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TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1906

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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

**When Catholics Were Elected for the First Time Directors of the Toronto Mechanics Institute—A Recommendation that has Been Preserved and is Copied Here—The Men Who Were Members of the Institute Directorate in 1867—The "Soirees"**

I have been handed by Mr. Thomas C. Irving, General Manager for Western Canada of the Bradstreet Mercantile Agency, the following, which is a copy of a recommendation of the officers and directors of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute in favor of Mr. Irving, for a position with that company, then lately established here. Mr. Irving held the position of Assistant Librarian of the Mechanics' Institute, an old established institution, and which filled the position that the Public Library now fills:

"The Mechanics' Institute, Toronto, 11th Oct., 1867.

"We have much pleasure in stating that Thomas Irving, who has been employed in the capacity of Assistant Librarian at the Toronto Mechanics' Institute during a period of fifteen months, has been careful, obliging and attentive. We believe him to be strictly moral and conscientious, of good disposition, and believe he will discharge his duties faithfully in any position he may be entrusted with.

(Signed) Jno. J. Withrow, president; Wm. P. Marston, vice-president; Henry C. Clarke, vice-president; William Edwards, treasurer; John Moss, secretary; William Halley, director; W. H. Sheppard, Daniel Spry, Robert Wilkes, J. Carty, Thomas McCrosson, Christopher Bunting, Fred Cumberland, F. W. Coate, Henry Langley, Walter S. Lee, John Downey, directors."

I was surprised as well as pleased when Mr. Irving handed me this document, for I had forgotten all about the circumstance, which recalled a pleasant incident in connection with my former Toronto career. The Mechanics' Institute in those good old days was quite an institution in our midst. It was literary, scientific and social in its character. It lent out books the same as the public library does now; it maintained classes for teaching lessons in the arts and sciences, and night schools for the instruction of those who wanted to improve their education. It also possessed classes for debating purposes. And in addition to those advantages gave weekly entertainments in the winter evenings, the admission to which was ten cents.

The meetings and library of the Mechanics' Institute when I came to Toronto, were held in the old building in Court street, just north of King. That building was city property and was used for many purposes—fire-hall, Mechanics' Institute and police court. The Toronto Typographical Society met there too; and there was a saloon in the basement. When the Mechanics' Institute grew stronger it built a fine home of its own at the northeast corner of Church and Adelaide streets, with two halls for public uses, a larger and a smaller one, both greatly used, as they were well provided for the accommodation of the public. The larger hall on the third floor was known as the music hall, and in it took place all the leading functions belonging to the social life of the city. The lower or smaller hall was capable of seating about six hundred people and answered a very desirable purpose. The functions that formerly took place in St. Lawrence Hall took place in the Music Hall after it was erected in 185—

I was elected a member of the Board of Directors in 1866, and my friend, Thomas McCrosson, whose name is signed to this recommendation as well as mine, was elected a director at the same time, and we considered it an honor, and so it was. I remember the election well, and it was a problem whether two Catholics or one Catholic would be elected, because previous to that I know of no Catholic who was a member of that board. Our old friends, who were members of the Board, sat around watching the result, and there was a sigh of satisfaction when it was announced that we were both chosen.

When the new Board met I presented a pet project of mine that I had in view and which I had talked about before I was elected; and that was to appoint a standing committee to arrange for and present during the winter evenings a series of entertainments of a musical and literary character that would be accessible to all, at the low price of ten cents. This could be easily done, as the hall was our own. George Longman was then secretary and librarian and he warmly favored the project, which encouraged me in the undertaking. Christopher Bunting, who was an influential member, also warmly espoused it, and also Daniel Spry, both warm personal friends.

The idea met the favorable consideration of the Board of Directors and the committee was appointed, consisting of five members, with myself as chairman. I was very active in my work and "Soiree Evenings" at the Mechanics' Institute were always looked forward to with interest and pleasure. Usually I was the chairman at those entertainments, which gave me a rank among foremost citizens. The "Soirees" were first held in the lower or smaller hall, but after a while the audiences grew so large that the upper or larger hall had to be used. The talent employed was nearly all volunteer or amateur talent, but sometimes professional talent was employed and paid for. When Mr. Joshua Beard, a prominent citizen in those days, whose father had been Mayor and himself an alderman, brought his bride from Utica, N.Y., the soirees received quite an accession, as the little blonde lady, his wife, had a pretty voice and was an educated vocalist, who freely gave us her services without charge; but she endeared herself to the people of Toronto. Methinks I hear the notes of sweet Scotch songs still ringing in my ears, especially her "Down the Burne, Davy Love." And there was a Mr. Darby, a young Irishman, studying law here, from London, Ont., who received raptures of applause for his singing of an Irish song, "Sure I'm Not Myself at All, It's Only My Shadow on the Wall, Mclly Dear."

Well, well; the good old times, and the dear, good people of other days, how rapturously they used to applaud what pleased them.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

### Mission in Barrie

The mission given in Barrie by the Redemptorist Fathers, Zillis and Cullen, which concluded on Tuesday evening, January 30th, was a great success. It drew large crowds both of Catholics and non-Catholics, to all the services. The attention of the latter was drawn to the mission by the clattering of feet on the sidewalks every morning of those who came in large numbers to the five o'clock Mass and sermon. Nearly 700 approached the sacraments. The priests and people of Barrie are to be congratulated on the success of the mission. The missionaries, the priests of the parish and the members of the congregation, are highly pleased with the results. Com.

### Celebrated Golden Jubilee

At the Mother House of the Grey Nuns, Congregation de Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur, Ottawa, on the Feast of the Purification, two members, namely, Sister Angele Gauthier and Sister Mary Patrick (Margaret Phalen), celebrated the golden jubilee of their life in the order. At the High Mass commemorating the event His Grace Archbishop Duhamel officiated, and a private entertainment was given in the evening.

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## GOLDWIN SMITH AND IRISH HISTORY

An Article of Much Thought and Research by an Able and Scholarly Writer.

(By Rev. Morgan M. Sheehy, in The Catholic World.)

The New Year opens with brighter prospects for Ireland. The question of Home Rule again occupies a foremost place in English politics by the accession of the Liberals to power in the United Kingdom. The head of the Government, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, is a firm believer in the doctrine that the "Irish people should have the management of their own domestic affairs." A few days before he accepted office, and since he declared that: "The only way of healing the evils of Ireland—removing the difficulties of her administration, of giving contentment and prosperity to her people, and of making her a strength instead of a weakness to the empire—is that the Irish people should have the management of their own domestic affairs. Good government by foreigners can never be a substitute for the government by the people themselves."

