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VOL. XIV., No. 13

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

How St. Patrick's Day was Celebrated in some American and Canadian Cities.

It may be said I am making too much of St. Patrick's Day; no, for this is the day on which all classes of Irishmen agree; and St. Patrick is too grand a figure to be minimized. It is not in the religious aspect alone that the great apostle of the Irish is to be viewed. He is in reality the great father of a nation, though not himself an Irishman. He was not only a religious and moral teacher but also the forerunner of a race of teachers that planted laws and letters in the footprints of the vandals and replenished the lamps of faith and learning everywhere on the verge of extinction throughout Western Europe. Toehin succeeded Columba or Columbanus the Apostle of the Picts in Scotland; Aidan at Holy Island or Lindisfarne in England; Cedd, the Apostle of the East Saxons; and St. Gaul, who carried a knowledge of the true faith to the Canton of St. Gaul, in Switzerland, which is named after him. But we Irish are not alone in honoring the patron saint of our country, for the English have the anniversary of St. George, the Scotch St. Andrew, and the Welsh St. David. I saw last year a book printed in England, that was altogether devoted to a description of the celebration of St. George's day throughout the world, and I don't think that we have yet gone so far as that, although it is commendable. But I may ask what were the achievements of St. George compared with those of St. Patrick?

I will now allude to some of the features of the celebrations held in various American and Canadian cities. I suppose the first place of distinction must be given to New York with its turnout of 30,000 paraders; its many men of official distinction, its orators, judges, poets, politicians and military men and ecclesiastics. New York is the home of the Emmets and many other men noted for their devotion to the Irish cause and Irish aspirations. At the banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick that peerless orator, Burke Cockran, passed a high eulogium on Commodore Barry, the father of the American Navy, to whose memory the United States Congress is at last about to erect a monument in Washington. A monument is also about to be erected to the memory of an O'Brien, who made the first capture at sea of an English ship at the breaking out of the revolution and secured the powder with which was fought the Battle of Bunker Hill by the colonists.

San Francisco has had the advantage of its fine weather, its numerous and effective organizations and the presence of that present-day apostle for the restoration of the Irish language—Douglas Hyde—and the Irish and the scholars of the "coast" have given him a grand reception. He has lectured in the halls of the populace and the halls of the learned—at Berkeley, Santa Clara and Stanford's—and the people there have poured into his lap the gold that encircled the world, more profusely than New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago, and thereby has enriched the Gaelic League of Ireland of which he is the President and orator. At Berkeley he told professors and students something that was sensational. It was that the Irish were the first to put poetry into verse and taught the art of versifying to Europe. "Take not my word for this," he said, "for I was told it by German and Italian scholars." Dr. Hyde has written to a friend in New York, that he expected

to receive \$30,000 for the League in San Francisco alone and there were many other places that he had yet to visit.

The old city of Quebec, the ancient capital of our own Dominion, is entitled to a note of distinction on this occasion, for we learn that there on the late St. Patrick's Day, Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants marched together in procession in honor of St. Patrick, thereby showing a tendency towards brotherly love. And why not? St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, where the Saint for some time labored, is a Protestant place of worship; Downpatrick, in the North, where he is buried, is as much a Protestant as a Catholic city, and another thing, the Protestants have nowhere else an Irish saint of their own, and Patrick is eminently respectable. Quebec has other reasons why Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics should unite on St. Patrick's Day. They have many associations in common. Some Irishmen have made great reputations there. Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, who administered the government of Canada for England from there first, for many a year, was an Irishman. So was General Richard Montgomery, who died there fighting for the infant Republic, an Irishman. It is said that Carleton and Montgomery, who fought on opposite sides, were school fellows in Ireland. All the Irish immigrants to Canada have had Quebec in view before any other place. All must remember Grosse Isle and the sad scenes of 1847, when many were sufferers, and it would be an unhappy thing to have aught else but national unity on such an occasion, hallowed by common sufferings.

In Montreal, with its Griffintown, its Saint Anne's Ward, and its stalwart and resolute citizens, one would expect the day to be highly honored. Montreal is the only city in the United States or Canada that the writer has any knowledge of, to build a St. Patrick's Hall, and a noble structure it was. But, like its distinguished promoter, it had an unfortunate history. It was undertaken at the suggestion of Thos. D'Arcy McGee. It was erected in the years 1866-67, and stood at the corner of Victoria Square and Craig street. It was there that royalty held its reception when on a visit to that city. It was opened on March 18, 1867. For years it was the popular concert hall of that city, like the Music Hall of Toronto, which, too, long since, outlived its usefulness. After holding a large audience on an auspicious occasion, the roof gave way, but no one was injured. The damage was repaired, but a few years later it was the prey of a fire that started in a neighboring building and was never rebuilt. There was a brass plate on a corner of the building that was saved, which is now in the possession of Mr. B. Tansey, and contains engraven thereon the following:

"This plate commemorates the laying of the corner stone of St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, by the Rev. P. Dowd, chief pastor of St. Patrick's Church, on 18th March, 1867, in the 30th year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The Right Hon. Charles Stanley, Viscount Monk, Baron Monk of Ballytraum, Governor-General of British America; Lieut.-Gen. Sir I. Michel, Bart., K.C.B., commander of the forces, Administrator of the Government of Canada; Henry Starns, Esq., Mayor of Montreal; Directors: Bernard Devlin, Hon. T. D. McGee, Hon. Thos. Ryan, W. H. Hingston, M.D., M. P. Ryan, Edward Murphy, J. W. McGauvran, Luke Moore, C. J. Cusack, Neil Shannon, J. W. Hopkins, architect; Howley & Sheridan, builders; E. E. Gilbert, iron builder. 'Praise to the Holiest in the highest, and in the depths be praised.'" Of all the persons whose names appear on the plate but two are living to-day—Sir William Hingston and Mr. Tansey, in whose possession the plate rests.

Montreal held some distinguished Sons of St. Patrick when that grand building was dedicated. The Governor-General, Lord Monk, was an Irishman; the Mayor, Henry Starns, was an Irishman; and Father Dowd,

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ENCYCLICAL LETTER

Of Our Holy Father Pope Pius X., to the French Archbishops, Bishops, Clergy and People.

(Concluded from last issue.)

As for us, following the example of our predecessor and as the heir of his special predilection for your nation, we have, without doubt, sought to uphold the religion of your ancestors in the integral possession of all its rights amongst you; at the same time and always keeping before our mind that

FRATERNAL PEACE

whose closest bond is unquestionably religion. We have sought to give you strength in union. We cannot therefore, without deep pain see the French Government performing an act which, stirring up within the religious sphere passions already too painfully excited, appears to be of a character to throw the whole country into confusion. Wherefore, bearing in mind our Apostolic charge, and conscious of the imperativeness of the duty incumbent on us of defending the inviolable and sacred rights of the Church from all attack and maintaining them in their absolute integrity, in virtue of the supreme authority that God has bestowed on us we reprove and condemn for the above-mentioned reasons the law passed in France for the separation of Church and State as deeply offensive to God, Whom it officially denied by laying it down as a principle that the Republic does not recognize any form of worship. We reprove and condemn it as violating natural law, the law of nations, and the public fidelity due to treaties; as contrary to the divine constitution of the Church to its essential rights and liberty; as overwhelming justice and

I am not informed with regard to other cities and towns in Canada as (Continued on page 8.)

Morgan Sees the Pope

The private audience with the Pope granted to J. Pierpont Morgan last week, took place in the private study of His Holiness, and lasted ten minutes. The Pope inquired about the health of President Roosevelt, for whom he expressed unfeigned admiration as a promoter of peace.

The Pontiff referred gratefully to Mr. Morgan's restitution of the Ascology cope, which he bought in ignorance of it having been stolen.

"I hope that you will be content in the future to admire Italian art without coveting possession of it," remarked His Holiness, jokingly.

Mr. Morgan rejoined in the same vein that he would not buy any more treasures which he might have to restore.

The conversation was entirely general and conducted through an interpreter. The Pope inquired interestedly about Mr. Morgan's motoring trips and expressed fear that he, too, if he could leave the Vatican, would fall a victim to those "wonderful machines which annihilate space."

The Pope said that some of his cardinals had made himself almost envious by describing to him the delights of motoring.

Leaving the Pope's presence, Mr. Morgan was conducted to the cabinet office of Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, with whom he had a long conversation in English.

Mr. Morgan said, after the audience, that the Pope is one of the finest and saintliest men he had ever met. He gave a handsome donation to Peter's Pence. It was reported after the great financier's visit that he had offered again to reorganize the finances of the Vatican and to advise on their investment. But high officials of the Vatican deride the suggestion.

Are you not moved to some sinful passion? Cut yourself from it in the Sacrament of penance.



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JAMES MASON
 General Manager

the end when the harm they cause to States becomes manifest. Would to God that those who are now in power in France may soon follow on this point the example of the men who preceded them there. Would to God that, amidst the applause of all good men, they may hasten to restore due dignity and freedom to religion, the source of civilization and of the prosperity of nations. Meantime, and as long as an oppressive persecution will last, the children of the Church having "put on the armour of light" (Romans xiii, 12), ought to strive with all their energy for truth and justice. This is always their duty; it is their duty to-day more than ever. In these sacred struggles you, venerable brethren, who should be the masters and guides of all the others, will employ all the vigilant, indefatigable and ardent zeal of which at all times the French Episcopate has to its credit given proofs well known to all. But above everything we desire—for it is a matter of extreme importance—that in all the schemes which you will take in hand for the defence of the Church you will try to bring about the most perfect

UNION OF HEART AND WILL.

We are firmly resolved to address to you at suitable times practical instructions which will be for you a sure rule of conduct amidst the great difficulties of the present hour. And we are certain beforehand that you will follow them faithfully. Meanwhile keep on at the salutary work in which you are engaged; revive as much as possible piety and popularise more and more the teaching of Christian doctrine; preserve all the souls confided to your care from the

ERRORS AND SEDUCTIONS.

which they meet with to-day on so many sides; instruct, caution, encourage, console your flock; acquit yourselves in their regard of all the duties that your pastoral charge imposes on you. In this work you will without doubt have the unwearied assistance of your clergy. Their ranks are fertile in men remarkable for their piety, knowledge and attachment to the Apostolic See, and we know that they are always ready to devote themselves without counting the cost, under your direction, for the triumph of the Church and the eternal salvation of their neighbors. The members of the French clergy will, we may be sure, also understand that at this time of trial they should have at heart the sentiments formerly entertained by the Apostles, and they will rejoice to have been judged worthy to suffer opprobrium for the name of Jesus, "rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus" (Acts v, 41). They will then bravely

VINDICATE THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTY OF THE CHURCH.

but without offending anyone; nay, careful to observe charity as becomes above all ministers of Jesus Christ, they will reply to iniquity with justice, to outrages with mildness, and to evil treatment with beneficence. And now it is to you Catholics of France we address ourselves; let our word be received by all as a testimony of the tender benevolence with which we continue to love your country, and as a comfort amidst the formidable calamities you have to face. You know the object that the impious sects who bend your heads under their yoke have set before themselves, for they have themselves proclaimed it with audacious cynicism—to "de-catholicise" France. They wish to force out of your hearts every trace of the Faith that crowned your fathers with glory, that made your country prosperous and great among the nations, that sustained you in trouble, that maintains tranquility and peace at your hearth, and that opens for you

THE WAY TO ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

You feel that you must defend that Faith with your whole soul. But let there be no misunderstanding; unless you are strongly united all labor and efforts to repel the attacks which will be made upon you will be useless. Cast aside then all the germs of disunion and do what is necessary to ensure that in thought, as in action, your union shall be as firm as it should be amongst men who fight for the same cause, especially when the cause is one of those for whose triumph each ought to voluntarily sacrifice something of his own opinions. If you wish within the limits of your power, and as it is your imperative duty to do, to save the religion of your ancestors from the dangers that

FRENCH CATHOLICS MAY FORM A PARTY

Voters in France Awaken to Her Situation—Party will be Formed Similar to Centre Party in Germany.

