An Easter Hymn.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

Hail Easter morn, hail new-born Life,

Forth rising from the grave!
The Lord hath conquered in the strife,
Who died from death to save.

Let the heavens weep for joy, and earth In fragrant flowers bloom. While we acclaim the glorious birth Of Life from out the tomb.

Let children's happy voices ring In thankfulness and praise: Let virgins whitest blossoms bring And dew besprinkled sprays.

shirt Waists s taught.

BERLIN, ONT.

Hallelula, hallelula still,
Till echo speak the song,
And every heart with gladsome thrill,
And every soul be strong. Where now, O Grave, thy victory?
Where now Death's cruel sway?
The spell is broken. we are free,
And bright is all our way.

To Thee, sweet Jesus, thanks be given;
To Thee our all we owe—
The joy of earth and hope of heaven,
And faith which conquers wee.
—Ave Maria.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Easter Sunday.

PEACE.
Peace be to you." (St. John's Gospel xx

It was the evening of the first bright Easter day. The accounts of the rising from the dead of Him whom they had hoped should redeem Israel were being discussed, in that upper room where they had celebrated the Passover, by the disciples. Suddenly Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them and said to them : "Peace be to

you."
He who burst the bands of death, He who is the Author of life, came back to earth with the same message with which He first came-the message of peace. The angels over the plains of Bethlehem sang "Peace on earth to men of good will," but to day is heard that word of Peace of which theirs was but the faintest echo. When God, the mighty One, chants His pæin of riumph, well may all created things

be silent. My brethren, our Blessed Lord has

for us a message of peace this day.
For three years He went up and down the hills and vales of His native land, and His whole pilgrimage there seemed but a warfare. Men scorned His teachings. They despised Him and His words. He died, and it seemed as if a great light had been extinguished. But when He rose triumphant over death, when by His death He overcame him who had the power of death, then came victory, and with

victory came peace. Is this the case with your hearts to-day, my dear brethren? Has our Lord, who perchance lay, as it were, dead in your soul-has He, I say, risen in you again? Are you in Him risen up to a new and a better life this

glorious Easter morning? If such be the case, peace is yours. For six long weeks you have been preparing for this day. To this hour you have looked forward. Lent has been a preparation for it. You piously entered on the performance of cer-tain duties which you took upon yourself. You engaged to battle in a special way with sin. You have fought the battle nobly, and with the aid of of the Sacrament yours is the victory. and Jesus now stands in our midst.

He is in your very breasts, and says 'Peace be to you."
What means this word? It means a

means that, having overcome, and being in a state of grace by co operating with the grace of God, you are now so strong that you can say: "I now so strong that you can say: "I now so strong that you can say: "I mever will, with the help of God, comnever will will be a subject to the wave of the will be an additional to the wave of th victory won in your hearts. It now. Did you receive the Sacraments often then? Why not keep on in the same good custom?

Ah! so many people when Lent is over ruin all the good they gained by leaving it all behind them. But the person who will put into practice all the good deeds, all the prayers and devotions, which he used in Lent for the rest of his days, he is the one who may be said to have obtained the great and inestimable gift of peace-our Lord's benediction on Easter Day.

Neither is peace exactly the same thing that we mean when we speak of a peace being concluded between two

nations who have been at war.
We are still at war with sin. There is no truce, there can be no truce with There is not and there never can be any cessation of hostilities. It is nothing else, then, than the firm puroose of amendment of life, put into daily practice, by efficaciously using the spiritual weapons which Jesus Christ in His mercy so lovingly provides for you.

Be not discouraged then, though you have yet to fight and wage war. Peace is yours, because He is on your side who overcame, and by whom you, too, will conquer. What care you for such battles when Christ Himself fights for you? Your souls are in peace, for He is dwelling in you. Such, my dear brethren, is the gift of peace which our Divine Redeemer bes upon you this Easter morning. And I can wish you no greater happiness than that when, soon or late, He may stand in your midst, your ears may rejoice to hear those blessed words-"Peace be to you."

Henry Ward Beecher once informed man who came to him complaining of gloomy and despondent feelings, that what he most needed was a good cathartic, meaning, of course, such a medicine as Ayer's Cathartic Pills, every dose being effective.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our dear boys and girls, the glorious Easter festival is at hand, and if you have but been faithful to duty you can with all your hearts sing "Alleluia! Alleluia!" Let there be no evil passion in your hearts, no envy, no hatred, no jealousy. The following beautiful and interesting Easter story below tells of how one wise mother by her tender sympathy, assisted her son in overcoming a jealous feeling that had taken possession of his heart.

