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On the Consecration of Mankind to the acred Heart of Jesus. Jesuit Mis-tons in Ontario. (Illustrated.) His Excellency the Most Rev. Diomede Fal onio. (Illustration.)

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the benefit of his fellows, Dominic O'CONNER'S HERO. O'Conner and others. It was the same spirit of ingenuous hn J. A Becket. in American Messengar the Sacred Heart. lovalty and simple regard that led the old Irishman to call his great dog, Mc

O'Conner let his hos drop as the sur Carthy. A fit namesake, this nobl went down behind the Virginia moun dumb thing which would wander forth ains. The great luminary's work from the cabin when evening glow was over for the day and so was his ignalled respite from toil, and, going The sweat on his forehead dampened the thick grey hair that straggled beto his master's side, would stand look ing up with eloquent eyes for a word low the peak of his furze cap. His keen Irish eyes looked with pensive of greeting. He would remain sup portingly by, as the old man's worship wistfulness on the familiar view. How ful fancy reared again in the golden frame of the West, the majestic pile within which his splend'd countryman many sunsets had he seen in the wil derness! How many years it was since he had sailed from Ireland for the set the pulses of men astir. When he felt the dew beneath his hand on the Western shore toward which his countrymen so naturally drift-sailed, full of ignorance and hope. He had achieved nothing very brilliant. This tawny back of his own loyal admirer O'Conner would staik slowig to the cabin, light his pipe and continue his small farm on the mountain side was devotions at the shrine of McCarthy. his and he had built a primitive cabin Then came to him one day the acut on it with his own horny hands. He est joy in his life of prose, which glit-tered with such one-syllabled words of seemed to have grown into the frag-rant isolation of the airy region from which he wrung his living. Now his beard was pretty white and his russet skin was wrinkled. But he was not thinking of the lone

ly being he was as he stood wrapt in thought in the sweet dusk, his spark ling eyes, a film of abstraction over their brightness, peering into the golden West. His soul was steeped in vision familiar to his avid ideality The Capitol rose in its magnificent mass, the Nation's flag fluttering from its heights, swallows darting in and out of the arches where with grateful irreverence they had built their nests. Beneath its sweiling dome, a sonorous voice rang through the Senate Cham ber, thrilling with the passionate cogency of his hero's oratory. His stout heart thumped anew with teres perception of the scene. The young Senator, Edward McCarty, was hi ideal of the Irish patriot transplanted to an alien but adopted land which magnanimously honored his worth in the work shop of the Nation's strongest

He had read of him : had slowly conned his speeches: had grown friend ly with the indomitable manliness of him : had approved the sweetness of his heart and pictured with content the endearing phases of his home life. Bat the old Irishman was never so moved by thought of him as when he corjured up the spectacle of his virile force swaying rows of Senators agape be fare the magic of his suasion. In the flesh, he had never set eves or

Day by day, the craving to behold him grew more insistent. Senator from this "O'd Dominion State," he lived in county not far away, and several times, in November, had come to a deer-stand in the adjacent county : but overty and fate had kept Dominic Connor from slaking his vision on he face of the man who represented him in the Senate. Once he had actu ally started for the county seat to hear his idol speak ; but his cow got found ered and he was too late for the barbe cue !

The cow and the patch of land with the cabin were the sum total of his earthly possessions, except the huge Saint Bernard dog which he had found one bleak morning, barking baside th frozen form of his master, a young Englishman gone astray in the moun-

tains. He had been hand in hand with poverty, ever since he pattered around on Irish bog, and was as accustomed to her as a husband to the homely face of But of late, sometime a good wife. plated, as he faced the dying sun, the

"U. S. S." on it in blue.

personal message from an apostle

pride till he read the magnanin

Mr. Dominic O'Conner:

ld upon his

ro who had taken suc

with

words.

poetry as love, truth, right, duty, hope Its source, his exemplar of humanity the man of Tyrose. A shadow fell across his threshold. 'Is it you, Kathleen?" he asked nowing to well it was that he knocked it does powerful well. he ashes from his pipe against the en

of a flume spitting log before he turned his head to greet her with a gleam from his clear blue eyes. She came forward and took the rush bottomed chair scross from him, swing-ing round the rifle that hung at her

back to rest it on the floor. The same hardy, guileless tyye as himself, his old time neighbor was such a Diana in homespun that he gave no special heed to the weapon she bore. Her gray eye considered the compact figure, slightly pending forward in tranquil expects tion. After a moment, she spoke. "The Senator's ben at the house.