The Catholic voters have got together in the country districts all over France and are planning to elect pronounced Catholic sympathizers. The Bishop of Nancy, Msgr. Turiney, will be one of the candidates, and other bishops are expected to follow suit. If this movement should succeed, the new French Ministry is sure to meet with defeat at the assembling of the new Parliament, and for this reason it is thought at the Vatican the new Cabinet will just now do all in its power to make some concessions to Catholics and perhaps suspend the taking of the inventories till after the elections have taken place.

It is the general opinion that now that the French clergy have nothing to fear from their government, because they are no longer paid a salary, which the government might have suspended in case of disloyal conduct on their part, many parish priests in France will take an active part in politics. As near to the city of Paris as Neuilly, the parish priest, M. Bourgeat, has been very active during the past few days in organizing the Catholic electors. Nearly every parish in France has been flooded by the priests in charge with electoral manifestoes, which exhort the Catholics to rally and send to the new Parliament representatives who will protect Church interests.

The new instructions which are to be issued to the French Catholics by the Holy See regarding the present situation in France will be about the same as those that were given to the German Catholics at the time the Kulturkampf was adopted under the late Prince Bismarck. The German Catholics then succeeded in organizing their Centre Party in the Reichstag and compelled the German chancellor to withdraw all the laws he had adopted against the Church.

It is believed in Vatican circles that if the French Catholics will now follow the example set by their German brethren they will in the end succeed in having the present law of separation repealed and in forming a powerful opposition against the Anti-Clerical members of the government, just as this happened in Germany.

THREATEN IT, IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY THAT YOU SHOULD IN LARGE MEASURE SHOW COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.

That generosity you will, we feel sure, exhibit, and by thus proving yourselves charitable towards His ministers, you will incline God to be more and more charitable towards you. As for the defence of religion, if you desire to undertake it in a manner worthy of the Faith, and to carry it on without interruption and efficaciously, two things are above all necessary; you should in the first place model yourselves so faithfully, according to the precepts of the Christian law, that your acts and your whole life will honor the Faith you profess; and you should then remain most closely united to those whose special vocation it is to watch over religion here below—to your priests, your bishops, and especially this Apostolic See, which is the pivot of the Catholic Faith and of all that can be done for it. Thus

ARMED FOR THE STRUGGLE.

advance without fear to the defence of the Church; but take good care that your confidence be entirely founded upon God, Whose cause you sustain, and pray to Him continually that He may help you. For us, as long as the struggle against danger lasts, we shall be heart and soul with you; troubles, trials, sufferings—we shall share all with you; and at the same time addressing God, Who has founded and preserves the Church, we shall beg of Him to cast upon France a look of mercy, to rescue it from the waves beating around it, and to give it soon calm and peace through the intercession of Mary Immaculate. As an augury of these heavenly blessings and a sign of our special affection, we grant the Apostolic Benediction with all our heart to you, venerable brethren, to your clergy, and to the entire French people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the 11th February, 1906, the third year of our Pontificate PIUS X., POPE.

Dineen's Furs . . .

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It stands to reason that at this time of the year Dineen's must be prepared to accept a falling off in trade. And, of course, it is better to sell furs at greatly reduced prices than to carry them over to next season.

Natural Canadian Mink Ties, or Throw-overs, satin lined, regular \$30.00—for \$22.50.
 Siberian Ties, or Throw-overs, satin lining, regular \$16.50—for \$12.00.
 Grey Squirrel Imperial Shaped Muffs, regular price \$18.00—for \$15.00.
 Extra large, very fine, Labrador Mink Stoles, with rolling collar attached, full length to bottom of dress, reg. price \$165—for \$125.00.
 Extra large Persian Lamb Ties, or Throw-overs, satin lining, regular price \$30.00—for \$22.50.
 Imperial Shaped Black Persian Lamb Muffs to match, reg. price \$30.00—for \$22.50.

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"They will be a singular party," said Sir John, leaning his head upon his hand, and sipping his chocolate, "a very curious party. The hangman himself, the centaur, and the madman. The centaur would make a very handsome preparation in Surgeon's Hall, and would benefit science extremely. I hope they have taken care to bespeak—Peak, I am not at home, of course, to anybody but the hair-dresser."

tion to be seated, but had not availed himself of it. "Sir John"—he dropped his voice and drew nearer to the bed—"I am just now come from Newgate."

had something particular to communicate. I needn't tell you that he is no friend of mine, and that I had never seen him until the rioters beset my house."

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS. You have often heard people say: "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

image of him on his stick, by way of braving death, and showing those who attended on him, how little he cared or thought about it. He gave this stick into his hands at Tyburn, and told him then, that the woman I have spoken of had left her own people to join a fine gentleman, and that, being deserted by him, and cast off by her old friends, she had sworn within her own proud breast, that whatever her misery might be, she would ask no help of any human being. He told him that she had kept her word to the last, and that meeting even him in the streets, he had been fond of her once, it seems—she had slipped from him by a trick, and he never saw her again, until, being in one of the frequent crowds at Tyburn, which some of his rough companions, he had been driven almost mad by seeing, in the criminal under another name, whose death he had come to witness, herself. Standing in the same place in which she had stood, he told the hangman this, and told him, too, her real name, which only her own people and the gentleman for whose sake she had left them, knew. That name he will tell again, Sir John, to none but you."

CHAPTER XVIII. As the locksmith walked slowly away from Sir John Chester's chambers, he lingered under the trees which shaded the path, almost hoping that he might be summoned to return. He had turned back thrice, and still loitered at the corner, when the clock struck twelve.

"To none but me!" exclaimed the knight, pausing in the act of raising his cup to his lips with a perfectly steady hand, and curling up his little finger for the better display of a brilliant ring with which it was ornamented; "but me!—My dear Mr. Varden, how very preposterous, to select me for his confidence! With you at his elbow, too, who are so perfectly trustworthy!"

thrice within as many weeks, turned your lawful son, Mr. Edward, from your door, you may have time, you may have years, to make your peace with him, Sir John; but that twelve o'clock will soon be here, and soon he passed forever."

"I thank you very much," returned the knight, kissing his delicate hand to the locksmith, "for your guileless advice, and I only wish, my good soul, although your simplicity is quite captivating, that you had a little more worldly wisdom. I never so much regretted the arrival of my hair-dresser as I do at this moment. God bless you! Good-morning! You will not forget my message to the ladies, Mr. Varden? Peak, show Mr. Varden to the door."

Gabriel said no more, but gave the knight a parting look, and left him. As he quitted the room, Sir John's face changed, and the smile gave place to a haggard and anxious expression, like that of a weary actor jaded by the performance of a difficult part. He rose from his bed with a heavy sigh, and wrapped himself in his morning-gown.

"So she kept her word," he said, "and was constant to her threat! I would I had never seen that dark face of hers—I might have read these consequences in it, from the first. This affair would make a noise abroad, if it rested on better evidence; but, as it is, and by not joining the scattered links of the chain, I can afford to slight it. Extremely distressing to the parent of such an uncouth creature! Still, I gave him very good advice. I told him he would certainly be hanged. I could have done no more if I had known of our relationship, and there are a great many fathers who have never done as much for their natural children. The hair-dresser may come in, Peak!"

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have mercy on them—alas! I say I can do no more for them, but whom can I help? Mary Rudge will have a home, and a firm friend when she most wants one; but Barnaby—poor Barnaby—willing Barnaby—what aid can I render him? There are many, many men of sense, God forgive me," cried the honest locksmith, stopping in a narrow court to pass his hand across his eye, "I could better afford to lose than Barnaby. We have always been good friends, but I never knew, till now, how much I loved the lad."

There were not many in the great city who thought of Barnaby that day, otherwise than as an actor in a show which was to take place to-morrow. But, if the whole population had had his life to be spared, not one among them could have done so with a purer zeal or greater singleness of heart than the good locksmith.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., have a painless constitutional remedy for cancer and tumors that has cured many very critical cases. Send six cents (stamps) for booklet if you are troubled with Cancer.

France, Great Britain, Russia, Spain, Portugal, United States, Italy, Holland and Russia, are against Germany, Austria and Morocco in the present European complication.

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April THE RESURRECTION 1906. Fourth Month 30 Days. Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestment, and Festivals. Includes Mission Goods advertisement at the bottom.

.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

With the holy cross myself I sign, From forehead to breast the upright line, From shoulder to shoulder the cross arms...

Let me think it over again.

With the Name of the Father I sign my brain, Seat and symbol of mind and thought, For I believe what God has taught.

A STREET CAR REVERIE.

The car was crowded, every seat was taken, when from out the street a matron entered, plain of face, And, vainly glancing for a place...

THE GIRL'S MOTHER.

"In selecting a wife," said a man whose success in social selection has been conspicuous, "always go by the mother of the girl. It's a good rule, and I have never known it to fail."

THE WORD OF GOD IN LENT.

Lenten services in most dioceses in Down in a coal mine—down in the dark— The Angel of Death on his mission rushed.

A CRY FOR HELP.

Down in a coal mine—down in the dark— The Angel of Death on his mission rushed. And the miner is lying all cold and stark.

THE DANGER THAT LURKS IN COLDS

AND HOW SERIOUS RESULTS CAN BE AVOIDED BY USE OF DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

There is one way in which the ravages of consumption can be very materially lessened and that is by the prompt and thorough cure of coughs and colds.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, A ragged beggar sunning; Around it still the sumachs grow, And blackberry vines are running.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system. They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF HORSES.

We find in the New England Homestead a very interesting article on the above subject by the late Benjamin P. Ware, ex-President of the Essex County Massachusetts Agricultural Society.

THE GAELIC RENAISSANCE

In view of the hoped for coming to Toronto in the near future of Dr. Douglas Hyde, the following from the pen of P. J. Timmins, M.D., in the Columbia will be of interest to our readers.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands. The little tin soldier is red with rust, And his musket moulds in his hands.

SCHOOL EXPERIENCE OF A PRINCE.

Long years ago a winter sun Shone over it at setting, Lit up its western window-panes, And low eaves' icy fretting.

A CAT TALE.

Warranted true by the narrator. A cat that had several times been deprived of her kittens, hid a litter in my aunt's barn.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSES.

We always like to see a farmer or a horseman drive up to a hitching post these winter days, jump out of the rig, unfold a big warm blanket and carefully cover his faithful horse.

IN THE EARLY AGES.

The other day the school of a local town was visited by an inspector. Wishing to test the knowledge of the junior classes before leaving, he asked the following question:

THE INTELLIGENCE OF HORSES.