No one questions the honesty and sincerity as Home Rulers of such members of the government as Mr. John Morley, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. John Burns, and the Earl of Aberdeen; they are all earnestly in favor of doing justice to Ireland. We may fairly expect then that the Irish question will be dealt with in the new Parliament. Neither the pressing subject of university education for Catholics be ignored; it is as well as amendments of the Wyndham Land Purchase Act, which shall free that measure from many very objectionable features, is certain to find a prominent place in the parliamentary programme of the new ministry. Whatever may or may not be done, one thing is certain, nothing short of entrusting Ireland with the management of her own affairs will satisfy the aspirations and demands of the Irish people.

At the great National Convention, held recently in Dublin, the following resolution was adopted by acclamation: "We solemnly assert that no new system of government in Ireland will be accepted as satisfactory except a legislative assembly freely elected and representative of the people, with power to make laws for Ireland, and an executive government responsible to that assembly, and this convention declares that the Irish National Party cannot enter into an alliance with or give permanent support to any English party or government which does not make the question of granting such an assembly and executive to Ireland the cardinal point of its programme." Mr. Redmond declares that the reliance of Ireland is not upon any British declarations, however plausible or encouraging they may be, but upon her own strength in Parliament and the absolute justice of her demands. The Irish question is, therefore, certain to be kept in the foreground of English politics until a satisfactory answer is given to it. Not since the days of Gladstone has it occupied so prominent a position as it does at the present moment.

And not alone the political position, but the economic question, the Gaelic or language movement, the industrial revival have awakened the deepest interests in the minds of the people. The bishops and priests have united with the leaders of the nation in a desperate attempt to stem the tide of Irish emigration. Dr. Douglas Hyde, a distinguished scholar and the present head of the Gaelic revival, is at present in this country in the interest of the language movement and the revival of Irish industries.

## PENNOLINE

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Wherever he has gone he has been most warmly received. He is telling the sad story of his country's wrongs to college and university students in their halls, and to the American people in interview and public address. He speaks of a land closely allied to the United States and blessed by Providence with great natural riches and incalculable wealth, whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less to the roar of traffic, whose mills are silent, whose factories are fallen, whose priceless harbors are deserted, whose fields are studded with ruined gables, memories of the past. The cause of this deplorable national decay he justly ascribes to the "government—the bad government—of foreigners."

And the only remedy that he or anybody else can see is to restore to Ireland her right of self-government, so that she may become, as he puts it, "Irish all out," speaking her own language, thinking her own thoughts, living according to her own ideals, writing her own books, singing her own songs, and supplying herself with her own manufactures. Such an Ireland he and every fair-minded man knows cannot exist under "a government of foreigners." For the present English government of Ireland, known as "Dublin Castle Government," so pronounced a Tory as Lord Dunraven declares to be "an anachronism and the most extravagant government in the world imposed upon the poorest people in Europe." "Before long," he adds, "if Ireland's downward career is not checked, she will become a burden, a pauper in receipt of outdoor relief, for the amount of taxation derived from her will not cover the expenses of administration."

Now that a Liberal Government is in power, surely an end will be put to such a shameful condition of things. No Liberal Ministry can afford to tolerate at this late day the scandals and disgrace, avowed by foe and friend alike, of such glaring English misrule in Ireland. Assuming, then, that the present Liberal government of the United Kingdom will at an early date introduce an Irish Home Rule measure, it may be well to recall the features of Gladstone's bill. In 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill. Its chief points may be summarized as follows:

An Irish Parliament to sit in Dublin, and Irish members to cease to sit at Westminster.

Judges to be appointed by the Irish Government, and to be removable by the Irish Parliament.

Ireland's contribution to the revenue to be reduced from one-twelfth to one-fifteenth.

The Irish Legislature to have the power of taxation, except as to customs and excise, but to be debarred from interference with the army, navy, and foreign affairs, and from the making of any religious endowment.

Measures to be taken for securing the unity of the empire and the protection of Protestants.

This bill failed of passage by reason of the gigantic propaganda which

was preached against it in England, Scotland and Wales pronounced in favor of it. So have Canada and, more recently, Australia.

The second Home Rule Bill—which Mr. Gladstone introduced in 1893, and which, after passing the House of Commons, was rejected by the House of Lords—was considerably less a "root and branch" affair than the former measure. Indeed, it was specifically stated in the preamble that the supreme authority of the British Parliament was not to be impaired. In the meantime Mr. Parnell had died and the grave scandal in which he was involved had the effect of splitting the Irish party. But to-day, and for some years past, the party has been thoroughly reunited and most ably led by Mr. John Redmond, who has shown himself to be possessed of the highest qualities of leadership. He has the fullest support and confidence of his countrymen. Such is Ireland's position at the beginning of the New Year and the opening of the first session of the new Parliament.

And now, because the question of Home Rule for Ireland is certain to occupy the foreground in the politics of the United Kingdom, we have turned with much interest to a timely volume just published by Professor Goldwin Smith. The title of the work is Irish History and the Irish Question. First a word about the author. Mr. Goldwin Smith is a self-elected Englishman, a distinguished man of letters, a graduate and professor of Oxford University. In British politics he is a Liberal-Unionist, in religion he is an avowed sceptic. He entertains, as is evident from his writings and his frequent letters to the daily press, an intense bitterness against every form of revealed religion, more especially against the dogmatic teaching and history of the Catholic Church. And as we shall see, this deep-seated anti-Catholic hostility mars what is in many other respects a fairly just and always, because of the splendid style of the writer, an intensely interesting summary of Irish history. He traces the general course of Ireland's history and considers it in its causative relations to the present situation as we have outlined it.