"O'Conner let his question fall slow Ben and gone? lv: Yes. He was at the Court House.

'nd only stopped for dinner. I wanted to come for you Dominic." She spoke slowly, administering the disappointment in sympathetic mitigation. would have, if the horse hadn't gone to the mill, 'nd he could't wait." His left hand rubbed his heavy eye brow in an absent sort of way. he neat his empty pipe two or three times against the paim of his hand. "He sent you this," said Kathleen sitting up and holding the rifle erect. Sent me-that !

He rose alertly, strode forward |and grasped it. "Yes," said Kathleen with full ap-

preciation. " Please give that to my good friend, O Conner," says he, " with my respects. And tell him it's gun fit for a man from Ty rone." "With his respects," muttered the old man. "McCarthy !" He held the gun as if it were a new born infant. And will you be after looking at the stock of it." cried Kathleen, warm "He made that himself ing up. Cut the wood, dried it, and carved them pretty things on it. He even drilled the screw holes with his own hand, do you mind? 'Give it to Mr. O'Conner, with my respects. My best Those be his exact words.' respects. "Best? Did he say his best res pects. Kathleen ?" demanded O'Conner

with gravity. "He did that, Dominic ; for I know thought the eloquence of him ! Sure, I don't think the City of New York could show a better gun nor that. She ran her fingers over the glisten

the stock. McCarthy stood back with it, a little jealously.

McCarthy," who lay down over Katheen's feet as if in chivalrous devotion to the sex. "To town, is it ?" she cried, goading her reluctant team to more h exertion "Shure, you wasn't mean-ing to walk it, Dominic! You'd be frezen before you got there."

"Kathleen, my brother, Mike, in Californy, is dead - God rest his soul! -and his lawyer man has sent me a check for \$100 ing it with a curse. "I am sorry. God rest him !"

"A hundred dollars ! Whatever will you be after doing with it?" "I'm going to Washington to see Edward McCarthy," he replied with

quiet exultation. Kathleen gasped at the audacity and expense of it

ward and saw McCarthy. He had dreamed that he would behold him in Yes," said the old man, raising his head ; "it's a long night that has no sunrise, acushla. My sun is rising ome flight of burning oratory, his soul flashing through look, word and and will shine on the head of one o gesture, as the exuberant passion of th' Almighty's finest make for me to his sincerity swept his auditors on to see his blessed face. I'm taking him the goal he set before them. Instead, the best thing I have in the world, the he saw a noble face with death's calm good dog there. It's long ago he'd have had him, only for the money it upon it : veiled eyes, closed lips and hushed repose giving tribute, as it took to send him. Sure, Kathleen, were, to a mightier eloquence than money can't do much, but what it can, his own. As O'Conner looked upon

Kathleen snuggled her feet under him, through the cool perfume of the white roses strewn on the casket's lid and the delicate breath of the violets the great dog's side with a new appre ciation of its warmth. The wind whistled and blew the fine particles massed on the black steps came a warm whiff from the melting candles into their faces, until they glistened like frosted pipkins. They fared on whore spears of flame fluttered above the dead. It swept O'Conner back to in silence, the cart groaning, a thin the days when a rugged, barefooted lad, he has served the Mass in Tyrone. steam rising from the oxen. Olice a shot rang out and a deer flaw across Two hot, big tears gathered in his the road and dashed into the woods

O'Conner urged the oxen incessantly He was getting too slowly to his goal after the long waiting. He was so after the long waiting. ost in picturing the event of the near future that he did not notice how quiet he and his companion were. Kath-

leen set him down at last to wait yet a little longer for the train which should whirl him to Washington. It was too cold to linger to see him start, but she ooked back two or three times at the sturdy figure striding up and down on the small platform, "McCarthy slouching at his heels with jovial pati ence. O'Conner did not see her. His eves were up the track.

