

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

The Home Rule resolutions, of which I spoke last week, and about which I expressed doubts as to whether they would be moved or not, have not come up, nor are they going to be brought before the House this session; and, it is to be hoped that by next session the British Government will have extended to Ireland such a measure of legislative autonomy that no such resolution will be necessary. It was found inopportune to move in the matter, on account of the late stage of the session, the hurry to rush through the absolutely necessary work, and the practical impossibility of having either the subject fully discussed or of having any fair expression of the country's sentiment in that regard. Again, it must not be forgotten that resolutions, concerning the treatment to be extended to the Boers, which resolutions are practically based on the same principle as that underlying those on Home Rule, had been moved, seconded, debated and almost unanimously considered as untimely.

It would have been a very delicate position for Hon. Mr. Costigan to occupy were he called upon to bring under such circumstances the already thrice ratified principle of Home Rule. Still, the very fact of having made public the original intention concerning such resolutions, is, in itself, a reminder to England that the spirit manifested in 1882, in 1884 and in 1887, has not died out in Canada, but is still as vigorous as in days gone past.

It seems to me that the Ontario contest, now in full blast, is drawing the minds of the members — at least the Ontario members — away from the great Federal arena. There is a magnetism in the battle that attracts and impels, even as the charger grows impatient for the fray, when he sniffs the smoke of contest. But, on the other hand, there are important duties yet to be performed in the House, and the Government is not to be caught napping. All manner of dates are being fixed for the prorogation, between the 10th and the 24th of May there are a half dozen of days pointed out by different people, each judging according to his supposed knowledge of what will take place. As matters now stand, despite the fact that next week will find the House sitting three times each day, I cannot see how the session can be closed before the 23rd of May. The supplementary estimates were not laid on the table until the 30th of April, and as I write this letter, have not yet been taken up for discussion; and I fancy there are a few items that will give rise to considerable discussion — at least as the irrepressible Dr. Sproule can hold out. He is the critic par excellence, and his capacity for minute and microscopic investigation is simply marvellous. Not that he is ever likely to engender any stupendous monument of legislative construction; his ability is not of the constructive, but rather of the instinctive, attachment to the beautiful and the grand in nature.

From the rear of the Gothic Library the panorama that spreads out before the eye is one in which all the most soul-inspiring visions of landscape and variety of scenery, rush in upon the mind. City, river, bridges, trains, electric cars, waterfalls, distant islands, vast induta-

ing folds, fringes of woodland, specks of forest, blue and distant mountains, rolling up till they blend with the stray clouds on the horizon, and far from the vision the immenso north land that is an empire of the future, all these and a score of other pictures unfold their attractions before the gaze; while the long shadows of the magnificent pile of turrets and spires, gabled windows and irregular formations — all blending in one sublime entity, like the stalagmatic wonders of Milan's famed cathedral — of the hall of our Federal Legislature, reach over the landscape and seem to screen its beauty from the two ardent glories of a dazzling sun. One feels that it is good to be a Canadian and to know that you are in your native land, and here is the shrine of the constitution under the safe regards of which you live.

When, in the coming month, the Premier, fresh from his many struggles within those walls for the principle that he seeks to fuse into the country, for the greater glory of the nation hereafter, is surrounded by scenes far different, when in the heart of the Empire he sits in council with the great ones of the realm, and holds communion upon subjects that bear directly upon the interests of Canada and of the Canadian people, when his mind is filled with the details of projects and of arrangements in which our country's welfare must be for him of paramount importance, when so much shall depend upon his clear vision and firm grasp of the requirements of the hour — it is possible that, in the spare moments for reflection, not in "these grand old walls," but in the council halls of London, he may, after the example of Lady Dufferin's "Exile," then "sit and shut his eyes," and allow his juring up the very scenes upon which I am now gazing, and drawing inspiration from the sweet memories of them, to guide and impel him, in his efforts to make this vast Dominion great and prosperous, its people happy and contented, and all its spirit, its laws, its life, to correspond with the lavishness of nature and innumerable inspirations that man breathes when he luxuriates in its invigorating atmosphere.

It is a sane and a holy sentiment, that of love of native land; and next to that affection for our country itself, should we be animated with confidence in and attachment to the men who are carving out the future greatness and the inevitable prosperity of that land.

CANADA AT THE CORK EXHIBITION.

Cork (Ireland), May 5.—The Canadian Pavilion, to the erection of which the Canadian Government have subscribed some \$10,000, has been designed by Mr. Arthur Hill, B. E., and, like the rest of the more exclusively educational portion of the Exhibition, it will be under the management of the Department of Agriculture. The pavilion will be decorated with wheat sheaves and other characteristic emblems, and will contain a valuable collection of agricultural and technical exhibits, illustrative of Canadian methods of cultivation and instruction. Near it is the Aquarium which boasts a fine doorway of Celtic design, with interlaced and other Celtic ornament, and further on is the model farm, with its dairy, byres, hay-stack, poultry-runs, sheep-dipping station, and other outlying buildings. The most novel feature of this model farm will be the experimental plots, which have been stocked with the view of showing the best methods of cultivating fruit, flowers and vegetables. The orchard is now in full blossom, and contains over 200 different varieties of fruit trees trained on the pyramid, bush, espalier, cordon, and half-standard systems, as well as a strawberry bed, arranged according to a novel method, in which the plants are grown between bricks placed one above the other. Adjoining the orchard is the school garden, with its potato and vegetable plots, its flowering shrubs and its bed of roses, cut in the form of a huge shamrock; while close by is the miniature plantation, in which specimens of every kind of tree and shrub suitable for growing in Ireland have been placed, and a special feature of which will be the fine collection of Continental willows. The soil composing these plots is so excellent that it required little or no preparation, and all the trees and plants are well forward and look very healthy. Demonstrations in the different methods of intensive cultivation will be given in these plots during the summer, as well as in the drying and preserving of fruit. For these latter experiments a special building is being erected close to the orchard and gardens.

PALATABLE AS CREAM.—The P. & L.'s Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from severe coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest benefit. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.



MR. D'ARCY SCOTT, OTTAWA,
 who has resigned his nomination for the legislature for the sake of the Liberal Party.

MR. D'ARCY SCOTT'S RESIGNATION

The Register expresses a very general feeling of disappointment, particularly on the part of the younger men, that Mr. D'Arcy Scott, in the interests of his party, has been constrained to withdraw his name as the Irish-Catholic Liberal candidate for Ottawa. In his letter to the Liberal Association Mr. Scott confesses that the cause of the party might suffer for the moment—that is in the result of the election—if a wedge were driven in by a third candidate determined to stay in the field. Therefore, he has made "a personal sacrifice" to this third candidate, in the hope of holding the party vote together.

Let us understand the situation. Mr. Samuel Bingham, who is not a Liberal, and certainly not a representative Irish-Canadian, is willing to get into the Legislature by the use of the Ottawa Liberal vote. With this one idea in his head he "did and he didn't" allow his name to go to the convention. In other words he was proposed — and if the proposition carried Mr. Bingham would accept the verdict, but in case of failure, he would stand as an Independent. That was his position. That is to say Mr. Bingham would not only repudiate the convention if it declined to accept him, but he would ferret it by running as an Independent, thereby securing the election of the Conservative candidate.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott was the nominee of the convention, beating Mr. Bingham by a close vote. Mr. Bingham, as he had previously declared, then stood upon his selfishness, and so accursed were his calculations that the party managers say the seat would be lost if Mr. Bingham were allowed to split the party vote. Mr. Scott himself must have seen this, too; and his resignation "for the sake of the party" was the evidence of his "acknowledgment of the corn."

The circumstances of the case are for the young men of the province to ponder over. Ontario is withering under the influence of the "dry as dust" politicians in both parties. A man

must have one leg in the grave before qualifying as the candidate of a party convention. Though young men are potent enough in the conventions, it is still accounted revolutionary doctrine for one of them to aspire to a seat among the solons. The leaders on both sides of the House are perhaps the chief exceptions to the very old age rule; and it may be the idea that if young men are elected they cannot be kept out of the Cabinet.

With a few notable exceptions the Irish-Catholics who sit in the Ontario chamber are to be classed neither with the youngest nor the most brilliant members of the assembly. Some of them merely sit through session after session like bimps upon a log unable or unwilling to open their mouths. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Bingham would make an interesting addition to this collection. In or out of the assembly, silence from him would be golden for more reasons than one. Irish-Catholics will never have any hankering to read his speeches or learn his views. But unfortunately silence is not among the personal characteristics of Mr. Bingham, and Irish-Catholics generally know it. As a matter of fact they have never relished Mr. Bingham's expressions of opinion, and would have cause to esteem him more if he were but less talkative, giving his opponents a business performance to laugh at and his friends an exhibition challenging their pity. And this is the sort of a "representative" the Catholic young men of Ontario must "make sacrifices" for. We are sure that Mr. Scott has done so.

The intelligence of the Irish-Catholic electors will have to be vindicated some day or other and lightened of its present burden of self-seeking, loud-talking but political "representatives." Mr. Bingham may be elected in Ottawa, but it would be a great deal better for Irish-Catholics to leave politicians of his school at home than exhibit them in the Legislative halls of the land.

It is a reflection upon party politics in this province that young men of ability, popularity and energy in political affairs are treated as Mr. Scott has been treated in Ottawa, and it is time a protest was made against it.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IS DEAD

New York, May 6.—Archbishop Corrigan died at 11.05 o'clock last night at the close of a day which the doctors said was the most favorable he had passed in a week.

The Catholic diocese of New York, which has watched with tenderest interest and poignant anxiety the daily bulletins from the sick chamber of the distinguished prelate, is plunged from hope and assurance that recovery was in sight into gloom.

Favorable reports from the Archbishop's bedside up to almost the last moment were confirmed all day by the news given to the throng of visitors who called at the archiepiscopal residence, Madison avenue and Fifth street. Father Curley, the Archbishop's secretary, said in the morning that the patient had passed a comfortable night and slept well, and seemed more cheerful than for several days.

Only yesterday a cablegram was received from Pope Leo XIII. congratulating the Archbishop on getting past the serious stages of pneumonia and expressing the warmest wishes for his safe recovery.

When Dr. E. L. Keyes, the attending physician, called at the residence yesterday morning he remained inside just three minutes. As he came out Dr. Keyes said as he jumped hurriedly in his carriage to make other professional visits:

"You can judge of the condition of the Archbishop by the short stay I made in there."

All the callers in the morning were told that the Archbishop was getting along fairly well, but was still weak. None of the callers were admitted to the sick room, but all went away feeling much encouraged.

Among them were John D. Crimmins, former School Commissioner Thaddeus Moriarty, Col. McInerney and several clergymen, including Fathers Lavelle and Murphy, of St. Patrick's Cathedral; the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brahm, of St. Agnes' Church, and the Rev. Mgr. John Edwards, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in East Fourteenth street.

The element of danger which the physicians had to fear from the first was that the Archbishop, because of his advanced age—he was in his sixty-third year—and because of a recent fall, had not a large stock of vitality in reserve to meet such a physical shock as his attack of pneumonia. His life had been a sedentary one, and one of the physicians, who was called into consultation last week, remarked to a friend wondering after he left the residence:

"The Archbishop's flesh is as soft as a baby's. He is the reverse of a robust man. I don't believe he has taken a sufficient amount of exercise for years."

For the first time in several days he was able to see visitors in his sick chamber last evening. His brothers, Father George Corrigan, of Newark, and Dr. Joseph Corrigan, a physician in Gate City, Fla., who have been staying in the archiepiscopal residence since the first attack of illness, were admitted to his bedside last night. Dr. Corrigan brought his young son with him. The Archbishop talked with them quite cheerfully.

Twenty-five minutes before he died the Archbishop was talking with Father Curley. A few minutes later one of the nurses noticed signs that the patient was sinking. She sent for Father Curley, who was preparing to retire for the night. He summoned all the priests from the rectory and they gathered around their beloved superior and waited at the death-bed. The last breath was drawn until the Archbishop breathed his without the slightest evidence of pain and the end came as if it were a sweet sleep.

All in the group about the bed were on their knees in prayer, and as the last few breaths escaped the dying prelate a crucifix was placed in his clasped hands and he died holding

this precious emblem, and with a rosary around his wrists.

CAREER OF ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Michael Augustine Corrigan was born in Newark, N. J. The house in which he was born was for a long time one of the quaint landmarks of the city. It was a centre of attraction for farmers who came to town to market and to buy supplies. It stood in Market street, just east of Broad. In front of it was a big trough in which there was a constant supply of fresh water. Here the farmers brought their horses to water them. They hitched the horses in front of the store and many of them bought their supplies from the Archbishop's father.

The store was that of John Corrigan, a native of Ireland, who had come to America to seek his fortune. Here the future Archbishop was born Aug. 13, 1833, nearly sixty-three years ago.

He had been christened at old St. John's and Patrick Kearney had stood as his godfather.

The boy was a phenomenal student and went rapidly ahead of his school-fellows. When he was still a schoolboy his parents determined that he must be well educated and given an opportunity to become the great man that every one predicted he was going to be.

They sent him to St. Mary's at Wilmington, Del. Here the young student distinguished himself indeed. A mere strapping just out of the parish school, he quickly mastered the classics and took nearly all the prizes. He captured the first prize for his Latin thesis, the second Greek prize and won honorable mention in many other studies.

When he was sixteen he was sent to the larger school of St. Mary's at Emmettsburg, Md., to continue his studies. Here he won more honors. He cared nothing for athletics or outdoor sports, but devoted his time to study and preparation. He was always of a grave and religious turn of mind.

While he was at the Emmettsburg school his hard study broke down his health. His devotion to books to the exclusion of outdoor life had weakened his health, and he had to leave school. He was sent abroad to travel for a year and to recover his health. He travelled in Ireland and Switzerland, visiting the native place of his father and mother. He came back in rugged health and resumed his place in the school.