Among his special qualifications to undertake this work—though it may well be doubted if any Englishman, especially one of Mr. Goldwin Smith's strong prejudices and peculiar temperament, could give us an impartial survey of Irish history—he informs us in his preface that some forty years ago he spent a summer in Dublin as the guest of Edward Cardwell, then Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the real head of the Irish Government. Under Cardwell's roof he heard the Irish question fully discussed by able men, including Robert Lowe, and derived a still greater advantage from constant and lasting intercourse with such friends as Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, Sir Alexander Macdonald, the head of the Education Department, and other leading Irish Liberals of the moderate school, who were ardent patriots and thoroughgoing reformers. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that to the teaching of these men he has always looked back for his best guidance in dealing with the Irish question. At the same time he strove to form an independent judgment by acquainting himself thoroughly with the country and its people. The fruit of his studies was a little book entitled Irish History and Irish Character, in which he preached in favor of charity and reconciliation by pointing out that the sources of Ireland's sorrows were to be found in natural circumstances and historical accidents, as much as in the crimes and follies of English misrule in recent times. The essay has been superseded by historical and political works which in the course of nearly half a century, have been evolved by the Home Rule controversy. Not only has the subject, however, lost none of its interest for the author, but his confidence in the wisdom of his Irish friends and instructors has been strengthened rather than impaired by the course of events.

Now we are quite prepared to give the author credit for an amount of honest sympathy with the distress and sufferings of the Irish people. His sense of justice revolts against the

fearful wrongs inflicted upon the nation. In the very first line of his recital the note of sympathy is struck, and in the last line he has written he asks: "What far-off object of aggrandizement can be half so important as a contented and loyal Ireland?" From his study of Irish history he finds that, "of all histories, the history of Ireland is the saddest. For nearly seven centuries it was a course of strife between races, bloodshed, massacre, misgovernment, civil war, oppression and misery."

Turning to the country's geographical position and natural resources, he reminds us that the theatre of the tragedy is a large island lying beside one nearly three times larger, which cuts it off from the continent of Europe, while on the other side it fronts the wide ocean. "The climate is, for the most part, too wet for wheat. The pasture is very rich. Ireland seems by nature to be a grazing country and a country of large farms. Tillage and small farms have been enforced by the redundancy of the rural population consequent upon the destruction of urban industries. In coal and minerals Ireland is poor, while the sister island abounds in them, and, in its swarming factories and mines, furnishes a first rate market for the produce of Irish pasturage; so that the two islands are commercial complements of each other." Interests, he holds, of every kind seem to enjoin the union of the islands. But, in the age of conquest, the weaker island was pretty sure to be marked as a prey of the stronger, while the difficulties of access in the days of primitive navigation portended that the conquest would be difficult and that the agony would be long. Such was the mold of destiny."

To the difference between the islands in respect of physical environment was added a difference of race. While it may be conceded that too much has been made of racial infuence, it cannot be denied that the Celt and the Teuton are of widely different temperaments. It is not easy, therefore, for the two nations to sympathize with or to understand each other.

Nothing worthy of the name of parliamentary governments seems ever to have prevailed in Plantagenet and Tudor times. As a rule, the Parliament of Dublin was a tool in the hands of the deputies. From the first the relation between the feudal realm established by Henry II. in a part of Ireland, and the native tribal organization was border war. The new comers and the original inhabitants were alien to each other in race, language and social habits, as well as in political institutions. The Normans could not subdue the Celt, nor the Celt wholly oust the Normans. Left to its own feeble resources, however, the Anglo-Norman colony failed to become a dominion, and presently dwindled to a Pale, as the region immediately around Dublin was termed. Between the Pale and the Celt incessant war was waged, with the usual atrocity of struggles between the two races. Fusion there could be none. There was not the bond of human brotherhood, or that of a common tongue. On neither side was the murder of a member of the other race a crime. "Never," he sums up, "was there a more inauspicious baptism of a nation."

After recounting the tribulations of Ireland under the Stuarts, under the Protectorate, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688, Mr. Goldwin Smith expresses the belief that had the Catholic won he would certainly have deprived the Protestant of his land, perhaps of his life. He goes on to point out that the Protestant, having won, proceeded at once to avenge and secure himself by binding down his vanquished foe with chains of iron. Henceforth the law, without actually prohibiting the Catholic religion, provided, as the framers of the penal statutes hoped, for its extirpation. "All priests were required to perform service out of their own parishes. All Catholic archbishops and bishops were banished and were punishable with death if they returned, so that in future there could be no ordination. Monks and friars also were banished. Catholic chapels

(Continued on page 5.)

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Grateful for this consolation, feeble as it was in its reference to the past, and little hope as it afforded him in connection with the subject of distress which lay nearest to his heart, and really thankful for the interest the minister expressed, and seemed to feel, in his condition, Mr. Haredale withdrew. He found himself, with the night coming on, alone in the streets, and destitute of any place in which to lay his head.

He entered an hotel near Charing Cross, and ordered some refreshment and a bed. He saw that his faint and worn appearance attracted the attention of the landlord and his waiters, and thinking that they might suppose him to be penniless, took out his purse, and laid it on the table. It was not that, the landlord said, in a faltering voice. If he were one of those who had suffered by the rioters, he durst not give him entertainment. He had a family of children, and had been twice warned to be careful in receiving guests. He heartily prayed his forgiveness, but what could he do?

Nothing. No man felt that more sincerely than Mr. Haredale. He told the man as much, and left the house.

Feeling that he might have anticipated this occurrence, after what he had seen at Chigwell in the morning, where no man dared to touch a spade, though he offered a large reward to all who would come and dig among the ruins of his house, he walked along the Strand, too proud to expose himself to another refusal, and of too generous a spirit to involve in distress or ruin any honest tradesman who might be weak enough to give him shelter. He wandered into one of the streets by the side of the river, and was pacing in a thoughtful manner up and down, thinking of things that had happened long ago when he heard a servant-man at an upper window call to another on the opposite side of the street, that the mob were setting fire to Newgate.

To Newgate! where that man was! His failing strength returned, his energies came back with tenfold vigor, on the instant. If it were possible—if they should let the murderer free—was he, after all he had undergone, to die with the suspicion of having slain his own brother, dimly gathering about him.

He had no consciousness of going to the jail, but there he stood, before it. There was the crowd, wedged and pressed together in a dense, dark, moving mass; and there were the flames soaring up into the air. His head turned round and round, lights flashed before his eyes, and he struggled hard with two men.

"Nay, nay," said one. "Be more yourself, my good sir! We attract attention here. Come away. What can you do among so many men?"

"The gentleman's always for doing something," said the other, forcing him along as he spoke. "I like him for that. I do like him for that."

They had by this time got him into a court, hard by the prison. He looked from one to the other, and as he tried to release himself, felt that he tottered on his feet. The old gentleman whom he had seen at the Lord Mayor's. The other was John Grueby, who had stood by him so manfully at Westminster.