Between myself and my horses I have raised a mutual understanding and affection exists. I talk to them as I do to folks. It is surprising how much an intelligent horse understands, and how affectionate he becomes by kind treatment.

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A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help."

STORYETTE.

In his villa at Capri, a beautiful villa that Elhu Vadder built, Booth Tarkington gave a dinner to the American colony in December.

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THE INTELLIGENCE OF HORSES.

Between myself and my horses I have raised a mutual understanding and affection exists. I talk to them as I do to folks. It is surprising how much an intelligent horse understands, and how affectionate he becomes by kind treatment.

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We find in the New England Homestead a very interesting article on the above subject by the late Benjamin P. Ware, ex-President of the Essex County Massachusetts Agricultural Society.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Proclaims Its Merits.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally.

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor.

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

Subscription rates: In City, including delivery, \$1.50; all outside points, \$2.00; foreign, \$3.50.

Office-117 Wellington St. W., Toronto Telephone, Main 489.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates: Transient advertisements 15 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts.

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1906.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

The promised bill in favor of temperance was brought before the Ontario Legislature last week. Whilst it does not carry the standard of teetotalism, it echoes the increasing sound of hatred for intoxication, and gives evidence of an earnest desire to control properly the use of liquor.

Another bill in close connection with the License Law, yet not embodied in it nor a government measure, is an anti-treating bill. One difficulty presents itself in administration, the proper supremacy over small details.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

An Act for the proper observance of the Lord's Day was introduced into the House of Commons on the 12th inst., by the Hon. Minister of Justice.

hardly be asked. A legislator who seeks to please all will end by pleasing none. One thing the Bill does, it asserts the great principle that the Dominion wishes a day of rest and worship. If the Bill did nothing else, it would bring blessing, and its author would deserve the thanks and encouragement of the community.

AN ALLEGED ABJURATION.

The newspapers lose few opportunities of trying to rouse religious prejudice. Some are stereotyped, habitually addicted to it. Upon others the fit is irregular and occasional.

"I, recognizing as true, the Catholic and apostolic faith, do here publicly unathematize every heresy, especially that to which hitherto I have had the misfortune to belong. I agree with the Holy Roman Church, and profess with mouth and heart my belief in the apostolic see, and my adhesion to that faith which the Holy Roman Church, by evangelical and apostolical authority, command to be held.

This is the oath from the News, except the capitals, which like a flaming advertisement, call attention to "the awful oath taken by Queen Victoria's grand daughter when she betrayed the Protestant Faith in order to become Queen of Spain."

We are in direct correspondence with members of the Church in England who know exactly what abjuration the Princess did make. Until we receive our answer we can simply say that no such form of abjuration as

the above is to be found in any Ritual we can lay our hands on. It has not the characteristics of genuineness. No Roman theology, ritual or liturgy speaks of a "trinity of the same substance." That is a tainted expression. The Missal in the preface of the Mass of the Trinity speaks of "the unity of substance."

AN IRISH CANADIAN POETESS

"A great poet dwelt among us and we scarce knew her. Hers was a master muse which illumined with imagination, emotion and originality the noblest and most profound thoughts of her time, and wove them with the skill of an artist into divine melodies."

His honesty and industry, with his good ability and sound judgment, made him a practical and successful business man. He was a large property owner. The present "Heydon House"—which is one of the finest hotels outside of the city—bears his name. He was a man of exemplary habits and social disposition, being very popular as the result of a kind nature and genial manner.

THE ROSE OF A NATION'S THANKS.

A welcome? Oh, yes, 'tis a kindly word, but why will they plan and prate Of feasting and speeches and such small things, while the wives and mothers wait?

Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a Nation's Thanks!

wade knee-deep in a wave of wine, And tossed tall torches, and arched the town in garlands of maple and pine?

A welcome? There's a doubt if the lads would stand like stone in their steady line

Or a father's proud voice, half-sob and half-chorus, cried on a son aloud.

O the billows of waiting hearts that swelled would sweep from the martial ranks

A welcome? O joy, can they stay your feet, or measure the wine of your bliss?

O joy, let them have you alone to-day—a day with a pulse like this!

A welcome? Yes, 'tis a tender thought, a green laurel that laps the sword—

But joy has the wing of a wild white swan and the song of a free wild bird!

From her heaving heart and tremulous throat through the awful arch of heaven.

And what would ye have? There isn't a lad will burst from the shouting ranks

But bears like a star on his faded coat the Rose of a Nation's Thanks.

Death of Francis Heydon

Flags have been at half mast in Toronto Junction as a tribute of respect to the death of ex-Councillor Francis Heydon, who died Sunday at his residence, Davenport road, of heart failure, after several months' illness.

Mr. Heydon was a well known and highly respected citizen of the town. He was born in Toronto 76 years ago. He spent the early part of his life in the Gore of Toronto and Vaughan Township, where he married Miss Isabella Gracey, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Gracey of Etobicoke.

His honesty and industry, with his good ability and sound judgment, made him a practical and successful business man. He was a large property owner. The present "Heydon House"—which is one of the finest hotels outside of the city—bears his name.

For many years Mr. Heydon had lived a retired life in his handsome home, "Heydon Villa," with its beautiful grounds. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss.

Mr. Fred A. Day Leaves Guelph

Mr. Fred A. Day, B.C.L., leaves for Hailsbury, where he will take charge of the newly established branch of Day, Ferguson & Day, barristers, solicitors and notaries public.

Princess Ena, who is to marry the King of Spain, never appears at a theatre or concert. One story is that she is making a religious retreat, devoting herself to meditation and study of the obligations of the Catholic faith.

Pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument doing more equal to a \$20.00 instrument and can be operated in any house where gas is used.

Death of Mrs. R. Ryan

It is with sad intelligence that we announce the death of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Dereham, near Cullollen, Janet Mary Ryan, relict of the late Richard Ryan who was born at Kingston in the year 1818, and went to Niagara when young and was married there on Jan. 8th, 1838, and with her husband kept hotel for over twenty years.

Her husband predeceased her by ten years. Mrs. Ryan was a most devoted Catholic and her death occurred on St. Patrick's day. She was buried on Monday, March 19th, the feast of St. Joseph, at Ingersoll. The Rev. Father Connolly said the Mass of Requiem and in a few well chosen words spoke very highly in honor of the deceased lady.

Considering the inclement weather the day of the funeral, there was a large turnout to pay the last respects to an old and pious citizen. Mrs. Ryan is survived by three sons and three daughters, as follows: James and William, Cullollen, and C. B. of Ingersoll, Mrs. Geo. Caddy and Mrs. Geo. White, Watsonville, California, and Agnes at home. The pall-bearers were Messrs. M. J. McDermott, C. A. O'Neill, John Frazell, Peter Sherry, John Dunn and James Kirwin, all of Ingersoll. R.I.P. Com.

A REMINISCENCE

The following was received too late for publication last week, but as it is an interesting sketch by a young aspirant to literary fields, we publish it now as a pleasing reminiscence:

St. Patrick's Day is again with us, and as I sit gazing into the blaze and glow of the bright fire and listening to the howling and lashing of the wind against the house corners, reminiscences of many a by-gone day come back to me and I live over again in imagination the many familiar sights and scenes which once awoke in my heart such thrills of joy, but are now faded into oblivion until at length memory carries me back to the happy days of my childhood, many occasions for some reason or other, standing out very vividly against the dim background of the past, and not least among these sweet recollections is the celebration of the Feast of the dear Patron of Erin.

You ask me why I remember St. Patrick's Day so well, and I think I can but answer your questions by telling you my first impressions of the celebration of the Feast of the great Saint.

To begin with, the feast, as I remember it, was held as one of the greatest on the calendar, not only in the Church, but also in our own home. Rain or shine, we always rose early and repaired to the dear old Cathedral where the spiritual part of the feast was celebrated with all the due solemnity and pomp of a Pontifical High Mass, the Bishop assisting at the Throne, and not the least conspicuous was the dear little French Monsignore with his huge bunch of Shamrocks, always vowing that good St. Patrick belonged as much to him as to us Irish folk, and of course, it could not be disputed, as St. Patrick's native place was France.

After we had returned home and had partaken of our dinner, for which something special would always be prepared, a few neighbors would drop in for a little "kailiyeah" and you may be sure they were always accorded a "caed mille failthe" and after the struggles and sorrows of dear old Erin had been duly talked over, our friends would be speeded with a "beannacht leat."

As evening closed in, while some of the elder members of the family repaired to the concert hall, we younger ones crowded around our mother's knee, and although it took a great deal of persuasion to coax her away from her Boston Pilot, which she would be pursuing for news of dear old Galway, the enjoyment we had in her wonderful stories of the Banshee and the Leprecaun, and other fairy lore of the dear little Emerald Isle, was well worth the trouble.

Mr. Fred A. Day Leaves Guelph

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Princess Ena, who is to marry the King of Spain, never appears at a theatre or concert. One story is that she is making a religious retreat, devoting herself to meditation and study of the obligations of the Catholic faith, varied only by long morning application to Spanish grammar, idioms and pronunciation. She is determined to be wholly Spanish.

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

The Colonial Legislature of Newfoundland has unanimously adopted a resolution favoring old age pensions. This is the first action of the kind by any North American legislative body.

Spring Term Opens April 2nd. ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. This school stands to-day before the public with a clean-cut record for work done and success achieved.

North American Life Assurance Company. Solid for the Continent. EVERY WISE MAN

EVERY WISE MAN. Realizes the importance of securing a satisfactory investment for his spare money. An endowment policy of insurance not only provides a safe and remunerative investment for small sums yearly, but at the same time furnishes guaranteed protection for dependents.

Catholic Boarding House. For spring and summer holidays nice rooms and good board. Daniel J. Cunningham, Gravenhurst, Ont.

THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER. WRITING IN SIGHT. Strong, Durable, and Most Widely Used.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited. All makes rented and sold on instalment.

A TRIUMPH OF ART. In laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else washed without ironing, fraying, ripping off of buttons, starching not too little or too much, ruining of everything in a man's wardrobe that ought to go into the tub.

New Method Laundry Limited. 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO. PHONE—MAIN 4546 and MAIN 3276.

WEEKLY SUMMARY

Bishop Dowling of Hamilton has entirely recovered from his recent illness.

There is fish in cold storage in Chicago that has been kept there for three years.

Lord Aberdeen's salary as Viceroy of Ireland is \$20,000 a year, plus \$5,000 for outfit.

The cold weather of last week prevailed over the greater part of the American continent.

It is credited that the Chinese are preparing for a war of extermination against all foreigners.

Senator Bailey of Texas, who is one of the most active men in Congress, claims Irish parentage.

The British House of Commons has passed a bill condemning the practice of flogging coolies.

This is to be a great railroad building year. It promises also to be a great railroad killing year.

Some Russians view the proposed railroad from America to Europe as a plan for the American conquest of Siberia.

Ald. Dan Gallery of Montreal says he would rather not sit in parliament until the verdict of the Supreme Court is handed down.

The nickname newly invented for Fallour, late prime minister of England, is "Miss Nancy," and for Joe Chamberlain "Monocle Joe."

Dr. S. K. Falls, an eminent Chicago physician, died suddenly of heart failure in that city on Thursday last. He was a native of Ottawa, Ont.

There is a dread that the Socialists will elect the next mayor of Milwaukee. The Socialists are rapidly becoming a powerful third party in the United States.

