  
By fighting enemies in his own soul

**CATHOLIC NEWS**  
Westminster Cathedral has a flourishing choir school. At the recent distribution of prizes in the Archbishop's House, Mgr. Canon Fenton, V. G., distributed the prizes to the successful among the boys, and delivered an address congratulating them and inspiring them to lay the foundation for a tradition for study, efficiency and manliness for the guidance and encouragement of future generations of the boys' choir school.  
The Sisters of Nazareth House, Mission of St. Ignatius is in a flourishing condition, elementary having recently been added to the college for secondary education, and an imposing church edifice being in the course of erection.  
The Sisters of Nazareth House, Cardiff, demonstrated their gratitude for the late Marquis of Bute's charity by presenting to the Lord of Bute an address on vellum by one of the Sisters.  
The children of the Church of England School at Dorchester are re-

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quired to say the "Hail Mary" as far as "Holy Mary, Mother of God," to attend the children's Mass (Protestant) and to bow to the altar, those refusing to bow receiving chastisement. The affair has caused indignant comment in the House of Commons.  
The last official act of the late Cardinal Ledochowski was to hand the press an important letter from our Holy Father securing to the new seminary in Athens for young clerics of the Latin rite who speak Greek an endowment of 300,000, and placing the institution under the care of the Propaganda.

Mgr. Fonti, from being Nuncio Apostolic to the republic of San Domingo, has been appointed Nuncio Apostolic to Brazil.  
The late Lord Acton, on being asked on a certain occasion by what means the conversion of some Protestant friends might be brought about, said: "I would give them some books and leave them to themselves."  
Marchioness Susannah Maria Lloyd Menabrea de Vall Dora (nee Crowhurst) was received into the Church in the convent church of the Sisters of St. Clotilde at San Remo, Italy, Bishop Ventimiglia officiating. The order of services composed: Solemn abjuration, profession of faith, exorcism, baptism, followed by prayers, absolution, etc., as in the Ritual, then administration of Confirmation to the neo-convent, and Solemn Mass by the Bishop during which the happy convert received the Blessed Sacrament for the first time. The Marchioness is reported to be a convert from "Anglicanism."

The revolutionists have attacked Cumana, a city on the Gulf of Caracac of 10,000 inhabitants, and are resolved to take it. There are only 350 Government troops against 1,110 of the revolutionary force.  
Premier Combes openly accuses the royalists of showing themselves favorable to the religious schools, and threatens to call them to account. The French Catholic press denies Combes' allegations.  
A Protestant missionary to China has devised a Romanized alphabet for Chinese. By its means two bright country boys learned to read at sight within a single week.

Mgr. Joseph Schroeder, formerly of Washington University, has been chosen rector of the new University of Munster.  
About fifty Colonial troops, who, with a number of comrades in arms, were visiting Edinburgh attended High Mass in the Cathedral on a recent Sunday. After the Gospel the Very Rev. Administrator spoke a few words of welcome to the men.  
The German Minister of War has addressed to the commanders of all German army posts a circular touching the observance of various religious feasts on the part of the army. The Catholic soldiers are dispensed from all military duty on the feasts of Easter, Pentecost, Christmas, Circumcision, Ascension and Corpus Christi.  
The Minister of Instruction of Chile has granted subsidies to a number of public institutions. The Salesian Church and school of St. Vincent de Paul, Valparaiso, get \$6,000 and \$2,400 respectively, while the school of the Our Saviour Asylum receives \$600, and the Foundling Asylum \$1,500. In Santiago the normal school of the parish of St. Michael gets \$1,200 while the school of the Franciscans receives \$1,500. In Copiapo the College of Physicians gets \$2,400 and the young ladies' school of the Immaculate Conception receives \$4,600. In Talca the parochial school receives \$1,200 and the College of Physicians \$1,500.