He was graduated at twenty with the honors of his class, and was sent directly to Rome, there to begin serious preparation for his future work. His sister Catherine went with him. He entered the American school and buckled down to his studies. In the atmosphere of the ancient city he received the final preparations for his work and was graduated with the highest honors.

In Rome the young student was ordained to the priesthood for the New York diocese on Nov. 19, 1853. Impressed by all the years of his training and his solemn nature with the gravity of his mission, the young man returned to America to take up his work.

Fortune took him, right back to Newark, his native city which was then in the territory of the New York diocese. His achievements in school had won him a big name for him, and the youthful priest had a reputation already made for him when he began his work in Newark. His first work as a priest was among the people who had known him as a boy, and loved him and loved his father and mother.

It was not long before the young scholar was recognized. He was soon made Vice-President of Seton Hall College. In 1865 he became the head of the college, and was made Vicar-General of the diocese. It was in this capacity that Mgr. Corrigan attracted the attention of Cardinal McCloskey, then the high prelate of the New York diocese. His youth, earnestness and deep religious feeling greatly impressed the Cardinal, whom in later years he was destined to succeed.

It was by quick steps that he rose to be Bishop of Baltimore. He happened when Archbishop Batley was called to be Bishop of Baltimore. Before he left, Archbishop Batley had been a great friend of Mgr. Corrigan. The consecration of the young Bishop took place in the Cathedral at Newark, May 4, 1873. He was then only thirty-four.

His splendid work in his new position attracted Cardinal McCloskey, who asked for his appointment as his coadjutor. The appointment was made, taking with it the right of succession to the Cardinal. In October, 1880, he was named Archbishop of Petra and sent to New York. Five years later, upon the death of Cardinal McCloskey, he succeeded to the highest position, the one of chief authority, in the diocese of New York. After that he was still further honored by being appointed assistant to the Pontifical Throne.

In his more than twenty years of

service in New York, Archbishop Corrigan did great work or his diocese. It was all done quietly and modestly, but most effectively. He completely rehabilitated the parochial school system. This was the outcome of his strong belief that Catholic children so far as possible should be taught in Catholic schools. This did not mean that it was opposed to the public schools, but he thought that the groundwork of the Catholic religion was in the training of children. Under his administration, then, the parochial schools were completely rehabilitated.

As a monument to his work he conceived the idea of building the great seminary at Dunwoodie. He started the work in 1891. In the next two or three years and during the very hardest times he collected \$700,000 for the building. His success in such stringent times was due alone to the great earnestness with which he prosecuted the work.

Characteristic of him and of his great modesty was the manner in which he gave \$100,000 to the seminary. The money was left to him as a legacy by a relative. He quietly donated the entire amount to the school. Not a single word did he ever say to the outside world about it. A few intimate friends closely connected with the seminary project knew about it. When, through one of these friends, the matter leaked out, the Archbishop, who ever disliked publicity or notoriety, was greatly distressed. He felt embarrassed lest it might appear that he in some way, might have been instrumental in letting it be known.

Archbishop Corrigan was never a great pulpit orator.

In 1898 the silver jubilee of Archbishop Corrigan was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral with impressive ceremonies. It was attended by high church dignitaries.

The most intimate layman friend of the Archbishop was John D. Crimmins. Mr. Crimmins knew him as perhaps no other man did. The Archbishop was outspoken in his views against anarchy and socialism. As a pulpit speaker, while not oratorical, he always claimed the closest attention and was an unusually able and thoughtful talker.

GLENCOE AND ITS PROPHECY.

The massacre of Glencoe is familiar to all students of history; and a strange statement has brought the name into prominence again. In 1692 an old woman, popularly believed to have the gift of prophecy and "second sight," predicted that no soldier belonging to Glencoe would ever be killed in war. Since the South African war commenced this superstition has been frequently recalled, as out of the numbers from the district not one has been killed; twenty-seven volunteers of Glencoe, who have been in engagements, have escaped without a scratch. The prediction that some of the perpetrators of the massacre of Glencoe should never have direct heirs has undoubtedly proved true. It leads one to have a leaning towards the theory of second sight in the Highlands, although it also suggests that the soldiers of Glencoe have regarded their personal safety and prophecy too highly to afford targets for Boer sharpshooters. It suggests the story of the captain who asked the corporal, "What would you do if you were to face death this instant?" to which the corporal solemnly replied, "Abjourn face!"

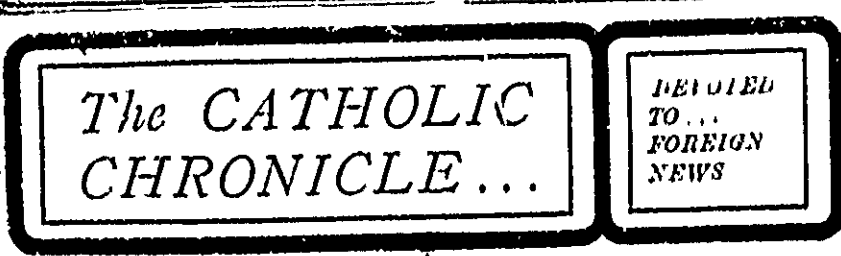
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IRELAND

History repeats itself in a marvelous fashion just seventy years ago the Trappist Monks of Mellary...

ENGLAND

IS FAITH THE ENSLAVEMENT OF REASON? The Church of Our Lady of Grace and St Edward, Chiswick, London...

A POLICEMAN THE WAY TO HAMMERSMITH

or Chelsea I accept his word, and act upon it. In fact we are perpetually exercising faith and surely it cannot be unreasonable to do what is so natural...

IS FAITH A SYMPTOM OF MENTAL WEAKNESS?

Before answering that question we must explain the sense in which we employ the word Faith is a term which has come to mean two very different things...

QUALIFYING FOR A PLACE IN THE LUNATIC ASYLUM?

My brethren, you would put him down as quite mad. What does this show? It shows that faith is reasonable and necessary, and that we cannot get on, nor act as sane men, without exercising it at every turn...

not get on, nor act as sane men, without exercising it at every turn. So far we have been considering mere human faith...

IF I AM INFALLIBLE, AND THE CHURCH INFALLIBLE, WHICH AUTHORITY OUGHT I TO TRUST?

If I have no guarantee that the gates of hell shall never prevail against me, and if I have a Divine guarantee that they shall never prevail against the Church, on whom should I rely? On myself or on the Church? Here, there can surely be but one answer...

FRANCE

A remarkable conflict has arisen between Father Maumus, the well-known Dominican writer, and Father Coubet, the famous Jesuit preacher. The Dominican is also attacked in the Veritas by M. Maugny, the uncompromising opponent of "Americanism"...

EARNING DEATH

M Huysmans, the converted Zolaist, who in spite of German and French philosophers, remains a convinced Catholic, has given to an appreciative public a new book, entitled "Du Tout"...

A GREAT BASILICA

According to the statistics published in The Bulletin du Vœu National for March the total of the sums received and expended to the present time for the construction of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre is shown in the following manner...

minute, there accompanies these sums in the blank-sheet a residuum of francs and centimes, but the above-given computations represent the bulk of the money received, spent, and on hand...

Forty Hours Devotion at Gravenhurst.

At St. Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, the devotion of the Forty Hours was opened with great solemnity on Monday, April 20, 1902, and terminated on Wednesday, April 23. Masses were celebrated every morning at 1.15, 6.00, 7.30 and 9 o'clock...

MODERN INFIDELITY

The cant of infidelity is absolutely sickening. We had a recent specimen of it in a controversy on the immortality of the soul published in the columns of a New York paper which has a fondness and a reputation for raising points of religious discussion...

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MARY is the manifestation of the Kingdom of Grace, and the type of God's way with all our souls...

FIFTH MONTH OF DAYS May THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Calendar for May 1902 showing days of the month, feast days, and moon phases.

Indulged Prayer Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts the earth is full of thy glory...

The HOME CIRCLE

THE OTHER ONE. Sweet little maid, with winsome eyes That laugh all day through the tangled hair...

BEAUTY AND CULTURE IN THE FARMER'S LIFE.

Is the American farmer living up to his opportunities in the matter of culture and beauty? In The Home and Flowers for May, Louis E. Van Norman, the editor, makes this the subject of his personal talk...

HABITS AND CHARACTER FORMED BY PLAY.

In Home and Flowers for May, S. V. Tsanoff, one of the pioneer agitators for public playgrounds, has an article on the educational value of these institutions...

manifestations through habitual practices and manner of life. In this sense character has been well defined as a bundle of habits...

RICH IN SOCIETY, POOR IN COMPANIONSHIP.

The third paper of Lillian Whiting's series on "The Life Beautiful" appears in Home and Flowers for May. It considers pictures, music and conversational intercourse in the home...

gregarious and is held a waste of time to give an evening to one friend alone, rather than to a dozen or a hundred...

Chats With Young Men MEN AS READERS.

(By M. B. O'Sullivan, in Donahoe's for May.) Now, how many average men really read? How many of them could stand an examination on the contents of the daily they patronize?

CATHOLICISM AND PROGRESS

That now ardent champion of the Catholic cause, M. Ferdinand Brunetiere, has been giving the Italians the benefit of his eloquence and erudition...

THE LAW OF ENDURANCE

"If a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up like a girl," says Beecher, "and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without her regal qualities..."

ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE

It should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome-looking young man...



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buttons and simple gold links, and scarfpins of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark...

Rescue the Body to Assail the Soul.

To the Editor of The Register "Once more we have to record one less of our children with us, one more with the Lord, for on February 11th our dear Irish ladie Patrick, fell asleep, aged 11 years...

THEY CLEANSE THE SYSTEM THOROUGHLY.

Parmaice's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body...

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK P. CRONIN, Business Manager and Editor.

City, Toronto, Ont. Telephone Main 489. ADVERTISING RATES: Transient Advertisements, 10 cents a line. A liberal discount is made for cash payment. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check payable to the order of the publisher.

Telephone, Main 489

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1902

THE SHAME OF CIVILIZATION

Since the time of the Christian martyrs, the world has not looked upon a sadder page of suffering than is now being revealed to the people of the United States by their lately-acquired Filipino "subjects." The facts are no longer matter to doubt. They are admitted by counsel defending the impeached officers at the court-martial in Manila.

General J. M. Smith did unquestionably order his subordinates to make a "howling wilderness" of an island containing 200,000 Christian people. He did, admittedly give an order to "kill everything over ten," and the atrocious mandate was executed. The defending counsel argued that the order was necessary, and that General Smith would have been "destitute of manhood" had he not given it. In support of this assertion counsel declared that one United States trooper had been killed by torture, and that the law of revenge dictated the infliction of universal torture upon the people of Samar, lest the perpetrators of the crime should perchance escape. This was Herod's way of interpreting the law of self-protection. But Herod, as far as we know, lacked the audacity of proclaiming his cowardice virtue, and his cruelty manhood. It remains for General Smith, a soldier of the 20th century, to assume this attitude.

The details of the out-heroding of Herod in the Philippines is simply sickening reading. It reeks of blood and barbarism. A young girl of Samar, Senorita Conge, tells a painful story of how her aged father, who was friendly to the Americans, was done to death.

"He told me that the soldiers took him to a lonely spot near the bay, placed him upon his back on some conchas shells, put stone upon his breast and stomach, and held him in the salt water, letting it run slowly into his mouth until he was almost unconscious."

"Father begged that they kill him, for, as you know, he never knew anything about the insurgents, and has always been on the side of the Government. They would not kill him, but after trying the salt water several times they took him from the bed of sharp shells all cut and bruised and brought him back here. Soon after I saw him at the Quarters. He was carried away, and I have never seen him since that time."

A soldier named Bertrand has furnished Senator Lodge with particulars of the disappearance and killing of Father Augustine, a Catholic priest, at Bolo.

He says it was reported that Father Augustine knew where insurgent gold was buried. Men from Company D captured him in December, 1900, and dressed him in a uniform of the United States artillery. He was then taken to Ipanato and kept in a well. He refused to tell where the gold was buried, and on the night of December 9 he was taken to a house formerly occupied by the presidente of the village. Upon his arrival there, Bertrand says, the water cure was given him by the "water-cure squad." The men succeeded in getting nearly all the water out of him, but he did not revive.

Private Snee, who served in Samar, tells the following fearful narrative. "Everybody found in the hills man, woman or child, was to be killed. 'Shoot all hogs and dogs' was the order, and we were not instructed to spare the children, though never to my knowledge did we find any of the latter."

"We were ordered to get what information we could about the insurgents from those we found, and to use the water cure to get it. Many of us, in fact, all of us, disliked to do it, but we had to obey orders under pain of severe penalty. I saw as many as 30 Filipinos given the water cure. We did it in the hills where we found them, and much of it was done

at the camp of the detachment in the village. The method was severe. First the prisoner was bound to the ground by his hands and feet. Then a broken bottle was forced into the prisoner's mouth and water was poured in.

"I have seen two or three buckets poured on the head of the prisoner, and the water got out, and the process repeated. The native, of course, resisted, and the soldiers rubbed the bottle across the mouth, lacerating the flesh."

"After the water cure was over the prisoner was shot, and if it happened to be in the hills outside the town, the body was left there for the dogs. Here are further particulars."

"I left Samar Dec. 19, my three years expiring in January. Just before I left a prominent, wealthy native named Cebu was arrested and brought into camp. They gave him the water cure, using salt water. This was often done to make it more terrible. If a bottle was not handy a thick stick of wood was forced into the native's mouth like a gag and the water was then poured in."

"Almost every man in the detachment was married to a native woman. It did not matter much whether the woman was already married. They did not want to marry the soldiers, but were forced to for fear of death."