After fourteen years of steady work the Croton dam to supply water for New York, is finished at a cost of \$7,700,000. It is the finest work of its kind in the world.

The Dominion of Canada has taken over the military and naval works at Halifax, and binds itself to finish the fortifications there. This is a step towards Canadian nationhood.

The Chicago public library board ask \$425,000 for conducting that institution for one year. The running expenses are \$200,000 a year, saying nothing of books, interest, etc.

The temperance crusade organized in Montreal by Archbishop Bruchesi, is meeting with great success and already many societies have been organized in both city and country.

City Attorney John F. Smulski of Chicago, who is of Polish nationality, is about to resign his position to accept the presidency of a new Polish bank. It will be a Catholic institution.

At El Paso, Texas, on the 21st March, the people of that American town celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Benito Juarez, Mexican patriot and statesman.

William O'Brien of Fort William, assistant chief of police, has received the endorsement of the Conservative Association for the appointment of Police Magistrate, a position now vacant.

A South African compensation committee for losses during the Boer war state the losses amount to the sum of \$310,000,000. The sum of \$47,000,000 has been allowed for the settlement of those claims.

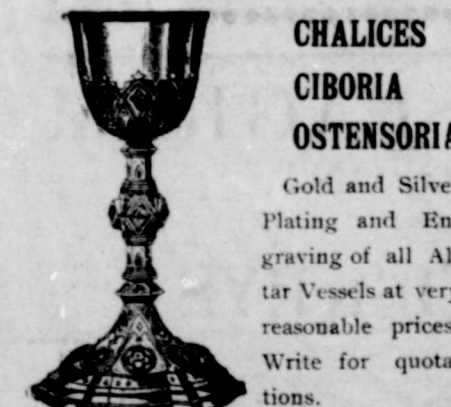
Rev. John Wesley Sullivan is the name of the chaplain of the Pennsylvania Senate and pastor of a local church. Thus he bears the name of

NO MAN NEED SUFFER RUPTURE ONE MINUTE MORE

It is an undeniable fact that rupture can be cured without operation. Our pneumatic appliance cures without loss of time, the most stubborn cases. The appliance is comfortable, soft, easy, with lots of elasticity and gives the same degree of pressure as nature itself and leaves nature perfectly free. Our method recommended by the medical fraternity.

The Lyon Manufacturing Co. Dept. B. Limited 435 Yonge St. J. J. WILLIAMS, Manager

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the founder of Methodism and at the same time that of a great puglist.

The current year promises to be the largest in immigration to Canada. And strange to say, a very large portion of the people are expected from the United States. It is Premier Laurier who has said "The Twentieth Century belongs to Canada."

The sixteen beef packers of Chicago, who have been tried before the United States Courts, charged with offences against the laws of commerce, were acquitted on March 21st, but they may be yet tried as members of the corporations involved in the cases.

Gibson, Hogan & Reagle of Port Arthur have been awarded the contract for clearing and ditching the mission property for the terminals of the G.T.P. at Fort William, at a cost of \$55,000. The dock and mission work will amount to about \$100,000.

An important convention of the Indian tribes of British Columbia to be held at Kamloops on April 15, is proposed by Chief George F. Capitano, for the purpose of adopting a memorial to King Edward. It is supposed there will be 10,000 Indians present.

The workmen in one of the mills of St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 20th of March, selected a dog as their representative to the parliament of the empire, declaring that the animal would be as much good there as the best man they could send as the law is considered a farce.

A strong syndicate of Americans are said to be dispatching exploration parties to the far northern districts of Canada in search of the hidden wealth stored up in the earth on the fringe of the Arctic regions. Diamonds are the objects of their special quest. Oil is also expected to be found.

The number of Catholics in the new House of Commons, from England, is seven, as follows: Lord Edmund Talbot, Sussex; T. P. O'Connor, Liverpool; Rowland Hunt, Shropshire; Hilaire Belloc, Suffolk; C. J. O'Donnell, Waltham; E. Lamb, Herefordshire; Col. Ivor Herbert, Monmouthshire. Five of the number are Liberals.

"By all odds," writes Frank G. Carpenter, the world-wide newspaper correspondent of America, "the biggest irrigation project on the North American continent, is now under way in the Province of Alberta."

It is proposed to reclaim 1,500,000 acres of land by this means. The work has been undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Edward J. Dwyer, prominent Republican politician of Chicago, died last week. He was a member of the State Senate for many years. Thirty-five members of the Illinois Legislature met at the Sherman House and passed resolutions of condolence, in which he was extolled as "an able and wise legislator." Funeral services were held at St. Ambrose Catholic church.

Robert Appleton and Co. of New York are about to publish a Catholic Encyclopedia. The work will consist of 15 volumes of 800 pages each, with 150 illustrations to a volume. The editors are Chas. G. Herberman, Edward A. Rice, Conde B. Palten, Thomas J. Shahan and John J. Wynne, all well known in the field of literature. The work will be sold only by subscription.

The Methodists are experiencing a change of heart towards the Catholic Church. At Minneapolis, Minn., on the 22nd March, at a missionary conference, Dr. Frank M. North commended the Catholic Church for the excellent work it is doing in the foreign quarters of American cities. Bishop E. G. Andrews presided and some of the most famous men of the church addressed the meeting.

The Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick has introduced a bill in the Dominion Parliament for the better observance of the Lord's Day. It is more in accord with the desires of the whole population than any heretofore designed on the subject. Works of necessity only are allowed by the bill. Sunday sports for gain, excursions, etc., are prohibited. Parks and pleasure grounds shall not be opened where there is any charge for admission.

The solemnity of the feast of St. Joseph was fittingly observed in St. Mary's church, London, Ont., last Sunday week, by the celebration of solemn high Mass in the presence of Bishop McEvay. The pastor, Rev. Father McKeen, acted as celebrant, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, rector of the Cathedral, and Rev. Mr. Arnold as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Rev. Father Tobin assisted His Lordship. The Bishop was very glad to be once more in the midst of his own people.

One of the busiest men in Virginia is the artist-priest, Rev. Jognannes A. Oertel of Vienna, Fairfax county, known everywhere as the painter of the world-famous picture, "The Rock of Ages." Although in his eighty-third year, he goes to his studio every morning about dawn and works until twilight. He is just sending off to Sewanee, Tenn., an instalment of paintings to be placed over the altar in the chapel now being built for the use of the students of its theological seminary by Mrs. Rellfair Hodgson, as a memorial to her husband, Vice-Chancellor Hodgson.

Fifteen years ago Dr. J. M. Dawson, the Canadian geologist, estimated the unexplored parts of Canada as amounting to nearly a million square miles. To-day they probably aggregate about two hundred thousand. Apart from South America, which is probably the least known of all the



Most housewives judge the purity of a flour by its whiteness. While somehow whiteness signifies purity. But while pure flours are always white, white flours are not always pure.

Royal Household Flour is the whitest flour that is milled. It is also the purest. You may think the flour you are using is about as white as flour can be. Yet if you place it beside Royal Household Flour it will look yellow by comparison. Ask your grocer for Royal Household, and make sure that he understands that you mean it.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal. "Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

grand divisions of the Globe, there are still blank spaces on the maps of the United States, Canada and Mexico. In the United States the only large tracts of unknown lands are in Alaska. In Canada Labrador offers probably the largest stretch of country on the mainland which is still unknown and so is the interior of Newfoundland.

It is reported that an American military commander reprimanded an Irish soldier for wearing a shamrock in his cap last 17th of March, declaring it to be unmilitary. It is different now in the British army. It was the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos who in voicing Queen Victoria's sentiments, wrote these lines, which on each recurring Saint Patrick's Day find warm responses in the hearts of the Irish soldiery of Great Britain: "We're the most uplified regiment, Bedad we're mortal keen! The shamrock is in our forage caps By order of the Queen!"

Johann Most, the apostle of anarchy in America, is dead. His teachings were considered conducive to law breaking, but when delivered from the lecture platform invariably they were "toned down" to suit the police officials, who generally had his gatherings under surveillance. Herr Most was born in Germany Feb. 5, 1846. He was a bookbinder by trade. In 1872 he was exiled after having been fined and imprisoned eighteen times. In 1875 he was elected to the reichstag. Going to London he established a paper called the "Freiheit" and was imprisoned by a British judge for eighteen months. In 1882 he came to America and continued in the same career. In consequence of remarks on the Chicago haymarket riots he was sentenced to one year at Blackwell's Island, N.Y. He died at Cincinnati on the 17th inst.

Irish education grievance was the subject of a long debate in the British House of Commons on the 22nd of March Irish members declared that the present system is deplorable and that Ireland never will rest until she obtains a university representing the interests of the Catholic majority. George Wyndham, late Chief Secretary for Ireland, spoke strongly in favor of reform, declaring that if Ireland were given the same facilities for education as England, old feuds would be appeased. James Bryce, the new Chief Secretary, on behalf of the Government, made a conciliatory speech, admitting the existence of the grievance, and stating that the subject had the constant attention of the Government with a view to removing the grievance. The Government, he also said, was considering a scheme to promote a study of the Gaelic language.

The reservation lands of the Flathead Indians in Montana are to be surveyed and sold and the natives scattered. Perhaps there is nowhere a more civilized Indian tribe than the Flatheads. They are honest, in-

Free Treatment for Sick Kidneys

WRITE FOR GIN PILLS. If you have suffered for years with kidney trouble—if you know your kidneys are sick, but have not been able to find anything that will help you—or if you suspect that you have kidney disease, write for a sample of GIN PILLS, the pills that cure. We don't ask you to spend a single penny, or promise to spend any. Simply take the box of pills which we send you free of charge. We leave it to you whether or not you will take any more after the sample box is gone. KAT PORTAGE, October, 1905. I was troubled for about two years with kidney trouble, so common among railway men. I doctored in the regular way and took a great deal of medicine, but received no benefit. My friend recommended GIN PILLS, and I am pleased to state that after taking the first box I got relief, and while I am not taking them regularly, if I feel any indications of a return of the trouble, a few doses puts me all right again. CHAS. SIMMONS, C.P.R. Engineer. This letter is the experience of hundreds. They try doctors and drugs without relief, but they find the cure for their trouble in GIN PILLS. Take advantage of our generous offer. Mention in what paper you saw this, with your name and address, and we will send you absolutely free of charge, a sample box of GIN PILLS. They are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. THE BEE DRUG CO. WINNIPEG, MAN.

offensive and not given to trouble, although constantly made war on by other tribes. In the early days of the American republic they were of signal service to the United States government by assisting the Lewis and Clark expedition to Oregon. They are the far-distant tribe that were visited by the Jesuit Father de Smet in the early forties, and who taught them to be Christians and Catholics. Lewis and Clark gave them a clean bill of sale so far as hospitality, honorable dealing, truthfulness and morality, and they have kept it ever since unstilled. Although they have ever shown themselves good Indians, they are now to be dispossessed and turned adrift as a reward for their good conduct by the Great Father at Washington. They number about 2,500 souls.

The Gaelic Revival Association Ottawa

Reception by Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I. A Seanhus—the Irish for a Conversation—was given on Monday evening, the 19th inst, in the Science Hall opposite the University of Ottawa, to which the President of the Society—the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle—had extended invitations to a number of non-members.