Easter Violets. There's no use in my singing anyway, and I don't want to go to choir practice this afternoon," said Leonard Ripley, coming to his mother's chair as she sat sewing at the window. She looked up from the little frock she was making, to say quickly, "Why not, Leonard? I thought you were so interested in the Easter music."

"Yes, but," said the boy hanging his head, "I never had a solo yet, mother, and I've been in the choir most two years, and Charlie Williams, who came after I did, is going to have two for Easter. If I can't do as well as Charlie, I don't see any use in being in the choir at all.'

His mother said nothing for a few moments. She seemed intent on the work in her lap.

At last she began gravely, "Leonard, I've been thinking of a story I heard a long while ago; would you like to hear it?" and without waiting for the joyful affirmative she knew the story loving boy would give, she drew him to a low stool beside her, and began in her quiet tone :

"Once upon a time in a great city many miles from here, lived an old gardner. He had a kind heart, and loved all the flowers he tended, but most dear to him of all was a little Violet, which for years had grown in a warm corner of the garden, shedding

her sweet fragrance far and wide. "One year spring came early, and with warm rains and bright sunshine wakened the little Violet from her long winter sleep. Ere April had half gone her roots were covered with clusters of dark green leaves, and dozens of Bud children lifted their sky blue eyes joy fully to the far away heaven above

"Of all the Bud children one alone was unhappy, and hung down his

head discontented and sorrowful.
"Mother Violet was grieved to hear little Bud grumbling. She drew down a leaf from over his head, that a dewdrop which was blinking on its upper edge might fall into its mouth. Then she said kindly, 'Don't feel badly, my dear, because you were not picked up when the Lily children and Red Rose bud were. Don't you know we each have a niche to fill, and if we do that, well, no matter if it's only staying on the bush till we wither and die, shedding our fragrance in this tiny corner, we will be doing what we were made to do just as much as though we were stared at by the biggest crowd in the

world. "'I don't care,' said Bud, crossly, I'm just as sweet as the Lily children, though they do wear such fine white clothes,' and he turned away his face that his brothers might not see his eyes brimming with tears.

"The old gardener was at work still, going from one bed to another, to cull a blossom here and there, and packing them in great baskets which were carried off on men's shoulders.

strange. "The sun was shining through the stained windows of a vast cathedral, making patches of colored light on the

shippers. It seemed to Violet Bud that all the children of the garden had given themselves to beautify that festal altar. The tall Lily children mingled their graceful forms with sweet white Hyacinths and modest Snow Drops, while, not far away, on the carved shelf where the golden chalice stood under its snowy veil, lovely Red Rose Bud-

open now-blushed deeply.
"Poor Violet Bud blushed too, when he remembered how discontented he had been the night before—his jealously seemed so trivial when he looked back to it from the solemn peace of the great church. He felt glad to be the general burst of love and praise.

as we often never know how much depends on our quietly doing our best). Anson has led and leads an exemplary pends on our quietly doing our best), to him, together with his brother Buds life. honor of proclaiming the glad tidings play as good ball in his fortieth as in of the Victory won, the conflict ended: his twentieth year." of the Victory won, the conflict ended: of salvation and resurrection of the faithful soul: for above the altar, where every eye could see it, in the center of the cross, which was wreathed into a Catholic young men's society where every eye could see it, in the with flowers in token that what was once a tree of shame is now a crown of glory, was traced in modest blue Vious was the man's dyspeptic day, and he

lets the glad message, 'Christ is Risen.

hurrying back with a beaming face, mother, as she still sat sewing, cried new hospital. When he said that he society on basiness principles there is asked me first because I seemed to give no reason that one should cultivate my voice and time so gladly I could such a cold blooded business air as this. not help feeling like a hypocrite till I tole him about the horrid jealous feelings I had this afternoon. Then, mother, he was, oh, so kind!

" His eyes were full of tears as yours are sometimes when I have been naughty, and when he spoke his voice pain. They are guilty of it frequent was so low I could hardly catch his words. 'You must never think, my boy, that your voices makes no difference in the choir, he said, 'for although it is not suited for solos, it is very useful in the chorus, where volume and steadiness are needed. And try to remember, too, that even though your voice may not be recognized by the congregation it is heard by the angels, and God will bless you

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

for using it in His service!"