Washington !

When O'Conte: made his way out o the station, he behald the stretches o the beautiful city sheeted in dazzling white. Had he found it buried in blackness that left nothing visible, he

would have loved its hospitable charm: for he had no thought save of him whom it held for his coming.

" Drive me to the Capitol as fast a you can get there." he said to the first cabman he met, and clambered in, the Saint Bernard crowding jealously in The remains were after him.

He had not tasted food or drunk any thing since he left his cabin, but h cut off in his energetic prime. felt no hunger save that of his greedy soul, and scarcely heeded the biting cold. He breathed a little heavily as he felt how near he was to his heart's Should he fail now? But he could not, for he had stepped out and here was the Capitol before him, not a dream, but solid reality. Still, his hand trembled slightly as he paid the abman

The Capitol loomed grander than h had ever fancied it. Its imposing from those they had piled around his coffin, thinking you might like them, Mr. O'Conner," he said. "Yes, I do. Thank Your Lordship," mass of pillared height and soaring dome seemed as if it had sprung into the upper blue, born of the white A crowd of muffled men and arth. women were decorously making their he replied haltingly. "I would, inway up the long steps. Ferrary Carthy was to speak to day, and they bear him. He ing walnut and the incised pattern on derd.

ward McCarthy, Your Lordship.

his hand.

"Thank you, my good girl, for would like to see him first, as he had dignity, moved slowly out of the echo-bringing me the likes of that. It's so often pictured him; his spare, wellknit figure, drawn to his full height, his Celt fire kindling the souls of his adopted countrymen by passionate pleas for their national interests. A lady gave a curious glance at the eager, roughly clad Irishman, with the beaming face, as he pressed forward, the great dog slouching close at his heels. O Conner saw no one individu ally. He only knew that there were many pilgrims to the national shrine. In his doubt as to where he should go, he followed the throng, which wept him into the rotunda. Then, still following a stream of people, he found himself at the door of the Sen ate. Oh, these city folk! It irked him to see their sad faces, such as the mountains did not show. He hoped McCarthy's would not wear that constrained expression. There was a glow in his heart and a glitter in his eye. He was here, where Edward Mc-Carthy won his glory and did his A guard stopped him to ask about the dog. As O'Conner was trying to explain why he had brought him, his fear of delay or frustration making him awkward and diffident, someone approached wearing the purple robe and cape of a Bishop. "Can I do anything for you, my good man ?" he asked considerately. You can, Your Lordship," he ans wered with blunt trustfulness. "I want to see Senator McCarthy. Ed.

MARCH 31. 1900.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY In Perth

ber that, my son. These citizens are

here to see how the Nation honors the

toble man who is dead in her service. St. Patrick's Day, 1900, was right, brated in Perth. Flags were fly, he public buildings, the stores we traped and everyone seemed to be-Shannock regardless of creed or na Masses were celebrated in the cl-banis as and the store of the store of the store Masses were celebrated in the cl-Go in with them, Mr. O'Conner, and royally cel-ing from all look at him. It will give you peace i not the joy you were counting on." The staunch old man stood, numbed Shainrock regardless of creed or nat Masses were celebrated in the ch John the Bapisi at 8 and 10:30 o'(on ter being a High Mass. A treat had parel for the congregation by the 20 or, Rev. Father Davis, in the form by VeryRev.H.A. Constantineen, D rector of Ottawa University. The R was listened to with rapt attention at able and cloquent address touched of all present. Ho toosh for his text ing: Ye are a chosen generation that ye should shew forth the pra-marvelous light. "IS. Peter, 2nd c verse." by the blow, his face seeming to shrivel. Only a moment. He straightened up, in the pathetic re ignation of one who takes sorrow from the hand of the Lord instead of repuls The Bishop put his hand on the hard arm and guided him into the Senate Chamber where the young Senator lay

