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VOL. XIII., No. 10

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Irish Revival Growing Apace—No Belief in Dr. Osler's Old Age Doctrine—Not for the Celtic Race at Any Rate—A New Life of Father de Smet, the Renowned Jesuit Missionary—Four New Townships Named After Irish-Canadians—The Welsh Religious Revival—The Mayor of Calgary A Sensible Man—Col. John F. Finerty of Chicago Hurt by a Fall.

The Irish revival is growing apace. There are now about 500 branches of the Gaelic League in Ireland and a feast or festival at which prizes are bestowed, is held by each branch once a year. Thus are the various talents of the young people drawn out and developed. Prizes are given for oratory, singing, dancing, music, etc., etc. The champion orator of all Ireland at the present day is one Michael Ruadhri, or Michael Rodgers, to give his name the English pronunciation. He is a young fisherman from the west coast in the County of Mayo. All he knows he has learned from word of mouth from the Gaelic speaking people of his native village, and he is more thoroughly grounded in Irish history, tradition, music, literature and art than many a man in the universities. One of the labors of the League at the present time is to seek out the immense fund of poetry, tradition, and knowledge that lies buried in the minds of the old men and women, and preserve it before it dies out and is lost to the people forever. The discoveries in Irish phonetics contained in a recent little book on Irish were made from the pronunciation of an old man in the County of Sligo. The pure tide of his perfect Gaelic had never been defiled by a single English word, and he had preserved in fact the ancient and original pronunciation of the Irish words. From an aged woman who spoke only Irish were gotten thirty-six ancient Irish proverbs that had been practically dead for generations. From an old woman in the Arran Isles were learned the words, music and movements of the traditional spinning dance and song which had come down to her through uncounted generations. As a matter of fact the Gaelic is a superior language. Some of the peasants in the Arran Isles use, in ordinary conversation 5,000 words. The ordinary speaking university man uses only 3,000. There are professors of Irish and ancient Irish art in some of the Irish colleges. One of those Rev. Father O'Flanagan of Summerhill College in Sligo—is now in America lecturing on the subject. He will tell you that it was an Irishman that discovered America, and that Ireland is the only other nation in the world besides America that ever undertook a war for humanity's sake alone! and that the intrinsic nature of Irish art renders it probable that the lens and the drawing compass were known to the monkish illuminators of missals hundreds of years before they were discovered on the continent. This gentleman has published a book of original research and discovery in Irish phonetics, which is considered by philologists to be of the highest value in the study of language in general and to throw particular light on the true pronunciation of the ancient Gaelic.

I have no belief in the assertion that man's best works are done before he is forty years of age. I remember once having had a list of the names of men who performed their most important works when they were old—works in literature and art, even in warfare, and science. I wish I had that list now to refute Dr. Osler. The writer of this had his head examined after he was forty by the celebrated phrenologist Dr. O. S. Fowler, who told him that he would improve mentally as he grew older and I am sure I have done better work since than before. Henry George wrote his great work, "Progress and Poverty," and entered into the work of propagating the single tax, long after he was forty. The Shanley Bros. engineered the Hoosac tunnel after

they were forty. The Duke of Wellington won Waterloo, the most important battle of his life, long after he was forty. Dante and Milton wrote their immortal poems when they were old men. There are aged men doing young men's work in our midst, right here to-day. If any one will take the trouble to look through the biographies and find out when our great men did their best work it will be found it was when they were old or growing old. Of course there are exceptions like that of Napoleon. Some men develop rapidly in their youth, others develop slowly and keep on improving even in their old age. No one will presume to tell me that Thomas D'Arcy McGehee did better mental work before forty than after. I believe the lecture on "Milton" that he delivered here in Toronto shortly before he died, was his masterpiece. I do not think it had a counterpart among all the lectures. The people who listened to it were amazed. McGehee's intellectual faculties were constantly improving, and had he lived to a ripe old age his intellectual development would surely have placed him among the foremost minds of any age. It is true he was precocious, but the indications were that his brains were still growing, his intellectual grasp becoming firmer, and his ideas broader and more beautiful. The greatest Irish newspaper that we have anywhere to-day is the Irish World of New York. Its editor, Patrick Ford, is an old man; but that great newspaper never displayed such vigor and power as it does now. Let me give one more example of Irish endurance and value in old age: The Hon. Townsend McErmott, an Irish-Australian barrister, has just entered on his eighty-seventh year and is still actively practicing his profession in Ballarat, where he has lived for half a century. He is the oldest practicing member of the Irish bar, to which he was called in 1840.

A new life of Father de Smet, the great Indian Catholic missionary, is about to be published. In my younger days I put a good deal of matter in type about this saintly man. He was a Belgian by birth and was born in 1801. He came to America in 1821 and was one of a band of Jesuits that undertook missionary work among the Indians in the Far West. When the first American pioneers were on their way to the Pacific coast from Missouri, they lost their way and did not know which way to go until they fell in with a party of white men, guided by an Irishman named Fitzpatrick. Father de Smet was the chief man of the party and they were taking him to the country of the Flathead nation. The two parties then traveled together for a long distance. The leader of the immigrants in after years became a Governor of California, and in his reminiscences published some years ago in the Centennial Magazine, he declared that Father de Smet was the most admirable character and saintly man he ever met in all his life. When the Pottawatomies were removed from Chicago in 1838, to Council Bluffs, the young missionary attended them and founded the mission of St. Joseph. He soon secured the fullest confidence of the red men. He met the advance guard of the Mormons encamped in the land of the Omahas, and the description he gave Brigham Young of the Salt Lake Valley he believed induced him to settle there with his Mormons. Father de Smet made many voyages to Europe in the cause of Indian missions, returning on one occasion by way of Cape Nome and the Pacific to the Columbia river, and with supplies for his northern stations, and thence overland to St. Louis. He suffered incredible hardships, but was always cheerful and buoyant under difficulties. In the years 1867 and 1869 he was the only white man in the United States who possessed the absolute confidence of the Western Indians, and was able to travel hundreds of miles through hostile territory unharmed.

The crown lands department is not forgetful of the Irish. It has recently added four new townships to the public domain and named them Fitzgerald, Niven, Clancy and White. They lie along the present eastern boundary and are an addition to Algonquin Park. They are well-timbered and contain from 70,000 to 75,000 acres. The writer would like to know who the Irish-Canadians are that have earned the distinction of having those townships called after them.

Wales, I notice, is having a religious revival. This is nothing new for Wales. The Welsh are Celts and are a very religious and moral people, though Protestant. They are greatly given to singing and sentiment. Their religion is a mixture of Calvinism and Methodism.

Mr. John Emerson, Mayor of Calgary, is a sensible man. Interviewed by a Winnipeg Telegram representative, he said: "About the school question? We have none, and we desire none, and we do not take kindly to the effort made by Eastern papers to create one. The Territories have the best school system in Canada and all are satisfied."

A Great School

An educational institution which can show an actual daily attendance of 468 students gathered from all parts of the Dominion, and whose graduates are eagerly sought for by business firms, may reasonably be termed a great school. The one business training school in Canada which enjoys this standing is the Central Business College of Toronto. The catalogue issued by this well known school is an interesting production and may be had on application to the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw.

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BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

We clip the following item of interest from the Barrie Advance:
 "To have lived fifty years on one avenue of the town comes pretty near to being a record. Yet this is the proud distinction attained by Mrs. John Moore, of Mary street, whose jubilee her neighbors fittingly celebrated at a merry party on Thursday evening at 'Graygables.' About 30 were in attendance and passed a very enjoyable time in social intercourse and music. After light refreshments had been served, Mrs. Moore was agreeably surprised at being made the recipient of a well filled purse of gold in the name of the neighbors of Mary street, to commemorate her long term of residence among them. The presentation was accompanied by many expressions of good will and gratitude in which Mrs. Moore's countless acts of goodness and mercy at times of sickness and trouble were lovingly referred to by those who had experienced the touch of her helping hand. Mrs. Moore, although taken completely by surprise, thanked the donors for their kindly remembrance of her, and after numerous wishes for her future welfare and happiness, the gathering dispersed, well pleased to have done honor to the venerable guest of the evening."

Johnston—Carolan

On Wednesday, March 1st, the marriage of Miss Mary Frances Carolan and Mr. William Herbert, past-president of St. Mary's Literary and Athletic Association, took place at St. Mary's church. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann and the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, of which the bride was a popular member and active worker, supplied the music sung throughout the Mass. The bride, beautifully gowned in white silk, came in with her father, who was attended by her sister, Miss Dora Carolan, prettily attired in cream crepe de Paris.

The groom's brother, Mr. Chas. Johnston, acted as best man. Breakfast was afterwards served at the home of the bride's parents, 623 Queen street west. Many good wishes and a large number of presents were tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Johnston before their departure for their new home in Montreal.

World Famous Bells

The fame of the McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, is rapidly extending from one end of the country to the other. They have recently completed at their works, for the E. Howard Clock Co., of Boston, a very fine Peal of four Bells to be erected in the City Hall at Cockey, Washington, to be rung by clock-work. These bells are tuned to the intervals of the famous Westminster Peal.

This establishment is one of the largest and best equipped in the country, and possesses every facility for the production of Bells of every description, such as Church Bells, Fire Bells, Fire Alarm, Court House, Academy, Factory and Ship Bells, all of which are made in the best manner and strictly first-class in each and every particular.

A specialty being made of Chimes and Peals of Bells, of any number in perfect tune and accord with each other.

The McShane Bell Foundry Co. was established in 1856. Anyone interested in Bells of any kind should write them for their illustrated catalogue free.

My friend Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, president of the Irish National League of America, met with a sad accident in Chicago lately. He slipped on an icy sidewalk and fell breaking his collar-bone and one of his thumbs, laying him up for some time. He is a tall man, and a fall like that to him is a serious matter. I understand, however, that he will be fit for business again in a week or two.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

SCHOOLS

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

Boys who received Testimonials of merit for Excellent Department and application to study during the month of February:
 Senior Fourth Form—Joseph Bauer, Leo Wade, Edward Foley, Michael Moad, Charles McCurdy, William Maloney.
 Junior Fourth Form—Wm. Ayers, Thomas O'Brien, John Cicci, Edward Lane, John Mc'ohan, James Nicholson, Wm. Monahan, Alfred Scully, John Skain.

Senior Third Form—Harold Landreville, Thomas Shannon, John Wigglesworth, John Cronin, John Lane, Edward McCool, Albert Cain, Francis O'Brien, Arthur Vonzuben.
 Junior Third Form—Francis Hickley, Fred White, John Bannon, Francis Corcoran, Joseph Deferari, Wm. Thompson, Peter Hailey, Joseph Skain, Wm. Hand, Francis Shanahan, Joseph Feeley, Edward Conderon, Hugh Callaghan, Gordon Fensom, Francis Akrey, Michael Feeley, Albert Massey, James Cronin.

Boys who obtained the highest number of notes in monthly competition:
 Senior Fourth—1, Leo Wade; 2, Wm. Overend; 3, Joseph Bauer.
 Junior Fourth—1, Wm. Ayers; 2, Thomas O'Brien; 3, John McCrohan.
 Senior Third—1, Harry Sullivan; 2, Thomas Shannon; 3, Leo Ryan.
 Junior Third—1, Fr. Hickey; 2, F. White; 3, A. Lawrence and P. Hailey tie.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

The monthly distribution of testimonials of merit was held at 1.30 p.m. on Monday. Rev. W. McCann and Trustee D. A. Carey were present and made brief speeches. The following received excellent testimonials:

Form Fourth, Sen.—W. Carroll, W. Kelly, N. Mackintosh, A. Gentle, S. Jamieson, H. Weaver, J. Carey.
 Junior Fourth—1, Johnson, F. McGinn, F. Bero, F. Carey, H. Smith, W. Kirk, C. Corcoran.
 Senior Third—F. Glynn, W. Rutledge, R. Halligan, B. Donovan, E. Glynn, S. Byrne, J. Finley, C. Durand, L. Lambrich.

Result of Monthly Examination:
 Sen. Fourth—1, W. Carroll; 2, W. Kelly; 3, N. Mackintosh.
 Jun. Fourth—1, A. Johnson; 2, F. McGinn; 3, G. Bero.

Sen. Third—1, F. Glynn; 2, W. Rutledge; 3, R. Halligan.
 Junior Third—1, Leo O'Leary; 2, J. Britton; 3, F. Kelly.
 Senior Second—1, F. Kearns; 2, J. Flynn; 3, F. Bolger.

Testimonials:
 Junior III—F. Durand, C. Finley, J. Brennan, T. Belleisle, W. Kennedy, J. Jamieson, J. Dempsey, T. O'Brien, E. Broderick, F. Kelly and Wm. Hennessy.
 Senior II—F. Kearns, F. Bolger, N. Carroll, G. Kelly, A. Keating, F. Byron and F. Gentle.

Western Assurance Company

The fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Western Assurance Company was held at the offices of the Company on Friday, the 3rd inst., the President, the Hon. George A. Cox, being in the chair.

The Financial Statement, a copy of which we to-day publish, showed that the premium income for 1904 had been larger than that of any previous year in the Company's history. In common with most other fire insurance companies, the "Western" suffered from the conflagrations at Baltimore and Toronto, but the action of the shareholders in writing off a portion of the capital after these disasters and subscribing for new capital to the amount of \$500,000, combined with the favorable experience during the latter months of the year, resulted in the Company's maintenance of its strong financial position. The security which it offers its policyholders now amounts to \$3,077,511.

The Board of Directors, which was re-elected unanimously, at a subsequent meeting again chose Hon. Geo. A. Cox as President and Mr. J. J. Kenny, Vice-President and Managing Director.

CHEVALIER HENEY

Interesting References are Made Regarding the Progress of the Past Towards the Living Present.

Ottawa, March 2.—The Board of Trade meeting last evening was made memorable by the presentation to Chevalier John Heney—who has been a member since the year of its inception, in 1857—of an address embodying the feelings of respect and good wishes which the board entertains toward him. Mr. Heney replied in tones that showed that although he has passed eighty-four years his mental abilities are still unimpaired and his physical strength is still in condition to beat back the ravages of time. Three other veterans of Ottawa's business life and growth, Dr. George Hay, Sir Sandford Fleming and Mr. D. O'Connor, added their messages of congratulation to Mr. Heney on the valuable services he has rendered to the city and their wishes for future happy years of life to him. References were made to Dr. Osler's much quoted remarks concerning the period of man's usefulness in this vale of misery, but only to the discredit of the savant's judgment with such instances of living arguments to the contrary.

Before calling upon the secretary to read the address to Mr. Heney, Mr. Murphy stated that noticing a short time ago that Mr. Heney was retiring from business it had been thought advisable to mark the board's appreciation of his valuable services in some way. The record has shown that he had belonged to the board since 1857. Since coming to Ottawa in 1843 he had proved himself in all ways a faithful citizen and since he became a member of the board an active worker in it. Mr. Murphy honored that in the distribution of the honors the advisers of the King had not seen fit to mention Mr. Heney as worthy of an honorable title.