We would say to our Catholic young men, above all else, be true to your-selves. Let no possible loss of influence, of patronage, or gold, tempt you Better a thousand times to be slandered site, to gain a hollow friend. Worthier far to remain poor forever, the brave and self respecting heir of the drachms," which are the heir of wrong,

'to drop your generous blood.'

Expensive Ignorance. One of the very happiest lessons to learn in early life is that ignorance is expensive — ignorance of anything, not of books alone, but of all the commonest things of life. One cannot afford to be ignorant in these days. The homely saying that "all is grist that comes to the mill " holds good in the acquiring of knowledge. Never let anything slip by you until you understand it. You don't know how soon you may want to use it .-Anon.

Odls and Eads of Time.

With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every would, if properly employed, enable any man of ordinary capacity very shortly to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. must not allow the time to pass without yielding fruits in the form of something learnt worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some

Rewards That are Sure but Slow. you have the power to live new lives. So put into continual practice those means which you found so helpful in Lent. Did you pray regularly in that time? Do not leave off the practice now, Did you receive the Sagramants. It means that you have the power to live new lives. So put into continual practice those means which you found so helpful in Lent. Did you pray regularly in that garden with a lantern, and, stooping down to the soft green hillock where now, Did you receive the Sagramants. The rewards of honesty and unsage which ensures to the business man the unfailing respect and confidence of his associates and of the community at large. The man on whom we can rely, "whose word is as good of no question," writes Edward W. Bok down to the soft green hillock where the Violet family slumbered picked. April Ledical Heaves and the unfailing respect and confidence of his associates and of the community at large. The man on whom we can rely, "whose word is as good as his bond," is the man with whom the violet family slumbered picked. April Ledical Heaves and the unfailing respect and confidence of his associates and of the community at large. The man on whom we can rely, "whose word is as good as his bond," is the man with whom the violet family slumbered picked. down to the soft green hillock where the Violet family slumbered, picked tenderly each sweet flower, and laid it gently in a basket of damp moss. ti gently in a basket of damp moss.

Next morning dawned, and when Violet Bud opened his blue eyes, they looked upon a scene most new and pass through more fire than others, but I firmly believe that the reward in the end is the greater to those. What the world says of a man matters little in stone floor, and illuminating the such a struggle. It is the great inner reverent faces of the kneeling wor satisfaction which comes to a man that ness adversity. counts."

Strong and Quick at Forty.

Men should be as strong, lithe and vigorous at forty as at twenty, and one way to retain the elasticity youth and come to a vigorous old age with a sprightly step is to engage in recreative exercise, such as basket ball, hand ball, tennis, etc., and to live a rational, temperate life. President Young of the United States Base-Ball League writes of "Uncle" Anson. the famous base ball player, in high terms of commendation which have a good lesson for men:

"I know of no better model for there—glad to fill even an unseen young players to study than Capt. corner, that he might breathe his Anson of the Chicago team. He is an sweet fragrance abroad to mingle with ideal athlete, indebted to nature for a rugged constitution, and as he never "What mattered it it no one saw abused himself by a prodigal manner him? He was doing what he could, of living or excess, he is pointed to and that was enough.

"Ah, though he knew it not (even wonder of the age. But there is really There is really no reason why from the green hillock far away in the corner of the old garden, belonged the constitution at the outset, should not

Be Cordial Every Day.

heavily. Not a muscle of his face moved. He said a few decent words, Silence followed the conclusion of the mother's story. Leonard was thinking. At last he jumped up, saying only, "Thank you, mother," kissed her and ran off to choir practices that heaving that invites confidence

was very busy and felt his burden

and meets one half way, so that one and throwing his arms around his could not help wondering as he went out how that man could gain the con mother, as see shif sat sawing. Crist judgments as see shif sat sawing. Graph fidence of young men, be their friend, came true this very afternoon. I'm so adviser and leader. We have a most glad I didn't stay away from the pracdecided dislike for gush and effusive tice, for as we finished singing ness, but there is a spirit of cordiality Father Lane called me to him to tell and heartiness in transacting business me about a concert he is going to have which every man needs to cultivate. on Easter, if the choir can aid, for the In attempting to run a young man's

Slothful Young Men.

Some young men think nothing of neglecting to hear Mass on Sundays. They speak of it as if it were not a mortal sin, punishable with eternal ly, and when they do go to church,

they are usually late.