in state Ueder his guidance, O'Converse.) The text which I have just q tinued the Rev. Father, is one ye ed, cor ner drew near the casket, bent for The text which I have just qu tinued the Rev. Father, is one very ate for to day and one very approent applied to the Irish race. To-day wa ary occasion—it was no ordinary mass celebrated this day; but it was a dear to every Irish heart, an or which so many plous sculs, an occ-so many exiles of Erin assemble to and do bonor to their patron samt St. Patrick. What a great honor it man to be able to claim Irish extra-able to truthfully boast of Irish b veins, to have the honor of being a -of that great nation of which St. P the father. Glory, honor and prais Patrick, one of the great sets ints of of God. What has made Ireland she is to day but hard hereace to th grea Patrick, one of the greatest saints of u of God. What has made Ircland t she is to day but herad herence to the teachings of St. Patrick. that faith y justly earned for her the title of "T of Saints, that glory of her faith her house, the glory of her faith her has made Irishmen the bravest, women the purest women in the wor The learned lecturer next proceed case the life of St. Patrick. Taken p the shores of France his captors carr Ireland. He was then aged sixto During his sojourn in Ireland he wo in the numble pursuits of a shepherd from his captors he returned to country where he began preparatio great work her was destined to carr, prepared for the prischood. After dained a Priest of God he was sh rugged, barefooted eyes, rolled down his weather beaten inined a Priest of God he was sho arised to the exalted station of a Bi hus prepared he returned to Iroland o her people in a mapper so by unimed up in the text "You shall ruth and the kruth shall set you f Patrick - was no longer a bendsman.b s slave - yes the willing slave of his Master Jesus Christ. He came with he came with the spirit of prayer; h preach by word and example the glo and the salvation of souls. What a cheeks and splashed upon the black cloth. "Oh, the boyish look of him ! And the folded hands after the good work ! He spoke the words audibly, in a mothered voice, forgetful of all but McCarthy and himself. He stretched reach by word and example in mot the satistion of souls. Wh n St. Patrick's preaching and it is time! Yes, Ireland stands sold relief as the only country due sky that owes its conversion uan — the only country in the erted without the shedding of, hood. The characteristic virt ick, as well as the characterist rishmen, was his faith. What ver Ireland after its conversion entre of due ations: the centre of entre of due ations: the centre ons fluctions flourished, and it becam the education of the youth of das! how soon was this to be tory of Ireland's the day suffering an never be told. The story of er exiles her deaths and to there and the fluctuations flourished, educ utions flourished, and it becam he education of the youth of das! how soon was this to be tory of Ireland's long suffering an never be told. The story of er exiles her deaths and torture an never be written. No, there ide in Ireland where her chill net to worship: not a cave forth his calloused hand and gave a fatherly stroke to the fine, brown hair that overhung the broad brow Then he fell back into the crowd and sank upon his knees to pray for the soul of him whose warm, friendly grasp he had hoped to know ere this The Bishop had not lost sight of him, and now brought up a friend of the dead Senator who took O'Conner to a good place on the Sanate floor. After a little, he saw the President and the legislators of the Nation file into the large, severe room to render tribute to their brother statesman who had been called, leaving the plough with its share buried in the unfinished furrow. to worship: not ises of the faithful h ense to Almighty Ge met to votenp, not a carrier and a praises of the faithful have not ascend incense to Almighty God. Yea, her Cut are living monuments of all chis. But i flourished ; still that fulth grew, and ti uit good and evil report Jreland was her faith. Look at her to day. Look a her faith. Look at her to day. Look a which had been instilled into them by rick. Irish immigrants were forced home to leave everything near and dear to wander into foreign lands to build up which had been instilled into them by rick. Irish immigrants were forced which would be strongly, like the ho had left. What yearnings and sighs w which would be strongly, like the ho had left. What yearnings and sighs w which would be strongly, like the ho had left. What yearnings and sighs w which would be strongly, like the ho had left. What yearnings and sighs w which would be strongly, like the ho had left. What yearnings and sighs w which would be strongly, like the ho had left. What yearnings and sighs w when would be strongly like the ho had left. What yearnings and be the rear bedimmed cycs to bid good bye fond parents, these kind and loving ! had sisters, whoaisel too often it has h e was gazing upon for the list tims ! hot on this earth surely in Heaven, thi of rest. Other virtues of SL were his penance and prayer, and t marked characteristics of the Irish p word over. If, as it has been said, '6 tiseth those whom He loves'' then si er obelience and respect to her p Bishops. In extolling the Irish learned lecturer said he could not of than quote the words of Reverent? O areat secrets of Ireland's grautees, 'And w' Then followed the Senator's family and a stream of surpliced altar boys the assisting clergy and the Bishop. blessed and th Bishop spoke a few telling words on the man, good and true to his every trust, whom the country greived for, As in a dream, O'Conner saw the casket uplifted and borne away, and the dense crowd silently melt after it, leaving him alone in the great, empty hall which had been the scene of his hero's activity. Again the friendly prelate came to this unique mourner who had come in glad heartedness to meet the living, and had found greeting of the dead "This is a bunch of violets I took