Secretary Cecil Bethune then read the following address, signed by the officers and council of the Board:

THE ADDRESS.

Chevalier John Heney, Esq.:
 Dear Sir,—On the occasion of your retirement from active business life, your fellow-members of the Ottawa Board of Trade, with which institution you have been connected for almost half a century, desire to congratulate you upon so long a life, distinguished both by valuable and honorable public service and by private business success.

In offering this, our sincerest expression of esteem for our oldest member, we feel that by your connection with the Board since its organization in 1857, and our predecessors in its membership have been honored.

Whether as a member of this Board or as a representative of the public in the City Council for thirty-seven years or in your personal and family relations, you have held the esteem, respect, and to an unusual degree, the affection of your fellow-citizens of all classes and creeds.

During your long and active life you have seen many and great changes in this city and you have every right to reflect with pride upon the fact that you have, yourself, by your large contribution of honest, unselfish and unwearied public service become entitled to be identified in the public mind with the great improvement and advance of this city since you witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Parliament Buildings.

It is a gratification to all that at the great age of eighty-four you remain in vigorous health and good spirits, and we hope you have yet many years of happiness in store in the city with whose advancement you have been so actively identified, and that the membership roll of this Board will long continue to have your name at its head.

Signed on behalf of the Board of Trade of the City of Ottawa:
 D. Murphy, President; James W. Woods, First Vice-President; Peter Whelan, Second Vice-President; C. A. Douglas, Treasurer; A. W. Auld, D. M. Finnie, S. McLennaghan, Jas. Ballantyne, A. W. Fleck, John McKinley, C. J. Booth, W. P. Hinton, John R. Reid, W. H. Dwyer, Geo. S. May, P. D. Ross, Cecil Bethune, Secretary.

MR. HENEY'S REPLY.

Mr. Heney, in reply, said that he had experienced many favors in his life but none over which he felt so much as this.

He had lived almost all his life in Ottawa, and had done everything he could to help the city since the days of Bytown up to the present time. His purpose in this regard had never faltered and he felt well repaid. In days gone by he had looked upon the city with pride and in the trust that it would grow to something important. When first he came to it there had practically been only six months' connection with the outside

world. He and other citizens had faced such a problem, and as a result the Ottawa and Prescott railroad had been built. It had been a difficult matter, but he had never wearied in this, or other movements for the development of the city. He would go home a proud old man over what had been accomplished, and the kind address he had been presented with for his part in them.

At that time one hundred miles of railroad was worse than a road to the sea now, but the road to Prescott was completed, and the journey could be made in a day instead of a week. Then a main sewer was constructed, and later the water works, which raised a fear in the minds of many that paying for them would rob them of their savings, but which prevented smallpox and such diseases to a great extent.

WOULD BE A GLAD MAN.

He would be a glad man going home for the honor done him. From a boy he had tried to love his neighbor as himself. He had worked with all creeds and classes for the good of the city, and from that stand he had never varied.

Mr. George Hay, the only surviving member of the original charter members, was then called upon. He jestingly remarked that had he been in his usual condition of good, cautious, Scottish sense he would probably not have ventured out to address such a gathering. But to honor his friend, Mr. Heney, he had come, not for the sake of the other gentlemen gathered. (Laughter.)

For many years he had known him, for although he was not quite so old as Mr. Heney, he had come to Ottawa, or rather Bytown, in 1844. He would recommend Mr. Heney to keep early hours as he did, for chloroform is in the air. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hay then confessed that on the next anniversary of Waterloo he will reach his eighty-third year.

In the days when Mr. Heney and he had come to Ottawa the people did little travelling. Then it was possible to get goods from Montreal as quickly by train (slits) as by railroad via Prescott. At times it took a month either way.

A body of the nature of the Board of Trade had a serious duty to perform towards the city. They could influence affairs to a greater extent than they sometimes thought. The Ottawa Board, however, had some members worthy to rank with those in any Board of Trade in the world.

THE TWO IRISHMEN.

The speaker concluded by wishing long life to the 'two Irishmen' (Mr. Heney and Mr. Murphy).

Sir Sandford Fleming expressed great gratification at being present to greet two of the fathers and founders of the Board of Trade. He had come here in 1845, and so had been in Ottawa almost as long as either of them.

Mr. D. O'Connor also expressed his pleasure at being present to do honor to one of the most respected citizens of Ottawa. He knew no one who had received more respect from all classes of citizens than Mr. Heney. From his earliest days he had been an active worker in the city's interests, and had been so popular that not even with Dr. Osler's chloroform would anyone have been able to get rid of him. (Laughter.)

Mr. J. J. Heney then thanked the meeting on behalf of the family for the honor they had done his father. The other speakers had known him as a good citizen, but he had known him as a good father. He had brought to the Board meeting with him John Heney III., who, if he lived as his grandfather had done, would live a useful and honorable life.

Chevalier John Heney was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, on April 16, 1821, and so will have reached his eighty-fourth year in six weeks. When 22 years of age he left Ireland for Canada and on November 1, 1844, he arrived in Bytown. Here he secured employment with a namesake of his, John Heney, with whom he remained for six years.

He then embarked in business for himself in the boot and shoe line. Until 1868 he carried on this business most successfully when he left it and engaged in contracting. As a contractor he has been engaged in works in various parts of Ontario, Quebec and the Northwest Territories.

Throughout his long residence in Ottawa the Chevalier has taken a prominent part in municipal politics. In 1851 he was elected to a position on the city council as representative of Byward and with the exception of two years he sat there continuously.

(Continued on page 5.)

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 Ladies' Astrachan Jackets
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 For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.
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 Do you remember the building blocks of boyhood days?
 How each little block was a perfect multiple of some bigger block?
 And how each block FITTED IN SOMEWHERE, no matter what its size?
 That's the Sectional Idea—Fitting Cabinets built on the multiple plan. They are interchangeable. They always FIT IN. May we give you more information?
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 75 Wellington St. West
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GLASS-EYED BILL

He was plainly new to God's country, and showed it by his artless contempt of God's Own. Bob Hammill, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger, offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe—and went out of his way to say some nice things about "ovar that."

A little unbending on the part of the gentleman from "over thar" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour and disembarking him all complete at his destination, and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "You're welcome" as he whipped up his four horses. But Capt. Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where ready fellowship counted for more than money.

Of course he had a puggaree and strange, enormous shoes, with hornails in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume, involving a weird variety of gaiter that stopped half way up his calf. It was no less singular inside than out, and next his skin was a leather money belt, and he was wound round and round with fannel to keep him from having cholera, and concealed about his person was a silver drinking cup that cost eight guineas at Silby's, and a compact, a little flitter that weighed only a pound, and an extraordinary knife of extraordinary size, which had a folding spoon in it and a gimlet and a saw and a sailer's needle. He had been "out-fitted" in London at an expense of a hundred pounds sterling, and that was why he clanked as he walked and dug things into him when he sat down. Why California should require such terrific preparations it is not for the narrator to say.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido Ranch. He did not step out with the air of a man assured of a bath and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he wore the set expression of one charged with a very disagreeable duty; and with his mind, instead of dwelling on the beautiful and romantic scenery, was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing-case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau, gun case, portable bath and roll of steamer rugs.

The stranger breathed a sigh of relief. He knew now that he had arrived at his destination. He struck out a little to the right, where a good-sized private house, surrounded by a paling fence, obviously sheltered the owner or foreman of the ranch. The privacy of this place was protected by a board which said succinctly: "Keep Out," but the Englishman, undeterred by the warning, kept on, and strode up the gravel walk to the rose-embowered porch beyond. He was a little daunted, however, by the prevailing silence. He would have welcomed the bark of a dog, or some gruff voice demanding what he wanted. To walk into such a tomblike quiet made him uncomfortable. He saw himself in imagination possibly misjudged, beset, maybe, and his hand tightened on his stick, and he set his feet down more loudly than ever to assert the uprightness of his intentions. He tramped up the three steps leading to the porch like a mule battery going in to action. But the stillness remained unbroken, save by any noise but his own.

He looked about in perplexity until at last, in the darkest and furthest corner, he detected a hammock, and saw, not without relief, that it was occupied by a recumbent figure. He went over to it, still in his heavy, soldierly fashion, and looked down on—well, what in his own words he used to describe afterwards as: "Pon my soul, the most beautiful creature I was ever privileged to gaze upon—Gad, a girl of twenty, with her lips a little parted on the whitest teeth you ever saw, and her breath coming and going as faint as a baby's in a cot, and beauty? Why, it was like seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight—the same indescribable what-d'ye-callum, you know, when something seems to take you by the throat and you gasp, my boy, positively gasp!"

She was dressed in silvery gray, with a lace collar about her neck, and in her left, rumpled chestnut hair there lay a single red carnation. She was looking at him and smiling, and she showed her teeth and said: "I'm glad to see you."

without the sight of her was as refreshing as a splashing pool in the depths of a woody canyon. The captain, after his first moment of surprise, began to wonder what steps he ought to take to awaken her. Every instinct as a gentleman bade him cough; so he coughed. At first so gently that it was almost a lullaby, and then by degrees rising to an honest, growling, bulldogish cough that seemed to say, "Wake up, confound you!"

At last she stirred and opened her eyes and met those of the stranger looking down at her. He said hastily, "I beg your pardon," and betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of sweets and a half-opened novel from the chair beside him. The girl sat up in the hammock, still gazing at him with astonishment, and asked him who he was and where he came from.

"Gad, sir, in a voice like a Cashmiri flute on the Lake of Selangor, borne over the water at dusk! Or the bulbul in one of those mouldy old gardens where the Rajout princes held high revel in the Company days!"

"My name is Anstruther," he said, picking chocolate creams off the floor. "Capt. Anstruther of the 100th Dragoon Guards—British Army, you know."

"She smiled at him without saying a word. "You are, I presume, Miss Helen Jaffrey?" he went on. "She showed the least little sign of embarrassment and colored perceptibly as she assented with a movement of her head. "Extraordinary," ejaculated the Captain. "Most extraordinary!" "Why?" she asked. "It was the Captain's turn to look put out. "I'm not accustomed to awaken the young ladies I call on," he said. "I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once, I felt myself staggered."

"There was my side of it, too," she said. They both laughed, and the Captain asked permission to take a chair. He could be a very agreeable man when he chose, and it was plain that he was choosing. His manner was almost too ingratiating, and Helen could not but wonder inwardly what he was after.

"My business—is rather with your father," he said. "He's at the Hot Springs, sick," she said. "I'm running the Winery for him. Can't you make me do?" "You don't mean to say you are in charge of this whole establishment?" he said.

"Oh, yes, I'm the boss here," she returned, "though, of course, I have pa on the wire, you know. What can I do for you, Captain? We'll only be too glad to make an opening over there for our wines—that is, if your rating is good and you represent responsible people."

"Oh—it isn't wine," said the Captain hastily. "It's—it's something very different!" "You can ring up pa in the next room," she said, hopefully. "Call up Long Distance and ask for Byron Hot Springs."

"It isn't the kind of thing you can very well telephone," said the Captain. "Then you'd better chase him up to Byron," remarked the young lady. "But you're in it, too," exclaimed Anstruther. "It's really more you than anybody. I've come from England just to see you."

"Me?" she cried. "Yes, you," said the Captain. "Then what do you want pa for?" she demanded. "I thought it would be better to lay it before him first," he returned. "You'd better begin with me," she said. "That is, if you want to get anywhere. I have pa in my pocket, as politicians say."

"Haven't you a man employed here called Gray?" he inquired. "An Englishman like myself—a gentleman—though he fills, I understand, rather a subordinate position?" "Oh, yes," she said, "only he's mostly called Bill, you know. I should say he is here. Very much here, indeed!"

"His real name is William Charles Hepworth St. John Gray," said the Captain impressively. "Well, all he's got left of that is his eyeglass," she said. "That's why the boys called him 'Glass-Eyed Bill,' you know."

"It took the Captain a few minutes to get over the shock. "I have a particular reason to know all about Mr. Gray," he said at last. "Such a reason might be friendly or unfriendly," she said. "The Englishman sprang from his chair. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my interest could be for anything but his advantage. I beg you to believe that. It would be premature to explain why, but will you not take it on trust? Besides, it is not as though I did not know the whole miserable story of his decline and virtual disappearance. All I ask of you is to fill in the details."

She gave him a very searching look. The Captain did not suffer from such a minute interrogation, and his straight, honest gaze reassured her. "Something about him was indubitably reminiscent of Bill," she said. "You must be related to him," she said. "That is why I am here," he returned gravely. "That is why I want you to tell me everything."

"When he first blew in here," said the girl, "he was the most forlorn, hopeless, tattered thing you ever saw. Ah Sue gave him something to eat on the doorstep. (Ah Sue has a heart like melted butter, you know), and I happened to be passing through the kitchen and saw him there. Do you know what he said to me, speaking with his mouthful of chicken to-male? Said he understood now why his nines squealed when they ate! If he hadn't said that I suppose he'd have gone away, and that would have been the end of him. But I couldn't let a man like that, could I? Besides, it was awfully pitiful—he was so evidently the real thing—so handsome even in his terrible clothes—a gentleman, you know."

The Captain wriggled nervously on his chair. These recollections seemed to make him acutely uncomfortable. His shrewd tanned face was bright with an interest not untouched with shame. Had Helen needed any reassurance as to his concern in Bill, the expression of his face would have been sufficient.

"We knew he was in very low water," he said. "We knew he had parted from nearly all the associations—the refinements of—had lost caste and sunk lower and lower in the Western Avernus—but we never dreamed he had been reduced to—to—"

"The chicken of charity," said the girl, filling in the gap. "I would call it rather the husks of the Prodigal Son," said the Captain, solemnly. "Are you the elder brother?" she asked. "No, no," returned the Captain, "only what you might call a—friend, a—"

"Bill didn't have any friends," she said, bitterly. "Only an aunt, that is all. Except for her, he said there wasn't a soul in England who would have walked around the block to help him."

Capt. Anstruther looked depressed. "He was wrong," he said. "He was wrong." "Of course, the trouble with Bill was that he drank," she said. "Oh, he did everything," assented the Captain, comprehensively. "He's on the water wagon now," she remarked; "been there for a year and a half. Is going to stay, too."

"Water wagon?" inquired the Captain. "Is that the vernacular for—I mean I have to—him," she explained. "I guess you wouldn't know Bill now. He has money in the bank and drinks coffee with his meals!"

The Captain looked more depressed than ever. "I suppose we ought all to thank you," he said. "Yes, indeed, we are very grateful to you."

"I don't want you to think I am just a little angel," she went on, "or that I go around radiating reform like a lawn-sprinkler sprinkling. I'm quite a believer in letting people mind their own business. But you see, in this case, Bill brought it on his own head."