"The ceremony as it was, was short, and performed by the presidente of the town, himself a native. The women had great aversion to men with beards, and the soldiers generally shaved off their beards and mustaches to make it less hard for the unfortunates."

But why go on! Smith is backed up by the general in command, Chaffee. The people of the United States are helpless, although clamoring for justice. They realize that a horde of savages, officered by men of barbarous minds, was let loose upon the Filipino Christian population. The army still prides itself upon being the arm of a civilized nation. But the whole idea of civilization has been lost sight of and not only the soldiers, but their leaders are following the worst instincts of the brute awakened by the taste of human blood.

Pope Leo in his latest Apostolic Letter, shows how our modern civilization has deteriorated because nations have created their own standards of morality to the exclusion of religion. The Holy Father says:

"When the bonds are broken which unite men to God, Who is the Sovereign Legislator and Universal Judge, a mere phantom of morality remains, a morality which is purely civic and, as it is termed, independent, which, abstracting from the Eternal Mind and laws of God, descends inevitably till it reaches the ultimate conclusion of making man a law unto himself. Incapable, in consequence, of rising on the wings of Christian hope to the goods of the world beyond, man will seek a material satisfaction in the comforts and enjoyments of life. There will be excited in him a thirst for pleasure, a desire of riches and an eager quest of rapid and unlimited wealth, even at the cost of justice. There will be kindled in him every ambition and a feverish and frenzied desire to gratify them even in defiance of law, and he will be swayed by a contempt for right and for public authority, as well as by the licentiousness of life which, when the conditions become general, will mark the real decay of society."

The foregoing paragraph may well be applied to the spirit of modern war, provoked by commercialism, imperialism, or whatever other word may be employed. Not only Christianity but mankind is shamed by the story of Samar.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

The news of Archbishop Corrigan's death must have caused a great shock to the Catholic people of the entire continent. He was one of the three most distinguished figures in the Catholic life of the Republic. He governed his vast diocese in wisdom, slow of speech, gracious of manner and strong of will. He was a trusted and defender of Catholic education and his unremitting labor in that cause stands out as the most prominent feature of his career.

THE JAIL INVESTIGATION

There is an unabashed effort on the part of the majority of the adherents to defeat the purpose of Aid Bureau investigation into the scandalous condition of the lunatics confined in the jail. The hasty attempt to cover up what may by any possibility be concealed and to whitewash what cannot be buried only strengthens the reason for pursuing the enquiry into the administration of the jail. The city is here responsible and responsibility should be brought and conducted under oath to that end.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr Gilbert Parker, with the stupid candor which belongs to him, has begun to shout a little too soon over the success of the poller of Imperialism. In a letter to The London Times, he says:

"Not long since I put forward in the public prints my belief that the time would come when the Commander-in-Chief in Pall Mall could put his finger upon Montreal and Toronto, Sydney and Perth, Auckland and Cape Town, in the schemes of army organization, as definitely as he does now with Edinburgh, Manchester or Canterbury. Ten years ago such a scheme would have seemed merely sentimental and visionary. I am far from sure that it would not be realized seriously now, though the practical difficulties are apparent. But practical difficulties have always been in the way of important and successful experiments."

Dr Moorehouse, an Anglican Bishop of Manchester, has created a mild sensation by praising the pipe as a "sedative calculated to make a philosopher out of the most impatient person." The Anglican Bishops are as a rule, the enemies of the fragrant weed, although Dr Whitely, the famous Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, was a heavy smoker, and was severely condemned for the practice by the acridulated moralists of his day. Mr. Spurgeon was once known to confess that he thanked God for a good cigar. Fox, the founder of the Quaker community, objected to the smoking of tobacco, founding his objection on a literal interpretation of the text which declares that not the things that go into the mouth of a man but the things that go out of the mouth of a man defile him. He reasoned that, as the smoke is emitted from the mouth of the smoker, it came under the category of the things that defile a man.

"M A P" has an article on the late Mr Rhodes, in which is introduced a very glowing tribute to the memory of an Irish Jesuit. Not a few English papers have copied the article, and a query is put as to who is the mysterious Jesuit alluded to, disguised as "Father O'C." Nothing could be more generous than the account given by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., of the too-little known Irish Jesuit, whose literary powers might well be described as "prodigious." Equally a master of ancient and modern languages, this Jesuit professor, who was only just turned fifty at his death, was particularly "strong" in Hebrew, Greek and Irish. It is no breach of confidence, yet, rather an open secret—that "Father O'C." whose identity is now sought by so many English and Irish papers, was Rev. John James O'Carroll, S. J. In the very first number of The Gaelic Journal (November, 1882) Father O'Carroll contributed prose and poetry, but, above all, he it was who presided at the epoch-making meeting held at 24 D'Olier street, Dublin, on October 11th, 1882, when it was decided to publish an Irish journal, with Mr David Comyn as editor. Father O'Carroll was as unassuming as he was learned.

Whilst Catholics are very loyally impressed by the record of Catholic soldiers in the South African war, English Protestants are far from being affected in the same way, as the following incident will show. Father Austin Dobson, Catholic Chaplain to the Forces, writing from Machadoodorp, in the Transvaal to The Catholic Times, says: "I enclose a piece of printed matter in the form of a poem entitled 'Convent Bells.' Fifty copies of this were sent with some literature to the Church of England chaplain here for distribution amongst the troops. On reading the fenishish production he, like a just man, tore up the copies and cast the fragments to the winds of the veldt."

Little wonder, remarks our contemporary, that Father Dobson calls the wretched doggerel fenishish. It is a tissue of disgusting insinuations against convents. The nuns are "forced to sin," there are "coffin-like recesses" in the basements of their buildings, and a writer in The English-Churchman is quoted as saying that he had seen at the nunnery near King's Cross "cells about the size of an ordinary coffin," and had noticed plenty of girls go in, but had never observed a funeral coming out. The cowardly libeller who sought to have the foul leaflet circulated amongst soldiers, some of whose sisters are living in convents, of course conceals his name.

An Irish paper says: "The marriage of Major-General Sir Charles Tucker, K. C. B., and Miss Nellie O'Connell, only daughter of the late Sir Maurice O'Connell, Bart., Lakelaw, Killar-

ney took place at Aghdoe Church on Saturday morning. The wedding was private." The only church at Aghdoe is a Protestant one. There is a Catholic Church at Fossa, near Aghdoe. The late Sir Maurice O'Connell was a nephew of the late Lord. Both Sir Maurice and his father, who was a man of ability and considerable originality, regularly attended the little Catholic church at Fossa.

The poor little Queen of Holland, who is hovering between life and death, has within the last few years been made the object of more important press attention than the journals of Paris ever dreamed of bestowing upon an English sovereign. It was only last week, before her critical illness was publicly announced, that The London Daily Mail published the following paragraph, which the English people probably believed to be true: "One of the guests at a recent Court Ball at The Hague was Dr. Leyds. He was asked to dance in the Queen's quadrille, a dance of which he was entirely ignorant. At one point in the figure he ought to have bowed to Her Majesty, but he turned round the wrong way, and paid his respects to the wrong lady, the Queen all the while bowing and curtsying to Dr. Leyds' back. The incident caused much amusement in Court circles."

Like most people, says Lady's Realm, the Pope has his little weakness—a love for sweetmeats. This is well known in Italy, and at his Jubilee a motherly peasant woman gave expression to her affection for him by a present of an enormous pile of sweets, wrapped in a huge colored cotton pocket handkerchief. It was said at the time that none of the Pope's many presents pleased him more than this.

CARDINAL MARTINELLI RECALLED TO ROME

The Philadelphia Standard and Times say:

While at the Italian Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel on Wednesday evening His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli received a telegram from Washington announcing that he had been recalled to Rome. He will probably leave before the end of this month.

Though no appointment of a successor to Cardinal Martinelli had been announced when The Catholic Standard and Times went to press, it was the consensus of opinion that Mr. Diomedeo Falconio, Apostolic Delegate at Ottawa, has been chosen. An Associated Press despatch from Rome on Saturday last stated that the Holy Father was on the point of officially announcing that Mr. Falconio would replace Cardinal Martinelli at Washington, and that Mr. Zardetti ex-Bishop at St. Cloud, Minn., would have the office at Ottawa, but the announcement was postponed because Mr. Zardetti is lying at the point of death from pleurisy at Rome.

In some quarters credence is given to a rumor naming, as the Cardinal's successor, Mr. Zaleski, Delegate Apostolic for the East Indies, who is now in Rome. Mr. Zaleski is of Polish nationality.

A FORGOTTEN CATAOMB

Rome, April 17.—This morning a forgotten Cataomb was visited by a numerous crowd of priests and laymen, numerous crowd of priests and principal crypt after an interval of many centuries. The Cataomb of S. Hippolytus on the Tiburtine Way, a little beyond the ancient Church of St. Laurence, outside the walls, and almost opposite to this church, on the left of the road, was visited by several hundreds of people to-day. It is not unknown to the explorers of subterranean Rome. Bosio in the 16th century, Boldetti after him, and De Marchi in the early part of the past century, and De Rossi in 1882 and in 1883 make mention of it. Its ruinous condition, however, precluded it from becoming a centre of devotion. The rediscovery of it may be justly attributed to Commendatore Orazio Marucchi and the late Marianno Amellini, who entered the central crypt by a small opening in 1882.

This morning Solemn Mass was celebrated by Mgr De Waal at a temporary altar erected just behind the original altar at which, as Prudentius the Poet, writing in the 4th century, relates that Communion was given to great numbers of devout Christians. Here, to-day, after a lapse of probably eleven or twelve centuries, a large group of Christians gathered in this spacious crypt to "inaugurate," as it were, the restoration of the Catholic liturgy in this ancient centre of worship. To many who were present the ceremony of to-day was an event which will be remembered during life. And when Orazio Marucchi, after the Mass, described the story of the place, the history of the Saints buried in it, the evidence furnished by notices regarding it in ancient documents, such as the Itineraries of the pilgrims of the 7th and 8th centuries, and the evidence of the inscriptions found within it proving its identity as the Cemetery of St. Hippolytus, Doctor, whose statue, found here in the 18th century, now adorns the Christian Museum of the Lateran, the interest of the occasion was complete. Each testimony supported the other, and all formed a body of evidence almost irresistible in its unity and force.

The Pope and the Workmen

Rome, April 18.—This morning the pilgrims in Rome were received by the Pontiff. It was in St. Peter's, the grandest church in Christendom. Here the various representatives of different regions in Italy, as well as other pilgrims, from Hungary manifested their affection and devotion to the Supreme Pontiff. Besides these many strangers travelling in Italy who had come to see the Pope were admitted to the great reception. It is calculated that no less than fifteen thousand persons were in St. Peter's this morning when His Holiness arrived. They occupied benches arranged in the great nave along the route of the Pontifical procession, from the chapel of the blessed Sacrament up to the Altar of St. Peter's Chair in the apse, where the throne was erected for the Holy Father.

The Italian pilgrims had come from the Provinces of Venetia, Emilia, Romagna, Tuscany, and in great numbers from Florence and neighboring cities, from Bergamo, Cremona and Massa and Carrara and some even from even from Genoa. Assisting at these pilgrimages were several Cardinals, who sat at the right of the Pontifical throne, among them being His Eminences Cardinals Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, Bartolomeo Bacilieri, Bishop of Verona, Agostino Riboldi, Archbishop of Ravenna, Domenico Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, Pietro Respighi, Vicar of His Holiness, Antonio Agliardi, Bishop of Albano, Alessandro Sanmilitone-Zabarella, Francesco, Salesio Della Volpe, Rinaldo Desire Mathieu, and Felice Cavaglis. On the left of the Pontifical throne sat Mgrs. Mistrangeli, Archbishop of Florence; Zambullini, Bishop of Udine, the Bishops of Rimini, Forli, Sarsina, Guastalla, Pesca, Pontremoli, Acqui, Biello and Lugano, Massa and Carrara, La Rochelle, and the Vicar-Apostolic of the Upper Nile and the Abbots of Vallombrosa and Pescia.

Many other personages of distinction too numerous to be named here, were also present on this most interesting occasion. It is necessary, however, to note that several workmen's associations and circles, with their special banners, were here to pay their homage to "the Workmen's Pope." Several of these societies were from Rovigo, others from Modera, Padua, Esio and from various districts in Venetia, Emilia and the Romagna. Perhaps these workmen's societies were the groups that were most significant of the future development of the tendencies of Italy present here to-day.

At mid-day His Holiness entered the great basilica, accompanied by the usual members of the Pontifical household who assist at such ceremonies. The reception of enthusiasm which always greets Leo XIII was tendered to him to-day with heartfelt joy and acclamation. When this had died down, as the Pontiff took his place upon the throne, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, ascended the steps of the throne, and read to His Holiness, in the name of all the pilgrims of the various regions, a devoted address, in which he expressed the good wishes of the pilgrims to the Pontiff on his Jubilee and their affectionate devotion to him.

The Pontiff, in a clear, strong voice, replied to the address, saying to the Cardinal that he was grateful for the salutation brought to him in the name of all the pilgrims, and he was glad to salute and thank the Cardinal for the affectionate expressions which he had addressed to himself (the Pontiff). He also saluted the other members of the Sacred College and the Archbishops and Bishops who formed so honorable a crown around him. Then he saluted his beloved children of the various regions of Italy who have come in such great numbers here to this Rome to commemorate his Pontifical Jubilee, "which appears to us," he said, "as a most special favor granted us by Providence, and it is, therefore, just that you should all rejoice at it, and that you should come here to thank God for it with me. So great are your numbers that we are deeply touched in thinking that to undertake the journey to Rome you have been moved by sentiments of faith and of devotion to the Chair of Peter and of attachment to the Catholic faith, which in you has continued sound and constant."