"Yes, I do. Thank Your Lordship."
the replied haltingly. "I would, indec."
The grasped them, rose stiffy and been served to the words of Revenel father served to the Bishop with uncould dignity, moved slowly out of the echo ing chamber. As he abstractedly descended the long flight of steps he had mounted so short a time before in fevered expectancy he raised the bunch of violets to his face and drew comfort from their chill perfume second the basis and looked back, not knowing why. The Saint Bernard rubbed his head against his leg and the agent in this trend heat and hooked back, not knowing why. The Saint Bernard rubbed his head against his leg and the agree of the steps.
Bafore he left it sill, he wheeled slow, it was not looked up. High in the stor of the steps.
Bafore he left it sill, he wheeled slow, it from the top of the Capitol, taut in the store and back of the facer of all costers have the tork was the indeced on the steps.
Bafore he left it sill, he wheeled slow, it for whos and looked back, not from the top of the Capitol, taut in the store and bis head against his leg and the store and back of the steps.
Bafore he left it sill, he wheeled slow, if was the store and back of the steps.
Bafore he left it sill, he wheeled slow, if was and looked back, head against his leg, the satis the store and white and blue, flew the Stars and Stripes – Flag of the Stars and Stripes – Flag of the fag ould never die!
Conner is back in his mountains as deep a pace as over in his sout, and a glory which no man shall take from him. Whether he hoes his field or peers into the dying day, or smokes pensive at his bare hearth, the old dog drowsing at his feet, he still looks for ward to seeing McCarthy's face and hearing his mellow voice, one day.
Int Maclaren ' is the pen named tight was the performed to may shall and again the sere of Liverprool. In The Potters' when a during the version. The

MARCH 31, 1900

have listened to with so much pleasure, and to the enjoyment of which 1 am sure you will be glad to return, breathes no offence, expresses no epithet remineacent of oppression and tor-ture, nor by any offensive implication does it indicate that any part of the community is to be brought or lie under any particular musical of unmusical instrument. It recalls no memory of which is any part of the community is to have the loyalty of men, who foolishly per-hake to the loyalty of men, who foolishly per-have and glory of that dear little is a called to be brought. Who was all unworthy of their de-hours and glory of that dear little is a carosy of us fool that the and she hope which so many of us feel that the hour of her deliverance will not be much longer defared. It is as disting they and tear are in it the warm lay of love and the light note of glainess breathing at one moment the song of desire, and at another pouring the full the of the deliverance will not be full the full do for the pation of note the full the of the pation of a do not moment the song of desire and at another pouring the full the of the indicated of any low of the full the store of a safeness in the most is pour strain and ever the thriting chord of mem.

Imperation of the second strates that in one respect of least there is a race in this country, and is held ionight, that is distinct and different is held ionight, that is distinct and different is on other races. But this difference is in he every nature of things. Throughout the window miverse diversity is the rule, likeness the weat in the scentric and th ad dominions, which Irish valor has he extend so wide, that, to use Kipling's ph

"Lay hold with the wings of the morning. And flop round the earth till your dead; But you can't get away from the tune th they play And the blooming red flag overhead."