"That's where he usually brought things," said the Captain. "Often pretty hard, too!" "He never was a nipping kind of man, thank goodness," she said, "but he used to go off on what pa called a biennial bust. He had been here five months, and a perfect pattern before we got on to it. Pa at last made him the foreman, you know, and we were really beginning to think we had found our long-lost child. He was always so polite, you know, and hard-working and reliable; and he just smuggled into the place like a dog that's followed you home. Pa said it was all too good to be true, and I guess pa was right, for one hot Sunday afternoon a man came running in to say that Bill was fighting drunk, and walking round the yard with a pistol to shoot Mr. Jackson with (our chemist, you know, and expert winemaker), and that he was crawling heads on anybody that tried to stop him. Even while he was talking we heard bang! bang! bang! out there, and Mr. Jackson came peeing in like a jack rabbit—not a bit hurt, you know, but like a person of a sinking ship wanting to catch the last boat. I started upstairs to get under the bed, but I hadn't got up a step before I saw pa reaching for his Winchester and pinning his deputy sheriff badge on the lapel of his coat. I knew that was the end of Bill and it came over me I couldn't bear to have him killed—he was too big and splendid to be shot down like a dog, and anyway, I had never liked Jackson since he had tried to kiss me once at a dance—and so I just ran out to see if something couldn't be done."

"I tell you Bill looked eight feet high, and his eyes were bloodshot and crazy, and the kind of sobbing when he breathed—and if you ever looked down the wrong end of a frontier Colt you can imagine my feelings for yourself. But I want straight up to him and wrested his gun away and stood in front of him, so pa couldn't shoot him from the house. Fine? I should say it was—nobody was more surprised than me, I'm sure, and I'm surprised now. But I guess I knew pretty well Bill wouldn't hurt me for the world; though, looking back on it, I can't see how I didn't choose underneath the bed."

"Well, I led him back to the bunk-house and made him sit down on the wooden steps. The tears were rolling down his face, and I felt sorry for him to say a word. They say a girl always loves a bad man—not that Bill was really bad, you know—only unfortunate that he should have complicated his biennial bust with a pa-prancing toward us he begged like mad for the pistol to kill himself with; and I almost felt like giving it to him when he talked about wearing the stripes and perhaps being shut up for years. But I felt sure I could handle pa, and, anyway, Bill was sort of my dog, you know, and I wasn't going to let anybody hurt him. But I had a tough time with pa. Pa is such a stickler for law and order. Wanted to take him off to the county seat and lay a felony charge against him. He hadn't been deputy sheriff very long, you see, and was doing new broom."

"It was then I felt what training can do for a man—with pa, I mean, and how wise I had been to always keep the upper hand of him. He was determined to settle Bill out of hand—and for a time it looked as though I was nowhere in the scrimmage. And I think he was cut up, about my liking Bill so cut up, for, of course (didn't I tell you?) Bill was just silly about me—always had been since Ah Sue gave him that chicken to-male on the doorstep—wore things next his heart and all that and thought anything sacred I had ever touched. Well, as I said, pa was awful. He paced up and down like a royal Nubian lion, while I, with my heart in my mouth, did little

Spangles in the wild beasts' cage. Little Spangles won out, of course, though once or twice it was a pretty close call. But at last pa quieted down and went off, quite mild, to find Mr. Jackson. Nobody ever has. He disappeared like an orange under a conjurer's hat! All that's left of Mr. Jackson is upstairs in two trunks and a debt balance of \$113 on the payroll. I think he must have changed his name and quit the country. If you had ever been up against Bill I guess you'd have done it, too. Anyway, peace descended like a beautiful dream, and Bill stayed foreman instead of going into the jute business at San Quentin Prison. I dare say he might never really have got there, but he might have, you know, and he didn't want to try."

"That's all more than a year old now, and Bill has never been on a tear since. He says it was all my running out at him and looking down his pistol, but I tell him it was the scare he got from pa! It wasn't as though he really liked it, you know—drinking, I mean—but sometimes he'd come to a place where he simply couldn't go on, and was so hopeless and desperate and miserable—that was his last biennial bust, for now, of course, he's got something to live for and it's all different. Oh, dear, when once I get started talking about Bill I never seem to know when to stop! Why do you look so grave, Captain? Aren't you pleased?"

"I have something to say about Bill, too," he returned slowly. "His early life and his early scrapes," she said, "and how you don't believe it will last? There is not much about Bill I don't already know—his being sent away from England, and how they never wanted to see him again."

"I am out here to take him back," "He won't go easy," said the girl, said the Captain. "I am not so sure," said the Captain. "Circumstances have altered. I don't see very well how he can refuse. I—we—the family, I mean, are delighted to hear that he has retrieved himself and risen superior to the boyish follies that threaten to engulf him. Let me express to you our—sense of obligation—our gratitude—for your evident kindness to him at a time when he needed it most."

"I don't think I care to receive the family gratitude," she answered coldly. "What did they ever do for Bill but give him the cold shoulder from the time he was left an orphan at twelve? Sent him to Eaton and Oxford as a preparatory step to giving him a thousand pounds sterling and telling him to scot. You can imagine how well equipped he was to strike out for himself. Couldn't even spell English till I got after him with a speller and had to work nights before he could write a page without at least six schoolboy mistakes. The only thing he really knew was 'Paradise Lost,' which had been crammed into him for the army. He must have found it nice and useful!"

"He was given his chance," said the Captain, "and like many another, he wouldn't take it. He was put into a good regiment and received an allowance that, with economy, would have amply sufficed to let him hold his head up. Then he went the pace and was forgiven. Then he went the pace again, and wasn't. He has no right to complain."

"Oh, but he doesn't," she exclaimed, hastily. "I wouldn't have you think that for anything!" "But you seem to do it for him," said the Captain. "I don't suppose my opinion matters particularly."

"Well, it was enough to bring me from England," said the Captain. "What you think or don't think has suddenly become of great importance to many people."

"Don't you think it is about time to tell me why?" she asked. "You have hinted and hinted till I feel like a person in a detective story—and I no sooner seem to touch something but you continue it in the next number."

"Did Bill—ever tell you of his first cousin, Lord Tranton?" "Only that he held down the title and was the dead image of the postmaster at Las Vegas. Never passes there but he says, 'Look at that tall-faced, wall-eyed old—'" "Hush," said the Captain. "Lord Tranton is dead!"

"Dead?" "His two sons with him, and Lady Grace Morrison—William's aunt, you know. All killed in the terrible lift accident at the Hotel des Hesperides in Nice!"

"Well, I am sorry," she said, as Anstruther gazed steadfastly at her, as though expecting she knew not what. "Sorry for anybody that gets killed, on know—especially in an elevator. But as I don't know them, you can't expect me to feel bad about it, can you?"

"Don't you realize how it will affect William?" "Oh, he'll be terribly cut up about his aunt. She was the only person who was ever kind to him. The only one in England he ever wrote to—or who wrote to him."

"This makes his Lord Tranton," said the Captain. "I suppose it does," she said. "I had never thought of that."

"We've thought of it a good deal," said Anstruther. "Lord Tranton," she repeated. "Then won't his wife be Lady Tranton?" "That's just it, you see," and the Captain. "She will be Lady Tranton."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" said the girl. "You'll hardly believe it," said the Captain, disregarding her question, "but for a time we didn't know where under the sun to find him. Then somebody said about Lady Grace you know—I believe it was her maid or housekeeper—and we went over all her letters to try and get track of him."

"Well, you've succeeded," she remarked, as he hesitated. "We got on the track of something else," he went on significantly. "It seemed—indeed, there was no doubt about it—his affections—were seriously engaged—to a young lady—er—"

"Me, I suppose," she said quite calmly. "Yes, you," he returned, "though it is only fair to William to say that his letters were expressed—er—with considerable reserve—with what you might call perfect respect, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"Of course I know that," she exclaimed. "It was very alarming," said the

girl, "and I'm glad to see you're not so sure."

"I am not so sure," said the Captain. "Circumstances have altered. I don't see very well how he can refuse. I—we—the family, I mean, are delighted to hear that he has retrieved himself and risen superior to the boyish follies that threaten to engulf him. Let me express to you our—sense of obligation—our gratitude—for your evident kindness to him at a time when he needed it most."

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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VEGETATIONS, and Festivals. Includes March 1905 calendar with entries like 'Of the Feria. S. Simplicius, Pope.', 'Quinquagesima Sunday', 'First Sunday of Lent', etc.

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"Whitecombe said I was to begin at £5,000. "The point is, where will you leave off?" "Ten thousand!" "Why didn't you say it sooner?" "The fact is—er—the dear Duke thought—er—Whitecombe said—"

"That you might pull it off without?" The Captain hung his head. "They must have thought you more of a spellbinder than you are," she remarked, cruelly.

"I told Whitecombe myself I was the last man to talk to anybody into doing anything," said the Captain. "Well, it's not enough for Bill," said the girl. "The price of a thing is what it's worth to you. Bill's worth lots more than that—to me."

"I will make it fifteen thousand," said the Captain, hesitatingly. "That is, on my own personal responsibility, subject to confirmation by wire."

"Where's the thing for me to sign?" she asked. He drew out from his breast pocket a large, important-looking document engrossed on sheepskin. It cracked richly as he opened it and spread it flat with his big hands. It was beautifully glossy, and Helen thought Magna Charta must have looked like it when it was new. She lay back in the hammock, took a chocolate cream, and gave it her disdainful attention. Bill was renounced with a wealth of legal detail that was positively bewildering; renounced from his head to his heels; renounced awake or sleeping or dining out or sitting up with a sick friend; renounced body and soul, alive or dead, positively and explicitly for all time, past, present or to come. She couldn't even say good morning to Bill without violating two whole pages of it, she couldn't even send him a postcard without incurring fourteen lines of different kinds of penalties, and the whole thing was inexplicably intertwined with the Lord Chancellor's displeasure and the High Court of Chancery. It reminded Helen, in the profuseness of its reprobation of the curse of the Jackdaw of Rheims.

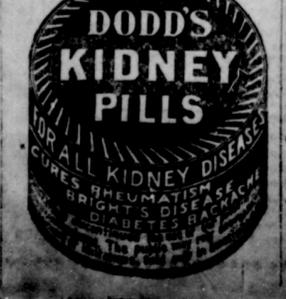
"You are to sign at the plays marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the corner of his eye, and who took it for a good sign that she had read it with such care and patience. Helen gazed at him and then shook her head.

"I wouldn't give Bill up for all the money in England!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't give Bill up if you threw in the Crown jewels! I wouldn't give him up if you added Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the Bredwaters and the place where Shakespeare was born!"

The Captain slowly took back Magna Charta and folded it up. "I suppose there is nothing more to be said," he remarked. "Oh! but there is," she retorted mischievously. "I think it's about time to tell you that Bill and I were married yesterday."—Lloyd Osborne in The Illustrated London News.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

Advertisement for Rheumatism treatment. Text: "When drops and doctors fail to cure you, write to me and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cures the most stubborn cases of rheumatism, showing them cases of over 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception. But on honest cases, it will relieve many a person in agonizing pain and ease." JOHN A. BERRY, 677 Globe Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.



HOME CIRCLE

LEAD, DON'T FORCE.

Parents cannot plan out with precision what life work is best suited for their children. This is especially true as respects vocations for the priesthood. To tell a boy that he is going to be made a priest of and to keep that parental intention constantly before him, rather tends to produce a reaction. The boy makes a test of his freedom of choice by going directly counter to the wishes of his "pious mother" in this particular.

And of all vocations, that of the priesthood is the one in which there should be the least forcing, whether of open and undisguised coercion or of that more subtle and dangerous paternal pressure which makes use of a number of indirect methods to make the boy choose the religious life for the sake of pleasing his mother or of coinciding with the judgment of his father.

If parents desire to have a "priest in the family," the only proper way is to surround their children with the conditions that will evoke the spirit of the priestly vocation in case that it exists. Under favorable conditions, if the natural bent exists, it will show itself. If it does not exist, nothing is lost. But the practice of setting a boy apart, no less violent, for the religious state, either defeats its own ends or results disastrously.

TO SWEEP CARPETS.

Use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn in pieces, or fresh cut grass. These collect the dust and do not soil the carpet.

To brighten the carpet you can sprinkle with salt or go over once a week with a broom that has been dipped in hot water to which a little spirits of turpentine has been added.

Wring a cloth in the hot water and wipe under pieces of furniture too heavy to be moved. This is a precaution against moths.

To spoil a carpet sweep it with a stiff half-worn broom; to save a carpet dip the broom in clean hot suds once a week, then shake it out and hang it up. This also makes the broom last twice as long as it otherwise would.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water, using a sponge or flannel.

After a good cleansing sprinkle with salt, fold and lay in a dry place then when laid strewn with slightly moistened bran before sweeping. This, with the salt, freshens the carpets in a marked degree.

Spirits of ammonia diluted with water, if applied with sponge or flannel to discolor spots, often restores the color.

MADE-OVER DISHES.

The truly economical housekeeper does not waste anything that is left over. It is really quite surprising how many dainty dishes can be made from next to nothing. The cold scraps ordinarily thrown away by the less thrifty housewife are, with the addition of little savory touches and clever preparation, made into very appetizing luncheon and breakfast dishes by the true domestic economist. Mashed potatoes are horrible warmed over. Potato fritters are delicious and fairly melt in your mouth. To every cupful of mashed potato add a cupful of milk and one of flour, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Fry in little round fritters and serve hot.

Corn fritters are nice made the same way as the potato fritters, and either canned or cold boiled corn may be used. It is an excellent plan to have a good stock of canned goods to draw upon in an emergency. Canned tomatoes are probably the most useful things one can have in the corner of the pantry, so many nice dishes can be made from them, but corn, beans, peas and asparagus are close behind. A tomato curry is nice and easily made. Use a quart can of tomatoes to a cupful of rice. Add to the tomatoes a teaspoonful of curry powder and salt to taste. Put a layer of tomato in the bottom of the pudding dish, then a layer of rice, and so on. Let the last layer be tomato. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and bits of butter and bake about half an hour. Serve hot. Then a tomato scallop made with canned tomatoes and breadcrumbs in layers and baked the same way is very good and takes less time to cook, as canned tomatoes are already cooked enough and only require warming through, so that you need not give it more than time enough to brown the crumbs on top of the dish.

Cold fish of almost any description makes an excellent salad. Many people object to oil in salad dressing, and when we consider what rancid stuff we often meet with and the difficulty of keeping it fresh and sweet even when we are able to obtain it so, it is no wonder that one should beware of it. It is said that there is very little real olive oil in the market nowadays. The oil sold under that name is nearly always made of cotton seed. Of course when properly prepared and perfectly fresh and sweet this is very palatable. However, an excellent dressing may be made with cream or milk which will keep two or three weeks in a cool place if sealed tight. To make this heat in a double boiler one cupful of cream or rich milk. Stir into it when hot the beaten yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard, a tiny bit of cayenne or white pepper, and, lastly, the whites of the three eggs beaten stiff. Remove from the fire and mix in half a cup of hot vinegar. This dressing is very nice for any kind of cold vegetable which may be left over, such as asparagus, string beans, cauliflower or beets. The beets should be cut in dice or small pieces, arranged with some crisp lettuce leaves and the dressing poured over. A few olives, especially stuffed olives, are a great addition. Two or three kinds of left-over vegetables may be mixed together in a salad. These, of course, should be served very cold.