"The various regions of Italy, which you here represent, their history and their glorious traditions, attest your sentiments of affection and of devotion, and such they have always remained. Remember, however, that even amongst you persecutions have not been wanting and malignant arts employed by those who have attempted to snatch from you your ancestral faith. Whilst that is sad and sorrowful, on the other hand there is a joy to us in the soundness of your Christian sentiments, of which your presence here furnishes ample testimony. We have notified recently in our latest Apostolic Letter what are the sentiments that should actuate all those who wish to follow the teachings of the Church."

After exhorting those present to keep these teachings before their minds, and to persevere in the faith and in attachment to the Catholic Church, in order that the arts and wiles of its enemies may be frustrated, His Holiness bestowed his benediction on all present. When one thinks of it all it is a marvellous picture. The Pontiff, in his 83rd year, feeble and delicate at all times, even since the beginning of his Pontificate, and, naturally, feeble now, undertak-

ing to reply to an address by a speech, delivered in St. Peter's, is a strange and unwonted spectacle, even in the annals of the Papacy.

Cardinal Moran in Rome.

Rome, April 18.—The presence of His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, in Rome is an event of special interest. The Cardinal resides at the Irish College, where many years ago he studied as a student, and where for a time he exercised the office of Vice-Rector. On last Sunday the Very Rev. Dr. Murphy, Rector of the Irish College, gave a dinner to a number of distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen, invited to meet His Eminence Cardinal Moran. Amongst those were the Very Rev. Monsignor Vecca, Secretary of Propaganda, the Very Rev. Father David Fleming, General of the Franciscan Minors, the Very Rev. Monsignor Antonio Savelli-Spinola, Secretary of Propaganda for Oriental Affairs, the Very Rev. Dr. Hearne, of Sydney, Australia, the Very Rev. Father Dowling, O. P., Prior of St. Clements; Rev. Father Magnieu, of the Redemptorists, Mr. Frank M. Bladen, Historiographer, of Sydney, who came to Rome to assist at the announced Historical Congress that was to have taken place here this month, but which has, through some squabbles of the directing committee, been set aside to an indefinite period, and several others.

After dinner the Cardinal and the guests proceeded to the Kirby Memorial Hall, where the students gave a "Concert to His Eminence Cardinal Moran." This consisted of a "chorus," "Evitia," by the choir, an Irish song, "S a Mhuirín dhé," admirably rendered by Mr. Michael McSweeney, song, "Silent O Movie," by Rev. Martin Corney, violin and piano, "The Broken Melody," Messrs. J. F. Fuller and W. F. Browne, song, "Adieu to Inisfall," Mr. J. M. Liston, Address Chorus, "Eris the tear and the smile," choir, piano, "Whispers from Erin," Mr. Philip Moloney, song, "Erin my country," Rev. Andrew Moriarity, Irish "Faithe Róimh Cardinale Moran," Mr. Edmond Keohan; finale, "A song for the Pope."

The Cardinal, graciously replied to the address in English read to him, in which the students claimed kinship with him by bonds which united him and them to the same Alma Mater. In a very interesting speech he referred to the glories of the Irish College, to the able and saintly men who were students here at one time, and to the missionary spirit which so many of them had displayed, and which had wrought such good to the Church. It was on the great field of exercise for this spirit which Australia offers that the Cardinal dwelt in a special manner. He referred to the crumbling away of the walls of anti-Catholic prejudice which followed an acquaintance with Catholics in that land in which he has lived for so many years.

It is, perhaps, well to note that the gifts brought to the Sovereign Pontiff by His Eminence consisted of a sum of £1,200, of which 25 golden guineas in honor of the years of the Pontifical Jubilee of Leo XIII were contributed by the children of St. Joseph's School, in Sydney. These gifts were enclosed within the egg of an emu, the surface of which, carved in Cameo style, represented animals which are peculiar to Australia. The interior of the egg, which opened in two parts, bound and hinged in gold, was lined with white silk, and is a work of genuine art. Besides this, the Cardinal presented him with a magnificent rug formed of black opium skins—a comparatively rare animal. The Pontiff expressed his deep interest in the growth and progress of Catholicity in Australia, a full report of which the Cardinal gave him.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE

His Eminence Cardinal Logue and the Bishops of the Standing Episcopal Committee at their recent meeting gave their approval to the project of an Irish Pilgrimage to Rome, in connection with the Pontifical Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII. Rev. Father Ring, O. M. I., has been commissioned to carry into effect the resolution of Their Lordships.

A committee will be formed and a prospectus issued immediately. The pilgrimage will take place in autumn, probably in the month of October. As there is ample time for the organization of the Pilgrimage on this occasion, the arrangements are certain to be of the most satisfactory kind. The experience gained in 1893 and 1890 will be turned to good account by the Committee, and it is probable that the Pilgrimage will assume dimensions worthy of its objects and its National character.

Toronto, May 7, 1902

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Dear Sir—In renewing my advertisement in the current year in your paper, I feel obliged to compliment you on its merit as an advertising medium. I have decided to double the space used last year, which speaks for itself.

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, was held on Monday evening, April 28th, in the Occidental Hall, corner Queen and Bathurst streets.

A very large number were present, among them being Rev. Fathers, McCann, Minehan, O'Leary and Williams, and Messrs. D. A. Carey, W. E. Blake, ex-Alders Defoe and Evans, and a number of others.

A very interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. H. C. Stuart on "Canadian Patriotism," and his remarks met with the warm approval of those present. Among other who addressed the meeting were Rev. Fathers McCann, Williams and O'Leary, and Mr. Geo. Evans.

A very entertaining musical program was also presented by the following ladies and gentlemen: Misses Barthelmes, Dillon, Genevieve Kelly, Corbett, Messrs. Kennedy, Fulton, J. Doyle.

A pleasing event in connection with this meeting was the presenting of an address and purse of money to the Rev. Father Wm. McCann, who has been chaplain of the society since its inception—now seven years ago—and who, during that time, has always given his advice and kindly counsel most cheerfully concerning all the different undertakings instituted and carried on by the C. T. S.

The Rev. Father was completely taken by surprise and responded in a most feeling manner to the good wishes voiced in the address presented him.

It is the wish of the society that he may long remain to co-operate with them in the good work they are carrying on so energetically and untiringly.

Obituary

We clip the following from an Irish newspaper, The Newry Reporter, of April 10. The lady whose demise is recorded is sister to Mrs. Patrick McIntyre, and Mrs. D. D. Mackay, both of whom are well known and highly esteemed members of St. Patrick's Congregation, Ottawa, to whom The Register makes a tender of its sympathies.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. William Campbell on the death of his wife, which occurred at the end of last week. The funeral took place on Sunday, and was one of the largest seen in Warrenton for a long time. The members of the new branch of the Irish National Foresters marched in processional order, accompanied by members of the "Father Mathew" Branch, Kestrevor, with regalia, while the attendance of the general public, professional and business people, was very large. The Rev. H. McEvoy, C. C., Warrenton, officiated at the funeral service and preached a touching and impressive sermon from the text, Mark, chap. 5, verse 5, expressing his own and the Bishop's sympathy for Mr. Campbell in his bereavement. Expressions of condolence were received from many friends and the I. N. F., Gaelic League, etc. The interment was in Burren.

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Burchard Recalled

(From The New York Sun)

The burning of the Presbyterian Church in Thirteenth street, on Sunday evening, has a peculiar national interest because of the celebrated "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech of the Rev. Dr. Burchard, its founder and first pastor, in the Blaine campaign of 1881.

In 1845 when this church was established Presbyterians were the most numerous and the dominant element among the religious communions of New York. The year before came the Irish famine, with its consequence of the great and long-continued Irish immigration to this country, which rapidly gave to the Roman Catholic Church in New York the first place in the number of its adherents. But already that immigration had been large relatively to the past. As early as 1835 an attempt was made in New York to make a party on the basis of "native American" prejudices.

In 1844, or the year before the foundation of Dr. Burchard's Presbyterian Church, the city had been carried by the "Native Americans" in an election for Mayor. The same party had been successful in Philadelphia, where in a riot several lives were lost and two Roman Catholic Churches were destroyed. In 1850 the great growth of the Irish immigration fanned the flame of native American animosity still more, and the Know Nothing movement was organized and seemed for the time being of portentous political significance.

Dr. Burchard had grown up under the influence of this bitter anti-foreign and anti-Catholic excitement. He hated the Pope with a holy hatred, and in that feeling he represented the passionate sentiment of the majority of Protestants. No one who has been spared in this period of religious hate and good will can have any conception of the violence of the Protestant prejudice against Catholics at that time. Even prognostications of civil war because of the Catholic invasion were frequent.

Not even the Ritualism had appeared in Protestantism. The Episcopal churches of the town were relatively simple in their services, the Church element was predominant. The Rev. Dr. Tyng had come to George's Church in 1844, and had himself the most famous of the Episcopal preachers of New York.

Services such as those which are now accepted as a matter of course at the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, for example, would almost have provoked a Protestant riot, and would have horrified the Episcopalians as "Papist mummeries." The period of religious aestheticism had not come.

When, therefore, a week before the election of 1884, there was a reception to James G. Blaine by Protestant ministers at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, poor, narrow-minded Dr. Burchard simply expressed in his speech of welcome the fierce anti-Catholic feeling which had been bred in him. In his eyes, the Pope, to use the words of the Westminster Confession, to which he gave unquestioning allegiance, was "that Antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition," and he could not or he would not hide his conviction in his Blaine speech.

Dr. Burchard had been selected to deliver the address of welcome merely because he was the oldest minister present, and no one expected from that venerable speaker other than a rather dry and conventional utterance. His "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" came unexpectedly and threw Republican politicians into confusion. Forthwith it was made a campaign cry against the Republican candidate, and, undoubtedly, it did Mr. Blaine serious damage in the canvass, for among Mr. Blaine's most ardent supporters were many Catholics.

It cannot be said, however, that that bad "break" of poor Dr. Burchard was the sole cause of the defeat of Mr. Blaine. Neither was the "independent" movement against him in the Republican party the efficient cause, for his loss, by that revolt was fully compensated for in his accession of Democratic support on account of it. Mr. Blaine lost the State of New York by about eleven hundred votes only, but about the same number had been lost to him in Oneida County, a republican stronghold which, it can be assumed, he would have carried by a large majority except for a quarrel he had with Senator Roscoe Conkling. More than that number of votes were distracted from him by the political treachery of the notorious John Y. McKane in the Gravesend district of Kings County. When to these were added the effect produced by the blunder of Dr. Burchard he was gone surely, but it is very doubtful if that folly alone would have beaten him, for the Catholics knew that Dr. Burchard did not represent the sentiments of Mr. Blaine, whose general friendliness to the Catholic Church was well understood.

Dr. Burchard, however, unable by that speech a fame which will go down in our political history.

An Artful Trick

(Liverpool Catholic Times, April 25)

An ecclesiastical dignitary wrote to us on Friday last "I have just received a printed copy of 'A Roman Catholic petition to Parliament for the safeguarding of Roman Catholic monies and interests in England.' Accompanying it are printed instructions directing that the petition be signed by one or any number of persons and sent to the Member of Parliament for the Division with the request that he will present it to the House. No names are given, and there is no indication as to whence the petition comes. Surely 'an enemy hath done this.' No-Popery opponents of the Church have been conspiring with a view to induce some Catholics to take this bait—to send in the petition. Judging by the time at which the petition was circulated, it would seem that it was purposely sent round at the end of the week so that the Catholic papers—all weeklies—would not be able to condemn it for eight days." Just at the time that our correspondent's letter reached us, we received a copy of the petition from another reader of The Catholic Times, who resides in a different part of the country. We have since had reason to know that a large number of copies of the document were circulated on Friday last in various quarters. We entirely agree with the opinion that the manner in which the petition has been distributed reveals artfulness. Its substance has appeared in some of the daily papers, with an introduction intimating that the petition has actually been presented to Parliament by a number of discontented Catholics. The proposals of the petition will really cause much amusement to the Catholic public. Though the author is too modest to publish his name, he does not shrink from calling for most revolutionary changes in the relations of the Catholic Church and the State. He does not, indeed, go so far as to ask that the statutes of "Provisors" and "Præmunire" should again be enforced, but he demands that all the Catholic ecclesiastical property in these islands, the value of which he estimates at about fifty millions sterling, be placed under the control of ecclesiastical commissioners "chosen from the Roman Catholic clergy and laity," and that a Concordat be established with the Holy See, whereby fifty of tenure shall be given to all "parochi" and the Government shall avert "grave difficulties in Ire-

land and other parts of the Empire" through securing a veto on episcopal appointments.

The anonymous author of the petition has evidently learnt little from history. It is somewhat too late to propose in the twentieth century that the Catholic Church should be handed body and soul into the custody of the State—a State which is non-Catholic—and should become its humble handmaid. The old Catholic Committee towards the close of the eighteenth century and at the beginning of the nineteenth broached suggestions enough of that kind, but they came to naught. One of these resolutions drawn up on January 30th, 1810, by a few Catholic noblemen was as follows: "That the English Roman Catholics are firmly persuaded that adequate provision for the maintenance of the civil and religious establishments of this kingdom may be made consistently with the strictest adherence on their part to the tenets and discipline of the Roman Catholic religion, and that any arrangements founded on the basis of mutual satisfaction and security, and extending to them the full enjoyment of the civil constitution of their country will meet with their grateful concurrence." Dr. Milner described the object of that resolution as an attempt to "alter our Church discipline by giving up the rights of Bishops." Does the author of the present petition think that in religious matters the Catholics of Great Britain are more disposed to accept State supremacy now than they were in the day when they endured bitter persecution? With characteristic impertinence he refers to the Irish Bishops and wishes to interfere in the concerns of the Catholics of Ireland. Does he believe that the Irish are more likely to agree to a veto policy now than they were a hundred years ago? Eminent men were then favorable to it, but the general voice of the people who abhorred the notion of ministers of their religion becoming open to Court influence and intrigue was, "Plowden informs us, 'an awful warning to the clergy'" and the scheme was repudiated. Edmund Burke held that it would, if adopted, lead to a schism, and every one who is acquainted with Irish sentiment is aware that it would be impossible now to revive the movement for the veto of Ireland.