"What does this mean?" he asked faintly. "How came we together?"

"On the skirts of the crowd," returned the distiller, "but come with us. Pray come with us. You seem to know my friend here?"

"Surely," said Mr. Haredale, looking in a kind of stupor at John. "He'll tell you then," returned the old gentleman, "that I am a man to be trusted. He's my servant. He was lately (as you know, I have no doubt) in Lord George Gordon's service; but he left it, and brought, in pure goodwill to me and others, who are marked by the rioters, such intelligence as he had picked up, of their designs."

"On one condition, please, sir," said John, touching his hat. "No evidence against my lord—a misled man—a kind-hearted man, sir. My lord never intended this."

"The condition will be observed, of

course," rejoined the old distiller. "It's a point of honor. But come with us, sir; pray come with us."

John Grueby added no entreaties, but he adopted a different kind of persuasion, by putting his arm through one of Mr. Haredale's, while his master took the other, and leading him away with all speed.

Sensible, from a strange lightness in his head, and a difficulty in fixing his thoughts on anything, even to the extent of bearing his companions in his mind for a minute together without looking at them, that his brain was affected by the agitation and suffering through which he had passed, and to which he was still a prey, Mr. Haredale let them lead him where they would. As they went along, he was conscious of having no command over what he said or thought, and that he had a fear of going mad.

The distiller lived, as he had told him when they first met on Holborn Hill, where he had great storehouses, and drove a large trade. They approached his house by a back entrance, lest they should attract the notice of the crowd, and went into an upper room, which faced towards the street; the windows, however, in common with those of every other room in the house, were boarded up inside, in order that, out of doors, all might appear quite dark.

They laid him on a sofa in his chamber, perfectly insensible; but John immediately fetching a surgeon, who took from him a large quantity of blood, he gradually came to himself. As he was, for the time, too weak to walk, they had no difficulty in persuading him to remain there all night, and got him to bed without loss of a minute. That done, they gave him cordial and some toast, and presently a pretty strong composing draught, under the influence of which he soon fell into a lethargy, and, for a time, forgot his troubles.

The vintner, who was a very hearty old fellow and a worthy man, had no thoughts of going to bed himself, for he had received several threatening warnings from the rioters, and had indeed gone out that evening to try and gather from the conversation of the mob whether his house was to be the next attacked. He sat all night in an easy chair in the same room—dozing a little now and then—and received from time to time the reports of John Grueby, and two or three other trustworthy persons in his employ, who went out into the streets as scouts; and for whose entertainment an ample allowance of good cheer (which the old vintner, despite his anxiety, now and then attacked himself) was set forth in an adjoining chamber.

These accounts were of a sufficiently alarming nature from the first, but as the night wore on they grew so much worse and involved such a fearful amount of riot and destruction, that in comparison with these new tidings all the previous disturbances sunk to nothing.

The first intelligence that came was of the taking of Newgate, and the escape of all the prisoners, whose track, as they made up to Holborn and into the adjacent streets, was proclaimed to those citizens who were shut up in their houses, by the rattling of their chains, which formed a dismal concert, and was heard in every direction, as though so many forges were at work. The flames, too, shone so brightly through the vintner's skylights that the rooms and staircases below were nearly as light as in broad day: when the distant shouting of the mob seemed to shake the very walls and ceilings.

At length they were heard approaching the house, and some minutes of terrible anxiety ensued. They came close up, and stopped before it, but after giving three loud yells, went on. And although they returned several times that night, creating new alarms each time, they did nothing there, having their hands full. Shortly after they had gone away for the first time, one of the scouts came running in with the news that they had stopped before Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square.

Soon afterwards there came another and another, and then the first returned again, and so, by little and little, their tale was this: That the mob gathering round Lord Mansfield's house, had called on those within to

open the door, and receiving no reply (for Lord and Lady Mansfield were at that moment escaping by the backway), forced an entrance according to their usual custom. That they then began to demolish the house with great fury, and setting fire to it in several parts, involved in a common ruin the whole of the costly furniture, the plate and jewels, a beautiful gallery of pictures, the rarest collection of manuscripts ever possessed by any one private person in the world, and worse than all, because nothing could replace this loss, the great Law Library, on almost every page of which were notes in the Judge's own hand, of inestimable value,—being the results of the study and experience of his whole life.

That while they were howling and exulting round the fire, a troop of soldiers, with a magistrate among them, came up, and being too late (for the mischief was by that time done), began to disperse the crowd. That the riot act being read, and the crowd still resisting, the soldiers received orders to fire, and leveling their muskets, shot dead at the first discharge six men and a woman, and wounded many persons, and loading again directly, fired another volley, but over the people's heads it was supposed, as none were seen to fall. That thereupon, daunted by the shrieks and tumult, the crowd began to disperse, and the soldiers went away, leaving the killed and wounded on the ground, which they had no sooner done than the rioters came back again, and taking up the dead bodies, and the wounded people, formed into a rude procession, having the bodies in the front. That in this order they paraded off with a horrible merriment, fixing weapons in the dead men's hands to make them look as if alive, and preceded by a fellow ringing Lord Mansfield's dinner-bell with all his might.

The scouts reported further that this party meeting with some others who had been at similar work elsewhere, they all united into one, and drafting off a few men with the killed and wounded, marched away to Lord Mansfield's country-seat, at Caen Wood, between Hampstead and Highgate, bent upon destroying that house likewise, and lighting up a great fire there, which from that height should be seen all over London. But in this they were disappointed, for a party of horse having arrived before them, they retreated faster than they went, and came straight back to town.

There being now a great many parties in the streets, each went to work according to its humor, and a dozen houses were quickly blazing, including those of Sir John Fielding and two other justices, and four in Holborn—one of the greatest thoroughfares in London—which were all burning at the same time, and burned until they went out of themselves, for the people cut the engine hose, and would not suffer the firemen to play upon the flames. At one house near Moorfields they found in one of the rooms some canary birds in cages, and these they cast into the fire alive. The poor little creatures screamed, it was said, like infants, when they were flung upon the blaze, and one man was so touched that he tried in vain to save them, which roused the indignation of the crowd and nearly cost him his life.