The programme carried out was as follows: Dr. Freeland, one of the founders of the Gaelic League of Ottawa, gave an address of welcome to the re-habilitated Association, and to those gentlemen who were present at the Inaugural Reception. He dwelt at some length upon the great revival movement now going on in Ireland in literature, poetry, art, and in the industrial.

Mr. McDonald, of Antigonish, gave an interesting address in the Scotch Gaelic vernacular, which is very little different from the Irish Gaelic. His rendition, in Gaelic, of "The parting at the Mountain," was a feature of the evening.

The Gaelic Glee Club then gave the Irish song "Shule, Shule, Agra," which was obtained by the Association from the Gaelic League in Dublin, the words of which are by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the apostle of the Gaelic League in America.

Mr. E. P. Stanton, a profound Gaelic scholar, interpreted the words of this Jacobin song, and gave an outline of the class work of the society at the Monday evening meetings, which are conducted under his supervision.

The address of the evening was given by the President. Rev. Dr. O'Boyle spoke of the movement and set forth its aims and benefits even to those who live in Canada.

Several gentlemen present among the guests, made speeches endorsing the remarks made by the Rev. President, and gave words of encouragement to the Association.

The members of the Glee Club gave several solos, and sang once more by request, "Shule, Shule, Agra."

A very enjoyable evening closed with the National Anthem, God Save the King.

Apropos of this inaugural of the Gaelic Association of Ottawa, we quote the following extract from the 17th March number of the Notre Dame, Indiana, "Ave Maria," of a review on a notable new book: "Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A., by Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. Longmans, Green, & Co.

"Writing to the subject of this biography forty-four years ago, the brilliant Irish-Canadian, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, said: 'It is some consolation to a devotee like myself of everything Irish to know that there are still left some men in Ireland capable of continuing the work of those devoted scholars (O'Curry and O'Donnovan, recently dead). It grieves one to think how little this generation seems to understand its true interests in our native land; but the unparalleled self-sacrifice of a few gifted men will make them a history in spite of the present malign influences.' . . . Were McGee living to-day he would unfeignedly rejoice in the rapid development of the Gaelic movement, would joyfully acclaim the world-wide enthusiasm over the Irish language revival; and would also, we feel assured, associate with that movement and that revival the name of an Irishman who, though all too seldom mentioned in their connection, was in reality their forerunner and founder, Sir John T. Gilbert."

The Gaelic Revival Association has taken steps to affiliate with the Gaelic League in Ireland, and an effort has been set on foot to establish branches of the Gaelic League throughout Canada. If this announcement should meet the eyes of any patriotic and interested Irishmen they are requested to communicate with Mr. J. T. Tobin, Secretary-Treasurer of the Gaelic Revival Association, Ottawa.

BIRTH

At 275 Lansdowne Ave., on Wednesday, March 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mallon, a son.

Business Card

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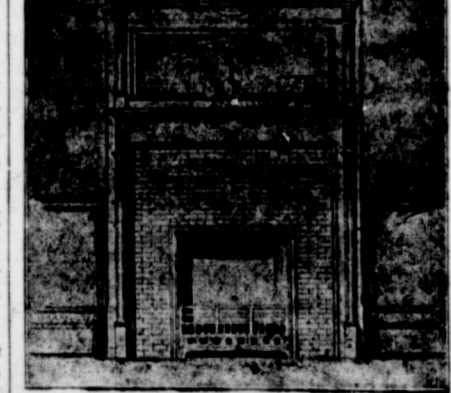
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**WELL KNOWN
IN JARVIS, ONT.**

**Haldimand County Councillor tells
how Psychine cured his
Lung Troubles**

"I contracted a series of colds from the changing weather," says Mr. Bryce Allen, a well-known resident of Jarvis, Ont., and a member of Haldimand County Council for his district, "and gradually my lungs became affected. I tried medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but got no relief. With lungs and stomach diseased, nervous, weak and wasted, I began to use Psychine. With two months' treatment I regained my health. To-day I am as sound as a bell, and give all the credit to Psychine."

There is a proof of what Psychine does. It not only cures Colds and kills the germs of LaGrippe, Pneumonia and Consumption, but it helps the stomach, makes pure, rich blood and spreads general health all over the body. You will never have Consumption if you use

PSYCHINE
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MICKY'S FREEHOLD

The graveyard at Tyroncel climbs a gentle slope whose summit, of a clear day, affords dazzling glimpses of a restless silver sea, which often sends its messengers thus far inland.

Now it is a strong salt gale, before which the frightened daisies cower in the grass; again a snowy gale like the restless ghost of some one who finds it hard to rest beneath that tossing silver winding sheet, and is drawn by the peace of this flower-starred "God's Acre."

One familiar with the life stories of its sleepers might fancy Victory's palms and Purity's lilies springing of themselves from such a soil, but nature has cared for the spot in her own way, filling the fence corners with gorse, powdering the slope with daisies, and screening the mounds with harebells and the homely nameless blossoms which were part of the summer times the sleepers used to know.

Few "monuments," half a score at most, and these one is tempted to regret, break the sweep of velvet green. Who in Tyroncel needs a stone to mark the sunny stretch that has always been the Brady's, or the corner where, every spring, the gnarled thorn drops a scented pall over the Flannerys' resting place?

And for the alien, what interest have these lowly folk when, crowning the slope and dominating Tyroncel in death as once in life, the O'Connors, sometime lords of the soil, lie in a crumbling mortuary chapel, the joy of the infrequent antiquary. Mutilated stones graven in stately Latin invite to a contemplation of the virtues these have taken with them, and the titles they have left behind, and Time has added an "Onnia Vanitas" in the dismantled choir, where birds carol blithe matins, and the broken casements, whence stream green pennons of the ivy. Perhaps it is to point his lesson that he has torn the Gothic roof from over their fallen heads, while deying the gales of three-score winters, the low green thatch is safe and snug over Mickey's freehold.

Michael Flinn was its tenant's name in the days when he had need of special designation. The name, like many another honored of Tyroncel, passed in the dead famine year to a place among its memories. The ambition which set all his life to one tune, and the grim irony of its realization, has kept his name alive and sent a pitying "God rest him" heavenward long after the time when he could reasonably hope to be remembered. And so, having begun his story where it should logically end, let us follow an old clue that leads backward to a certain November day when the last century and Mickey both were young.

A mere slip of a boy with sparkling eyes and a shock of black curls that were always falling over them, he sped along the bleak highway, his red lips crumpled in a seductive whistle which had lured a credulous blackbird from leafless bush to bush, in quest of an errand mate.

An empty jug dangled from one hand, and the other brown fist enclosed the threepenny bit which was to fill it with buttermilk, and leave a penny over for red yarn, a bit of which had been prudently tied about his wrist, as a reminder amid the distractions of the way.

Flushed with the success of his invitations, he launched into a whistle whose elaboration just outdid nature and the blackbird fluttered scornfully across the field. Mickey's artist pride smarted beneath this failure. "Bad manners to you for a great ugly crows!" he screamed angrily, and to point the remark, a brown fist, more

used to the possession of stones than coin of the realm, sent the precious threepenny bit flying on the trail of the abjuration.

Beneath the enormity of the indiscretion, and the certainty of a reckoning proportionately heavy, even Mickey's light heart sank.

After an hour's vain search among the stones and rough grass, he retraced his steps, a leaden-footed messenger; the empty jug dangled dejectedly from one hand, the red yarn gleaming on the other for his greater condemnation. And, as if to furnish a final commentary on the evils of improvidence, a turn of the road brought him, for the first time, face to face with the tragic and afterward familiar spectacle of an eviction. A cabin from which the roof had been newly riven fronted the road, where a slender stock of household goods were rudely piled. A white, anxious-eyed woman, to whose skirts two wailing children clung, dazedly surveyed the wreck, while the man at her side followed with sullen eyes the movements of the receding, scarlet-coated figures, rising and falling in their saddles; doubtless glad to have done with their ignoble task.

Instinctively grasping a situation for which his experience afforded no precedent, the frightened child sped homeward with the dire news. The roof was off the Flannery's place, their bits of things in the road, an "himself," standin' beside them glarin' after the sojers, wid eyes of him like burnin' coals."

As the tidings spread, neighbors with roofs in better case, hurried to the woeful scene with offers of assistance. One of the children, a dark-eyed slip of a girl, tagged and lovelly, came to the Flinn's to await those "better days" which seemed sufficiently remote, though so confidently predicted. In the general consternation Mickey's conduct escaped reprobatation, the lost threepence being dismissed with the sentiment at once pious and philosophical: "God send no greater loss!"

But the germ of worldly wisdom sown in Mickey's heart grew apace in those long winter evenings, when, from conversation about the turf fire, he gathered that the Flannery's experience—the Lord between us and harm—was a thing that might happen to any one that hadn't "the rint" ready against quarter day. Through wakeful nights attendant upon such discussions he would be haunted by visions of the roofless cabins, the drooping ygures in the lonely road, and the scarlet bluer of the soldiers' coats, rising and falling against the bleak gray of a November sky.

Tales of the "good people" or ill-disposed giants, which had erstwhile wove themselves through his wakeful hours, receded to a dim background of memory, for, in his vague childish way, the lad was grappling with this grim, new factor, which must somehow be eliminated from the sum of things if life were ever to regain its former zest.

The result of his musings he confided to Bride Flannery as they sat one evening in their dusky corner, forgotten by the garrulous elders. Some day he would have a place of his own—a freehold; he called it—a detectable spot haunted by no specter of an unprovided "rint slay," where they two would dwell in immeasurable content. It seemed only fair to compensate Bride for fate's buffetings by including her in these brilliant prospects. She dimly realized Mickey's generosity, and sighed happily as one whose earthly doubts are all allayed.

One gathers that in pursuit of this ambition, almost unique in one of his race and time, Mickey trod the ways of frugality and toil till the spring of his twenty-second year—a spring no fairer or sweeter than any gone before, but that Mickey's senses, dulling by the narcotic of ceaseless toil, seemed to slir and wake beneath its appeal. From the distant goal his eyes turned to mark the fairness of the way—the splendor of the gorse flung across the fields, the scent of the hawthorn, the gleam of the rain in the primrose's cup, the radiance of the sunlight slanting gold green through a screen of interlacing boughs. And of all this freshly perceived wonder and glow, Bride Flannery seemed a part. Wandering beside her through fragrant, thrush-haunted lanes, he forgot his cares, his ambition, and remembered only that the Flannerys, fallen as last upon better days, spoke of stealing his treasure from his side. His whole being arose in protest against the decree, and for the second time Mickey threw prudence to the wind. Toil on till he was bent and gray for a place of his own, knowing all the while that those eyes, brown as the fresh-budded hazel, were glowing on an alien hearth, remote as the stars to which he likened them? Under such conditions Mickey realized that even the freehold would prove but Dead Sea fruit.

The cause of worldly wisdom found but a halting advocate in Bride Flannery, secretly convinced of the absolute security of any roof owned, or leased, whereof Mickey was the prop, and so, with stout hearts and few misgivings, they faced the future side by side.

In the sunshine of Bride's presence he was as recklessly happy as though "quarter day" would never recur. And if, with prosaic regularity, it did appear, was not the real reality punctual to the minute, besides a comforting addition to the purchase found in the box under the eaves, whose growth, Bride and Mickey, and with the passing years, two curly-haired children, Dan and Nora, watched with fearful pride. "A home of our own"—that was the meedest goal toward which the entire family strained, no privation too rigorous, no toil too heavy that brought it near.