Even a few stalks of celery may be made into an appetizing little salad with the addition of a fairly tart apple and, if liked, a young onion finely minced.

Many kinds of omelets may be made of left odds, and if one has a variety of odds and ends of peas, beans and the like they will make a nice Spanish omelet. There are so many variations of this especially savory omelet that no hard and fast rules need be adhered to. Some small stripes of fried bacon, a finely cut onion-a red pepper or a dust of paprika, some peas, string beans, a few mushrooms cut up and some canned tomato enter into the mélange. Heat all these together into a sort of sauce. Care must be taken not to introduce enough tomato into the mixture to make it thin and watery. Have ready an omelet made with five eggs and three tablespoonfuls of milk. To make this nice beat the eggs very light, add the milk and salt to taste, melt a bit of butter in a frying pan and turn the eggs into it quickly. When cooked turn the other mixture on top and fold over into shape. This should be served immediately.

There are any number of ways in which stale cake may be used, and boiled custard is the basis of nearly all of them. This is very quickly made when one knows how. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler. When it is hot mix two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold milk and stir it in. When it begins to thicken a little add two well beaten eggs and stir constantly till the mass is a nice creamy consistency. Remove from the fire, sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla or almond. When cool enough turn it over any stale cake you may have after moistening it with a spoonful of sherry or fruit sauce. Serve such dishes cold.

A nice little desert may be fixed up out of cold boiled rice and stewed or canned fruit. The rice should be steamed a little to soften it. While this is being done drain the syrup from a can of peaches, plums, cherries or whatever fruit you happen to have. Place the juice over the fire until hot, then thicken slightly by adding a teaspoonful of flour mixed with a little of the juice reserved for that purpose. Add the fruit and warm through. Place the rice in a dish and turn this fruit sauce over it. This may be eaten either warm or cold.

William laughed at Elsie's efforts and made his scarecrow. It was a terrible looking creature. "I'd like to see any bird dare come near that," he said, proudly. "Now we may play in peace."

Other things filled the children's minds, and it was a week before they went again to the field. There stood the fierce old scarecrow keeping guard, and-what do you think? A parrot had built its nest in his coat pocket!-Helen W. Binks.

Best Rule of Health

AND HOW YOU ARE AIDED IN CARRYING IT OUT BY

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

"A movement of the bowels every day."

This is the fundamental rule of health. The one point on which doctors are unanimous.

But what causes the bowels to become constipated?

The inactivity of the liver. Bile is nature's own cathartic and so long as the liver is active in its work of filtering bile from the blood and passing it into the intestines, there is no trouble from constipated bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure constipation by setting the liver right.

This is the only means by which the bowels can be regulated. Salts and castor oil will effect a motion of the bowels, but, once the effects of the dose passes off, you will be more constipated than ever.

They fail to set the liver right. By regulating the liver by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you ensure a healthful action of the bowels and so prevent and cure scores of ills, such as indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney disorders, colds and contagious diseases.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

A COW'S MOO.

A very small girl was learning to write. Her teacher ruled the slate and set her "toppies," and Lucy took great pains with the ptohooks and round o's which she began. One day the teacher set down something new for Lucy to copy-M-O-O-Moo.

"What is it?" asked Lucy, with a puzzled look.

"That is 'Moo,' the noise the cow makes, Lucy. See, it is made up of ptohooks and round o's, just what you have been learning on."

So Lucy sat down and prepared to copy "Moo," but she did it in a queer way. She made an M at the beginning with a whole string of o's all across the slate like this: Mooooo.

"But that isn't right, Lucy," said the teacher when the little girl showed her slate. "You must copy the word as I have written it, so: Moo."

Lucy looked at the teacher's copy, and then at her own attempts, and then she shook her head decidedly.

"Well, I think mine is right, Miss Jones," she said, "for I never saw a cow that gave such a short 'Moo' as you wrote down."-Harper's Round Table.

Many inherit weak lungs, and a disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickel's Syrup is cheap and good.

A big fruit from a little tree is worth more than a little fruit from a big tree, when it is fruit that the market is demanding. And what this intensely practical age demands is not so much ancestral trees as palatable fruit.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

IMPARTIAL CHOICE.

Ruby, who was dining with her elders, was given her choice of her favorite desserts.

"Which will you have, Ruby-ice-cream or jam?" her indulgent father asked.

After a moment's hesitation she said: "Give me a little of each and a lot of both."-Lippincott's.

THE FAMILY CAT.

I can fold up my claws In my soft velvet paws, And purr in the sun, Till the short day is done, For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour In the vine-covered box, Winking and blinking Through sunshine and shower; For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter's night, When the ground is all white, And the icicles shine In a long silver line, I stay not to shiver In the moonbeams' pale quiver; But curl up in the house As snug as a mouse, And play Jack Horner In the cosiest corner, Breaking nobody's laws; With my chin on my paws; Asleep with one eye and Awake with the other; For I am the family cat.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

There lived in Germany a little girl named Elsie. She had many brothers, and with one of them she used to play from morning to night.

There was one field of grain in which the children took a great interest. They watched its growth carefully, but in spite of their sparrow-would eat the seed.

"I'm going to stay here all day in the field to frighten away the birds," said Elsie.

"I can do better," said William; "I shall make a scarecrow, and then we shall keep the birds away with no trouble to ourselves."

"My way is best," Elsie said.

"My way is best," said her brother, stubbornly.

Elsie got a rattle and settled herself in the shade of some trees on the edge of the field. She rattled vigorously for a long time, and no bird dared come near. Then the warm air made her drowsy, and before she knew it she was fast asleep. What a fine feast the sparrows had then, to be sure!

William laughed at Elsie's efforts and made his scarecrow. It was a terrible looking creature.

"I'd like to see any bird dare come near that," he said, proudly.

Other things filled the children's minds, and it was a week before they went again to the field.

There stood the fierce old scarecrow keeping guard, and-what do you think? A parrot had built its nest in his coat pocket!-Helen W. Binks.

A WINTER STORY.

"Well, children," said Aunt Kate, as she sat in her brother's New York home, "I've spent the very oddest Christmas of my life."

"You know what fun we had last year when we visited the Hastings up in Orange County?"

"Yes, indeed," chorused the little folks. "Wasn't the coasting glorious, though! and do you remember that snow fort?"

"But my frosted toes weren't funny," said Tom.

"But the sleigh-ride was," replied Nan.

"But what did you do this year, auntie? Is Tallapoosa like New York?"

Aunt Kate laughed as she thought of the picturesque little city standing in the Georgia foothills.

"Well, hardly," she replied. "The day before Christmas I watched a man plow and sow a field. He drove mules and whistled instead of shouting to make them go."

"Blue jays, phoebes, wrens, mocking birds and many other little friends helped to make one think it must be May day."

"And no snow?" said Karl. "Why, what do the boys do?"

"Well, that is the funniest part of it all. You could never guess, so I may as well tell you. They have parades and fire-works. Beautiful fireworks they were, too, but it all felt and looked like Fourth of July. No, not all, either, for there were good old-fashioned turkey dinners as good as any New York can provide, and the children have beautiful Christmas trees, and they hang up their stockings for Santa Claus to find, just as you do here."

"And does he find them?"

"Indeed he does."

"But how can he travel with no snow for his sled?"

"Why, hesitated Aunt Katie, "I never thought of that. I did not see him come or go, but I do know that the tree was full on Christmas morning, and that there were no happier little people to be found anywhere than those away down in Georgia."

"Selected."

"CALLING GOD'S ATTENTION."

One bright winter day, a long time more than fifty years ago, two sturdy little boys were trotting along a muddy highway to school, with a few well-worn books under their arms and small dinner pails in their hands. Their sunburnt yellow heads were close together, and you could have told by the glint of their blue eyes that they were up to some mischief.

"It looks jes' for all the world like a live snake," John Hoover was saying. "Jacob, our man, gave it to me; he stuffed the skin himself, and put a wire all through, clean out to its tail."

"Where is it?" asked Henry Blair, eagerly.

"I hid it under the osage hedge, close to Joe Bell's gate. It's the very place. We can stoop down close to the hedge, and when the little greenie gets jes' opposite, out'll dart the snake, right up against his legs."

"Oh, my, won't he holler!" cried Henry, slapping his own legs so viciously that his "Mitchell's Geography" slipped from under his arm

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE I S I NERVE TONIC

All the rest of the way the two little chaps were in high glee over their plans. They did not mean to be cruel, they were not thinking whether it was cruel or not, but because Joe Bell was a new boy, and smaller than themselves, and very timid besides, these two had been tormenting him every day for a week, and calling it "fun."

But that very morning, directly after school prayers, a sharp-faced little girl held up her hand for permission to speak.

"Well, Mary," said the teacher, "What is it?"

"Miss Lou," said the high, shrill voice, "I saw Joe Bell talking to himself in prayer-time."

"What were you doing with your eyes open in prayer-time, Mary?" The child's look fell, and the choristers giggled. The giggle was quickly checked, however.

"You can stay in at recess, Mary, and say the eighth column of your multiplication table for looking around in prayer-time, and the ninth column for tale-bearing."

Mary burst into tears, but let us hope she learned a more important lesson even than the two columns of the multiplication table.

And you must not think Joe Bell was to escape.

"Why were you talking in prayer-time, Joseph?" asked the teacher.

"I wasn't talkin', I was-I was--"

"Well, Joseph, what were you doing?"

"I was asking God not to let them two boys tease me so bad," blurted out the new scholar, and instantly there were two boys with red, tell-tale faces in that school.

"He didn't say our names," whispered Henry, as the tide of children poured out of the little schoolhouse.

"Come long; let's run and hide under the hedge."

But John hung back. His zest for the sport was gone.

"Come long, I say," urged Henry; "nobody'll know where we are going."

"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly; "but you see he's done called God's attention to us!"

John is an old man now, but he has never forgotten how the feeling that God's attention had been called to him held him back many times, from wrong-doing.-Elizabeth Preston Allan in S. S. Times.

A LITTLE BEGGAR.

"Some one is knocking at the back door," said mother. "Run, Grace, and see who it is, Jane is out."

"It was only a little beggar girl," said Grace, with a toss of her yellow curls. "I told her not to come here again; we didn't want beggars round here."

"Why, Grace, how could you be so rude! Perhaps she is very hungry. I'm sorry you didn't call me. There are some pieces of meat and some potatoes that she could just as well have had."

"I don't like beggars; they're always ragged and dirty!" and Grace turned to the paper frocks that she had been cutting for one of her paper children.

"I'm sorry that my little girl should be so unkind even to a beggar child. If your father and mother were as poor as perhaps hers are, you might be hungry and ragged too."

Grace snipped away at her tissue paper and did not answer. She did not want to think about being poor or hungry.

The next day Grace and a little neighbor were playing on the front sidewalk when a fruit vendor drove up.

Grace, being a very pretty, clever child, had been taken much notice of by everybody, and this had made her rather pert and bold.

"Say!" she called out to the peddler, "will you give me a banana?"

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"There," she said, pointing to the handsome house just beyond.

"What is your name?"

"Grace Evelyn Copeland."

"Who is your father?"

"His name is Morgan Eustace Copeland. He is a banker," she announced, proudly.

"He is? Well, I guess he can buy all your bananas! You've done this too many times. I gave you a banana last week. Now, I'm going to tell your mother you're a beggar!" and he walked off toward the side entrance.

Grace looked after him an instant, her eyes full of dismay and fright.

"Oh, come!" she whispered, pulling at her companion's arm. "Let's go over to your house, quick!"

The children scampered away to the house opposite, and Grace remained with her neighbor till supper time, afraid and ashamed to meet her mother's grieving, reproving eyes.

The banana peddler had been as good as his word, and Mrs. Copeland was astonished and mortified to learn that her little daughter had been begging fruit on the street.

Grace's own pocket money had to go for the bananas that had never been paid for, and, hardest of all for the proud little girl, her father obliged her to go herself and pay the man for the fruit she had begged. It was a bitter lesson; but it did her good.

Afterward, whenever she happened to come in contact with those who asked alms, she never held her head high and said unpleasant things, remembering humbly that she had been a beggar herself.-Caroline Wheaton in the Sunbeam.

HOME TREATMENT FOR CANCER

Dr. D. M. Bye's Baimy Oils, for cancer, is a positive and painless cure. Most cases are treated at home, without the service of a physician. Send for book, telling what wonderful things are being done by simply anointing with oils. The combination is a secret; gives instant relief from pain, destroys the cancer microbes and restores the patient to health. Thousands of cancers, tumors, catarrh, ulcers, piles and malignant diseases cured in the last ten years. If not afflicted, cut this and send it to some suffering one. Address the Home Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 565, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEMONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,-I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,-I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,-After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again, and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,-I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.

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John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,-It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1905.

A TEST FOR PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE.

Though the newspapers have continued for another week the rumpus started over the education clauses of the Alberta and Saskatchewan autonomy measures, they really have produced nothing to show that they reflect public opinion upon the school question. The crack of the Orange lash has been heard wherever an Orange lodge assembles, and the more pronounced specimens of the excitable preachers among certain denominations of our separated brethren have likewise spoken with "no uncertain sound." Hon. Clifford Sifton has resigned and Hon. Mr. Fielding has threatened to resign. But in face of all these more or less remarkable phenomena, the country is quiet and confident that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is doing the part of an honest and patriotic Canadian statesman. Mr. Sifton had not put in an appearance in the House from the opening of Parliament. Mr. Fielding had been absent in Europe. Rumor had persistently attributed to the former a wish to espouse the pleasures of private life long before the autonomy measures had been announced. Mr. Fielding had not publicly stated his position. Perhaps The Globe may be the vehicle of the deliberate views of both, and if this be so the position of The Globe is the exact stand we expect the Conservative party to assume in the House when the school question comes up for discussion. The Globe in late years has been influential in maintaining the Liberal party in Ontario. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier be weak enough to accept its advice, or be influenced by its vapors in a federal issue he will greatly surprise the judgment of his best supporters in this province. What Sir Wilfrid may do we cannot know, but we firmly believe he will adhere to the principle and intention of the school clauses which give effect and continuance to the educational provisions of the Act of 1875. More than this Sir Wilfrid has not been asked to give, less than this he could not give and stand in the House of Commons as the successor of Mackenzie.

The Globe has been busy brushing up sections of law ready for application to the case in hand. It attributes to the Northwest members "substitute clauses," which would place the Territories in the position of Manitoba and put the Catholic minority in the new provinces under the necessity of starting another Manitoba school fight in the courts the moment some future Joe Martin should see fit to follow the Manitoba precedent either in Alberta or Saskatchewan. There has been no Catholic pressure put upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier in regard to the Northwest schools, and the Catholic Press all over the Dominion has not resented in any degree the truculent attitude of those who threaten dire vengeance both to the Liberal party and to Catholic schools in Ontario and Quebec unless the Premier of Canada goes on his knees to those who clamor for an end of religious education in the public schools of this Dominion. Sir Wilfrid is strong enough to invite all who threaten him to strike now. Let them strike on the floor of the House and take the consequences. Mr. Sifton does not control Manitoba nor can Mr. Fielding lead Nova Scotia out of the Liberal party. Mr. Fielding did not via Nova Scotia

the young men who took the political organization of that province into their own hands acted in the main contrary to Mr. Fielding's plans and surprised him by the result.