The excuses they offer for this offence are frivolous and exasperating They say they are tired on Sunday mornings, but they are not too fatigued on other days to be at their business in time, nor too weary to go to entertain-ments in the evening after their work is done and to stay up until long after midnight. They say that they need a long rest occasionally but on such holidays as the 24th of May they are up and out bright and early in the morning and keep astir all day and

well into the night. If they were to receive \$500, every time they were present at Mass, they would not go only on Sundays but also every other day in the week to the doing of that which your judg. Wouldn't they? Let they themselves ment and your conscience disapprove. answer. Yet what are \$500 compared

with the grace of the Holy Sacrifice than to sin; nobler to spend your days
in all the bitterness of unheeded
struggle than become a hollow para
by failing to hear Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation, are often guilty of scandal. They scandalize their younger brothers and sisters. crust and of the spring, than, in another sense than Shakespeare's "coin your heart," and for the "vile away from church, in imitation of their slothful transgression. him," says our Lord, "by whom scan-

dal cometh." There are possibly souls in the bottomless pit who are damned because they neglected to assist at Mass on Sundays. Who would want to be their companions in torment and remorse

Success in Business. The following excellent advice on

for all eternity?

this head is contained in a recent issue of the Review and Record. Smartness and shrewdness are ex cellent contributory capital wherewith to start in business. Industry and push, too, are substantial aids to sucess. Intelligence, of course, is indis pensable, and with patient persever ance it will usually conquer all ob stacles, and land a man, sooner of later, on the upper rounds of the ladday withdrawn from frivolous pursuits der. Foresight, punctuality and self-would, if properly employed, enable control, which embraces temperance, are also qualities which help materially in the struggle, and which go to make up the successful business man. But all of these attributes combined will fail to secure for a man permanent success of the best and satisfactory kind, unless they are indissolubly joined to gether with the cement of character. It is character, after all, which really counts in the business world, and it alone which ensures to the business

> friends and customers to himself with hooks of steel. Success of a meretricious kind may be obtained by the tricky individual, but such a success is at best a jerry built structure, put together with sand instead of honest mortar, and which must inevitably disintegrate under the influence of time or the stress of busi-

Why Americans Let the Freemasons Dupe them.

Since Father Bresciani's "Lionello -now out of print-many books have appeared purporting to give to the world the secrets of Freemasonary. Bresciani dealt with occult sects of Italy, especially with the Carbonari. But his pictures were so highly colored that in our calmer atmosphere they seemed like impossibilities. In fact, horrors are wasted on Americans. Leo Taxil's revelations, "The Devil in the Nineteenth Century —let us hope he may be less powerful in the Twentieth!—Huysman's "Le Bas," Diana Vaughan and all the other Con tinental horrors do not move us, beause we have an insular and narrow notion that anything is possible on the Continent. We have probably bor-rowed this from the English through English Literature. Free Masonry in this country can never be combatted by sulphur and red flame or Lucifernian sacrileges and outrages. - Maurice F. Egan. in the New World.

As Old as Antiquity. Either by acquired taint or heredity those old foes Scrofula and Consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion. The Risen Christ.

aster Day breaks! Christ rises! Mercy every way is infinite-Christ rises! Mercy every way is in Earth breaks up; time drops away In flows Heaven, with its new day

hat is left to us, save in growth What is left to us, save the giver of soul to rise up.

From the gift looking to the giver.
And from the cistern to the river.
And from the fluit to infinity.

And from man's dust to God's divinity.

Robert Browning.

THE CARDINAL'S DAY.

Next to the President of the United

A Protestant Writer on the Work of America's Prince of the Church.

States, Cardinal Gibbons is about th busiest man of high position in thi country, says a Protestant contributor to Leslie's Weekly. He is never in bed after 6 o'clock. He celebrates the 7 is busy with his secretaries, his mail and the merning papers, which he never fails to read. This work almost Scott's Emulsion supplies. always goes over its alloted hours, for his mail is heavy and he answers a great many of his letters personally. Every note of letter I have ever reeived from him has been in his own hand writing, and when I suggested that it must be a great deal of work to write so much and that the typewriter certainly offered a way out of it, he re-plied that he found that he could get FATHER MATURIN'S CONVERSION shades of expression and meaning with the pen that somehow escaped him in Unusual, Because Some Doctrines Had dictation. When to this correspond-ence we add the fact that he writes his ermons and, most astonishing of all, that he has written all his books-some have in this very performance a great deal more than the average man accomplishes. I can now understand why one of the men who were putting his last book in type said to me: "The Cardinal is a good man, but he is dread. fully poky about copy." That, how-ever, is not because he does not do his work promptly; it is because he revises and rewrites so much, and if the authors who wait for inspiration and dash off things could see and know that it is out of the hardest toil the simple and direct style of the Cardinal is born, they would understand better why it is that his books have had a wider sale than any religious works published in this country, one of them now rapidly nearing its three hundredth thousand,