People of Frastian tendencies cannot put back the hands of the clock. The trend of the times is all towards the independence of spiritual authority in its own province. When the Holy See entered into a Concordat with France, a Catholic power, the greatest anxiety was shown lest the liberty of the Church should be compromised. Seven schemes were drawn

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up, and the negotiations were broken off seven times, always on matters of principle, with regard to which the Holy See could not give way—questions on which Rome never wavers. Who will say, seeing how frequently the State has encroached on the rights of the Church, that there was not good grounds for Rome's hesitancy? The French Government, desirous of dominating religious organizations, has found many pretexts for oppressing the clergy. The Bishop or the priest who tries to do his duty fearlessly meets with hostility from officials, and the whole effect of the Government's attitude is to depress and deaden religious life. The hand in which the greatest progress is made by the Catholic Church is the United States, where its action is most unfettered. There and in Great Britain it entirely manages its own affairs, and the imaginative author of the petition may rest assured that it will continue to do so. Its works are works of charity and benevolence, carried on by its members for the welfare of the community. Its Bishops and its priests enjoy the full confidence of the folks for whose interests they labor with such self-sacrificing zeal. And like all other religious denominations who enjoy the government the Catholics of these islands do not intend to renounce the right of regulating their own affairs without interference from outside.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

(By Leigh Sowers (Age 15), in League Department May St Nicholas) I've heard lots of poems of beautiful May—

How fragrant the blossoms, how lovely the day, But all these queer notions I'm sure you would pass— If you but belonged to our botany class.

The days are not lovely, the sky is not fair, And the leaves and flowers drive us to despair, So when May comes to us, we sigh, "Ah, alas," I wish I was out of this botany class."

So we toil and we labor, we dig and we press, And get our herbariums all in a mess, Till the truthful opinion of each lad and lass Is, they ought to abolish this botany class!

So while others are writing in elegant phrase Of the beauties and pleasures of wonderful Mays, This common decision our minds does harass: "May's horrid!" Yours truly, The Botany Class

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

May and June are the royal months for wild flowers. There are no such showy masses of color as come in July with the daisies, or in August with the goldenrod, but all the wonderful lower world of the woods, which later sobs down to the cool summer greenness, is twinkling with countless delicate flowers, and flowering trees—shad-bush and cherry and Hawthorn—are breaking into blossom overhead.

Most of these beautiful little wild flowers can be easily distinguished by striking color or shape—the violets, purple or yellow, the rose-pink fringed polygala (sometimes given the name "lady's-slipper," to which it has not the smallest resemblance), but there are five or six small white flowers, blossoming at about the same time, that are enough alike to be often mistaken for one another, though when you once know and love them you will never confuse them. Last spring a little girl—quite a big little girl—asked me to tell her the name of "that little starry white thing that grows in the woods." Going out to look for it, I found she was not quite sure which of four flowers she meant.

The best known of these small white blossoms is the anemone (Anemone nemorosa, crowfoot family), which nearly every child has seen and picked. The plant which grows for the most part in open pastures, forming little colonies about old stumps and sunken boulders, is from four to six inches high. It has a straight, slender stem, crowned with a whorl of three very smooth, trifoliate (that is, having three separate leaflets, deeply notched leaves) from the middle of which springs the still more slender flower-stem. Each plant has one flower. The small, tightly closed buds vary in color from purple and pink to blue which fades as the flower opens. They have their heads very low, hiding the mass of stamens in the middle, until they open fully, when they stand erect, pure white, five-pointed stars.

The star-flower perhaps the most beautiful of these delicate white wood flowers (Trifolium Americana, heath family), is somewhat like the anemone in growth, but it has a whorl of many leaves instead of only three, and the leaves are unnotched, pointed, and of a beautiful warm light green. Sometimes you will find three flowers to a plant, and then only one, but the common form is two—twin white stars. The blossoms, like those of the anemone, hang from the center of the whorl of leaves on stems as slender as a thread, they are white as snow, with delicately pointed petals, and tiny yellow or orange anthers setting off the whiteness.

Still another plant grows in much the same way as the anemone, though like the star-flower, it is of an entirely different family. This is the dwarf ginseng, or roundout (Aralia trifolia, ginseng family). It has the same whorl of three leaves, each leaf having three, sometimes five leaflets, but the leaflets are only notched, not deeply cut, like those of the anemone, and they are of quite a dark green. The many small, three-lobed flowers are clustered together into a head—most unusual, as it is properly called. Most of the ginseng family have very aromatic roots. One of our variety are used by the Chinese to make a wine of, and so they bring a large price.

The dwarf ginseng and the star flower both like the deep woods, though they are also found in open pastures. They do not grow in close groups, but are scattered freely through the forest, springing up between the dead leaves, only, the star flower like a rat's tail open wood, a young beech-growth for instance, while the ginseng chooses moister places.—Rosarind Richards in St. Nicholas for May.

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THE CANARY'S SIEGE

(A True Story)

"Danny," the canary, had always enjoyed the long summers on the front veranda, where his roomy cage was hung in early May. Having no mate, he comforted himself with an interest in all the other feathered folk who came about his home near enough to be seen and heard. He began to imitate their notes. He soon learned the song of the oriole whose nest hung in a maple-tree close by, the whistle of the old green parrot across the street, and the twitter of the little chickens whose mothers sometimes led them into the front yard.

One morning in midsummer there arrived among the honeysuckles a pair of house-wrens, bent upon finding a place for a new home. Danny watched the noisy visitors with interest, and attempted an imitation of their notes. The wrens, however, flew in to a rage instantly, and, alighting on the cage, silenced the astonished canary with a stream of angry chatter such as he had never heard before. Moreover, their examination of the cage put a new notion into their heads; they decided that on its flat top they would build a nest, and live on the roof of a gilded palace, if not inside one. Away they flew, and in a jiffy they were back again, and had carefully arranged a foundation of twigs on the top of the cage. Danny looking on in amazed silence, but the invasion of his premises was not to be permitted, of course, and as soon as the insolent little squatters flew off for more building material, Danny dragged through between the bars all the sticks they had arranged. Back they came presently with more twigs, and at once discovered what had been done in their absence. Instantly they dropped their sticks and in a great passion began an attack on the poor canary, who curled up, a trembling little ball of yellow fluff, on the floor of his cage, just out of reach of the long beaks they thrust with lightning-like swiftness through the bars. At last, having, as they thought, reduced the canary to a state of fear that would keep him from further resistance, they picked up their twigs, once more laid the foundation of their nest on the top of the cages and went off for another load.

The canary, however, was not yet wholly subdued, and no sooner were the wrens out of sight than he again pulled their foundation sticks through the bars, and, when he saw his besiegers returning, prudently retreated to the only safe spot beyond the reach of their beaks. The rage of the wrens when they found their second foundation destroyed knew no bounds. Over the bars of the cage they ran, screaming and scolding, and trying to seize with their bills the almost paralyzed canary or a drag through the bars such of their twigs as they could reach. Finally they again rearranged their foundation and Mistress Wren went alone for more material, while her mate remained to guard the foundation. The case of the canary was now hopeless, his strength was nearly gone, his courage wholly gone, and so his human friends, seeing the contest had reached this stage, came to his rescue.

The insolent invasion of the wrens was not to be borne, of course. Yet it seemed possible to make respectful and useful remonstrances out of these dashing freebooters, and plans were laid to that end. An old strawberry-box was found, a top fastened over it, a hole was cut in one side for a door, and it was tacked inside the cornice of the veranda near the ceiling. Danny's cage was cleared of the wrens building materials; the twigs being put into the box. When the wrens returned the pair took in the new suggestion instantly. A long and noisy discussion followed, repeated investigations of the box inside and out, were made, interviewed with much scolding of Danny and his rescuers. At last, however, the wrens decided to accept the concession offered.

Danny's nerves were shaken, and his vanity certainly received a great setback, but in time he learned to listen to the wrens' howling without fear while they ceased to resent his perfect imitation of the softer notes of their song.—Mary D. Leonard, in May St Nicholas

LINK OTHER EVILS stamps and dandruff come suddenly. Promptly give a dose of Perry Davis Painkiller and the pains will go immediately. A bottle at hand will save hours of suffering—be prepared.

The Whiteboy's Bride.

(By James Noble)

A little way outside the old "City of the Violated Treaty," a noble ash-tree grows, in the centre of the ruin of the castle of Carrigo-Guinnel, beneath which, one summer day, we took our seats upon a moss-grown rock of the olden time, and listened eagerly to the stories of our most pleasant guide. Now, however, he had changed his theme—and although still loath to "discourse" of the daring men who, years ago, made the vaults and caves of Carrigo-Guinnel their places of secret meeting, he was led to allude to them, indirectly, by the reference to the fate of a young girl who many years ago gave a name to the spot near which we were resting.

From the information we gleaned from him, added to subsequent inquiries, we are enabled to tell our readers her sad story, in which, however, there is little more than a development of the strength and durability of female affection—proof of reckless daring on one hand, and of pure devotedness on the other.

Old Jacob Bobenezer, a typical specimen of the "Palatine Planter," had commenced with that rigid discipline towards his daughter Rachel which he imagined would fortify her against all the Irish Whiteboys that ever galloped beneath the moonlight, and, moreover, every Sabbath day, he invited to his table a young man, in whose sober manners, discreet conduct, and great worldly-mindedness, he exceedingly rejoiced, Adam Switzer, the only son of his most esteemed friend—upon being told by his father that Rachel would be a fitting bride for him, in every respect—had resolved to marry her, and her father had already contemplated the fast growing crops, the plentiful increase, the well-fed kind of the Switzers, as if they had already been added to his stock. Rachel neither smiled nor frowned upon the youth; if she had done either, there might have been hopes that his suit would prosper, but of all things indifference is the most fatal to love. Young Adam did not know this—or, if he did, he did not heed it. How Rachel became acquainted with a certain youth named James Hennessy is not upon record; they never frequented the same places of worship or a uement James was known to be a fierce and restless fellow, full of wild notions of liberty, and eventually received a man either a hero or a slave, he was of a good but impoverished family, handsome, and better educated than most young men of his time and station. Of all the youths in the neighborhood, he was the most frequently spoken of in terms of strong disapprobation by the Bobenezers and the Switzers.

"Any news to-day, Adam?" the wife would inquire, "for truly, Jacob grows so deaf that he hears but little, and Rachel and I never visit but among our own people." "Nothing," Adam would answer, "but that James Hennessy grows worse than ever. He told a magistrate of his own people he led!" "Oh!—that to a burgomaster!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Perhaps it was true," suggested the maiden. "And even if it was"—but such a thing could not be true. I wonder you do not see how impossible it must be, Rachel," continued the dame. "It would be a great blessing if he were out of the country," said Adam, "he turns the heads of the men and the hearts of the women!" "I do not see what this is to thee," answered the dame, "as long as thy own head is steady, and this maiden's heart sure."

Rachel looked one way and Adam another, but neither seemed pleased. That very night, beneath the wan beams of a harvest moon, the Palatine girl was weeping upon the shoulder of James Hennessy—weeping as if her heart would break—he weeping, not loudly, for her grief was heavy hearted, so that its demonstration could hardly make way. She had met him that night—and too often before—in her own bower, over the trelis of which the aged hands of her father had trained woadbine and roses, that she might sew, and spin, and knit, and read her Bible in the free and agrarian air, there she had frequently met her lover, and listened to the deep and passionate declarations of an affection which, to do him justice, he really felt.

"I daren't come again into the valley, darent of my own heart, my own cusha mchree—it would be as much as my life is worth I daren't do as by night or day," he continued, "the storm may blow over, as storms have done before, or as people say they do, forgetting what they rive and wiv. "In their passing, and if it does, wiv Rachel, I'll ask you, boldly, from your father, and if he refuse we must take the leave he will not give. If the storm does not pass, why then, mavoureen, I must leave the country, that's all."

"And I with you—I with you," said Rachel, suddenly changing from a calm cold, patient girl to the wildly enthusiastic and devoted woman. "I will never leave you, James the harder your fate, the more truly will I cleave to you!" James Hennessy was indeed, as the country people express it, "on his keeping," his connection with the "Whiteboys" had been notorious, and he could no longer walk abroad with impunity; he was a marked man among the gentry, for he was well known to possess the hardy, daring and the rude but powerful eloquence of the Irish heart.

Rachel had clung to the hope that brighter times would come. She could not comprehend why her father should oppose her union with James, when he was made aware (according to her belief) that the youth was unshaken and persecuted. She had often implored him to tell the truth to the old Palatine, but James knew better than the unsophisticated girl, the horror that such a man as Jacob must feel at the idea of his child being the wife of a powerful outlaw—for so in reality he was. He therefore trusted to his own influence over the affectionate creature who had so confidently launched her heart upon a stormy and perilous sea, and well he might have trusted one so pure and so devoted.

After many vows and little consideration, Rachel agreed to meet her lover under the ash-tree amid the ruins of Carrigo-Guinnel, on the next Sunday, at midnight, he could know, he said, by that time whether it was likely he should be obliged to leave the country altogether, or, if his former errors were overlooked or forgotten, he swore to the weeping girl that he would enter upon a new life, and become anything, everything she desired. With men like James Hennessy such resolutions are as easily formed—and broken almost as easily as they are fully expressed.