Canadian politicians seem to be getting the "bolting" habit. The trick began with the famous "nest of traitors," of whose conspiracies stratagems and spoils Parliament has not yet heard the last. The recent "bolt" from Mr. Parent's government in Quebec showed many improvements upon the article fashioned for the destruction of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and if The Globe and Mr. Sifton design a still more ingenious and powerful contrivance they may compel Sir Wilfrid Laurier to appeal to the country. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier would play into their hands if he did not give them the opportunity of testing their strength on the floor of parliament first. It would be a sad day for Canadian politics if the Liberal party could be knocked to pieces by every wind of fanaticism that blows from Manitoba or Ontario. Ontario was not less Protestant and was infinitely stronger in its Liberalism when Mackenzie and Blake passed the very bill which places upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier the duty he now has undertaken honestly to discharge. Ontario Liberalism will revive under the strong touch of a patriotic statesman and a hearty response will be given Sir Wilfrid Laurier in this province when he appeals to its people to stand true to Liberal traditions. Nor would Nova Scotia do less than she has done. It will in truth well repay the Canadian people whenever they are given the opportunity of rendering a verdict upon the question raised by the chief Liberal organ and certain Liberal members of the House, viz.: Is the Canadian Premier to hold power only by permission of influences opposing the guarantee of denominational schools in our constitution?

THE LATE MR. E. F. CLARKE.

The unexpected death of Mr. E. F. Clarke, M.P., is regretted by all classes of people in Toronto and outside. He was a man well suited for public life. Neither his party nor other associations interfered with his popularity as a citizen, which rested upon his generous disposition, his sympathetic nature and his real capacity. Mr. Clarke was a man of great influence in this city and it can be said of him that he invariably exerted it in the cause of harmony and worthy public spirit. As Mayor of Toronto he was the representative of no class or faction. In Parliament he was not an extreme party man and addressed all questions from a practical point of view. Toronto honored him in many ways but Toronto owes him only gratitude for the manner in which he discharged all responsibilities placed upon him. He ended life, we believe, as he began it, a poor man as far as the world's wealth was concerned. Selfish men have died poor after having made and lost fortunes. Public men have died in obscurity after having made great reputations. E. F. Clarke lost neither fortune nor reputation, and was never in danger of meeting either accident because he was an unselfish man. Those who know his private life from boyhood understood his unselfishness. For his mourning family the citizens of Toronto feel the sincerest sympathy.

MR. WYNDHAM'S RETIREMENT.

After resisting for more than a week the sustained attacks of the Nationalists and Orangemen in the House of Commons Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has resigned his office. The Nationalists attacked him because they believed he had been ungenerous and insincere with Sir Antony MacDonnell, his Under Secretary. The Orangemen were lashed to rage by the open declarations of Mr. Wyndham that he had the fullest confidence in Sir Antony and neither hoped nor expected to meet the fanatical views of the Orange leaders in the House. Behind all the cross-firing it is more than likely that Mr. Wyndham's retirement is a strategic movement to save Mr. Balfour's majority from immediate disaster. The majority has been swiftly decreasing, and the government that a year ago had the greatest majority in the history of modern parties, has become so weak as to be at the mercy of the mere handful of Orangemen who sit in the House of Commons. The one man whose name stands unscathed and whose honesty has been proved inviolable from first to last, is Sir Antony MacDonnell. Mr. Wyndham went into the Irish office with a sincere intention to conciliate the masses of the Irish people and his motives were the highest when he induced Sir Antony MacDonnell to assist him. That all negotiations between them were carried on in the most straightforward way is quite evident from the text of the follow-

ing letter which Sir Antony wrote to his chief before finally agreeing to accept the office of Under Secretary:

"Dear Mr. Wyndham—I told you I had been offered and accepted nomination to a seat on the Council of India, and that it would be necessary for me to consult Lord George Hamilton before anything was settled regarding the Irish appointment. I have now seen Lord George Hamilton, and understand from him there would probably be no difficulty in allowing me to retain a seat on the Indian Council and lend my services to the Irish Government. This procedure would be in accordance with my own wishes, and it would strengthen my position in Ireland if I go there. If the matter, through Lord George Hamilton's consideration, is simplified in this direction, there still remains the difficulty to which I alluded when I saw you. I have been anxiously passing over this difficulty in my own mind. You know I am an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Liberal in politics. I have strong Irish sympathies, and I do not see eye to eye with you on all matters of Irish administration, and I see no likelihood of good coming from such a regime of coercion as the Times has recently outlined. On the other hand, from the exposition you are good enough to give me of your views, and from the estimates I find there is a substantial measure of agreement between us. Moreover, I would be glad to be of some service to Ireland, and therefore it seems to me that the situation goes beyond the sphere of mere party politics. I should be willing to take office under you, provided there is some chance of my succeeding, and I think there is some chance of success, on this condition, that I should have adequate opportunities of influencing the policy and acts of the Irish Administration, and subject, of course, to your control; freedom of action in Executive matters. For many years in India I directed administration of a large scale, and I know if you send me to Ireland the opportunity of a mere secretarial criticism would fall far short of the requirements of my position. In Ireland my aim would be the maintenance of order, the solution of the Land question on the basis of voluntary sale, the fixing of rents where sales may not take place on some self-acting principle whereby local inquiries would be obviated, the co-ordination, control and direction of boards and other administrative agencies. The settlement of the Education question in the general spirit of Mr. Balfour's views, and the general promotion of material improvement and administrative conciliation. I am sure you will not misinterpret this letter. I am greatly attracted by the chance of doing some good for Ireland. My best friends tell me I am deluding myself, that I shall be abused by Orangemen as a Roman Catholic or Home Ruler and denounced by the Home Rulers as a renegade, and that I shall do no good, and shall retire disgusted within a year. But I am willing to try the business under the colors and conditions I mention. It is for you to decide whether the trial is worth making. In any event I shall be your debtor for having thought of me in connection with a great work."

EDITORIAL NOTES

General Sir William Butler, who was recalled from the Cape before the Boer war at the instigation of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, has consented to become a Liberal candidate for East Leeds at the next election. Sir William Butler is an Irishman and a Catholic.

The Romanesque policy of the United States in the Philippines is bearing a fair crop of troubles. One of the new rules framed last year was concerned with the higher education of young Filipinos in the educational institutions of the United States. Only a small percentage of the first draft of students went into Catholic Colleges, and some of the lads placed otherwise are always complaining of sectarian persecution. But in those cases where the Filipino students are themselves indifferent to their surroundings all is not plain sailing by any means, for the mothers of the American girls in co-education college towns are in fear and trembling lest the "niggers" may be flirting with Sal and Mandy. From the present outlook it would appear that the worst is yet to come.

Typewriting in the Schools

The question of what should be taught and what excluded from the schools is a fertile source of discussion. A few days ago we had the Public School Board hotly discussing the pros and cons of typewriting as part of the school curriculum. As our programme is largely formed in accordance with this, it is of interest to us. If the educational problem were not continually presenting vagaries many and varied, one would have been surprised at the number who opposed the typewriter, or indeed that anyone could be found to do so. The opponents of course, worked on the theory that nothing is of educational value that is simply utilitarian. Admitting the general principle, it must also be admitted that there are exceptions to this as to every rule, and of this the typewriter is an example. Theories with regard to things educational are forever changing, what seems right at one moment seems altogether wrong a short time after, so it is not well to be arbitrary on the matter, but if it were possible, if time and money would allow, I for one, would teach the use of the typewriter to every school. Now-a-days no one is looked upon as fully equipped for office work who cannot manipulate the keyboard, and in newspaper work it is almost indispensable, anyone at any moment may be called upon to ply the machine. The time to acquire facility is when the fingers are young and pliable, when they can run along the keys as do those of an expert on the piano. Many adults are now striving to acquire a knowledge of the machine and ease in its manipulation, and the disadvantages of stiff, stubborn fingers and the awkwardness due to lack of early training. The majority never get beyond a painful pegging with one or at most two fingers. If the children now at school are taught the "touch system" it will give them command of all their fingers, and this acquired at an early age will give them an independent status in many branches of business, otherwise impossible in this day, and even if this knowledge and skill be never applied practically, it will give a certain knowledge of mechanism and a certain pliancy and discipline to the fingers in much the same way as does the piano or other musical instruments. It seems a good thing in this case that the opponents to the retention of the typewriter in the school were overruled.

OBITUARY

In ever hallowed memory of Rev. Francis Ryan, who died on March 8th, 1902. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MR. J. M. MALONEY.

On Thursday, March 2nd, the death occurred of Mr. J. M. Maloney at his late residence, 19 Wilcocks street. Mr. Maloney, who was one of Toronto's oldest business men, established his tailoring business thirty-seven years ago at the corner of Bay and Melinda streets, and it was only about three years ago that he retired from active life. His son, Mr. Richard Maloney, is now doing business under the name of the firm. Deceased was eighty-four years of age and died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cavan of Toronto, and will be buried beside her husband in the cemetery of her old home. R.I.P.

MRS. AMBROSE KEOGH.

The remains of Mrs. Keogh, widow of the late Ambrose Keogh, were taken to Tottenham for burial on Monday. Mrs. Keogh, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Gamble, was born in Tottenham, but had lived the greater part of her life in Toronto, where she had many friends and was much respected. For several years she held a position of trust with the T. Eaton Co. and until about two weeks ago was apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health. She died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Cavan of Toronto, and will be buried beside her husband in the cemetery of her old home. R.I.P.

FUNERAL OF MR. FRANCIS MCGINN.

The funeral of Mr. Francis McGinn took place from his late residence, 16 Arthur street, to St. Francis' church on Tuesday morning. The mass of requiem was said by Rev. Father McCann, P.P. Mr. McGinn was a native of County Monaghan, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1847. He was seventy years of age and was one of the first employees of the old Canada Southern Railway. The popularity of the deceased was manifested by the large number who filled the church and who followed his old friend to the grave. He is survived by a widow, five sons and three daughters, all of whom were present when the end came. The sons are John of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Dan and James who reside with their parents, Frank of Chicago and Arthur in business on Dundas street. The daughters are Kate at home, Mrs. Joseph Lane of Rochester, and Mrs. Murphy, Toronto. R.I.P.

Archbishops Walsh and O'Connor

The Mail and Empire Corrected as to its views on Separate Schools

(Toronto Mail and Empire March 7.) With reference to the statements in The Mail and Empire as to the position of Archbishops Walsh and O'Connor on Separate schools, Rev. Father Walsh, of St. Helen's Church, spoke as follows to The Mail and Empire yesterday:

"I have seen the article in The Mail and Empire of March 4th inst., purporting to give the views of the late Archbishop Walsh on the question of the Separate school system in Ontario, and stating that he partially prepared a thesis countenancing the abolition of Separate schools in Manitoba.

"So far as the statement in that article refers to the late Archbishop Walsh they are incorrect. I am his nephew, and was his secretary, and am his executor, and I know these statements are not true."

Mr. Hugh Kelly said: "So far as Archbishop O'Connor is concerned, the statements, except in so far as they say he takes an interest in the schools, are not justified by any utterance he has made."

C. M. B. A. ASSESSMENT

Editor of Catholic Register:

Sir,—The new table of assessments of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, which appears in the Canadian, the organ of the Association, is a rather curious and interesting production. At the triennial convention of the association in Toronto in August last the fluctuating system of assessments was abolished and a fixed monthly rate of assessment based on twenty assessments per annum substituted. It seems that a committee was appointed to arrange the new monthly levy and the fruit of this committee's labor is the unique table of assessments published in the Canadian. The Canadian, speaking, of course, for the brilliant committee, says that the latter decided for convenience sake to do away with odd figures in the rate and to have all rates end with either a 5 or a 0. Railway and other monopolistic corporations, acting arbitrarily in the interest of big dividends, eschew odd figures with equal anxiety in their rates to passengers and freight customers, thus annually raking in hundreds of thousands of unearned and dishonest dollars. The difference between the system of the monopoly and that evolved by the talented and convenience-seeking committee of the C.M.B.A., is that the former discriminates in favor of no one, levying the same rate from all, whereas the C.M.B.A. committee puts a punitive increase on the member whose monthly rate happens to end in an odd figure! I can understand the committee being anxious to dodge a fraction but its fear of an odd figure is not so apparent, particularly when in obviating the use of the odd figure some members suffer to the tune of over two assessments in the next three years. Hear the sage committee: "If it should ascertain that the new monthly levy of a member would amount to \$1.66 2/3 the rate chargeable in this case would be \$1.70." * * * "For the benefit of those whose rates are not provided for by any of the preceding tables we herewith submit a simple rule by which they can ascertain the new monthly levy which they will be called upon to pay. Multiply the rate of assessment by 20 and divide by twelve. This will give the regular monthly levy required." Similarly rates could be struck for all other assessments. I go the length of saying that the table printed and adopted will be a scandal if it is allowed to stand and that it will militate sadly and materially against the increase and prosperity of the C.M.B.A. should be apparent. Small amounts may seem petty to some minds, but they are very serious and very material to those struggling for an existence. A still simpler method of assessment would have been for the committee to recommend single assessments the first four months and double assessments the last eight months of the year, or two single assessments half yearly. This, it is true, would not have been exactly obeying the convention, but the committee had surely some latitude and, in view of its palpable horror of fractions and odd figures, any table, so long as it was fair, honest and workable, would have been acceptable.

I trust the Grand Council will lose no time in having an honest and proper table of assessments prepared and published. Its duty should be plain and if it shuns or defers it the C.M.B.A. will undoubtedly suffer. I shall not, I trust, be charged with lack of the proper fraternal spirit for directing public attention to a grievance, imposed upon 15,000 members to the advantage of the entire 20,000, and it is in the hope that that grievance will be speedily remedied that I seek the Register rather than wait for the still fitful and conjectural issuance of The Canadian.

D. J. MUNGOVAN, R.S. Branch 88.

Orangeville, Feb. 20.

British American Insurance Company

The seventy-first annual meeting of the shareholders of the British American Assurance Company was held at the offices of the company on Monday last, the president, Hon. Geo. A. Cox presiding.

The statement presented showed that the premium income for 1904 had been larger than that of any previous year in the company's history. In common with most other fire insurance companies the British American suffered from the conflagrations at Baltimore and Toronto, but the action of the shareholders in writing off a portion of the capital after these disasters and subscribing for new capital to the amount of \$350,000, coupled with the favorable experience during the latter months of the year, resulted in placing the company in a stronger financial position than it occupied a year ago, the security which it offers its policyholders being, as shown in the financial statement, published in another column, \$1,874,642.95.