Under Mickey's careful farming the arid soil miraculously flourished, while the children, anxious to shoulder their share of the load, set their small strength to clear and pile in a compact wall about the little holding, the stones that were apparently the one

**THERE IS NOW
A MASS OF PROOF**

**THAT LUMBAGO IS ALWAYS
CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY
PILLS.**

**Quebec Man Cured his Kidneys
with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and his
Lumbago Vanished.**

Quebec, P.Q., March 26.—(Special).—John Ball, a bricklayer, residing at 57 Little Champion street, this city, has added his statement to the great mass of proof that Lumbago is caused by disordered Kidneys, and consequently easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Ball says:

"I was troubled with Lumbago for two years. I could not work. I had to get up at nights to urinate so often that my rest was broken. I read of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to try them. After the first box I could see and feel a change. Three boxes cured me completely."

Lumbago, like Rheumatism, is caused by uric acid in the blood. Uric acid cannot stay in the blood if the Kidneys are working right. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys work right.

crop indigenous to the soil.

"You'd never know it for the same place!" Bride proudly exclaimed times without number. And as though to ratify her opinion, there came a quarter day when the agent greeted Mickey with the news that the rent of it was raised to a figure which made further addition to the purchase fund seem extremely problematical. Remonstrances were met with a curt intimation that another tenant was looking at the place, and he might "take it or leave it."

Mickey, confronted with the option, "take it," but the light began to fade from his eyes, and his shoulders to droop eloquently during those half-dozen years of dogged bending over the stubborn soil, which must somehow be made to yield the difference.

The purchase fund, at first augmented by the frequent shilling and occasional sovereign, remained a long while stationary, then ebbed a little beneath the demands of a quarter day that found Mickey "a trifle short." Dan came upon his father abstracting from the sacred hoard the required amount and though no words were spoken, to each the action seemed ominous and significant. For the first time the lad's faith in the ultimate fulfillment of the family hope wavered. The father's heart harbored an answering dread, for circumstances seemed so inexorably hostile.

In distant counties the famine specter raised its gaunt head and Tyroncel itself lay in the grip of an overmastering fear, before which her youth was already fleeing to a Land of Promise beyond the sea.

Dan's eyes wistfully followed the outgoing pilgrims as they swung hopefully down the gray, wet road that seemed to lead straight to a Tom Tiddler's ground, where the sorely needed money was to be had for the picking. But Mickey's eyes roamed no further than those drooping figures in the cabin doors, greedily hoarding each least detail in the receding forms of "the childer," in a fear that found no other expression.

Curiously enough, both arrived at a like conclusion, impelled thereto by divergent but equally unselfish motives—the children must leave Tyroncel. Striving to reconcile Bride to the approaching separation, Mickey said: "I would be something to have the childer out of harm's way if all went to all," the closing euphemism veiling the dire possibilities of the evil train, fever and famine, overrunning the land.

Dan and Nora were certain that a couple of years' joint industry in the distant Eldorado would easily result in the acquisition of a home whose comforts transcended father's wildest dreams. "And the time wouldn't be long slippin' away"—that was the point on which they seemed most clear.

Seeing that all their eloquence left Bride unconvinced on this score, and that her eyes were unable to pierce the future's brilliant veil for the blurring tears of the hard present, Mickey nervd himself for the final sacrifice. It was made simply between pulls at his stubby pipe, which cleverly managed to bridge the gaps in the halting phrases, and give a casual effect to the suggestion: "To be sure I wouldn't be aisy in me mind to think of them goin' all that way be themselves. I was thinkin' you might go over just to see thim settled. Dan has as much saved as'll pay his passage, and there's plenty in the tin boy for you and Nora."

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could follow ye if ye liked the place, but perhaps 'twould be better if ye brought the money back to Tyroncel. 'Tis here I'd always planned to have a place of me own, and I doubt it 'twould seem natural anywhere else."

The heard in the thatch counted eagerly, proved more than adequate to its diverted use, and Bride, sorely torn between two affections, was persuaded on the distinct understanding of a return as soon as "the childer were comfortably settled, and airnin'." But the forces of Mickey's being appeared to have been absorbed in one supreme effort, and a sense of the finality of the separation was on him through the days of preparation.

This was cleverly hidden from "herself and childer," till the very last moment, when turning on the crest of the ultimate rise, beyond which the road sinks from sight amid engulfing heather, they beheld his handkerchief tied to the end of his stick signaling them a gay good-by. "Father takes it rate well!" said Nora, gulping back a little sob. Meanwhile Mickey, wondering if it were all a dream, or if he were awake, why it didn't hurt more, stumbled onward through the unchanged world, to deliver to the agent the key of the home which he felt was never to be his. The empty coffer was in his hand and he tossed it from him into a wayside bush. A startled blackbird fluttered across the field, just as had happened on a November day long gone, when a curly-headed gossamer with the world before him, sped along the bleak highway on bare tinkling feet.

That little crimson bar on the sunset's gate might have been the distant red of the soldiers' coats. "Well they're out of harm's way, thank God!" said Mickey, shaking off the crowding memories.

In this field and that he lent a hand on easy terms; "the bit he'd eat and a place to sleep in" were what he stipulated for, and these, it is comforting to remember, he never lacked.

In the one brief hopeful letter, which an indifferent penman, he yet achieved to the end of fortifying "herself" against possible rumors of disaster, he suppressed all mention of the "quare blackness" which had begun to invade the potato drills, or the fever which had already taken grim toll of the stay-at-homes.

He confined himself to the statement that "he was so pestered wid the attentions of the neighbors he hadn't a minute to be lonesome," which may have been no reckoned against him in the accounting to which he soon after passed.

The fever found in him a passive victim. Somehow his grip of life seemed to have relaxed with his hold of the purpose which had dominated it, but it wove itself through his wanderings, revealing more of his ambition than the neighbors had ever guessed. There were other times when his tongue slipped off into "quare nonsense," to which no one had a clue.

"I'm threepence short in the rint, but it was all the fault of the blackbird. I heard him singin' in the bush, and sure I thought 'twould always be spring," he said on one such occasion.

"Never trouble your head about it, man," Tom Brady rejoined soothingly. "Tis terrible hard to have the rint ready these times, but they'd never put ye out for the matter of threepence."

Blown together like leaves on a keening autumn gale, anxious-eyed neighbors drifted toward the room where Mickey lay in the brief halt before the long journey.

Father John, woefully busy these dark days among his unworldly flock, had made him ready for the end, and in the peace following on his ministrations, it almost seemed that Mickey had already slipped his moorings. But one strand still held. "I'm givin' ye a dale of trouble," he said, apologetically, to Father John, "but I've a notion I'd rest aisyer if 'twas written over my grave, that I was never to pe put out of it. With the rate folks are dyin' there'll soon be more room in the village than in the graveyard. It's been on me mind since I heard how 'they're buryin' the folk in trenches down Tralee way. I doubt it's a quare notion," said Mickey wistfully, "but all me life I've wanted a house of me own, and I'd be more content if I thought ye'd see to it."

Father John soothed him with the required promise with an overwhelming sense of the encompassing tragedy: The outgoing pilgrim with his steady, futile straining toward so small a goal; the group of bowed figures framed in the open doorway, against a background of arid fields and leaden skies. A flash of inspiration shone across the gloom, revealing an eternal compensation beyond the passing tragedy.

Thrilling with passionate pity and intense conviction his voice rang out through the hushed room. "In my Father's house are many mansions." And as he spoke Mickey passed beyond the veil.

It is long since the wooden cross, which, amid the crowding horrors of the famine year, Father John yet remembered to set over Mickey's grave, crumbled into the deep flower-starred grass, it is long, since, from other shores, Bride passed to the tryst which earth denied, but, should you pass Tyroncel way, any child could show you the narrow, flower-decked mound which tradition has set apart as "Mickey's freehold."—Maud Regan.

A Manly Boy

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the center of the room. A small boy called "Tillygrana and Broken Needle," which

last meant the Brooklyn Eagle. Another boy shouted, "Cough candy and lozenges, 5 cents a paper."

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!" The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not scramble out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young arms lifted it into her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"See there, Harry; see Fred, that is what he dashed back for!" "No; you don't say so? I thought he went for peanuts." "No; not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her budget? I gave it a good kick." "Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded the window and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head, and nodded towards the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and

was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll. Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you; I'm going to see her through." And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, "Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh; you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push." "I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was the old Swede woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his little young fingers between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown his own mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate was shut I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—Pittsburg Observer.

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A BELATED PLANET

The professor buttoned up his coat with bachelor prudence, for there was a nip in the evening wind.

It had been a pleasant wind all day, warm and soft and balmy, as became the breath of the Indian summer, and laden with spicy odors of late bloom and berry from the meadows and mountain-sides over which it had taken its vagrant way.

But it had freshened with the sunset, and the Professor, turning from the grim hospitality of his college boarding-house for a night vigil in his observatory, was conscious of a sudden shock as the gust met him at the corner, fierce, keen, blustering, a blast from old winter, whose bleak triumph was near.

And as all day long the warm, whispering breeze had brought tender memories of an old-fashioned garden where the grape had purpled and gay flowers nodded through the autumn palling sunshine, so now the Professor was conscious of an air pang stirring in his breast as the nip of the wind sent his thoughts back to a wide, cheery fireside, where, on eyes like this, the flames had leaped from the great hickory logs at the first touch of the frost; a fireside that had seemed to his homeless student youth the brightest, dearest spot on earth, where he had dreamed and hoped and loved and wakened into the pain and darkness of hopeless loss.

But that was all past. Professor Elmer Leighton, with half a dozen hard-earned scientific capitals added to his name, had given up dreaming for doing many years ago.

If the old pain had wakened to-day, it was as the soldier's old wound opens sometimes on a forced march. It had been a week of strain up the rugged steep of science.

For nights he had kept watch in his observatory for one bright particular star on which he had based a series of calculations that would settle a point long disputed by some learned conferees. But cloud and mist had intervened, and the star had failed to appear.

With his reputation for professional accuracy at stake the Professor was hurrying to his usual vigil now, anxious and overwrought. The last rays of the autumn sunset were fading behind flaming bastions of cloud that threatened again to defy his quest as he climbed the steep path leading to the college observatory, when a small voice struck upon his ear.

"Unky Tom," it piped, "Unky Tom take Tolly home."

The Professor stopped and stared. It was such a wee mite of humanity that confronted him in the twilight. He really never remembered seeing so small a being at large before. He had an idea that infants of this size were usually trampled or carried or kept judiciously asleep. But this one stood upright! on two short but sturdy legs, and its small hands were filled with blooms of golden-rod and asters.

"God bless me!" exclaimed the gentleman nervously, as the little one dropped his flowers and slipped a diminutive hand confidently into the Professor's grasp. "What are you doing here, all alone, child?"

"Tollie nudle find mama, and Tollye took Tollye home, Unky Tom."

"Lost!" echoed the gentleman in dismay. "This is dreadful! An infant that can scarcely talk. Do you know—where—where you live, child?"

"No," answered Tollye, shaking a shock of golden curls; "Tolliee don't know. Take Tollye home, Unky Tom—take Tollye to Gammie's."