And the blooming red flag overhead." No part of the British Empire has more logalty in its highest sense than have it people of Ireland. You all remember Moor rebuke which is expressed in the national which inspires us to day. "Contempt on it Minion, etc." We have ever loved freeded and while no men had less reason to be loy no men have been more loyal. because in have greater reverence for authority, none-more forgiving, none more generous. Becau Korid, owes so much to Irish genius, in lite ture, in the councils of the nations, in the velopment of the laws and institutions of wh we are so proud; so much to Irish wisdon the councel, so much to Irish visdon the other, is because the Celife temperament invased the whole mass of English-epaak

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simple soul, he felt a dumb resent-ment at the lack of means which barred him from a pilgrimlong I've been thirsting for a sight of his face and to hear him speak with the music of his voice. The day must come when I shall. But it's not comage to where he was. In his unthink ing resignation to a straitened lot. plainin' I am when the great Edward this one desire stood up like a steel McCarthy sends me a rifle fit for an Imperor. With 'his best respects.' thorn which made his heart bleed. He Imperor. sought to exercise this smouldering re-You didn't put in the 'best,' did you belliousness by work, trying to bury the uplifting hope with the seed he cast into the broken earth. Yet despite Kathleen ?

"The saints forbid, Dominic O'Con ner. Would I be addin' words of my him, he could not but aspire to the day own invintion to the speech of him when he should look into the strong, kindling eyes of this man among men that flows like wild honey? Shure, it could say it like him, man dear, it Oace in a burst of familiar nearness to his hero, he had written to him with would sound more than 'best.' An a bold request that he would send him a few garden seeds! Then he had now I'll be goin' to leave you alone with the gun to get used to it. O'Conner made no effort to detain walked to every train for a week in

her. Kathleen and the gun were too desperate fear that his audacity would much company for him as yet. When reap naught but the humiliating chid she had gone, he sat down and ex-amined every inch of it; turned it ing of the great Senator's silence. But one morning he got a long envelope around, fingered it, held it, aimed it Fiush ing like a girl at the sight of it, O'Conat an imaginary eagle, and loved it : until the huge log burned through ner opened the packet as if it were a and the ends fell together with a soft He

crash. He rose with a long inflation had never known the full swelling of of his chest and placed it carefully or his cot. Then like a good old child, knelt down, said his prayers, and as

the dawn was blotting out the stars got into bed. He went to sleep with his hand on the rifle lying at his side, on the grey blanket. It was a sharp, clear morning, when O'Conner stood, fully dressed in his "best clothes" for a journey. He wore his mountain boots and had a

green woolen cloth around his nack. McCarthy," waited with interest for the break into the outer world. When he reached the door of his cabin, the old man paused and looked up the road. A dry creak had prepared him for the spectacle of Kathleen, sitting in an ox cart, wrapped up, like a mummy, in swathings against the cold, and urging forward a superann uated pair of oxen, whose ruffled fur showed dingily in the fresh brilliancy

of the wintry weather. "Can I do anything for you to day, Dominic ?" the called, as the steaming steers came to a halt. "I'm goin' to town

here to-day to see him." Then, as the rugged face reflected "Then it's meself you can take with only pride at this homage to his hero, you, my girl," he replied briskly. His foot was already on the wheel and as soon as he was settled, he helped in God has willed you should. Remem- invitation of the pierced Hands."

I've brought the dog for him. I've never

seen him, but it's long that I've de-sired to. He'll know me, Your Lord-ship, if you'll only tell him Dominic Rev. Dr. Watson, a Presbyterian minster of Liverpool. In The Potter's Wheel he writes : O'Conner is here to see him and shake

With his best respects, "When one enters the dimness of a Your Lordship " The Bishop's face grew grave be foreign cathedral he sees nothing clearly for a while, save that there is fore the childlike assurance and joy in that of the old Irishman, whose blue a light from the eastern window and it is shining over a Figure raised high eyes quivered with supplication. "My son," he said with slow gentle-ness, "I fear you will not find the above the choir. As one's eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, he identifies the crucifix repeated in every side of Sanator can greet you as you hope. the chapel, and marks that to this Suf-All of this throng of people are come ferer all kneel in their trouble and are comforted. From age to age the shadow hangs heavy on life, and men walk softly in the holy place ; but ever

In Toronto

HON. F. P. LATCHFORD'S SPEECH IN TORONTO.