The board of directors were unanimously re-elected and at a subsequent meeting Hon. George A. Cox was re-elected president, and Mr. J. J. Kennedy vice-president for the ensuing year.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate or gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

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up and appreciate even the value of a fraction when they read the above figures. If the Ross surplus is ever to be discovered I would suggest to the members of the Ontario Opposition the engagement of one or all the members of this great committee to embark in the search. If the committee really settled down to the preparation of a fair and simple table of assessments it could have easily avoided fractions and still reached a satisfactory result. For instance, a member with an assessment of 55c could have been asked to pay 90c per month for the first eleven months and \$1.10 the twelfth month. This would be collecting the just and honest rate of \$11 for the year, instead of levying 40c per year too much as at present, or over two assessments in the three years. Similarly rates could be struck for all other assessments. I go the length of saying that the table printed and adopted will be a scandal if it is allowed to stand and that it will militate sadly and materially against the increase and prosperity of the C.M.B.A. should be apparent. Small amounts may seem petty to some minds, but they are very serious and very material to those struggling for an existence. A still simpler method of assessment would have been for the committee to recommend single assessments the first four months and double assessments the last eight months of the year, or two single assessments half yearly. This, it is true, would not have been exactly obeying the convention, but the committee had surely some latitude and, in view of its palpable horror of fractions and odd figures, any table, so long as it was fair, honest and workable, would have been acceptable.

I trust the Grand Council will lose no time in having an honest and proper table of assessments prepared and published. Its duty should be plain and if it shuns or defers it the C.M.B.A. will undoubtedly suffer. I shall not, I trust, be charged with lack of the proper fraternal spirit for directing public attention to a grievance, imposed upon 15,000 members to the advantage of the entire 20,000, and it is in the hope that that grievance will be speedily remedied that I seek the Register rather than wait for the still fitful and conjectural issuance of The Canadian.

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D'Youville Reading Circle

D'Youville Circle held its fortnightly meeting on Tuesday evening with the usual large attendance.

The historical study of Oxford having reached the turn which is called the Tractarian movement, it was closed by the relating of the beautiful legendary beginning of that famous intellectual center; that is to say, the story of Frideswida, a Saxon princess of Wessex was told.

She rowed ten miles up the River Thames and then found in a dense forest of oak trees matted with ivy, a nook where she thought herself secure. Algar and his suite followed fast, overtook and were about to lay hands upon her, when in response to her prayers for her patron saints, Cecilia and Catherine, for protection, both the pursuer and his suite were stricken with blindness.

This school for saints passed under the control of a chapter of canons, and became in the 13th century the first real Oxford College under the name of Christ Church. Later, when the "new learning" compelled changes, Cardinal Wolsey made vast improvements and this is why to-day this particular college is also spoken of as Cardinal College.

This, too, is where Dr. Pusey lived and ruled. Some of England's most famous churchmen, statesmen, and scholars claim Christ Church College as their Alma Mater.

It seemed but right to give woman her due by telling this legend of Saint Frideswida before closing the very interesting study of one of the world's greatest centres of interest.

The mention of that legend recalls another beautiful one in connection with the same princess Frideswida. It is to the effect that while walking one day near the edge of a forest she was terrified at the sight of a leper who came towards her, his arms extended, and begged her in the name of Jesus Christ, who was so merciful to the afflicted, to kiss him in the name of Christ, and for His sake.

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CHEVALIER HENEY

(Continued from page 1.)

ously until 1890. Thirty-seven years as a member of the corporation board is a unique record, which won for him the title of 'Father of the Council.' For several years he was chairman of the board of works and held that position the year Dufferin bridge was built.

Chevalier Heney is the only representative of the council that presented the address of welcome to our present King, when as Prince of Wales he visited Ottawa. He was a member of the reception committee to the Prince and was present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Parliament Buildings. He has met and remembers every Governor-General we have had since Confederation.

When the board of trade was formed the Chevalier was one of the first members and since that time has been connected with it. The board was formed in 1857 and although Mr. Heney was not amongst those who applied for incorporation he joined it the same year. He and Mr. Geo. Hay, president of the Bank of Ottawa, are the only surviving members of that year's board. Mr. Heney is the only man who was a member and has been so ever since, for Mr. Hay retired from the board about two years ago.

The charter members of whom Mr. Hay is the sole survivor, were: Geo. Hay, John Bower, Lewis, Edward Griffin, James H. Burke, James Porter, Edward McGilivray, James Brought, William Hart Thompson, and J. Wadsworth, with William Pearson Harris, John Durie, Agar Yielding, Alexander Workman, Joseph Amund, Alexander McKay, J. S. Cassels, Allan Gilmour, John Lox, Robert Harvey, John Thompson, John Porter, George Patterson, Daniel McLaughlin, John Forgie and Peter Egleson.

Another line of activity in which the Chevalier has taken an important part is the temperance work in Ottawa. He took the pledge from Father Matthew in 1841 and in 1845 was instrumental in establishing the Irish Catholic Temperance Society of Ottawa. In recognition of his valuable services in the cause of temperance he received from Pope Leo XIII. a gold medal and the title of Chevalier of the Holy Sepulchre.

In religion the subject of our sketch is Roman Catholic, staunch in his allegiance to his church, but with tolerant views towards those differing from him. He has always been a generous supporter of the institutions connected with his religion, being at present a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and a life member of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum.

tions issued, and now there are 500 leagues in existence, each in a flourishing condition. The clergy were behind the movement, the politicians soon lined up and even Trinity College joined the ranks. With the revival of the language all the old traditions seem to be coming back. Dr. O'Boyle gave a very interesting account of a Feish which he attended last summer in Galway in proof of the worth of the Gaelic Society in doing as a praiseworthy one, and of incalculable benefit to Ireland. They seem to have prevented just in the nick of time the bartering of a nation's soul. The success of the industrial movement, which they set on foot is attested by the exhibits sent to the Buffalo, Cork and St. Louis expositions. Their best efforts have been directed towards stemming the tide of depopulation, and in spite of the cut-rate war waged between the two shipping companies last summer, the emigration rate was one-quarter less than that of the preceding year. They desire above all to conserve the national type in art, literature, music, and industry, a type that is necessary humanly and religiously speaking. They are probing systematically that inertia which is termed by some "Ireland's disease," a disease caused, said the lecturer, by landlordism, absentee landlordism at that, prohibitive industrial expansion and the appalling poverty of the country. He struck a note of particular interest to Canadians when he said that literature is divided into history and romance, the latter having two distinct planes, the Saga and the Epic. The bards who formed the fourth estate in the government are responsible for the Saga. They were literature and story. Tellers rather than musicians. They kept the genealogical annals, which next to those of the Jewish people, are the most reliable; they also forced culture by the mere reason of their own culture on the warlike kings and chieftains. 187 of their stories have been preserved, among them the tales of the Red Branch Knights, the exploits of Fing MacCool (?) and the rhymes of Ossian. Milton is believed to have borrowed some of his ideas from the first Christian epic. "The Pascal Song of Sedaluis," written in the 5th century, while Dante is said to have had recourse to another, "The Voyages of St. Brendan," for his "Divina Comedia." The Irish, too, have the distinction of having invented verse and they were the only people of early times to teach Greek in the vernacular. During the wars of the Cromwellian and Williamite periods many valuable documents were lost, still much that is of incalculable worth has been handed down from one generation to another. It is to these documents we must go for the real story of Ireland's golden age. Their first reliable history dates back three centuries before Christ. Then there is the book of Kells, and St. Patrick's book of the four Masters, the latter containing 4,000 pages.

After the crash of the Irish every possible means was taken to stamp out the national spirit and language; there came in the 18th century another splendid outburst of inherent genius in the national music, the source from which Moore drew his Irish melodies. The introduction of English into the national schools nearly proved the deathblow of the Gaelic language. In 1835 3 out of 7 millions spoke it; in 1891 only one quarter of a million.

Early in the 19th century three scholars, Petrie, O'Carry and Donovan, took to the study of Gaelic but not till the end of the century was more than a local interest aroused. Primers were printed, classes formed, books published, dictionaries compiled weekly and monthly publica-

tion issued, and now there are 500 leagues in existence, each in a flourishing condition. The clergy were behind the movement, the politicians soon lined up and even Trinity College joined the ranks. With the revival of the language all the old traditions seem to be coming back. Dr. O'Boyle gave a very interesting account of a Feish which he attended last summer in Galway in proof of the worth of the Gaelic Society in doing as a praiseworthy one, and of incalculable benefit to Ireland. They seem to have prevented just in the nick of time the bartering of a nation's soul. The success of the industrial movement, which they set on foot is attested by the exhibits sent to the Buffalo, Cork and St. Louis expositions. Their best efforts have been directed towards stemming the tide of depopulation, and in spite of the cut-rate war waged between the two shipping companies last summer, the emigration rate was one-quarter less than that of the preceding year. They desire above all to conserve the national type in art, literature, music, and industry, a type that is necessary humanly and religiously speaking. They are probing systematically that inertia which is termed by some "Ireland's disease," a disease caused, said the lecturer, by landlordism, absentee landlordism at that, prohibitive industrial expansion and the appalling poverty of the country. He struck a note of particular interest to Canadians when he said that literature is divided into history and romance, the latter having two distinct planes, the Saga and the Epic. The bards who formed the fourth estate in the government are responsible for the Saga. They were literature and story. Tellers rather than musicians. They kept the genealogical annals, which next to those of the Jewish people, are the most reliable; they also forced culture by the mere reason of their own culture on the warlike kings and chieftains. 187 of their stories have been preserved, among them the tales of the Red Branch Knights, the exploits of Fing MacCool (?) and the rhymes of Ossian. Milton is believed to have borrowed some of his ideas from the first Christian epic. "The Pascal Song of Sedaluis," written in the 5th century, while Dante is said to have had recourse to another, "The Voyages of St. Brendan," for his "Divina Comedia." The Irish, too, have the distinction of having invented verse and they were the only people of early times to teach Greek in the vernacular. During the wars of the Cromwellian and Williamite periods many valuable documents were lost, still much that is of incalculable worth has been handed down from one generation to another. It is to these documents we must go for the real story of Ireland's golden age. Their first reliable history dates back three centuries before Christ. Then there is the book of Kells, and St. Patrick's book of the four Masters, the latter containing 4,000 pages.

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The Rake-maker's Race

(By Seumas MacManus.)

In the Rebellion Year, when the boys shouldered their pikes, and went bravely out to die in a good cause, there was not a braver or a bolder soldier than the boy from Glenravel who headed them, Conn Magee—Captain Conn, as he was quickly ranked.

A dashing, fine fellow was Conn—a strapping and an able one—as lithe as a mountain ash, and tall and straight as a poplar. He was a very lion cub in strength, but had a heart as good and as tender as that of a child.

Conn had a heart that always beat for his country, was ever sore for his country's wrongs, and ever and always eager to strike for her rights. He carried the United Irishmen movement like wildfire over the hills and through the glens of Antrim.

Put he was cornered by the soldiers at last, and taken at bay, after selling his liberty dearly. Manacled and fettered, and guarded by a full regiment of red-coats, poor Captain Conn was borne off in triumph to Carrickfergus Gaol, and there put behind well-secured bars and bolts.

His capture had cost too much for the advantage to be lightly thrown away. The Government rejoiced that so dangerous an enemy to the Constitution, and to the realm, as he, and one whose life at liberty would ever have such a disturbing influence upon the fiery spirits of the young men of Antrim, was safe in their power at last.

A trial for life (it might then be more appropriately termed a trial for death) cost the authorities little trouble, and less time, in those days; so, within thirty-six hours after his capture, poor Conn was arraigned on the charge of high treason, tried, and condemned, within twenty-four hours.

At which sentence Conn, standing erect, and with folded arms, in the high-backed dock, and meeting the judge's look with a steadiness that caused that official's eye to shift and when fall, smiled a sardonic smile, though, next moment, there was a heavy weight at his heart, for thinking that the poor world should come to such a degenerate pass as to brand traitor on a man who dared to love and to serve and to raise up his own fallen country!

As Conn, by his ever sterling qualities, and more generous acts of his in the heart of the late struggle, had unwittingly made himself friends, even in the camp of the enemy, there was a great effort put forth, by friend and enemy conjointly, to save his life, and many influential quarters were moved to action, with the result that, though the authorities immediately on the ground granted a respite for five days to permit of the higher powers being approached, the latter absolutely and curtly refused to hear any appeal on behalf of such a dangerous rebel, and of one who had caused them so much trouble and money, and so many lives, as Captain Conn Magee.

Of all the one person whom this sad intelligence bore hardest was little black-haired Mary O'Hara of the Braid, who loved the gallant Conn with a fervor with which man was seldom loved, who had encouraged and strengthened him in his determination to free his country, and who had promised with her hand and heart to complete his happiness on the day of Freedom's Dawn.

These last bad tidings would have finally prostrated poor Mary but that one thin little hope-gleaned broken her. The messenger who had broken the news to her said: "They are better men, surely, when they will in-stead upon the blood of the poor boy, though, by raising their little finger any one of them could give him his life, which is more than any other man in Ireland could do—blessed Lord O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, and he, you know, has the old, ancient right of his family of demanding a life in the year from the Government of the country. But, of course, bitter as the Government are against Conn Magee and his sort, Lord O'Neill—whose father's life was lost in Antrim battle—is ten times bolder, and utterly outside the idea of appealing to."

"Then," said Mary, suddenly becoming possessed of life and energy—"I know a way to appeal to him." "Ah," said the messenger sadly, "no way is any use."

But Mary didn't even answer. She had plucked her shawl off the peg and was gone.

"She reached Ballymena late at night and the little cabin of Paddy Scullin, the rake-maker—poor Paddy Scullin, who had courted her in vain and, broken-hearted by his failure, had lapsed into sad and silent worship of her. Paddy was astounded to find Mary O'Hara, wild-eyed, burst into the cottage.

"Paddy," she said, "I want you to do me the greatest favor man can do me in this world."

"Mary of my heart," said he eagerly, jumping to his feet, "say what it is."

"Young Lord O'Neill owes you his life?" "It is so," Paddy said modestly (for he had saved him from the waters of the Bann five years before, and, proud fellow that poor Paddy was, he had refused all reward at the O'Neills' hands).

"Then," Mary said, "I want you to ask a life off him in return—the life of Conn Magee." And she informed Paddy of the right which the O'Neill family had of demanding from the Government a life in the year.

"If he can grant the life," Paddy quickly said, "I will have it. Be comforted, Mary a stoic."

"Lord O'Neill is in Dublin," Mary said. "You have only six days. There is not a minute to be lost if the boy is to escape."

"Six days!" said Paddy airily—for he knew his own powers—"why, I'd go round the world and back in the time."

"God bless you Paddy!" said Mary. "And, if it is any spur to you, I may tell you that if you get a pardon for poor Conn Magee, you may have Mary O'Hara for the asking—if you think her worth it."

Paddy's eyes filled. He just bent his head in reply. Paddy's entire preparation for the journey was to draw on his coat, which he did with haste. As he bounded off he said: "Good-bye, Mary, good-bye. If Paddy Scullin is not fit to come back with a free pardon, it's like you'll never see his face more."

And then he was gone.