"Gammie's," repeated the Professor in perplexity, "Gammie's! Ryan!"

and the speaker hailed with relief the sturdy, gray-coated janitor who came whistling down the hill, "here is a lost baby I have found wandering on the road. See if you know him."

"Sure an' I don't, sir," said Ryan, staring at the pretty little figure in its belted and braided blouse; "faith he is a small one to be let loose at this hour of the day or night. What's yer name, kiddy?"

"Name, Tollye Tars-ting," was the piddie's dignified answer. "That bates me, and you, too, sir, I guess with all yodr learning!" laughed Ryan. "We'll thry it again. Where do you live, sonny?"

"At Gammie's," he says, "answerek the Professor. "Do you know any place or person here by that name, Ryan? "Gammie's?"

"I don't, sir," answered Ryan, reflectively, "unless—unless—mebbe it's baby brogue for grand—gramma, sir. But you have no call to be botherin' the lost kid, Professor. I'll take him off to the station house and give him in charge of the police. Come, kiddy."

But the curl-veiled ears had caught a word of terror.

"No," cried Tollye, lustily, and the Professor's knees were clutched by two little arms in a way that nearly threw the student of the stars off his earthly footing. "Unky Tom, Unky Tom, don't let bad man take Tollye! Don't let bad man give Tollye to police! Tollye dood boy—Tollye dood boy!"

"Arrah, come away wid ye," said Ryan, with rough good nature. "I'll not hurt ye, sonny. Listen, now—"

Tollie Tarsting nestled tranquilly on his breast. The mother started forward, and the glad cry died on her lips. She stood breathless, speechless as this new nurse lifted a warning hand.

"Hush, Ryan! Don't wake him for heaven's sake, or I'll get no work done to-night. Bring a cushion or a coat of something and fix a place where I can put him down, poor little chap—a soft, warm place, Ryan. He is so little, so very little—and eh—"

The Professor started as he raised his eyes from the little sleeper's face for it was not Ryan who stood there breathless, bewildered, with flushed cheeks and trembling lips and tearful eyes.

"Patty!" he cried sharply, "my God—not Patty!"

"Elmer!" the mother dropped on her knees beside the man and child. "Elmer, with my baby, my lost baby," she sobbed.

"Your baby! Yours!" he gasped. "Yes; yes; all that is left me—all, after ten long, hard years. His father is dead, and I was alone in that far Western land. So I came back to the old home, the old fireside, the old life, with my one treasure, my lamb, my Charlie, my baby boy. Wake up, precious, wake up! Mama has come to take her little boy home."

But Tollie, wiser than his little mama, knew a good thing when he had discovered it.

"No," he answered sleepily, nestling closer in the strong arms' shelter. "Tollie too tired. Tollie tay wif Unky Tom."

"Oh, he takes you for Tom?" said his mother. "You were always thought like him, Elmer, and we are staying at his house for a few days, now. I am looking for work in town."

"Work!" echoed the Professor in a low voice. "Work! Patty?"

"Yes. Mother is growing old," she answered. "I can not have her to care for both Charlie and me. So we came to town to-day to look for a place."

"Yes," said the Professor. She was still kneeling beside her child, her hand clasping Tollie's, her fair young face aglow with mother-love and grave with mother-care, the past all forgotten in thought for her boy.

"And you found a place, Patty?"

"No, not yet, not yet," she replied anxiously. "But Tom thinks I will in a day or two."

"I am sure of it; in fact, I know of one vacant now," said the Professor.

"Here, in the college, I mean?" she asked eagerly. "Oh, if you would speak for me, Elmer! I am not the giddy girl you knew long ago. I have learned so many things. To mend and make and market; and though I could leave Charlie with mother, it would be hard to give him up, Elmer. I would work for very little pay if I could keep my baby boy."

"You could keep him," answered the Professor, as his hand strayed tenderly over the little sleeper's golden curls. "If you take the place, Patty." His voice trembled. "The old place you turned from ten years ago. It has been empty, desolate, ever since—how empty and desolate I scarcely knew until Tollie's baby hand opened the closed door to-night."

"Elmer!" she cried, comprehending at last, and starting, rosy with blushes to her feet; "give me my baby. Charlie, Charlie, come, darling, you must wake and come with mama."

"Unky Tom, Unky Tom," protested Tollie as he was snatched, his blue eyes half open, from his protector's arms.

"Yes, yes, my darling," said Tollie's mother, hiding her glowing face in the baby curls; "Uncle Tom will come to see Charlie again."

"To-morrow," said the Professor, decisively. "I'll come to-morrow, my little man, and we'll find the rocking-house we talked about to-night, and the drum, and the kitten. Let me carry him down to the cab for you, Patty; he won't let Ryan touch him, and the stairs are steep."

And with Ryan's glimmering lantern guiding them, the party made their way back to the cab. Master Tollie Tarsting now wide awake, jabbering gleefully on the Professor's shoulder.

"Where shall I find you?" asked the gentleman as, his visitors safely ensconced in the cab, he held a small black-gloved hand for a moment tightly clasped in his own.

"In the old home, by the old fireside, where we were so happy long ago," was the faltering answer.

"Come, find us there, Elmer."

And as the cab rolled off in the darkness, Professor Elmer Leighton sprang up the observatory steps, his heart bounding, his brain whirling joyously, like one who, after long years of drought and want, drains a cup of new-made wine. And as he entered the domed room where he had kept his long and lonely vigil for nights a cry of triumph broke from his lips. For the battlements of darkness were down, cloud had dissolved, and mist vanished. Clear and bright in the western horizon shone the Star of his search—a radiant omen of hope and love—the belated planet that had risen to light his life forever.—Mary T. W. Gaman.

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EMPRESS HOTEL

In and Around Toronto

AT ST. FRANCIS. This has been a happy week at St. Francis, for it saw the completion of the work of decorating the sanctuary, a work which gives the before attractive church one of the most artistic chancels in the city, and also prepared it to carry out more effectively than ever before the annual Forty Hours Devotion. The upper fresco is altogether dainty, the delicate shades of ecru, green and blue, with designs in scarlet and gold, being charmingly harmonious. The background for the altar is of an olive green in which are placed large Gothic panels outlined in gold, each representing a scene in the life of the Patron of the parish, St. Francis of Assisi. These panels are in oils and the whole work reflects considerable credit on the designer and artist, Mr. Brown. During the Forty Hours the lately embellished Sanctuary was the receptacle for a graceful and beautiful altar, where glowing lamps and ceaselessly burning tapers, together with profuse and choice blossoms symbolized the homage of the many who kneel in adoration before the Throne of Grace, towards which all eyes were turned. When all are charming and impressive it is hard to say which stands first, but certainly amongst all the processions of the season formed in our churches in honor of Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, that at St. Francis has been surpassed in many respects by none in the city. To the many attractively vested boys of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and those of the Holy Angels Sodality, each preceded by a handsome banner, that of the Holy Angels making its first appearance and vying with that of the larger Sodality in attractiveness. Both banners are the work of a lady of the parish, Mrs. Jos. Carroll. A series of sermons was delivered by Rev. Fathers McCann, Whelan, Kelly, Boyle and lastly by His Grace the Archbishop, who was present at the formal closing on Tuesday morning and who spoke on the love of God in the Blessed Sacrament. As in the other parishes, large numbers approached the Sacraments, thus complying with the culminating work of the time.

AT ST. BASIL'S. "More beautiful than ever before" is the verdict of the people of St. Basil's, when speaking of the "Forty Hours," which they in common with the people of St. Francis, have had with them in the fore part of this week. Each year seems to add something in attractiveness to this beneficent time, and each year it is welcomed with additional fervor. Who seeing the numbers that gather in great flocks and crowd the churches until it would seem that for one more to enter would prove a moral impossibility, could imagine for a moment that the spirit of faith was dead of that the ages of the saints were passed? And so it was at St. Basil's. When the Devotion began after the High Mass on Sunday, it was witnessed by a church crowded to completion, and carried out with all the minutiae of detail which the facilities of the parish afford. His Grace the Archbishop presided and Very Rev. Father Marjion, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass. An eloquent initial sermon was preached by Rev. Father Roach. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament which followed the Mass was a moving and devotional tableau that seemingly left nothing to be desired. Following the cross-bearer and acolytes came tiny flower-wreathed girls, then line after line of red-shashed members of the League of the Sacred Heart, and lastly the large contingent of students and ecclesiastics, vested in handsome dalmatic or cope. The Blessed Sacrament, after being borne through the church, was placed on one of the most artistically decorated altars of the city. In the evening the church was again crowded and the sermon on the Blessed Sacrament preached by Rev. Father V. Murphy, will be remembered as one of the most impressive heard in St. Basil's for a long time. The formal closing took place on Tuesday morning.

MR. E. J. KYLIE, B.A., LECTURES ON OXFORD. The members of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, and their friends, met at the home of the Misses O'Donoghue, 95 D'Arcy street, on Monday evening, when they had the privilege of listening to a lecture on "Oxford" by Mr. E. J. Kylie, B.A., lecturer in English History at Toronto University. The speaker was introduced by the President, Miss O'Donoghue. Himself a graduate from the great university, Mr. Kylie was in the best position possible to speak on the subject treated, and so thoroughly and entertainingly did he enter into the matter that from beginning to end he had a delighted audience, who at the close had in some instances at least very different ideas on the subject of Oxford from those entertained at the beginning. Starting at the 12th century, when the school was first founded, when a group of scholars gathered, perhaps round some favorite teacher, and down on to the days of John Balliol, who for some riotous offence had the penance imposed on him of endowing the school with sufficient to maintain sixteen students, and on through successive endowments of which the present residential system is the outcome, Mr. Kylie led his listeners. It was here pointed out that the Balliol endowment showed the interest of the Church in the matter of education.

The present day Oxford was described. No main building in particular is shown there, as in customary on this continent, as for example in Toronto. Oxford is a town and the University consists of a number of colleges, one on a certain street and another on the next or perhaps more remote. Each college has its one hundred and fifty or two hundred students, the students in turn being allotted in picked groups to different tutors. The tutor is an important factor in the Oxford system, and was described as most beneficial, on account of the close communication between himself and pupil. Social intercourse was noted as taking up about eight hours of the day, the hours confined to class-work being far less than the time allotted in this country. The educational advantages gained through the hours of social intercourse, on the play-ground, in the time spent in discussing politics, and in the ordinary residential life of the house, was spoken of as being on a much broader plane, than that which is gained by mere application to books. A picture of the college building was also drawn. The walled enclosure or quadrangle, entered by the wide gate, the buildings on three sides, the stair at the foot of which is to be found the lists of students in the rooms above, were all pictured, and the fines for a late answer to the roll-call, ranging from a half-penny to a sixpence, were all touched upon. The interest shown in the individual was pointed out as a strong feature in the college system. As a foregoing statement it was asserted that the history of Oxford is the history of England, the men coming from its halls being the men who through the ages have left their mark upon their country. A man once from Oxford is forever stamped as such. Co-education does not exist as in this country, though women have equal facilities with men. They have separate colleges and are quite happy in having things so, the lecturer being of the opinion that when similar conditions maintain here it will be better even than at present. On the whole an Oxford education was regarded as superior to that of American institutions of a similar character; the study of classics which was always part of the foundation of Oxford life, tending to a broader outlook and a higher standard of manhood than is otherwise obtainable. The thanks and appreciation of the gathering for the delightful and new information was expressed to Mr. Kylie by Miss Hart, seconded by Mrs. Fulton.