At this same house, one of the fellows who went through the rooms, breaking the furniture and helping to destroy the building, found a child's doll—a poor toy—which he exhibited at the window to the mob below, as the image of some unholy saint which the late occupants had worshipped. While he was doing this, another man with an equally tender conscience (they had both been foremost in throwing down the canary birds for roasting alive), took his seat on the paparet of the house, and harangued the crowd from a pamphlet circulated by the Association, relative to the true principles of Christianity! Meanwhile the Lord Mayor, with his hands in his pockets, looked on as an idle man might look at any other show, and seemed mightily satisfied to have got a good place.

Such were the accounts brought to the old vintner by his servants as he sat at the side of Mr. Haredale's bed, having been unable even to doze, after the first part of the night; too much disturbed by his own fears, by the cries of the mob, the light of fires, and the firing of the soldiers. Such, with the addition of the release of all the prisoners in the New Jail at Clerkenwell, and as many robberies of passengers in the streets as the crowds had leisure to indulge in, were the scenes of which Mr. Haredale was happily unconscious, and which were all enacted before midnight.

CHAPTER IX.

When darkness broke away and morning began to dawn the town wore a strange aspect indeed. Sleep had scarcely been thought of all night. The general alarm was so apparent in the faces of the inhabitants, and its expression was so aggravated by want of rest (few persons with any property to lose having dared to go to bed since Monday), that a stranger coming into the streets would have supposed some mortal pest or plague to have been raging. In place of the usual cheerfulness and animation of morning, everything was dead and silent. The shops remained unclosed, offices and warehouses were shut, the coach and chair stands were deserted, no carts or wagons rumbled through the slowly waking streets, the early cries were all hushed, and a universal gloom prevailed. Great numbers of people were out, even at daybreak, but they fitted to and fro as though they shrank from the sound of their own footsteps; the public ways were haunted rather than frequented, and round the smoking ruins people stood apart from one another and in silence, not venturing to condemn the rioters, or to be supposed to do so, even in whispers.

At the Lord President's in Picca-

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, in the earliest stage, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or even Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchinson, 186 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family was in a case of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be lugged into taking something just as good as ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

dilly, at Lambeth Palace, at the Lord Chancellor's in Great Ormond Street, in the Royal Exchange, the Bank, the Guildhall, the Inns of Court, the Courts of Law, and every chamber fronting the streets near Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, parties of soldiers were posted before daylight. A body of Horse-Guards paraded Palace-yard; an encampment was formed in the Park, where fifteen hundred men and five battalions of Militia were under arms; the Tower was fortified, the drawbridges were raised, the cannon loaded and pointed, and two regiments of artillery busied in strengthening the fortress and preparing it for defence. A numerous detachment of soldiers were stationed to keep guard at the New-River Head, which the people had threatened to attack, and where, it was said, they meant to cut off the main-pipes, so that there might be no water for the extinction of the flames. In the Poultry, and on Cornhill, and at several other leading points, iron chains were drawn across the street; parties of soldiers were distributed in some of the old city churches while it was yet dark, and in several private houses (among them, Lord Rockingham's in Grosvenor Square); which were blockaded as though to sustain a siege, and had guns pointed from the windows. When the sun rose, it shone into handsome apartments filled with armed men, the furniture hastily heaped away in corners, and made of little or no account, in the terror of the time—on arms glittering in city chambers, among desks and stools, and dusty books—in little smoky churchyards in odd lanes and byways, with soldiers lying down among the tombs, or lounging under the shade of the one old tree, and their pile of muskets sparkling in the light—on solitary sentries pacing up and down in courtyards, silent now, but yesterday resounding with the din and hum of business—everywhere on guard-rooms, garrisons and threatening preparations.

As the day crept on, still more unusual sights were witnessed in the streets. The gates of the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons being opened at the usual hour, were found to have notices affixed to them, announcing that the rioters would come that night to burn them down. The Wardens, too, well knowing the likelihood there was of this promise being fulfilled, were fain to set their prisoners at liberty and give them leave to move their goods, so all day such of them as had any furniture were occupied in conveying it, some to this place, some to that, and not a few to the brokers' shops, where they gladly sold it for any wretched price those gentry chose to give. There were some broken men among these debtors who had been in jail so long and were so miserable and destitute of friends, so dead to the world, and utterly forgotten and uncared for, that they implored their jailers not to set them free, and to send them, if need were, to some other place of custody. But they, refusing to comply, lest they should incur the anger of the mob turned them into the streets, where they wandered up and down hardly remembering the ways untrod by their feet, so long, and crying—such abject things those rotten-hearted jails had made them—as they slunk off in their rags, and dragged their slipshod feet along the pavement.

Even of the three hundred prisoners who had escaped from Newgate, there were some—a few, but there were some—who sought their jailers out and delivered themselves up, preferring imprisonment and punishment to the horrors of such another night as the last. Many of the convicts, drawn back to their old place of captivity by some indescribable attraction, or by a desire to exult over it in its downfall and glut their revenge by seeing it in ashes, actually went back in broad noon, and loitered about the cells. Fifty were retaken at one time on this next day, within the prison walls, but their late did not deter others, for there they went in spite of everything, and there they were taken in twos and threes, twice or thrice a day, all through the week. Of the fifty just mentioned, some were occupied in endeavoring to rekindle the fire, but in general they seemed to have no object in view but to prowl and lounge about the old place, being often found asleep in the ruins, or sitting talking there, or even eating and drinking, as in a choice retreat.

Besides the notices on the gates of the Fleet and the King's Bench, many similar announcements were left, before one o'clock at noon, at the houses of private individuals, and further, the mob proclaimed their intention of seizing on the Bank, the Mint, the Arsenal at Woolwich, and the Royal Palaces. The notices were

High Constable of Quebec

After Suffering For 10 Years With Pain In The Back He Was Completely Cured By "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" cures diseased and irritated kidneys when all other treatment fails.

The proof that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest kidney cure known to science is demonstrated by these tablets removing all pain in the back—making the kidneys healthy—and curing chronic constipation.

ST. HYACINTHE, P. Q., June 10th, 1905.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great good which "Fruit-a-tives" have done me. I was a constant sufferer from severe constipation and severe pain in the back for the last ten years. I tried many kinds of pills and tablets and physician's medicines but the relief was only temporary. Not long ago



I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and now I am entirely well, no pain, no constipation and my stomach and bowels act naturally. I cannot say enough in praise of "Fruit-a-tives"—they are a grand medicine, mild as fruit in their action and easy to take.

(Signed) H. MARCHESSAULT, High Constable.