and the others growing into new editions every year. At 10 o'clock, or possibly earlier, the calls begin, and from then to 12 visitors take up his time. These are of all kinds and conditions, for the Cardinal is as popular among the poor as he is among the rich, and those who come in carriages and those who come afoot fare alike in attention. Never was tact better illustrated than in his disposal of these callers. He goes to the heart of the matter at once, and when the conversation is over he rises, tells his visitor he is glad to be of such service as he can and leads the way to the door, making the adieu most charmingly, but most conclus . A great many Protestants for he is much liked by them, and it is easy to separate the Catholics and the Protestants, for the Catholics kiss his ring. Those who are rabid in their religious prejudices may be surprised to know that many of the Pro-testant ministers and the Cardinal are on terms of cordial personal friend-ship, and I have heard one of the most brilliant of the Protestant preachers of Baltimore say that the Cardinal was a priest among men and a man among priests, and one of the most deeply spiritual men he ever knew. In their absolute devotion to their work he coupled the names of Gibbons and Phillips Brooks, and he knew both well. Only the Cardinal knows the purposes of the callers, of course, but there are many applications for charity, and there are many visits of man whose integrity is above susrespect, especially by strangers in the city, and among the regulars are the picion is the one who grapples his

> could easily fill his time answering reuests for articles and interviews At noon there are religious duties, and at 1:30 o'clock dinner is serveda plain meal, for the Cardinal is a small eater. He rests after this, but it is only for a short while, for there are more letters and matters to be at tended to. The work goes on steadily until 3 o'clock, when the afternoon visitors begin to arrive, and from then until 5 the parlors and reception-rooms are generally well filled. After 5 comes the Cardinal's walk. Then he feels as if he has a little time to him self, but it is not always that way, for a dinner engagement—he was to dine with President Cleveland the day I saw him—may interrupt his programme, or he may be down for an address at a plain meal, for the Cardinal is a small eater. He rests after this, but

reporters of the newspapers, who come

Cardinal had nothing else to do he

with all sorts of questions.

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them. But no discovery has ever yet been approved by doctors which will cure consumption that way. Germs can only be killed by making the body strong enough to overcome them, and the early use of such a remedy as Scott's Emulsion is one of the helps. In the daily waro'clock Mass every morning. At 8 he takes his breakfast, and until 9:80 he heat who is provided with best, who is provided with

> some important function. As a rule, however, his evenings are spent in his library, which is a spiendid collection of books of over a century's growth, where he reads diligently and outlines his sermons and his literary work.

Scott's Emulsion supplies.

Kept Him Away from Rome for

Several of the clergymen of the advanced or ritualistic parishes in New York were seen recently by a Sun reporter, but none of them would discuss the question of Father Maturin's conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. The priest had not been in this country for three or four years. At that time he left Philadelphia with the other Cowley Fathers, who had been in charge of St. Clement's Church in Philadelphia. This left but one par-

sh in this country under the direction of the Society of St. John the Evangel st, and that is the Church of the Advent in Boston. "These Cowley Fathers," said a prominent Low Church clergyman, "were the most advanced of the monks of the English Church, and for that reason nobody expected that any one of them would be likely to join the Roman Church, as their own programme, which was very little different, was the result of the system which they had practiced for years. Father Maturin had been a priest for nearly thirty years, and for all but three years of that time he was an advanced ritualist. No such significant loss has fallen to the High Churchmen in a long time, and I think that the effect of his action will create a profound impression among the Ritualists of this country as

well as England. Father Maturin was no young enthusiast. He had been in harness for years, and nearly all that time he was as near the Church of Rome as he could possibly get without being in it. Probably he denied three or four of its tenets, such as the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception, the use of the Latin language and the doctrine of Indulgences. For years he has held out against those doctrines and some minor matters of practice, and was separated from the Roman Catholic ommunion by no greater difference of faith. So his conversion now is rather curious. It is unusual for a priest to be consecrated when he has found points of difference significant enough to keep him out during most of his life. make Father Maturin's secession very different from that of the ordinary convert. They are usually young people on those who had been Ritualists

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not not be without them for any money."

**Exerc. and Assect Science and Billions Decampes.

for a short time. They are rarely men

who have been practicing the doctrines

of Ritualism in the most extreme form

for years.'



and

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