DEATH OF MRS. CARBERRY. The sympathy of the many friends of Rev. Father Carberry goes out to him in the death of his mother, which took place at the House of Providence on Thursday, the 22nd inst., and whose funeral was held from St. Michael's Cathedral at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning. The greater part of the life of Mrs. Carberry was spent in St. Michael's parish, and the story of her last days was that of a long sickness and much suffering, consoled by the devoted attentions of her only son. The celebrant of the funeral Mass of Requiem was Rev. Father Carberry, this making the second instance on this day in our city when a son had the sad privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice and officiating at the obsequies of a loved parent. The deacon of the Mass was Rev. Father Whelan and Rev. Father Murray sub-deacon. Others in the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Cruise, Hand, McIntee, Wm. McCann, McGrand, Rohleder, Ryan, Cushing, Wm. Kelly, and Minehan. Interment was at St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MRS. P. J. COSTELLO. The death of Mrs. P. J. Costello, which occurred on Thursday, the 22nd inst., though by no means unexpected, was none the less the cause of great sorrow to her family, and of much regret to a large circle of acquaintances by whom she was much admired and esteemed. The deceased lady had been a sufferer from an affection of the heart for over five years and in August of last year paralysis was added. Inexpressible sufferings were borne with the greatest courage and patience and a practical and pious life was rewarded by a peaceful and holy end. Mrs. Costello, whose maiden name was Ellen Beatrice McCarthy, was the daughter of the late Daniel McCarthy and was a native of Toronto. The funeral took place on Saturday from the family residence, No. 8 St. Patrick St., to St. Patrick's Church, where the funeral Mass of Requiem was said by Rev. Father Peter Costello, C.S.S.R., of New York, son of the deceased, assisted by Rev. Fathers Derling and Stuhl, a deacon and sub-deacon, with Rev. Father Urban as master of ceremonies. The last absolution was given by Very Rev. Father Barrett, rector, who briefly referred to the many virtues hidden under a retired life, which had graced the character of Mrs. Costello. Her dearest wish had been to see her son a priest at God's altar, and five years previously, when her life had been despaired of, she was restored almost miraculously to partial health and had her desire fulfilled. Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., and Rev. Father Dodsworth, were also in the sanctuary. The interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery, the cortege being accompanied by Rev. Fathers Barrett, Derling and Urban, and Rev. Father Costello officiating at the grave.

Mrs. Costello is survived by her husband, two sons, Rev. Peter Costello, C.S.S.R., and James and seven daughters, one of whom is Sister Blanche of the Sisters of Charity, Washington, D.C., to all whom such sympathy is extended. R.I.P.

tello, C.S.S.R., and James and seven daughters, one of whom is Sister Blanche of the Sisters of Charity, Washington, D.C., to all whom such sympathy is extended. R.I.P.

A WARNING

Notre Dame, Indiana, March 20. To Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—I crave space in your valuable paper to warn your readers against a young man who has been touring the country representing himself as a student of Notre Dame University, and collecting money from the charitable. The young man's story usually is that he is absent from the University with permission, and would be transcendently happy if he could make his way back to Notre Dame in time to avoid serious trouble. There is always, of course, a promise to repay whatever the charitable may offer.

This young man, whose name is probably Keefe, and who has used the aliases O'Brien, Smith, etc., is now in jail at Lansing, Mich., where he was arrested for plying his trade. As the term of his incarceration will be brief, however, I deem it well to call the attention of American Catholics to his fraudulent character.

Very sincerely yours, JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.O., President of the University of Notre Dame.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

to how they have distinguished themselves on this late occasion. Toronto I know has done well; in some respects exceedingly well; yet I think it has intelligence and initiative to do better. The enthusiasm of the Irish people here is entitled to all praise and is nowhere excelled. There is one matter, however, that I do not understand, and that is why it is necessary to import all the speakers for Massey Hall from the United States, when I am sure there are good ones in our own country; and again, why speakers are brought here who antagonize the Irish Parliamentary Party and find fault with the men that are so near bringing us to the point where Emmet's epitaph is to be written.

Boston celebrated St. Patrick's Day in grand style. There the Irish have numbers and wealth and example. Like Chicago, Cincinnati, Rhode Island City and many other places in America, it has an Irish Catholic mayor. Boston is the only large American city that has almost exclusively an Irish Catholic foreign population and that in a majority of the people. But whether it distinguished itself with any new feature of display, of art or oratory I do not know. The home of Patrick Donohoe, Boyle O'Reilly and Col. Fitzgerald, ought to be good for some fresh and impressive feature.

There was a great parade by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the most successful held in many years. Archbishop Williams reviewed it. One of the features was the carrying of a pike that was used at Vinegar Hill in '98. The dual observation of "Evacuation Day" and St. Patrick's Day gave Boston the greatest celebration of March 17th it has seen for many a day.

I now come to Chicago, the great Irish city of the west. Not indeed is it numerically Irish, but in influence. It is there where criminals take on Irish names in order, they think, that they may not be severely dealt with; and where pugilists of other nationalities take on Irish names in order to secure a higher standing. The Irish in Chicago have many points of excellence already conceded. They have a record for bravery also on the police force and the fire department. They fill most of the positions in the public and semi-public departments, such as the police, fire, corporation, post office, street cars and public schools. The fact that many parochial schools exist does not hinder their employment in the public schools and the public libraries. I can account for this only by their superior capacity. At the present time the Mayor, Judge Dunne, is an Irish-American Catholic; the city controller is an Irish Catholic; the chief of police is the same; the chief of the fire department is the same; the sheriff is the same; most of the city officials are the same; about half of the aldermen are the same; most of the public school teachers are the same; most of the clerks and heads of departments in the post office are the same; the employees of the drainage board and many of the members themselves are the same; the president of the board of health and most of his officers are the same; most of the public library employees are the same; many of the volunteer military companies are the same; two or three of the colonels of regiments are the same; about half of the high court judges are the same; a majority of the police justices also. The archbishop is the son of an Irishman, but he himself was born in Oshawa, Ont.; the bishop is the son of an Irishman, but himself was born in California. The most influential Catholic layman in America, Mr. William J. Onahan, is a Chicago Irishman. The President of the Irish National League of America, Hon. John F. Finerty, is a Chicago Irishman. There is an Indian Chief, regularly elected by his tribe in Chicago, who is the son of an Irishman. So you see, the children of St. Patrick are there pretty much "the whole thing." Carter Harrison, the late Mayor, once said: "I was never in Ireland, but I have often been in the Chicago city hall."

Chicago possesses special Irish features that no other American city has—an Irish Choral Union, an Irish

Pipers' Club, and it has two Gaelic schools, devoted to learning the Irish language. It has orators ad libitum. It could send out a hundred of them at a day's notice. Now such a city ought to celebrate the day as few places can. Yet I cannot say it overdid itself, or equalled its capacity on last St. Patrick's Day. There was no public parade; there was no grand concert; there was no orator or poet of the day as in San Francisco. But there were other things. There were religious services of course. There were sermons in English and sermons in Irish. Rev. Father Carroll of St. Thomas' church preached his panegyric of St. Patrick in Gaelic, as he has done already for several anniversaries. There was a lecture in St. Phillip's Hall on "The Day We Celebrate," by George E. Gorman. In St. Thomas' Hall several divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians engaged in a literary entertainment, in which Mr. B. B. Flanagan delivered an address on temperance; and Lawrence Guinane gave an address on "Ancient Ireland." Another division was entertained with Stereopticon views of Ireland, accompanied by a lecture by P. F. Holden. At another hall, Mr. P. F. J. Flannery delivered an address. These were only a few of the entertainments that were held.

The great event, however, of the day was the dinner of the Fellowship Club, at the Auditorium, where the Vice-President of the United States was expected to be present and respond to a toast, as he had promised to be there, as the President himself was present at the banquet of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" of New York, last year; but he failed on account of public business to keep his engagement. The Archbishop of Chicago also promised, but disappointed. So the chief orator had to be a local one, Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, and one of the founders of the club. There were, however, a few guests from a distance, one of whom was Congressman Jno. E. Lamb, from Terrehaute, Indiana; and another, Martin J. Wade, the only Democratic Congressman from Iowa. Another, but local one, was P. H. O'Donnell, of Chicago, the most eloquent St. Patrick's Day speaker I ever heard, not excepting Bourke Cockran or T. D. McGee. The president of the club and the toastmaster on this occasion, was my old, tried and valued friend, Patrick T. Barry of Chicago, the kindest man of all the race. I met Congressman Lamb once at Terrehaute, his home, where I shared the platform with him on a similar occasion. He was then the law partner of Dan Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," who was a conspicuous character in Congress in days gone by. Mr. Lamb is of Irish parentage. If I were in Chicago on the last 17th amid the men gathered around that festive board, I would not be as homesome as I was here, my old home, with no one to pay me any attention; a want of hospitality that I did not expect amid my own people, and which is not characteristic of the Irish people.

I was delighted to learn that my friend Barry had obtained to the presidency of the "Fellowship Club," for he is the kindest fellow countryman I have ever met. He is a newspaper man like myself, and has achieved his career since I first met him in Chicago a quarter of a century ago, and we have gone through some hard campaigns together since then. He is the man who mostly entertains the Irish national visitors who come to Chicago, such as Mr. Redmond, the Irish Parliamentary leader, and Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League. It so happens that the anniversary of St. Patrick is also the anniversary of Mr. Barry himself, and it was eminently proper that he should be named Patrick. He has been manager of the principal department of the Chicago Newspaper Union for more than a quarter of a century, and has fifteen hundred newspapers on his list. He holds the honorary degree of A.B. from the Notre Dame University. He was the editor of an Iowa newspaper before coming to Chicago. He is a director and principal stockholder of the First National Bank of Englewood, which is a division of Chicago. He was elected a member of the thirty-first Illinois Assembly on the Republican ticket, and when in politics was the leader of his party in his district. He is a member of the Illinois Historical Society, and a vice-president of the American Irish Historical Society, for which he and I once collaborated in writing a history of the "First Irish Settlers in Illinois." Mr. Barry is a man of family, with his children grown up. He is a native of Cork, Ireland. It is a great pleasure for me to have this opportunity of saying a good word for him to his Canadian fellow-countrymen.

The principal toasts proposed at the Fellowship Club dinner were responded to as follows: "Honesty in Public Life"—Mayor Dunne. "The Celt as an American Power"—Martin J. Wade. "Ireland's Patriots"—Jno. E. Lamb. "Citizenship of the American Irishman"—Patrick H. O'Donnell. Mr. Barry, in striking the keynote of the evening's celebration, said: "Since our banquet of a year ago things in Ireland have assumed a brighter aspect. The old Tory Party has been overthrown in England and the Liberal Party, the leaders and rank and file, of which are more friendly to Ireland and Home Rule, has come into power, and to that extent at least, the situation with our kindred over the sea has vastly improved. The rank and file of the Irish people throughout the world continue united under the able and brilliant leadership of John Redmond, who stands, even in the estimation of his English antagonists, the peer of any man in the British House of Commons." WILLIAM HALLEY.

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