Do you know that every drop of blood in your body goes to the kidneys to get rid of some of the impurities? When the bowels don't move regularly, the blood takes up poisons in the bowels and carries them to the kidneys. Then the kidneys get overworked—inflamed. Then comes the pain in the back—headaches—constant desire to urinate—nervousness—sleeplessness. "Fruit-a-tives acts directly on the Kidneys—cleans, heals and strengthens them—makes the liver give up more bile to move the bowels regularly—and stimulates the glands of the skin to increased action. These rid the system of all poisons and every trace of Kidney Disease disappears.



Fruit-a-tives have cured hundreds of cases of Kidney Disease by stimulating and healing the Kidneys. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

seldom delivered by more than one man, who, if it were at a shop, went in, and laid it, with a bloody threat perhaps, upon the counter, or if it were at a private house, knocked at the door, and thrust it in the servant's hand. Notwithstanding the presence of the military in every quarter of the town, and the great force in the Park, these messengers did their errands with impunity all through the day. So did two boys who went down Holborn alone, armed with bars taken from the railings of Lord Mansfield's house, and demanded money for the rioters. So did a tall man on horseback, who made a collection for the same purpose in Fleet Street, and refused to take anything but gold.

A rumor had now got into circulation, too, which diffused a greater dread all through London, even than these publicly announced intentions of the rioters, though all men knew that if they were successfully effected there must ensue a national bankruptcy and general ruin. It was said that they meant to throw the gates of Bedlam open, and let all the madmen loose. This suggested such dreadful images to the people's minds, and was indeed an act so fraught with new and unimaginable horrors in the contemplation, that it beset them more than any loss or cruelty of which they could foresee the worst, and drove many sane men nearly mad themselves.

So the day passed on, the prisoners moving their goods, people running to and fro in the streets, carrying away

their property, groups standing in silence round the ruins; all business was suspended, and the soldiers disposed as has been already mentioned, remaining quite inactive. So the day passed on, and dreaded night drew near again.

(To be Continued.)

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

Bells 100 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. McShane's

Any one desired—Climes, Tons, Single. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and religious observances for February 1906. Includes entries for Epiphany, Septuagesima, and Quinquagesima.



Plain Tips 15c. per Box

PALMS FOR PALM SUNDAY. GENUINE IMPORTED GREEN STOCK. W. E. BLAKE, Imp. & Manf. Vestments, etc. 123 Church Street, Toronto. LONG DISTANCE PHONE M. 2463

.....The HOME CIRCLE

WHEN THE LOVED ONE IS AWAY
How dull and desolate the house,
How empty seems the day,
How sad and lonely is the heart

Oh, gifts may come in generous dote,
And music, mirth and flowers
May do their best to charm away
The slow and tedious hours;

A BISHOP AND HIS MOTHER.
The "Messenger" reviewing the Life of Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, N. H., says:

There is one figure in this life which has an unusual beauty and attractiveness and even grandeur. It is that of the bishop's mother. Imagine a young Irish wife of twenty-six standing at the bedside of her husband, who has been taken suddenly ill.

She came to Manchester, struggled for a time at keeping a humble boarding house, but failed, for times were hard; the Civil War was then going on. She became a factory hand in the mills of Manchester, where her son was afterwards to be a bishop, and saving some little money, again took up her first attempt to have a home and keep her family around her.

"I would like to be a brother," he said to her one day. "Why not a priest?" she asked. "That is impossible, I need an education for that."

FRIDAY DISHES.
Cheese Balls.—The whites of two eggs well beaten, one cupful of dry cheese, grated, a pinch of salt and three drops of Worcestershire sauce;

The Struggle for Breath

IN ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS IS PROMPTLY DELIVERED BY

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in relieving the terrible paroxysms of asthma and the hard, dry cough of bronchitis, and in positively curing these ailments, is the best proof that it is far more than a mere "cough mixture."

This well-known medicine is composed of a number of simple yet powerful ingredients which are of proven value in the cure of diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs.

The ingredients are always fresh and of the best quality obtainable, for the reputation which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has built up in years of success must be maintained by every bottle that is sold.

Persons who have suffered from asthma for years tell us that they never found anything to bring such prompt and lasting relief. Sufferers from bronchitis have a similar experience, and, while this medicine is not recommended as a cure for consumption, it does bring wonderful relief from the dreadful cough that so tortures the weakened patient.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers.

by her. "Yes, he is a good man," she used to say, "but he is no better than his father."

WHAT RUM CAN DO.
I had a friend. He belonged to the school of idealists. Everything beautiful appealed to him, and nothing seemed to him more beautiful than the human spirit when it blooms out in all its natural grace.

As a poet he loved beauty and drank it in from every source. From the ancient Greeks to Leopardi, whose poems he had translated, he was familiar with all that is finest—the brightest stars in the realm of thought.

When alone with him, if he could be moved to reveal his true self, one knew not what to think of the sensitive soul of this inspired genius. He had listened to every great poet, felt his pulse, opened the veins of his soul. He had command of seventeen languages, ancient and modern, besides many dialects.

Wherever he went, this world over, whether to England, California, Japan, India, St. Petersburg, Egypt, Paris or Rome, he gave lectures on Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, Leopardi, and when he spoke he impressed his hearers as inheriting the spirit of the masters, so that they listened as do the faithful at St. Peter's. A genius he was, graciously God endowed.

But yet he sank. His fine spirit was overthrown.

Alcohol, his destroyer, took him by degrees into her arms. At first she appeared disguised at student's revels. Then beer was not strong enough. The golden wine flowed, and this was later mixed with spirits. At last cognac claimed the victim.

Disgusting was his face and his whole person, and especially disgusting the driving mind in the fast disintegrating body. At last only when intoxicated could he understand and enjoy the great conceptions of Shakespeare.

The formerly noble spirit of my friend was completely enslaved. He became a liar and a thief. All the riches of the poets were as nothing to him.

Alcohol had made his face a caricature of what nature intended it to be. Alcohol had burned out his poet's mind. Like dead coals was his soul, like ashes his body. He lay in the gutter like a common vagrant when I found him and took him to a hospital in a strange land. No tears ran down my cheeks when I finally laid him to rest in a quiet corner of a foreign churchyard.