The following statement contained in a recent publication, "A. B. C for Catholics in Every Station of Life," by Rev. P. F. X. Brots, S. J., is provoking contradiction over in Germany; "A heretic is one who knowingly and in defiance of the voice of conscience quits the true faith. This is surely a most grievous sin, for which, as Holy Scriptures teach, he deserves to be damned everlastingly. Hence, heretics have likewise deserved temporal death."  
The skull of the celebrated 18th century philosopher, Leibnitz, has just been found in the cemetery at Neustadt, Hanover. Its cerebral capacity is 1422 cubic centimeters, giving a cerebral weight of about 1,357 grammes. It will be remembered that although Leibnitz died in the Church of his birth, he was well disposed towards Catholicity and sought to make way for the return of Protestantism to the old Church.  
A pilgrimage to Gladbach, Germany, has been in progress from August 18. Among the pilgrims

participating in the pilgrimage were a number of young men from the University of Bonn, who were on their way to the city of Gladbach to attend the annual assembly of the German Catholic League. They were accompanied by a number of priests and laymen, and the pilgrimage was a most successful one. The pilgrims returned to Bonn on September 10, and were met by a large number of friends and relatives. The pilgrimage was a most successful one, and the pilgrims returned to Bonn on September 10, and were met by a large number of friends and relatives.

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It contains list of **The Ontario Clergy, The Parishes of Ontario, The Liturgical Calendar** prepared by **The Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto.**  
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served as a cover for a paper. A fragment from a paper used by Our Blessed Lord and His disciples on that occasion, articles from the cross on which Christ was crucified, etc. The number attended in large numbers.  
Great commotion and legal proceedings are the result of the following strange occurrence: A babe having been born to a couple of a mixed marriage and the father having reported the event to the Protestant minister with a view to baptism, a Sister of Mercy took the infant to the Catholic pastor of the place by whom it was baptized.  
At the recent election of officers of the University of Berlin for 1902-3, Hornack, the noted rationalistic ecclesiastical historian, was elected dean of the theological faculty. Dr. Gorko becoming dean of the university. Dr. Th. Kipp the romanticist dean of the law faculty and Occultist Von Michel dean of the philosophical faculty. The clinical department of the medical faculty has a successor to the noted Dr. Gerhardt deceased, in the person of Prof. Von Leubemot Wurzburg.

**DOMESTIC READING.**  
A drop of ink may make a million think.  
To love God is not to have a will of your own.  
It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.  
The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence.  
God pardons like a mother the kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.  
An "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.  
As we grow older we set a greater price upon fidelity, and where is there such faithfulness as in the Cross?  
The farther the author holds himself from the crowd, the more may he hope to find thoughts in which are hidden germs of immortal life.  
Let us correct the habit of believing in men, and of placing our hopes in them; let us not correct ourselves of the habit of loving them.  
He who unintelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, he is ever so closely occupied.  
However great the distance we should make it with pleasure, in order to have the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass and the sacred mysteries.  
Do you wish to experience a great joy which concentrated itself in your soul embracing it for long hours? Do so much good as possible, as secretly as possible.  
Four things are required of a woman—that virtue should dwell in her heart, that modesty should shine upon her brow, that sweetness should flow from her lips, and that labor should employ her hands.  
He that knoweth not what he ought to know, is a brute among men. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. He that knoweth all that may be known, is a god among men.  
Our prayers are ships. We send them to no uncertain port. They are destined for the throne of grace; and while they take a cargo of supplications from us they come back argosies laden with the riches of Divine grace.

I am sure that no man can know peace who has not come through storm. Peace follows battle. It draws its meaning from contrast. And, oh, how inestimable the delight when the clouds break and the sunshine gleams forth!  
"I have never understood," says Eugenie de Guerin, "the confidence of those who present themselves before God with no other support than social good conduct, as if our duties were enclosed in the narrow circle of this world."  
We are not called upon to keep and make ourselves laugh because the day is dark. Tears are good, and silence is a blessing. Only we must not let our grief be bitter or selfish, and our dark days must never be days of gloom or complaint.  
The years of old age are stilled by the cathedral of life in which for aged men to sit and listen and meditate and be patient till the service is over, and in which they get themselves ready to say "Amen" at the last, with all their hearts and souls and strength.  
Unreflective minds possess thought only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, or other, anywhere, and for use desired.  
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