In those days our people were hardy and good walkers; thirty, forty miles at a stretch they looked lightly upon. Paddy Scullin, who was probably unrivalled as a pedestrian, throughout the harvest months walked twenty-six long miles to the market in Cookstown, carrying a load of rakes, stood the market, and returned home, lightly, the same night again, and, moreover, thought it no great achievement. No journey, however long or fatiguing to other men, was ever known to tire Paddy. It was not that he was a muscular, big fellow; for, on the contrary, Paddy was small, angular, and poor of body, rather awkward in gait, also the very last man that an unwitting stranger would have chosen to undergo extraordinary fatigue. But the stranger would have been mightily disappointed; for, though his frame looked small and poor, it was very sinewy.

And, though his gait was awkward, he managed to sling along to his journey's end—however far that might be—faster, and with less fatigue, than more likely men. The hundred and seven good miles from his home to Dublin was a good trot to him, and he sped along almost jauntily. As he went, the word spread far and fast along the way that Paddy went to make a last great effort for a pardon for Conn Magee, who was to be hanged in Carrickfergus at eight o'clock on Monday morning next, and the people ran from the houses, and the neighbors from the fields, to wish him God-speed, and give him a rousing cheer to lift him on his way.

Wherever he deigned to stop for food or drink, the best of both that the neighborhood could provide was hastily to the fore, and pressed upon him. Great crowds filled the house where he halted, debating, encouraging, advising; while Paddy, who was a man of few words, gave apparent attention to all, but said little in return.

In two days he easily reached Dublin, but on arriving there, discovered, to his dismay, that Lord O'Neill was in London, but daily expected back.

Paddy despatched a messenger home to warn them that he was compelled to wait a few days; but he asked the messenger to bid Mary O'Hara, and all the friends of Conn Magee, as well as all the friends of Ireland, to keep up their hearts, for that, if man or mortal could obtain the pardon and fetch it there in time, he would do it.

And Paddy's determination grew more grim as the probabilities against him grew greater.

Lord O'Neill did not return on the next day, nor yet on the day after that. There was a fog in the Channel that delayed all ships. Saturday morning came, and still no Lord O'Neill, nor yet Saturday noon, and Saturday evening brought no tidings of him.

Things were black. Late on Saturday night the ship that bore the expected lord at length came in. Paddy, who had to be here there, and everywhere, missed him at his incoming; hastened to his house when he got the intelligence, and there found that he had gone off with some friends to spend the night. After an agonizing chase through Dublin city, he discovered, a few hours after midnight, that Lord O'Neill had come to his club. After fighting and giving a well-deserved drubbing, to the supercilious dunce who frowned on him, and would contemptuously have turned him out as a vagabond, Paddy forced his way into the club-rooms, and through them, till he found his man, luxuriously enjoying himself among fellows of his ilk, in a room of revelry.

Poor Paddy certainly had not the dress or aspect of the club-going man; but the scornful look he gave the lords, who roared at him, quickly quelled the noise in their throats, and made some of them ashamed. The astounded Lord O'Neill took him by the hand and shook it heartily, and hastily led him aside. Without waiting for question or word, Paddy poured his business upon him, and requested the pardon of Conn Magee.

Lord O'Neill's face fell, and then grew stern, as he listened. He said: "Paddy Scullin, I say now, as I said five years ago, ask me any request within the bounds of reason and it will be granted as soon as it is asked; but the life of the rebel Magee I cannot—would not—give!" "Lord O'Neill," said Paddy, boldly looking him in the eye, "five years ago I saved your life for you; and

British America Assurance Company

SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

31st DECEMBER, 1904

ASSETS

Table with 2 columns: Asset Name and Value. Includes United States Government and State Bonds, Municipal Bonds, Loan and Savings Company Bonds and Stocks, Railway Bonds, Toronto Electric Light Co's Bonds, Other Stocks and Bonds, Real Estate—Company's Building, Office Furniture, Agents' Balances, Cash on Hand and on Deposit, Bills Receivable, Interest Due and Accrued.

LIABILITIES

Table with 2 columns: Liability Name and Value. Includes Capital Stock Subscribed, Less Calls in Course of Payment, Losses under Adjustment, Dividend No. 122, payable January 5th, 1905, Reserve Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Liability Name and Value. Includes Capital, Reserve Fund, Security to Policy Holders.

Losses paid from the organization of the company to date \$25,868,544.80

DIRECTORATE

MON. GEORGE A. COX, President. J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director. Augustus Myers, Hon. S. C. Wood, Thomas Long, Robert Jaffray, John Hoskin, K.C., L.L.D., Lt.-Col. H. M. Pellatt, E. W. Cox. P. H. SIMS, Secretary. Offices—Cor. Front and Scott Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

now I have journeyed on my two feet to Dublin, and waited in agony here for you, to beseech you the life of the poor boy, whose crime was that he loved his country. Do you grant my request, or do you refuse it? Yes or no?"

"No, Scullin!" said Lord O'Neill. "Then," said Paddy, "may the Lord above, who granted you your life again when you were on the point of losing it, deal tenderly with you when you come to your judgment than you are willing to deal with His children! Lord O'Neill," said he—and in the onlooker's eyes Paddy Scullin now looked the lord, and O'Neill a shivering serf—"I leave you to the company of your conscience. Good-bye!"

Lord O'Neill sprang after him, and got him by the shoulder as he went, delaying his progress.

Both of them went out together. Lord O'Neill ordered a carriage to be fetched, with all speed, into which he put Paddy Scullin, and entered himself, after telling the coachman to drive, as he had never driven before, to the Viceregal Lodge.

The Lord-Lieutenant was hard to awake, was in no good humor at being awakened, and flew into a rage when he discovered what he had been roused for.

Lord O'Neill firmly insisted on his privilege, and, after a deal of passionate debating, a full and free pardon for Conn Magee was signed and sealed.

The Lord-Lieutenant contented himself with the spiteful remark, as he looked at his watch, that "There is neither horse nor man in Ireland who can have it to Carrickfergus in time now, anyhow."

"I thank your Excellency," said Lord O'Neill, sneering in reply; "but if my blood-horse fails to do it, I'll promise you now to bestow him on the first tinker that crosses his path after."

Said Paddy Scullin: "If it is to be got there in time—and I trust to the good God that it will—the blood-horse that will do it is myself."

And Paddy could be moved by no remonstrance; for in his heart he knew, far better than O'Neill could guess, his own superiority to the blood-horse, and he insisted on the pardon being handed over to him instantly. He bowed his thanks to Lord O'Neill, and then burst away.

As Paddy flew through the streets of Dublin, the streams of the Sunday dawn were filling the sky. When he got rid of the city, without ceasing from his race, he drew off his old coat and cast it from him; next he cast away his vest, and, a little further on his hat. He girded his loins with his suspenders and then flew fast and light. And as he went the eyes of Paddy were turned up to heaven, appealing to God for strength and speed to carry him in time over the hundred miles that lay between him and Carrickfergus town.

From the time that he had passed that way, going to Dublin, the people all along the line of route, and for far and near on every side of it, had talked of little else than Paddy Scullin's mission, and had been since then, eagerly watching the way to observe his return. And when Saturday passed without his coming, the despair had crept into their hearts. But still they waited, hoping for a miracle. And when, on the afternoon of Sunday, the flying form of Paddy was seen coming down the way, the people, who at intervals were lined long in the road, burst into a shout which rolled away before Paddy, announcing his approach to those more distant, and summoning upon the hilltops other crowds to cheer to the skies, and throw up hats, and wave handkerchiefs and shawls. The crowd on the road divided at his approach, closed in behind him, and, shouting their encouragement, galloped after, until he tired them down or further crowds had fallen in and undertook the guard.

Paddy was a very stoic, though,

no cheer to the skies, no waving of hats and shawls, and no tide of enthusiasm seemed to affect him. His face was grim and set, his eyes fixed on the horizon far ahead, his body stretched; and thus, more like a figure out of an ancient heroic epic than a man of real flesh and blood, he flew onwards, the big official packet, which he bore in his right hand, the sign to all of the success of his mission.

As they saw him coming, the people ran to the road with food and drink. He consented to grasp in his hand, as he passed, a bit of food here, and to pause and gulp a drink there; but it was on rare occasions that he could afford to do so. At noon he cast his shoes and socks, and went lighter and fresher thereafter.

The further north he went the bigger were the crowds that lined the way, and the more intense the excitement became. Tried and proved runners were strapped and girded, and ready, as he came up, to relieve him of his packet and go forward with it; but Paddy disclaimed and curtly declined all help, for he could not, or he would not, trust it out of his hands, the great document.

In the northern counties, all through the night of Sunday, no one went to bed. The people were in and out, and about, and up the hills, and to and fro upon the road, restlessly, despondently. They had lighted fires on the hilltops to cheer him on his way, in case a messenger should come. And, at one hour or another in the night, as they lived further and further north, the cheer that had rolled before Paddy from Dublin struck at length upon their ears and roused them almost to frenzy, as, feeling its full import, they took it up and sent it forward with swollen volume. Then they waited for him and closed in behind, and carried him on his way, until they also were tired down and out-distanced.

When the morning light began to grow in the sky, Paddy Scullin was running faster than he had done on quitting Dublin. But the way was far and long before the poor fellow yet, and the time, alas! had grown almost hopelessly short. Altogether hopeless it might have seemed to any other man, but to Paddy Scullin not so. "I'll make it, with God's help," he said, while still he was twelve miles from Carrick, and had but two hours to spare.

As Paddy passed this remark to those that ran with him out of Belfast, he trod on a sharp stone, gave a false leap, staggered, and was thrown heavily to the ground. He lay stunned on top of his packet. But his grip upon it was as a death-grip, and these who would snatch it from him failed in their endeavors.

At a few minutes before eight a dead procession emerged from the gates of Carrick Gaol, and, between deep lines of armed red-coats, solemnly treaded its way up Galloway Hill, followed by an immense concourse of wailing people. The only man who seemed of stout heart and bright eye there that morning was Captain Conn Magee, whose step was bold, and whose head was erect, and who never before looked braver or more handsome. On and on, step by step, the procession treaded its slow and painful way.

When, at length, the gallows was reached, up its awful stairs Conn Magee stepped, as firmly, as coolly as if he trod over the threshold of his own little cabin in Glenravel, which, now, he never more to see. On the scaffold he turned, and told the doleful-faced people that he had been rejoiced to come out with his wife when Mother Ireland called, and now he was proud to give his life for her.

No cheer, but a great murmur, went from the gathering, and they turned again to a distant hill eyes that had wearily watched that hill since dawn.

Captain Conn, having spoken, strode to his place underneath a dangling

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ed, when, having found their senses again after a frenzied outburst of joy had expended itself, the crowd sought and called for him. It was not till the second day after that he was discovered in his own little cabin, at Ballymena, very busily making rakes for the Cookstown market, which would be two days later. He said to the messenger who came to him from Mary O'Hara: "Tell—Mary O'Hara—that Paddy Scullin—refuses to marry her—because he—loves—her too well—and say—that he prayed—may God bless—herself—and—the brave man the Lord has preserved to her!"

HE IS EMPHATIC IN WHAT HE SAYS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Robt. Bond of Bright's Disease

His Doctor Who said There was no Hope for Him, now Pronounces Him Well—He Tells his own Story.

Mt. Brydges, Ont., March 6.—(Special).—Among the many people in this neighborhood who tell of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, none is more emphatic than that old and respected citizen, Mr. Robert Bond.

"I believe I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Bond says. "My attending physician said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. Then I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and used in all twenty boxes. Now I eat well, sleep well, and my doctor says I am well. Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured me. Do you wonder I am always ready to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

What will cure Bright's Disease will easily cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will always cure Bright's Disease. They are the only remedy that will cure Bright's Disease. Be sure you get Dodd's.

A prayer that begins and ends in selfish desire cannot prevail with God for selfish desires are what He wishes to cure us of. "I prayed for this or that thing and I did not get it" is the argument of some short-sighted souls against the efficacy of prayer. But the selfish prayer has no upward wings. We cannot expect it to have.

What Are Catholics Free to Believe or Not to Believe?

(Rev. H. G. Hughes in Ave Maria.)
 One of the most fruitful sources of misconception in regard to the Catholic religion is the general ignorance prevalent among those outside the Church as to the true meaning of what we call "devotional practices" and their place in the religious system of which they form a part. Our good non-Catholic friends observe us devoutly "telling our beads," kneeling in prayer at this or that shrine, wearing scapulars and medals, reciting certain prayers in honor of the saints, taking holy water, receiving blessed ashes, candles or palms, and they are apt to conclude that all these things stand upon the same level as the reception of the sacraments or the observance of the moral law and the commandments of the Church. Not knowing the distinction between essentials and non-essentials, they class together all the practices which they observe to be in use amongst Catholics, and think that they are all equally binding upon us. Finding some of these practices very distasteful to them, failing to see any signification or usefulness in others, they deem that they could never bring themselves to embrace them even for the sake of that peace and certainty of faith which they often instinctively feel is not to be found elsewhere than in the Catholic Church.

Certain observances, as we have seen, are made obligatory by the Church upon all Catholics; some because, as in the case of the sacraments, they are the regular and appointed channels by which the life of divine grace flows through the whole body; others because they are of peculiar and universal efficacy in insuring a practical Christian life. But beyond these there is the very large class of practices which go under the general name of "Catholic devotions." Not essentially necessary to the spiritual life of a Catholic, as are the sacraments, nor of such universal efficacy in the promotion of the essentials of a practical Catholic life as are the precepts of the Church, they are, nevertheless, of greater or lesser utility as helps to true devotion.

Men's souls have many needs in common, yet each particular soul or class of souls has its own special needs. Catholic devotions are intended to meet these needs, both common and individual. Thus that we find in the Church so great a variety of devotional practices, some of a more or less universal character, co-extensive almost with the Church itself, as satisfying wants which are felt by all or by the greater part of the faithful; while others are of less extension as appealing to certain souls only.

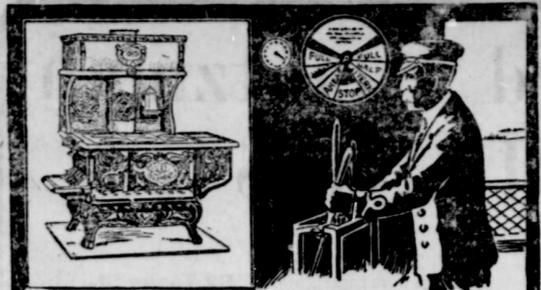
The attitude of the Church herself toward these devotional practices is somewhat different from her attitude in matters of faith. Of both she is, of course, the supreme judge, but, in the nature of things, her judgments in doctrinal matters must more often be strict and peremptory than in the matter of devotions. While it is true that not only will false doctrine produce wrong practice, but wrong practice will also frequently result in damage to faith; yet the boundaries within which varieties in practice may move without damage to faith are wider than those limits beyond which opinion matters of doctrine passes into error.