In Toronto. In the Pavillion; Toronto, on the 17th, a con-cert was given by the I. C. B. U. on which occation, also, the following brilliant address was delivered by the Hon. Frank R. Lutch-ford, Minister of Public Works: Wherever the Cell is to be found-and where is the land throughout the earth that is not hild our labors? his pulse beats on St. Patrick's Day with a livelier thril, as here calls the memories, sweet, sad, and ziorious, that cluster round the Emeral 1 is in the Atlantic matche by adversity to the ends of the earth. The severywhere germinated and taken root, and spread and biossomed in achievement, at times in the glory of the battlefield, and more often in the not less heroic deeds of common I.e. That we are to-night, here in Canada, in a new nation, celebrating the festival of St. Patrick, needs no explanation, no excuse. We have a many kind, or any class or creed in any land. We revive no bitter memories, though there are many which must come surg-ing up in our minds, when we think of the land of our fathers. The music, which we

The connell, so much to Irish vision the council, so much to Irish vision of battle; because the Gelife temperament is round the whole mass of English spaak nations, the Empire and its glory belong large part to us, and we cannot, we will be dispossessed of our own. No body of n shall exclude us by the claim that all the glo all the achievement belongs to Andlo Sax dom. Not we alone but our Scottish cous and the Manxmen who speak, as did our f fathers, some form of the old Celtis tons have contributed to this glory. They are more Angle Saxons than they are Slave Germans,—and it is well to remember this these days when beginning with the Span American war, such mixed peoples as Am cans and Canadians are spoken of as An Saxons. It is well to understand that, w there is no man of Irish birth or descent in land who does not glory in his Canad citizenship, there is not one among us whol can be an Anglo Saxon. Which of us by tal-thought can add to his stature one cubit! man canna se easily become a German asan II race in this country or elsewhere to be it full trish. Mr. Latchford here related an aneddo-illustrate an Irishman's pride of nationa During the Spanish-American war an Its and a German ware discussing in New Y the provess of the different nationalities. German asked the Italian if he were me Italian what would he wish to be. The an regine the talian put the same quer the German, where piled that he would wish to be an lishman. The Italian put the same quer the German, where piled that he would the wish to and a German were not an Trishman, version and appealed to battle the same quer is thy called him over and appealed to a they called him over end an picking the same show the same quer the German were not an Itishman. "" At if you were not an Itishman.

thus : "Pat, if you were not an Irishman, would you be?" "If I were not an Irishn was Pat's ready response, "shure I'd ashamed of myself."

"That which we are we are ; "One equai temper of heroic hearts. Not "weak by time or fate but strong i "To strive, to seek, to find and not yield.

Men of Irish birth, whether in Cana bewhere throughout the world can no Men of Irish birth, whether in Cana elsewhere throughout the world can no become Anglo Saxons than they can be Doukabors. We should be ashamed befor world, if we pretended to be what we ar We only need to be what it is open to al here to be true Canadians. The he which has come down to us through g tion after generation of sturdy manhoo pure womanhood we bride in and shal serve here amid the snows of Canada diminished vigor. True. we speak th guage the gland, and although we ha really learned it, we speak it fairly we was foreign to our people, set with brightness, which is one of their chara-tics, they soon conquered it and beca matter.

tics, these, which is the red it and been matters. But so on conjuered it and been matters is speak of the Irish names that added new lustre to the langunge and thre of length of the langunge and thre of length of the langunge and the of length of the length of the one councils, vision to her arms? If it is the new right of the flereest battle by their side and worthy of their the other sources in the of orem the of Cast of the source of the other and the other councils, the length of the origination of the source of the one of the source of the other of the one of the source of the other of the machinent," her length of the gradest and movement is of all of the gradest year indecember of all of the gradest year indecember of the local year indecember of the l

Check that Cough BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Fac Simile Signature of Com She box.

precious missive from the hero

for whom his heart was niche, back of

a rude print of the Crucifixion. The

good Lord gave His life for men, and

Edward McCarthy was giving his for