"I wish, Jacob," said Rachel's mother to her husband, on the following morning—"I wish you would come into our child's room, it is near ten of the clock and she is still sleeping. I do not like to awake her, but she is so disturbed that I cannot bear to look on her. She is little more than half undressed, her arms tossed over the cotterel, and her beautiful hair clings in heavy wreaths to her damp brow."

The Palatine moved with a lighter step than was his wont to the door, through which his wife had already passed, she pointed to their child, while the old man lingered on the threshold, gazing with a troubled countenance upon his fair daughter. "Leave her alone, said the confiding father, "leave her alone, even now her head has fallen from the pillow upon the Bible that was half-placed beneath it—the child tarried too long at her prayers."

If Rachel could have heard the words, how bitter would have been reproaches of her conscience! The next Sabbath, brought to the house her commonplace Puritan lover, and even he observed that the maid Rachel seemed disturbed. She had received, that morning from the hand of a mountain boy, a feather from a wild bird's wing—"Such birds," said the urban, "fly far, but remember when they build their nests."

Rachel had not forgotten. She did not, however, meditate a far flight, for she took nothing with her, save the national cloak of her Irish serving girl, and enfolded herself in its ample screen, she threaded her way across the meadows which lay between her dwelling and the Rock of the Candle. She was a fearless girl, and yet many things had contributed that night to make her sadder despite her confiding love, and, as she flew past gloomy spots that tradition had invested with a peculiar or fearful interest, she paused and trembled, every now and then. At last, panting and breathless, she reached the trysting-tree, and stood with her hands clasped over her panting bosom beneath its shadow, the breeze slightly sighing through the leaves, the rabbit as it cropped the clover, the beating of the bat's wing upon the air, the heavy whirr of the broad-bleat of a kyd, as it nestle'd closely to its mother's side, increased her fears, nor was it until she was clasped in her lover's arms and felt his warm breath on her cheek that she again forgot all the world in him. Whatever were his plans, he had no time to develop them, for the rolling first of one stone then of another, down the ravine told James Hennessy that footsteps unaccustomed to the rocky passes were approaching.

In an instant, before she had time to remonstrate, or even ask why or how James had lifted her in his arms and passed with her into the depths of one of the caves known only to the disaffected. It was the action of an instant, and the girl, brought up with so much care was clinging to the most daring of the Whiteboys in the midst of twelve or fourteen of his followers, as daring and more desperate than he. She heard the sharp, quick click of their pistol-locks, and was nearly suffocated by the smell of the ardent spirits that stimulated them; the light of one bogwood torch, shaded as it was, was sufficient to show her the glitter of pikes, and the expression of the faces that glared upon her.

Suddenly, the light was extinguished, and James Hennessy murmured she "was safe," for she was with him. Rude and harsh words were exchanged in whispers which the firm authority of Hennessy suppressed. Almost at the same instant, Rachel heard the heavy tramp of a strong man near, it was the tread of but one man—yet what child does not recognize a parent's footsteps? A horrible conviction that her father had tracked her flight came upon her, for a moment she could not speak, but at last terror lest any harm might come to him forced a word or two from her clammy lips.

"Stand here!" muttered Hennessy, "if you cling to me I cannot save him if he be Rachel, his life will answer for this rashness, for he cannot live and we be discovered!" Still, though fainting, she clung feebly to her lover; the footsteps passed away, but the girl was roused from her insensibility by a voice calling her sternly and heavily by name, far above where she lay.

"Rachel!—my child!—Rachel!" She felt that James had quitted her and she stood in the darkness with those who would have held her back, it was a faint struggle—a feeble but unflinching struggle. "Father, I am here," she cried, but her tones were weak. There was a pause—and then came a distant rush, and blows, desperate and determined. "They won't fire if they can help it," said one of the concealed Whiteboys to another, in the same suppressed tone Rachel heard no more, utterly exhausted, she lost all consciousness, nor did she revive until aroused by the rapid motion of a horse, and again a well-known voice whispered, "Darling avoureen, you are safe with me."

Several months had elapsed after this occurrence. The old Palatine's garden bore a neglected aspect, the shrubs were untrimmed, the path overgrown with weeds, a light gleamed without its walls, for the night was dark and through one or two apertures in the window the glimmer of a candle flickered over the flower-bed that had been Rachel's. Within sat the Palatine and his wife, the old man's hair was now white, his figure lean and dwindled, his eyes were weak and dim, as bent over his Bible, but the eyes of his wife were fixed on him.

"We have heard God's word again and again," he said, "and we must be comforted it was a memorable mercy that on that night no blood was shed, though mine was thirsted for. Do not look so sad, wife—God is a wise Judge."

"I do not look sad," she answered, "for you are with me, Jacob, but when I think that you will not be so long—I—"

There was a slight knocking at the door. "Who's there?" inquired the Palatine. The sound was repeated. "Friends know it is not safe to open the door to a tongueless man," he answered, and there came a reply in tones that sent him staggering against the wall, while his wife, with a speed that marred her intention, endeavored to undo the fastening. At last, the door opened, and Rachel tottered rather than walked, to her father's feet, but he would not look upon her. She then took refuge on the bosom of her mother, who parted the hair upon her brow, while large heavy tears dropped like hail upon the wasted features of her child.

"I have you here forever, now," said the poor woman, "here you will remain—one will rive a crushed and faded flower—forever now." "For one hour," answered Rachel, "for one hour, and then I quit you, my mother, for a long long time. Mother, in Heaven's sight, I declare I had no thought of leaving you that night, he saved my father's life, and he will carry to the grave the mark he received in defending it." Her mother declared she should not leave her.

"Let her go to her keeper," said the old man sternly. But Rachel arose and answered, "Father, before the day was done he was my husband; he has worked me no wrong, for the choice was my own, and I am thankful to bear trouble with him if it can lighten his heavy load. Mother, you would have done as much for my father?" "There is a curse, strong as well as deep, that sooner or later will overwhelm the children of disobedience," said her father bitterly. "I know it—I believe it—I feel it," cried Rachel—"but even so, I submit."

"The time will come," continued the old man, "sooner or later—the time will come when he in whom you trusted will fall you in your uttermost need, when he will pour into your heart the poison you give your parents. Oh, what fools are those who put faith in their own children!" He will spurn you and desert you." "He may do so," she replied, weeping, "he may do so, but I will never desert him."

"Jacob," interposed his aged wife, "Jacob, our child—she—given to our prayers after long years of expectation—she says she has but one hour to stay with us, do not let it pass this. She is still our child, Jacob, but one hour to stay," repeated the mother, wringing her hands—but one hour!" "Not an hour now," said Rachel, "not much more than half. You, mother, will listen to me. People spoke falsehoods of my husband, decoyed away he was, but he is not what they say, he will not hear him, will not pardon him, if he remained in Ireland he must be as he is, outlawed and wretched. He has yielded to my prayers, and in a foreign land where we are going, he may still be what the Almighty intended he should be—great and good. He gave me one hour to bid you farewell, to pray for your forgiveness, only one hour, and the minutes are flying while I speak."

"Will he come for you?" inquired her father. "Oh, no, he cannot, he dare not venture here, nor would others let him," she replied. The old man rose swiftly from his seat, and, before either mother or daughter was aware of his intention, he had seized Rachel in his iron grasp. "As the Lord liveth," he exclaimed, "you will not go hence. I will bind you to the horns of the altar, I will not suffer even a tainted sheep of the true fold to become the prey of the ravenous wolf. Here you remain; vain will be your cries for aid; all vain. Here will I stand, and who-

ever enters shall have the recompense he comes for, who would rob an old man of his child." Rachel implored, conjured, entreated, wept, even her mother's tears were added to hers, but all in vain. The Palatine shouldered one of the heavy muskets of his own country, and paced backwards and forwards, opposite to where he had bound his child with cords which her mother dare not loosen. His eyes scowled up on the unhappy girl, while over and anon he muttered between his clenched teeth such texts of Scripture as seemed to him to bear hardest upon her case—threats against disobedient children and denunciations against the associates of the ungodly.

When the first gleam of morning broke through the crevice of the window Rachel spoke again. "If harm come to my husband his blood be upon your head." It seemed after that as if a portion of her father's sternness had entered into her gentle nature. She would neither taste food nor drink; but sat, with clasped hands and eyes turned towards the mountains, the sunlit tops of which were seen through the latticed window.

"She will die! she will die!" cried her mother. "Pray God, she may," was her father's harsh reply, "that I may lay her in the grave, and then be gathered to my fathers."

She did not die, then, but a long and dangerous fever came to her relief, for it took away her mind from present thoughts. Weeks and months elapsed ere she was able again to sit at the cottage door, but the lapse of time had wrought changes in many ways, the country was more tranquil, and people said that since James Hennessy had disappeared matters were becoming altogether different. The Palatine relaxed but little of his severity, except that, thinking himself secure in Rachel's weakness, he suffered her mother to move her from place to place in her arms. She took no interest in anything. Nothing amused, nothing drew from her a word or even a look of intelligence. All the people blessed her as they passed along the road, and the little children used to leap her lap with wild flowers. Her mother reconciled herself to the violence which her husband had practiced, when she found that no letter, no token, arrived from James Hennessy, that he had gone into exile was certain—but had he forgotten Rachel?

Months rolled into years; two years had passed, and Rachel was still the same. Usually, the Palatine preserved the most rigid silence towards his daughter, but sometimes he would give vent to bitter feelings, and reproach her in strong language. It was all the same, her features remained unmoved, and she seldom shed tears. Once, indeed, when they were alone, and her mother wept over her, she desired her to be comforted, as she should be happy yet. People wondered how she lived, how anything so heart-broken could remain so long in a torturing world.

One morning, she told her mother she would lie down, and her father, at noon, going into the room (where he had once been deceived), laid his hand upon her shoulder, as if to assure himself that she was there, "the flesh" suddenly she opened her eyes, and raising her head, kissed his cheek. He was so unprepared for the act, that he had no time for consideration, and, as if by instinct, a blessing fell from his lips. When her mother, soon after, came to her with food, she said: "Father has blessed me, at last, you do so, too, then let me sleep."

When the evening meal was prepared, and her mother again sought her, she was gone, and could nowhere be found. If the neighbors had seen her, they stoutly denied it, and declared that she must have been spirited away by the "good people." The old Palatine traversed the country like an omnivorous, bending his way at last to the ruins of Carrigo-Guinnel, not with any distinct hope of finding her there, but from the natural desire of seeking in every possible and impossible place for a thing cherished and lost.

There, under the ash-tree, he saw his child, her head reclining against its trunk. He called to her in a voice tremulous from an emotion he would fain have suppressed, it was vain; he fell on his knees by her side, he turned her face towards him, she turned upon which he impressed the kiss of returning affection was cold—her heart had ceased to beat, her eyes to weep for ever! Then, indeed, the strong pent-up current of parental love, that had been so long concealed within the old man's bosom burst forth. He wept as only strong men weep, he lifted up his voice exclaiming like the Royal Prophet of old—"Oh! Rachel, my child! my child! would that I had died for thee!"

People say that the spirit of the Palatine girl wanders amid the ruins of the Rock of the Candle to this day, and there are few bold enough to approach the old elm-tree after night-fall. "But sure your honors," said our guide when he had closed the story of the leading points of which we have thus preserved, "a spirit so good as hers could never harm a living mortal."—Hibernian Monthly

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LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

As she entered the room her visitor rose—a tall man, with a bent, drooping figure, and hair plentifully besprinkled with grey. As the smiling face appeared within the room his eyes became misty with tears, his limbs trembled and refused to carry him, and so, stretching out his quivering hands, he said in broken tones: "Oh, Dollie, my girl, my girl!"

His back had been turned to the light, and as she came into the room the sun shone full in her eyes, and only when she heard the voice was Dollie aware that her father, stood before her. Then, with a cry in which love was mingled with sorrow and pain, she threw herself into old Kester's arms, and together they wept.

How long Dollie was thus entangled in her father's arms she did not know. She was oblivious to everything save that once more she was with him whom she had so wronged. She knew, she felt from the light clasp of the worn old arms, that she was forgiven, and her sorrow and remorse were given full vent to in her copious tears.

At last the old man spoke: "Don't take on so, Dollie I never could bear to see you grieve." And then, as though the effort to speak had been too much for his own long-pent-up emotion, he wept again. But it was only for a minute.

Then he hastily brushed aside his tears and disengaged himself gently from his daughter's arms. "Come, my girl," he said, his voice still tremulous, "this will never do. Let me see you smile."

"Father," she murmured, "can you ever forgive me?" "Forgive you? Ay—but there's nothing to forgive—not as far as you are concerned I knew my girl wouldn't bring shame and disgrace on her old father. He deceived you—he deceived you."

Kester's brow darkened and he clenched his fists involuntarily but immediately softened as he looked at his daughter's tear-stained face. He took her hands in his as he added: "You were young, poor lassie, but you could have trusted your father."

His glance of reproachful love was bitterness indeed to Dollie. "I know, father—I know to my sorrow. But let us forget it for a little while. Tell me where you live and what you are doing. I went home—and found you were gone away. Afterwards I wrote, thinking that perhaps some one would know where you were and send on the letter, but as no answer ever came I had almost given you up."

"Here is your letter—I only got it a fortnight since. I never told anyone, you see, where I was going, but I ran across Farmer Wade the other day, and shortly after you comes the letter from my cousin Jim. I've been all this time seeking you out. Now I've found you, I could almost go to my grave in peace—almost."

He nodded his head, and a frown gathered on his brow as he began to mutter rapidly to himself. "Don't talk about dying, dear father. It would kill me. I, you died before I had an opportunity of proving my sorrow to you. You must live, and let me try and make you happy now."