The Church, therefore, is very tolerant in regard to practices of devotion. The moment, indeed, that they involve or imply a false conception of the teachings of religion she puts her ban upon them. But, with deep insight into human nature and its wants, she does not hesitate to permit many practices which are the outcome of a simple faith and affection, and are of real use to large numbers of her children, though they may draw a smile or a frown from superior and "enlightened" persons. Guided in this matter, as well as in her doctrinal teachings, by the Spirit of Truth promised to her in the beginning, she extends to such practices as pious meditation upon the truths of faith suggests to her children, now her strongest approbation or kindly toleration, according as she judges them to be of universal utility or useful for certain persons only, and according to their greater or lesser efficacy in the production of true holiness.

It should be clear, from what has been said in the present paper, that no one who submits to the Catholic Church will be called upon to take up any special form of devotion as a compulsory duty. The sacraments, Holy Mass, the commandments of the Church, will certainly be imposed upon him as conditions of membership. In all other things he will be free. Since, presumably, by the time he comes to be received into the Church he will to some extent understand and appreciate her spirit, far from feeling any difficulty in availing himself of the rich treasure of approved devotional practices which she offers to him, and which he is free to take or leave, he will thank God that he has found the religion which was made to meet every need of every soul, and he will have no hesitation in drawing from that treasury those things which he finds most helpful to the new spiritual life he will have received.

Having made his act of faith, having taken the great venture, he will find that the shadows have fled away and that the bright light of the truth of God illumines his soul. In the great brotherhood of the Catholic Church he will learn to exercise toward the devotional practices of others that respect which Christian charity, as well as the approval of the Church, demands from him, and which he, in turn, will receive from his brethren in the faith. He will see things in their due proportion, as they can be seen only from within; and he will find that his old fears and difficulties about such non-essential matters as it has been my humble endeavor to discuss in these papers were the creations of misunderstanding and prejudice alone.

To know is to prevent.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and restore their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.



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Recent Fatality at Oka Monastery

The fatality which occurred on Tuesday last at the Trappist Monastery of Oka has served once more to call to the attention of the public that remarkable institution. Unfortunately for the community, it has been recalled to the public on one or two previous occasions, as to the last case, by disasters. This is the first time, however, that the misfortunes of the monks have been attended by loss of life.
 About two years ago, however, a disastrous fire broke out and swept away the work of years. When the monastery was founded, now some twelve years ago, the monks took up a tract of land generally regarded as unfit for cultivation. By dint of patience and hard work they have made it a veritable garden plot on a large scale. The community now manufactures large quantities of butter and cheese of the very best variety, and wine which has made for itself a solid place in the market. Besides, the monks raised their own flour from wheat raised on their farm, and provide for all their simple wants from the products of their farm.
 Driving from the village of Oka, half of which is made up of an Indian reserve, the visitor, on his first trip to the Trappist monastery, feels as he tops the hill that he is coming to a nook in the old world.
 In a hollow, at a bend of the road, arise the monastery buildings with the chapel, mill and dairy and wine factory, for all the world like quiet corners in remote Germany or Switzerland.

Before reaching the monastery proper, the visitor passes the Agricultural College, conducted by the Trappists. Here is situated the guest house, where Pere Edouard, with the most exquisite courtesy dispenses the lavish hospitality of the Trappist Fathers, although abstemious where they are concerned themselves entertain their guests with the utmost liberality. The monk in charge of the hostelry or guest house is the right man in the right place for the duties of his position. Possessed of the most exquisite courtesy, he makes the most of the humble surroundings to make the visitors feel at ease and enjoy his stay.
THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL.
 Forty-four pupils are at present in the Agricultural School. These consist for the most part of boys from the district of Montreal, although there are some from the other provinces, and even a few young Englishmen have been sent thither to learn the art of tilling the soil in the most economical and successful manner possible. During the summer months, these young men work in the fields, under the direction of the priests and lay brothers, while in winter they learn how to take care of the cattle, to make their winter sleighs and do other necessary work about the farm. Lectures are delivered in both languages on subjects of interest and use to farmers, and classes in French, English and arithmetic are conducted for the benefit of the pupils.
 The monastery, which the monks had erected with so much labor, was swept away, as before mentioned, now nearly two years ago. They did not lose heart, and they now have the church of the new monastery almost completed. The coming summer will see the completion of the edifice, and its consecration by Archbishop Bruchési, for the Trappists pay as they go, and when their church is completed there will be no debt upon it.
 The monastery proper has been started, but the work is progressing slowly. Brother Abel, one of the monks killed in the explosion last week, was directing the work of quarrying the stone for the new structures, and it was while preparing, as usual, the powder for blessing that he and Father Mark met their death. The quarrymen in the vicinity of Montreal are, in the habit, it is said, of grinding their own powder for this purpose in small quantities at a time. They use for the grinding wooden cylinders in their grist mill.
 The monks now occupy the upper stories, and one end of the wooden building erected for the butter and cheese factory and the wine factory. In this building, is situated the chapel, the chapter room and the refectory and dining-room.
 One of the white robed fathers of the institution electrified the Lenten congregations of Notre Dame a few years ago with his powerful sermons, when he was a member of a well known teaching community. At that time he wore a full beard, and had abundant hair. To-day he is clean shaven, which is a distinctive mark of the Trappist monks.
 Another father is a veteran of the

Franco-Prussian war, who later took up his interrupted classical studies, and coming to America, entered a teaching community, becoming professor of philosophy in a well known educational institution in New Brunswick.

Another inmate of the institution, wearing the white gown and cowl, was at one time one of the most prominent employes in the celebrated Tiffany jewelry parlors of New York.

A former inmate of the institution, Father John Mary, was at one time a member of one of the leading wholesale firms in Montreal. He has left Oka to found a new community in Lonsdale, near Providence, R.I.

The variety among the brown garbed lay brothers is as great as among the fathers.
 They filed in and each took his assigned place. The lights were lowered again, and the solemn office was intoned in a high voice by one of the fathers. That portion where the white robed fathers remained in darkness, while they recited, each side alternately, the psalms, making up the office. Occasionally when the collect of the day was to be read, a light was turned on.
 The lights in the section apportioned to the lay brothers was turned on to allow the Star artist to sketch some of the monks at their prayers. At the end of the office one of the fathers came forward and, opening the organ, accompanied the chant of the "Slave Regina," which was rendered with sublime effect by the congregation. The quaint Italian pronunciation in use at the monastery added a charm to the rendition of the sacred song, and the most casual attendant could not fail to be impressed with the simplicity and sublimity of the sights and scenes in the chapel.

The ordinary worldling cannot understand the motives which prompt men to shut themselves out from the world, but a look at the monks will convince anyone that their health has not been impaired by the regular abstemious life of the monastery, and that they appear thoroughly happy and at peace with themselves and the world at large.

A Stolen Invention
 Few persons are aware of the circumstances attending the designing of the first Hansom cab, the two-wheeled vehicle introduced into the United States from Great Britain a few years ago and now seen in large numbers at all railroad depots and ferries. The designer was Charles Hansom, a Catholic, and an eminent architect. But, like so many other inventors, he was the victim of a rogue and never profited by his invention. Here is the story as told by a venerable Oblate missionary, Rev. L. C. P. Fox, in "Donahoe's Magazine" for February:
 "With regard to Charles Hansom, who was a talented man in many respects other than in the exercise of his profession, he was dining on a certain day with a few friends when one of them taunted him with being unable to invent a vehicle which would supersede the old-fashioned hacks and cabs in universal use in London. Mr. Hansom got a sheet of paper, and without any delay he sketched out his idea of a safe and convenient mode of passing through the crowded streets of the great metropolis. His friends watched him while he was at work and unanimously applauded the sketch which he had drawn. They dubbed it by the name of his inventor and it was then and there called a 'Hansom Cab.' One of those present advised him to take out a patent for it, which he said he would do on the morrow. However, there was one dishonest man in the company by whom he was forestalled, for on reaching his own house that evening and being, like Mr. Hansom, a clever draughtsman, as all great architects are, he sketched out a car like the drawing he had seen and early the following morning he took it to the office and took out a patent for it in his own name, thus robbing the talented inventor of all the remuneration which he deserved to reap from it. It brought an immense but ill-gotten fortune to the one who had perpetrated the fraud, whereas Mr. Charles Hansom was never one penny the richer.
 "I may conclude my notice of this eminent architect by stating that to my certain knowledge he was a good, practical Catholic. Whenever a Bishop or priest consulted him about drawing plans for a projected church he would always offer up a Holy Communion to obtain light and grace before he would commence a sketch for what he was commissioned to erect. In this respect he but imitated the example of the most eminent masters of Catholic and medieval times."

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Monsignor Falconio to Newspaper Men

Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, was one of the speakers at the annual dinner of the New York Press Club on February 13, at the Hotel Astor, which was attended by President Roosevelt and many distinguished public men. His Excellency received a hearty welcome from the four hundred newspaper men and their guests. His speech was voted one of the best of the evening, and his auditors evidenced their appreciation by frequent applause.

Mr. John A. Hennessy, the toastmaster, introduced Monsignor Falconio as the representative of the greatest empire of peace in the world. Mr. Hennessy remarked that he had no hesitancy in calling upon the Delegate to speak, for he knew that a Catholic clergyman was never at a loss for a message appropriate to the occasion.
 "It may be very well," said Monsignor Falconio, "for Mr. Hennessy to say such things of one who is to speak in his own language."
 But speaking in a foreign tongue did not embarrass Monsignor Falconio, for, as many of the diners put it, he made "a rattling good speech" in English.
 "I beg," said the Delegate, "to return my sincerest thanks for the honor you gentlemen of the press have done me in asking me to your dinner. In honoring me you have honored our Holy Father, the Pope. Every year since I came to this country as Apostolic Delegate I have received an invitation for the Press Club dinner. Heretofore circumstances prevented my acceptance, yet I could not but appreciate your courtesy.
 "Permit me, gentlemen of the press, to tender you congratulations upon the esteem in which you are held. The fact that the President of the United States is to be your honored guest to-night shows how highly appreciated is the work of the press. This appreciation is due to what is accomplished by the press, its great influence on the formation of the nation's character. No one can doubt the noble mission Divine Providence has granted to the press.—That mission embraces everything relating to the life of the nation. To elevate man's condition on earth should be the constant aim of the press. But the press must not look alone to the material betterment of man. The formation of man's moral character must not be overlooked. You know well all worldly influence falls into insignificance when compared with honesty, justice and morality. When the press strives to make men worthy of their country and their religion it is surely the agent of Divine Providence. A press free and independent which is conducted on such principles as these is a blessing to a country.
 "This Republic in which you live, thanks to the special favors of Divine Providence, is great, powerful and wealthy. Nowhere is liberty so true as in the United States of America. What influence you may wish to bring about on this state of affairs? We can trace the country's greatness back to the Christian and civic virtues of your ancestors, their honesty of morals, their solid character, their earnest endeavor to make a land free and independent. As long as these virtues shall be your inheritance you have nothing to fear. No earthly power will be able to check the progress of the United States. But should you lack these virtues no roaring of cannon will be able to avert the country's decay. Remember that the most powerful nations that forgot their God fell. That such may not be the fate of the United States should be your earnest prayer. You must watch lest your material prosperity lead you into moral relaxation. As long as the press strives to promote morality as well as prosperity you will have nothing to fear.
 "Gentlemen of the press, Divine Providence has put the pen in your hand. Make certain that you use it wisely, for the pen is mightier than the sword. It can do evil as well as good. If it does what is right God will bless you, your country will prosper and God will help you to continue your glorious mission."
 When Monsignor Falconio sat down the banquet hall rang with applause. The demonstration in his honor was a remarkable one.

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

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In and Around Toronto REGULATIONS FOR RENT. The regulations for Lent, which begins on Wednesday next—Ash Wednesday—were read in all the churches at the Masses on Sunday last.

OPENING OF FORTY HOURS. The Devotion of the Forty Hours, held annually in the city churches, opens at St. Michael's on Sunday next at the last mass.

CLOSE OF RETREAT. The annual retreat of eight days made by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, closed on Wednesday of this week.

SISTER M. EMERENTIA OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. Last week there was not opportunity to give more than a passing notice to the sudden death of Sister M. Emerentia of the Community of the Precious Blood, which occurred at the Convent on St. Joseph street.

MISTAKE OF PROF. C. W. COLBY, M.A. There was a large crowd at the first of the Lenten lectures in Trinity University when Prof. C. W. Colby, M.A., Professor of History at McGill, delivered an address on "Florence and Dante."

CRYSTAL WEDDING. Last week Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of 62 Spadina Ave. celebrated their Crystal Wedding, fifteen happy years having elapsed since the date of their marriage.

CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES LITERARY ASSOCIATION. The last two meetings of this association have been unusually well attended. The first at the home of the Misses Mallon, cor. Dundas st. and Lansdowne ave. records an excellent evening's work.

MRS. JOHN DUPERT, SR. Among the recent deaths is that of Eva Mary, wife of Mr. John Dupert, whose death occurred on Friday, March 3rd, at her late residence, 573 King street west.

lute, as we learn from Trent, Sess. vi, De Justif, can 1, which declares that "since the promulgation of the Gospel there is no Grace—without the laver of regeneration or the desire of it." (John iii. 5; Eph. v., 25, 26.)

With regard to children who die unbaptized, Catholics generally hold against Calvin (Inst. lib. iii. ch. 23, sec. 7), that they do not suffer any punishment. The most common teaching on the matter is, that they are indeed excluded from heaven, and the supernatural vision of God, because they have not fulfilled the condition laid down by Christ (John iii. 5).

REGULATION EXPLAINED. The Lenten regulation regarding those who come under the head of being engaged in servile work was commented on at the Masses at the Cathedral on Sunday.

ST. MARY'S LITERARY AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. The annual luncheon of the above society was held in their club-rooms on Monday evening, and proved in every way a most interesting and successful event.

BENDER-WOODS. The marriage of Miss Marie Elizabeth Woods, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Woods, and Mr. Henry Charles Bender, formerly of Rochester, N.Y., took place at St. Helen's church on Monday morning.

MRS. JOHN DUPERT, SR. Among the recent deaths is that of Eva Mary, wife of Mr. John Dupert, whose death occurred on Friday, March 3rd, at her late residence, 573 King street west.

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Underwood and Shredded Wheat. Buffalo, N.Y., Feb. 13, 1905. United Typewriter Company, Toronto, Ont. Gentlemen,—We wish to advise you that we have this day received an order from the Natural Food Company of Niagara Falls, N.Y., for an entire new equipment of typewriting machines, replacing fifty Smith-Premiers.

BELLS. steel Alloy Church and School Bells. The G. B. BELL Co. Buffalo, N.Y. Gentlemen,—Referring to our recent investigation as to the merits of the Underwood Typewriter, and to your claim that your machine was capable of turning out more work than any ordinary invisible writer, would say that a speed test was made by one of our operators, who has always been accustomed to a double keyboard machine. A five weeks' trial on the Underwood was allowed before the final test was made, the result being based upon transcription from regular business dictation, and all other forms of typewriting done in our office showed an increase in speed of 18 per cent.

The Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 2 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the Districts in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES. A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT. Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

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