I could not weep. Anger filled my heart. I felt that I must hurt to destruction in one stroke all the whiskey shops, all the saloons—nay, more, that I must blow into space those who are responsible for the licensing of such poison. Alcohol is the worst poison in the whole pharmacopeia. Everything is helpless in the presence of this poison. No means is effective to preserve the alcohol drugged victim. The best friend, the most convincing sermon, the most loving motherly counsel is nothing against this demon of destruction, as it is raging to-day.—Translated from Der Alkoholgegner.

Cheese Patties.—Mix to a smooth paste one tablespoonful each of butter and milk, one egg slightly broken, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and half a pound of grated cheese. Cut patty forms from stale bread with two sizes of cookie cutters, brush with melted butter and brown on the top grate in the oven. Fill with the cheese mixture, return to the oven long enough to melt the cheese and serve at once.

Cheese Relish.—To make an anchovy and cheese relish, mix together equal parts of anchovy paste and butter. Cut finger rolls in halves lengthwise and spread them thickly with the paste. Take a few spoonfuls of cream, season it with salt and paprika and stir in grated cheese lightly, making the cream rather thick with it. Carefully drop the prepared cream upon the spread slices, and dust the top with cheese.

KISSES TEN.
One for the lips that they may say
The kindest things in the pleasantest way;
Two for the cheeks that they may smile
And never need blush at sense of guilt;

A great deal depends upon the dressing, when it comes to women and salads.
DEATH OF DR. ANTONIO OLIBERTI.
Dr. Antonio Oliberti, who joined the Italian colony of Montreal five months ago, died at the Hotel Dieu a few days ago. He was only 27 years of age. The funeral took place on Sunday.

The Reigning King and Queen of Norway

So much has appeared of late in the press descriptive of Queen Maud's life in her English home and as an English princess, and so little mention has been made of her life in Denmark that it may be of interest at this time to give a brief account of her as she is known in her two adopted countries.

Norway's Queen, as the Norwegians prefer to style their sovereign's consort, rather than Queen of Norway, at the outset made a great stride in popularity by expressing a wish to spend her thirty-sixth birthday among her future subjects. And ever since she and her husband first set foot on Norwegian soil as rulers of the country, she has continued by her tact, warmth, and desire to please, to confirm the Norwegians' satisfaction in their choice of a king.

Queen Maud, like the King, is essentially a home-lover, though this by no means implies that she is reserved in manner. They also resemble one another in that they have always chosen their friends for their personal qualities, and not for considerations of rank or wealth. This freedom from prejudice, so conspicuous in both, will doubtless win them many hearts in Norway, where the population is democratic in the best sense of the word.

The Queen of Norway, as Princess Charles, took, on account of her health, a very retiring position at the Court of Denmark. For several years she suffered from what her physicians called rheumatic neuralgia, a malady which at times caused her very great pain. How conscientious and brave she was is shown by the fact that often she would get up from her sick-bed, dress, and drive to court rather than cause her relatives anxiety by her absence. The climate of Denmark did not suit her, and her doctors ordered her to be out of it as much as possible. The Queen has for some time quite regained her health, but the dry still air of Eastern Norway can hardly be otherwise than beneficial to her.

Besides being musical, the new Queen has artistic and decided literary tastes. These, by the way, are also shared by the King, who himself plays well on the piano, paints with considerable skill, and is, moreover, a first-rate billiard player. Queen Maud has a great admiration for the works of the veteran Ibsen, and it is even rumored that she has herself written a play, and that the National Theatre at Christiania will ask permission to put it on the stage. The King and Queen of Norway, as Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, had many friends among the artistic elite of that country, and it is well known that Prince Charles helped out of his own purse several Danish composers and artists to a residence abroad to enable them to pursue their art and complete their education.

Queen Maud's great delight are long excursions in the open air, either on horseback, driving, or on her bicycle. King Haakon has inherited his grandfather's, King Christian's, seat and elegance as a rider, and the Queen is also an accomplished horsewoman. As Princess Charles she was frequently to be seen driving her pony cart in the environs of Copenhagen; though when her husband was at home from one of his cruises it was he who usually handled the reins. The establishment of the Prince and Princess, as they then were, in the so-called palace of the King of Greece, was very much that of an ordinary private gentleman, and was entirely without any of the pomp and majesty of kings.

In one of the drawing-rooms of Fredensborg Castle, a favorite meeting place with the family of King Christian IX., and from which there is a charming view over the gardens, with their shady avenues and the lovely Erson Lake in the background, is a window on which are inscribed sentiments and sayings by the various Royal and Imperial members of the Danish reigning house. Queen Maud has written with a diamond in Danish the words: "The world's children meet and part, God's children never part."

The delight with which the new King and Queen have been received in Norway is enhanced not a little by the enthusiasm awakened by their only child, the Crown Prince Olaf. Despite his tender years he has acquired a great measure of popularity among the use of Prince Charles' brother officers in the Danish Navy, who were privileged to visit him and his consort in their home, and they describe him as a unusually intelligent and amusing little fellow. The school children of Christiania have presented him with a magnificent polar bear skin and a suit of furniture in Norwegian style, painted pink, for his nursery.

A well-known Norwegian gentleman relates, how in the winter of 1900 at a hotel in the Riviera, he made friends with a young Danish naval officer who had just returned from a voyage to East Africa for the purpose of study. His chance acquaintance one day asked him to join him at luncheon with another officer and his wife. The conversation was unusually animated, and on leaving the table his friend informed him to his amazement that the strange gentleman and lady were Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, adding with a laugh, "You did not think our Royal personages could so easily lay aside their Royal Highness and mix with our ordinary mortals."

Queen Maud had already, before her arrival in her new country, on the If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years. Why, then, consent to rest under the cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoo, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It isn't."

now memorable November 25, made acquaintance with the palace at Christiania, which for so many years has looked like an empty hotel, and which now, Norwegians congratulate themselves, will be really a home.

This was in 1893, when Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, visited Norway with her two unmarried daughters. After cruising in the fjords and a short stay at Bergen (in which connection a Bergen paper mentions that no Bernadotte queen or princess has ever visited that town) the Osborne brought them to the capital, where they spent a couple of days. On the latter of these unannounced and unattended, except by the English consul-general and one or two gentlemen in waiting, they drove to the palace and requested to be shown over it. The visit being so unexpected, there was no one to do the honors except the old steward, since dead, Herr Mathiesen by name. Never, he said afterwards, had he had to do with more amiable and natural Royal ladies, and during his long service he had had occasion to see and speak with not a few Queen Alexandra leant on his arm when she crossed the highly polished floors and took a genial interest in everything she saw. When they reached the great white ballroom the two young princesses threw their arms round each other's waists, and laughing and joking, waltzed down the parquet floor. Little did Princess Maud then think that the next time she would dance in the ball-room of the palace at Christiania it would be as Norway's queen.