"She lifted up the worn hands and kissed them passionately, but the old man scarcely heeded her. "Yes, I must live," he muttered. "I must live," he repeated, in loud, emphatic tones. "I must live to punish that villain—that ungrateful, cursed-for-ever scoundrel I will dye my hands in his blood!"

"Hush! hush, father. Don't say such dreadful things. Oh, father, leave him to God. His punishment will be heavy enough." Dollie clasped her father's hands and looked at him imploringly. But he took not the slightest heed. He drew his hands away and paced up and down the room with determined, infuriated step, threatening Dudley Leigh with such vengeance that Dollie's blood curdled in her veins and she began to experience a chill sensation of horror as it flashed upon her that her father's mind had become unbalanced.

"After a time he became calmer, and conversed with his daughter as to his place and manner of living—expressing a firm intention of remaining with Mr. Marchion for the present. When it became late and Dollie could say with him no longer he went away, with many promises of calling again as soon as possible. "Father, dear, may I ask you to think of something without vexing you?" asked Dollie, just before her father went.

"As you, lass, ask what you please. As I ever vexed with you yet?" "They were at the hospital door now," she said, in her soft, low voice. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." There was no answer, but if she had seen the fierce flash in the pale blue eyes of old Kester, which the gathering gloom hid from her, she might have been apprehensive of evil. As it was, she kissed him a last good-bye, and turning, encountered the face of Dr. Clive, who was crossing

pulling himself together as Aubrey's nurse approached, and placing his hand with something of a shudder on the golden head. The blue eyes looked straight into his. "Because 'Na' can't like 'oo," was the response. "That's candid at all events," said Lord Huntleigh, and a dislike to the child began to take possession of him.

"You are mechant, Master Aubrey," reproved the French nurse, who came up in time to hear his speech. "You must love all. Say to myseur that you are sorry."

"No," answered Aubrey fixing his eyes on those of Lord Huntleigh, "'Na' can't like 'oo." "Ah! Merchant, mechant!" ejaculated the nurse as she led her charge away, with a little shake as a protest against his uncharitable inclinations.

CHAPTER X

In the drawing-room of a house in Cadogan Gardens, Mrs. Clifton was dispensing tea to her numerous callers. She was a fragile little creature, not at all handsome, not even pretty, but with a decidedly interesting face and an unusual charm of manner.

Amongst his visitors was Dr. Clive, the latest arrival, who was entertaining himself with a small boy, whose nurse was handing him round for the admiration of the company. He was a lovely child, well-built and big for his age, with glorious blue eyes and masses of golden wavy hair, which, being cut rather short, refused to lie down, but stood out round his head and face like an aureole.

Lord Huntleigh (who was Mrs. Clifton's cousin) sauntered in presently in his nonchalant manner, looking extremely blasé. He threw himself into a lounge close to his hostess, and took a cup of tea with a grimace. "It is wonderful how you women hanker after tea. I had much rather have a brandy and soda."

"Not at this hour of the day surely, Alaric. By the way, young man, don't go away soon, I want to have a little talk with you." "Anything to please you, fair cousin?" replied Alaric. "How is the boy getting on?"

"Oh, charmingly, I never could have thought he would have turned out such a dashing Edgar as so fond of him, too." "It's strange, but his face is quite familiar to me. Whenever I see him, I wonder where I have met someone like him."

"That's just what Dr. Clive has been saying. Ah, here he comes!" Mrs. Clifton put out her arms, regardless of her white silk tea gown and the priceless lace that hung in filmy folds about it, and Aubrey threw himself headlong into them.

"Look," he said, showing her a small charm which he had begged from Dr. Clive, "the gentleman gave 'Na' that pretty thing." "Aubrey always spoke of himself in the third person as 'Na'—an appellation which he had found out, and assumed for himself."

"Come here, little man," said Alaric, "come and speak to me, I have prettier things than that in my pocket." But Aubrey held Mrs. Clifton tighter in his little fat arms, and with a frowning brow looked disapprovingly at Alaric.

"Go and speak to that nice gentleman, darling," admonished Mrs. Clifton. But the boy only clung to her all the more. "He's got a devil of a will of his own," laughed Alaric, though he felt somewhat vexed with the child.

"He is a good boy and always does what his little mamma says. Now, Aubrey, go and shake hands with Huntleigh and say, 'How do you do?'" Mrs. Clifton looked coaxingly at him, and thus adjured he slipped down from her knee and went slowly over to Alaric, and with face averted though with his chubby hand outstretched, he said: "How do you do?"

Alaric took the hand, and forced the little face round to his. He was about to kiss the pretty lips, when suddenly a flood of sunlight poured in upon them from a window at the side, and as it fell upon the childish face lifted unwillingly to his, the look touched a chord in his memory—he knew now where he had seen Aubrey's face before—and he bit his lip as he felt the blood rush from his cheek and brows. He felt a deathly pallor had overspread his countenance and dropping the boy's hand, he turned his head away.

Meantime to his great relief Mrs. Clifton had moved over to Dr. Clive, and he had time to recover from the shock which had sent the blood back to his heart, when he saw Dollie's expression looking at him from the child's eyes. From the day when he had so basely deserted poor Dollie, she had completely passed out of his life. She had disappeared suddenly, and his half-hearted efforts to find her had not been crowned with success, and now the sight of this child completely unnerved him. His limbs trembled and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth when he tried to speak.

Meanwhile Dr. Clive was also puzzling his brain as to why he should find himself so strangely familiar with Aubrey's face. "I am still admiring your little son, Mrs. Clifton. From a physical standpoint I should think he is at most perfect, and if I were an artist I should covet him as a model," he said, as his hostess took a seat near him.

"But you don't say the orthodox thing, you know I am afraid you are not used to paying compliments," Mrs. Clifton smiled mischievously. "No, I don't say it, because it wouldn't be true. Your boy is not a bit like you."

The doctor looked at her critically, with somewhat of wonder in his eyes, that the mother and son should be so strikingly dissimilar, both in feature and expression. "He isn't like Lionel either. My husband is a dreadful ugly man—that is why I married him. A handsome husband is the greatest bore imaginable."

Mrs. Clifton's silvery little laugh was very pleasant to hear, and was so thoroughly natural and real that it did one good to listen to it. "Aubrey is perhaps a reproduction of one of his remote ancestors. Beauty, like talent, has a way of lying perdu for several generations, and then breaking out quite unexpectedly."

"That is very wise of you doctor, if not altogether complimentary. But you seem to be quite ignorant of what all the world knows—that Aubrey is mine only by adoption." "The child of a relative, no doubt," thought Dr. Clive as, after giving him this information, Mrs. Clifton moved on to another guest with an amused laugh.

But the boy's likeness to someone he knew haunted the doctor and seemed to fill his mind to an uncomfortable degree. He longed to see him again, but as his nurse had departed with him, he thought it would be absurd to ask for him. However, as he passed down the broad staircase on his way out he met the child, who was laughing merrily as he ran towards the open door followed by his nurse, who scolded him volubly in her own tongue.

Dr. Clive caught the little fellow in his arms and restored him to the panting nurse, meanwhile taking note of his face. "It is only sometimes that I see a resemblance. Yes, there it is now," he thought, as Aubrey looked at him half shyly. "Who can it be? When he looks at me like that I seem to see—it came to him like a flash of lightning—'Nurse Dorothy! Yes, the expression is her's without a doubt!'"

Dr. Clive walked along Cadogan place with a pre-occupied air, and those who met him imagined the great doctor to be deeply buried in thought concerning some serious "case." No one who had the slightest knowledge of or acquaintance with the man would have thought it possible that the "case" was his own, and an "affaire du coeur" to boot.

It was later than she had expected when the last of Mrs. Clifton's guests had gone, and she hastened to Lord Huntleigh, who was awaiting her coming with a patience wholly foreign to him. Mrs. Clifton sat down opposite to him.

"Now, Alaric," she said, "where is my dear little Sybil? Hush—don't make any excuses. You are not as attentive to her as you ought to be. I scarcely ever see you together. And I see you know, it has begun to be rumored that you are, well, just a little too attentive to Lady Garston. Do let me warn you, Alaric, there is no one else to do so."

"Marie," returned Alaric, "is there a polite way of saying 'Mind your own business' because if there is, I should like to say it." Mrs. Clifton looked pained. "You must listen, Alaric," she said, laying a soft, white hand on his arm.

"Don't vex me with your happiness and poor Sybil's, too, for the sake of a few hours' amusement. What has come between you and dear Sybil? It seems only the other day you were, madly in love with her, and now you almost ignore her. She is not less lovable now than then I am sure. To me she seems to grow sweeter and better every time I see her."

Mrs. Clifton was too good and kind-hearted herself to be able to fathom the man she was dealing with. His depths of fickle, cold-hearted selfishness would have horrified her constant, generous nature, and would have stirred her to a righteous anger sooner than anything else. She had no idea that Sybil was so good that her husband had soon tired of her and sought elsewhere his pleasures and amusements. Sybil was too slow by a long way for this fast young man, and only the fact that she was the

possessor of such a fair amount of "lucre" made her at all bearable to him. Mrs. Clifton withdrew her hand from his arm as she saw a look of annoyance settle on his brow. He said nothing for a minute or two, but continued drumming upon the arm of his chair, whilst a hard, defiant expression came into his once-beautiful eyes.

"Are you ambitious of being numbered amongst the saints, too, Marie?" he asked presently. "You have not answered my question," she returned. "Have you quarrelled with Sybil, and are you too proud to make it up if you are, let me be the peacemaker. I am sure Sybil will let me make it right if you only say the word."

Alaric laughed ironically. "Blessed are the peacemakers!" he exclaimed, rising to go. "You are too absurd. Sybil and I are quite capable of settling our own little differences. By the way, where did you get that little boy from—Aubrey?" he asked carelessly.

Mrs. Clifton was disappointed and hurt at Alaric's manner, so did not feel disposed to give much information. "His mother was a poor girl who was deceived by some scoundrel," she said with flashing eyes. "She is working for her living now, whilst he doubtless is enjoying life, surrounded by every luxury, for he was a rich man I believe."

"What proof have you that the woman's story is true? Might it not be a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other?" he asked, though he felt strangely agitated as the conviction seemed to force itself upon him that Aubrey was his own child, and his heart became almost paralyzed as more definitely than he had ever done before he dwelt upon the thought that though he had deceived the boy's mother, it was not in the way she herself believed. He had done her the wrong of deserting her, but it was Sybil who had suffered, and was suffering, albeit unwittingly, the great wrong. For he knew, and he only, that as sure as there was a God in Heaven Dollie Brownedge was his wife truly and legally, whilst Sybil—well—what was she?

Lord Huntleigh experienced a full share of almost agonizing terror, he was appalled as a long vista opened before him of the consequences of his misdeeds. With a gasp he congratulated himself that there were no children of his present union. But should the facts of his baseness ever come to light, what of Sybil—her father—the world? He would be hounded from all civilized society.

It was one thing to degrade a girl of the "masses," such affairs were common enough among the young men of his acquaintance, and they were hardly thought much the worse of on such accounts, the matrons of society only shook their heads, and said that young men must sow their wild oats, and young ladies showed an open preference for the young man who were recognized as being a bit fast—but to drag into the mire a girl of the "classes," to make a dupe of her, when one is already bound in wedlock to a girl of low degree, is a totally different matter.

Lord Huntleigh inwardly cursed the blind folly that had led him to marry Dollie Brownedge. He could not conceive now what strange infatuation had been his when he had done such a deed. But it was done. Sybil was Sybil. Margaret still whilst the son and heir to the earldom of Huntleigh was the bright, handsome boy whom everybody spoke of as being so lucky as to have been adopted by Mrs. Clifton.

Yet with all his cowardice and terror, Alaric Huntleigh did not conjure up a thought of repentance, nor make the smallest of good resolutions. What he could do to still enjoy life and yet avoid retribution became his chief thought.

Mrs. Clifton's answer to his question was lost upon him. He wanted now to find out where Dollie was and what she was doing. Whether or not she was associated with people who, it she confided in them, would be able to tell her that she was really the wife of the man who had pretended to discard her.

He turned to Mrs. Clifton as she accompanied him to the door, saying with feigned interest in her regard: "It is rather a risky thing to adopt a child like that, isn't it? Where is his mother—and what is she?" "I don't feel at liberty to give you any particulars about the mother. She is a good girl, quite refined and all that, and is getting on extremely well at present, Mrs. Clifton replied, just a little stiffly.

"Is she as handsome as she is good?" asked Alaric with a sneer. Mrs. Clifton did not answer the query. She took both her cousin's hands in hers, saying, earnestly: "You are not yourself to-day, dear Alaric. You look quite pale and ill. Why don't you take Sybil and go away somewhere for a change? It would do you both good and prevent people from talking, too. I wish you would promise me."

"I can't promise my dear Marie. I have engagements that will keep me in town for a month. Ta-ta!" He was gone, and Mrs. Clifton went up to the nursery to have a romp with Aubrey, and so wear out the unpleasant impression that this interview had left upon her.

Lord Huntleigh and Sybil had both accepted invitations to a ball given by Lady Garston that very evening, and far from wishing to avoid the danger of being talked about, Alaric was ready to throw himself headlong into it. The passing wish that

he were in any way worthy of her, had never found a place in his philosophy after the first few weeks of his marriage with Sybil. Amending his life was such a serious matter-of-fact affair, so dull and prosy, and not to be accomplished without such real hard work that after entertaining the wish for some time, Alaric had relegated it to history. It became, like many another of his good inspirations, a mere unfruitful phase in his existence. He was so fickle that any sustained effort, be it love, or even pleasure, became real pain to him.

As a child his nurses had always remarked upon what they were pleased to term his "fancifulness," and the want of training which had characterized his upbringing had merely intensified this—the weakest of all failings—ineconstancy.

Lady Garston was the latest to exercise influence over him. She was a woman whose age, if determined by her manner and complexion, might be from twenty to thirty, but if her eyes and mouth went for anything, she must certainly have run into the next decade.

Her husband, an old baronet whom report said she had married, and not he, was devoted to her nevertheless—"absurdly devoted," she said. For her part she treated him as a mere necessary cipher in her arrangements. Sometimes she favored him with a smile, and then he was in Paradise, and went about with a happy expression of countenance and a general amiability of conduct that would last for quite forty-eight hours—unless he were brought down from his dream by an "aside" from his spouse, which might take such a form as "Don't be such a fool, Charles," and then with a little frightened start the old baronet would stammer apologetically some reply, and run off to fetch a book or footstool or other trifle for his better half.

Lady Garston's dark beauty was set off to-night in a gown of pale yellow satin embroidered with pearls, and she saw no one amongst her guests who could in any way rival her. She was young, fair and girlish in a dress of the palest blue, adorned with real marguerites.

Alaric and Lady Garston were sitting out a dance. "You have a pearl of a wife," said the latter, using her fan with a graceful coquetry that she found so effective with her admirers.

"She cannot compare for a moment with you," said Alaric. "I believe it is a fact," she answered in languid tones. "That those fair beauties are often miserably tame and dull."

Alaric shrugged his shoulders. "You are right. It is rather a bore to be tied up to a semi-angelic being, especially when she happens to be the happy possessor of thousands to which her poor wretch of a husband has no right when he is almost 'broke.'"

Lady Garston laughed. "You exaggerate surely, the last of the Huntleighs would not descend to anything so vulgar." "I don't know about vulgar, it seems to me that it is quite the thing to be bankrupt nowadays."

"Ah, well! It may be, but I should not care for it exactly. I think Sir Charles is pretty safe. I should be sold if he were not. As for that, I am sold already." Lady Garston's laugh now was neither sweet nor musical, there was something inexpressibly hard and bitter in its ring. "They sold me to Sir Charles—my birth and beauty for his gold. Will such a life?"

"Let us dance again, or let me find another partner for you," said Lord Huntleigh. "And, by the way, I fear we are being talked about."

"Take me for this wait, and let them talk to their hearts' content," Lady Garston said, as they emerged from their retreat into the open room. "I won't ask you for another dance after this, but don't forget Thursday, and our drive to Richmond."

They were passing Sybil now, and a whole world of new and painful sensations reached the girl's heart. Nothing but a desire to screen Alaric from the eyes of the world had caused her to appear with him to-night, and his conduct had been such that she had overheard remarks upon it which humiliated her. (To be Continued)

IN AN OLD CONVENT. Upon these pages, dear I. Basil, write my name. My task is ended and the year is gone out like a flame.

Martin and John the good Are gathered to the life. It seems an hour ago they stood And prayed me with the rest.

I missed them when they went And filled this page with pain. And visited both—their travail spent—Harbored in heavenly realms.

The tulips in this house Their life our garden knew. All spring what could I do but look, And set them here anew.

The saint that tender walks Smiles from our chapel space. But Mary with thy little child Has mine own mother's face.

The thought of thee is sweet As blossoms are in June. Green turned our winding convent street, And all the world was June.

Kent hills round the nod, I drew her staid and fat. I drew her with the Son of God Clapsed to her bosom there.

Brief is our life, and dark, The grave shall hold us fast. Yet find I here in old Saint Mark That only Right shall last.

I. Basil, too, must heed, Else were my task undone. God has more books that I can read; I praise Him for this one.

PRESENTATION TO MR. ALEXANDER THOMSON. A very pleasant event took place at the last meeting of St. Michael's Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Mr. Alex. Thomson, who has just resigned the Treasurer-ship of the Conference, was presented by the members, with a beautiful framed picture of St. Vincent de Paul, as a slight recognition of his faithful service of 25 years as Treasurer. Mr. Thomson thanked his fellow-members for their kind remembrance, and assured them that he very much appreciated their good will and friendship for him.

Do Not be Deceived by imitations or substitutions. Dr. A. W. Chase's signature and portrait are on every box of the genuine and this is the highest recommendation which any medicine can have. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 60 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Pale and Bloodless Girls and Women

Weak, Anæmic, Nervous and Run Down in Health—Suffering From Headaches, Dizziness, Weak Heart Action and Tired, Listless Feelings—These Above All Others Appreciate

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Anæmia or deficiency of quality or quantity of blood is the most common source of weakness and sickness of girls and women. Because it actually forms new, rich, pure, life-sustaining blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most successful treatment for ill peculiar to women that was ever devised. You can prove this for yourself, because the effects of using this treatment are soon noticed. The flesh and weight are increased; color and complexion improved; thin, angular forms become round and beautiful and health and vigor take the place of weakness and disease. Here are a few statements from persons who have been cured:

Mrs. R. Warcham, 267 Sherbrooke Street, Peterboro, Ont., states—

"One of my children has suffered a great deal with nervous headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, and, in fact, was all run down, pale and languid. These troubles were attributed to over-study and confinement at school. She began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I can say that we have found this treatment exceedingly helpful. It has relieved her of headaches, steadied her nerves and built up her system wonderfully. We can see a great change in her, as she is gaining in flesh and weight."



Miss Lizzie B. Carey, 15 Foster Street, Chatham, Ont., states—

"I was all run down in health, my blood seemed to be thin and watery and at times I scarcely had strength enough to get around. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my condition is altogether changed and my health very much improved. Though I was formerly quite pale, I find the color is returning to my face, I am strong and healthy, and, in fact, feel better than I have for years."



Mrs. Alfred Woods, 211 Robinson Street, Hamilton, whose husband is in the employ of Messrs. Ennis & Co., states—

"I was very nervous, easily fatigued, and generally run down in health. Languid, depressing feelings would come over me, and at other times I suffered from severe neuralgic pains in the back of the head. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has changed all this. My nerves are strengthened and restored, the pains in my head are a thing of the past, and I feel strong and well."

Mrs. W. Duke, 99 Victoria St. North, Woodstock, Ont., and whose husband is employed with the Bala Wagon Co., states—

"One of my children was very much run down in health. She was pale and weak, had a poor appetite and did not seem at all well. I felt that she needed some kind of food, and hearing of the good results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to have her try it. The results of this treatment have been most satisfactory, and I consider the food an excellent nerve tonic and general health builder. As it is mild in action it is a splendid medicine for children."



Mrs. Walker, 295 York Street, London, Ont., whose husband is employed by the McClary Manufacturing Co., states—

"I had an illness which left me in a weak, run-down condition. My nerves seemed all unstrung and I was tired and languid most of the time. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I feel very much stronger, my nervous system has been greatly built up and I have been much benefited by this course of treatment."

WHY WOOLENS WEAR THIN

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Mr. I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me. I have! Yes, sir, you have! Surely you are mistaken, madam! I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good thing to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ripped, sir, and it's your fault!

the wool, and the question was as to separating the two, because they were thoroughly woven throughout, and it was only by detaching the fine fibres from each other that you identified the cotton fibre. I fell on the device of using soda. I took a bit of blanket and put it in a vessel with soda, and boiled it there, and very quickly the wool got eaten away by the soda, and there was left behind the cotton as a kind of skeleton—a sort of ghost—of the original blanket out of which it was taken. I mention this merely to indicate to you the pernicious effects of using caustic materials, which, when employed strong by themselves, affect woolen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the woolen fibres.

"HAPPY THOUGHT" RANGES

"Save their cost in fuel in a single season." Let us show you some of their many improvements.

McDonald & Willson 187 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

century certainly showed no sign of the mass of men and women having by their mode of living come half way to meet the noble physician who strives to curtail suffering. It would be much nearer the truth to say that medicine and surgery have advanced half way to meet the evil lives and tide them over the stools and rapids with drugs. Dr. Stafford here confesses for example that the practice of the ancients of killing their children after birth was less despicable than the modern plan of anticipating birth and silencing conscience and reason by studied hypocrisy. Until the physician is empowered to guide the moral life of the race, we greatly fear that Dr. Stafford's prophecy of the future of medicine must remain unfulfilled. The oath of Hippocrates will never place upon the profession the power of the priest. Nor will popular treatises in the department of medicine lead the masses to concede to the physician the cure of souls. Experience is all the other way. It is hard, of course, to speak dogmatically about the influence of popular treatises in the department of medicine. Our own opinion is that the science wins more popular esteem from the pure fame of a Pasteur than from a thousand printed books. The practical value of this class of publications is still in doubt.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is Higher—Toronto Live Stock Trade—The Latest Quotations. Tuesday Evening, May 6. Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The grain receipts were light on the street market this morning. Prices were firm. Wheat—Was firmer, 2 loads of white selling at 76c to 81 1/2c per bushel, 2 loads of red at 69c per bushel, and 1 load of red at 71c to 72c per bushel. Oats—Were lighter, 2 loads selling at 47c per bushel. Corn—Was steady, 25 loads selling at \$12 to \$13 per ton for timothy and \$8 to \$9 per ton for clover. Straw—Was steady, 1 load selling at \$9 per ton.

Toronto Live Stock.

There were very large receipts at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning, but the market remained steady and there was a good demand for almost all the classes of cattle. The receipts were 118 loads, which included 2,000 calves, 400 sheep and lambs, 100 hogs, and 130 calves. The demand for the export cattle was very strong, and they sold well at high prices. The demand for calves was also very strong, and they were sold at a particularly high price. The price of a particularly fine lot at an advance of 10c per cwt. over the price of Friday. Butchers' cattle sold at high prices, being above those of Friday and equal to the highest prices ever recorded this year. They were at least 20c per cwt. higher than on Friday. The reported shortage of cattle in the market has been without any foundation in fact, as the receipts are very heavy of late and show no signs of a prospective diminution. The drovers, in fact, deny the report altogether, and say that there are still large quantities of cattle in the country and that there is no fear whatever of a shortage. They account for the high prices by the extra demand from the country, and say that the farmers have not been held up by the market dealers and drovers by taking advantage of the present situation and insisting upon high prices. They have obtained the high prices, whatever the cause, in the fact that the country who are anxiously looking for the first sign of a decided falling in the demand in order to bring the price down. There was a poor demand for sheep on Friday, as there were a lot left over from last week's market. The export ewes were weak, but maintained the price of last Friday. Yearling lambs were 50c per cwt. lower, and the number of ewes and lambs left over to-day were 100. The demand for hogs is very strong, and to-day there was another advance of 25c per cwt. in the price.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, May 6.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; steady; good to prime steers, nominal, \$8.00 to \$12.00; poor to medium, \$5.00 to \$6.00; steers and heifers, \$2.00 to \$3.00; calves, \$1.40 to \$1.10; hogs, \$2.00 to \$3.00; pigs, \$1.00 to \$1.20; sheep, \$1.50 to \$2.00; lambs, \$2.00 to \$3.00; mutton, \$1.50 to \$2.00; wool, \$1.00 to \$1.20.

London, May 6.—Wheat, on passage, quiet and steady; malta, on passage, easier and neglected. (Wheat, English country markets quiet, but steady. French country markets quiet, but steady.) Paris, May 6.—Close—Wheat, tone quiet; May 12c 35c; September 35c; December 35c 1/2c. Antwerp, May 6.—No. 2 red winter, 17 1/2c.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

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A Nova Scotia Man Has Found a Sure Remedy.

Claims that Lumbago can be cured—No Hints of suffering for 25 years—Hope for apparently hopeless cases.

Economy Point, N. S., May 5.—(Special).—Mr. George S. McLaughlin of this place claims to have found a remedy which will cure any case of Lumbago.

At last, however, he came across a medicine which completely cured him, and which he claims any sufferer from Lumbago should be told of.

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more. Sometimes it was so severe I could not turn myself in bed.

"A slight cold or hard lifting would bring on a fearful attack and give me awful pain.

lesson of maidenly patience and unselfishness, which is not strained and is calculated to capture the undivided sympathy of the youthful heart.

Mary T. Waggaman writes of southern life with all the vim and freshness of fifteen. Her "Bob O'Link" is as romantic and independent as a border child out of the pages of Tennessee Cooper.

"Bunt and Bill," are English, and a loveable pair, while Mrs. Hinkson likewise tells a pleasant English tale of Elizabeth's time.

"Explanation and Application of Bible History," by John J. Nash, D. D. New York: Benziger Bros.

This is an elaborate catechism of the Bible, or, as it used to be called in our school-days, an historical catechism. Our readers will understand its scope from this description.

"Medicine and Surgery in the Century," by Ezra Hurlburt Stafford, M. B. The Linscott Publishing Co., London, Toronto, Philadelphia.

This is the latest volume to appear in The Nineteenth Century series of the above publishers. It is impossible to deal with its five hundred pages in a short review. The author is an optimist. In his view the science of medicine in the past century realized all, or almost all, the hopes and desires of poor suffering humanity.

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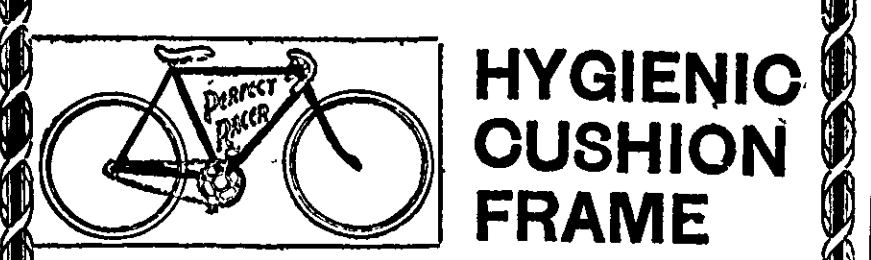
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