The Donkey
It was a very little donkey to have such a will of its own. You wouldn't have thought, unless you know donkeys, that the small brown animal with the bright eyes and long ears could be so stubborn. He stood there in the road and refused to go a step farther; neither would he turn his head toward home.

"Oh, dear! What a bad donkey!" exclaimed little Bertie, in despair. "How shall we ever be able to make him move?" Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence of 8 years, ran to the side of the road and brought a short stick, with which he industriously prodded the obstinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey bore it better than he did and he soon stopped, breathless. After a moment's thought, Bertie, as a last resort, drew an apple from a basket in the little cart and held it up in front of Dick's nose. For a single instant he sniffed at the rosy fruit, and then moved forward obediently and took it in his mouth. "All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he and his sister clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether he had forgotten his late ill-temper or because the kindness of his good little mistress had conquered him, Dick set off at a lively pace, still munching the apple, and they had no more trouble with him during the remainder of the drive.

Unrivaled By Rivals
COSGRAVE'S A Peerless Beverage
None Superior ALE
From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength
COSGRAVE'S HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS
Cosgrave Brewery Co.
Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says
212 King street east.
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1906,
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.:

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill.
Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY.
Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir,
Yours truly,
PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.

JAMES SHAW.
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE.
With the Boston Laundry.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows:

Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.
MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use.
Yours respectfully,
M. McDONALD.
Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904,
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the oot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a cure for blood-poisoning.
MISS M. L. KEMP.
Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:
DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.
J. SHERIDAN,
34 Queen street East.

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PATRICK F. CRONIN  
Editor.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1906.

### TAXATION AND EXEMPTIONS.

This vexed question seems to be again to the front, boding no good to the peace of the community or the welfare of Catholic institutions. For any one to sit down quietly while our orphans, hospitals and educational institutions are taxed is unmanly, un-Catholic and unpatriotic. According to estimates the exemptions in Toronto amount to thirty millions and more. This leads people to calculate how much income taxes upon this property would bring the city, and then the rate might be lessened. There is no likelihood that the rate would decrease. It is a characteristic of modern governments to increase taxes, not diminish them. But it is a very unjust fallacy to place all exemptions in the same category, add the values and say so much property is exempt which should pay taxes. This amount may represent many different classes of property—some of which in all equity and principle should be exempt, other of which is striving to evade the burden. It is urged that education, care of orphans, aged, and sick are business projects, and that therefore those engaged in such works should pay taxes. A great business indeed, as understood and practised in the Catholic Church! They are business projects in which all the expenditure of money, work and energy is on the side of those engaged, and the profit all on the side of the community of poor and sick. In one sense, and in one sense only, it is business—the great business of the Church—the saving of souls, carried on by devoted men and women, who without murmuring give their years, their strength, their heart and mind to this work. They naturally get food and clothing and a roof to cover their head; nor do they ask anything more. Yet this is the class of people our new mayor proposes to tax. What zeal and ability he displays! These religious have been laboring in Toronto for fifty years and more. By their life of sacrifice, by the charity of our people, they have extended their usefulness. But they are no richer now, nor any better able to pay taxes than when their predecessors landed amongst us without purse or scrip. There is one principle governing taxation, that the weight of a burthen should be distributed so that none shall feel it heavier than others. By the taxation of our religious institutions this principle will be doubly violated. It does not matter what kind of a house a poor man lives in—large or small; taxes come heavy upon him. So it is with these religious. They are poor; their communities are poor. Their houses may in some cases not be small, though few are spacious enough for the number of dwellers. Taxes upon them would impoverish and throw them irremediably into debt. Such action would most seriously cripple their power for good. All the classes of indigent and sick whom these religious serve would suffer. We maintain therefore that the taxation of religious houses of charity violates the principle above. Furthermore, the care of the poor and the weak is such a charge that by all Christian reasoning they should not be taxed. It is revolting to the instincts of religion. Society ought to deem it much more blessed to give than to receive. The number, the variety of different establishments for the care of the poor, ought to be the pride and honor of the city, instead of devising plans of taxing them.

What about our voluntary educational institutions? Some one may argue: You surely would maintain that colleges, academies and similar houses should be taxed? Most emphatically not. If the number of these institutions were greater, their property more valuable, and their endowment even a probability, we might reason at greater length, and claim that the taxation of educational houses is illusory, unfair and contrary to true enlightenment. However, there being in Toronto only one Catholic college, and a very limited

number of academies for young ladies, it does seem like killing a few flies with a sledge hammer to tax these earnest laborers in the vineyard of learning. On the one hand our enemies taunt us with our poverty, whilst on the other they tie our hands by taxing us. Education ought to be free. In the cases in point it has been free in the city of Toronto for fifty years. The stipend charged has barely covered current expenses. If in their yearly accounts they had charged even a minimum salary against the work there would have been an annual deficit. They did without salary, and devoted what little balance they might have had to improvement. Unlike their sister institutions, they had no government to approach, whose resources would be ever ready. As time went on and sacrifice brought its reward in improved conditions, then did these institutions grow. Along comes the municipal gardener with his shears to top off the branches. The tree is growing too fast; it is overshadowing the street. Who will pay, say, the taxes of St. Michael's College? Not the gentlemen in charge, for they have nothing. It must be the students. These by a great majority are strangers, who come to Toronto for education, and who besides their college fees pay quite a sum annually to tradespeople for different articles. To discourage these young men and women from coming, taxes are proposed which they will have to pay in the name of their Alma Mater. Is that the principle which has governed Toronto so far? The city did away with market fees to let produce come in freely. The city encourages manufactures in a similar way. In a strange spirit of contradiction it threatens to tax the manufacturers of the best goods in society—the educationists. With one hand the city generously and rightly gives a handsome sum to the new hospital for the purpose of encouraging medical education; with the other hand it threatens Catholic education.

The principle guiding the great works of corporal and spiritual mercy in the Church is poverty, which is directly contrary to the modern worldly spirit. This is a spirit of wealth. Everything is measured by money; prosperity, usefulness, success, value. The special function of government is to have money which may be expended. A large amount is necessary in new countries, needing all kinds of provisions for future necessities and embellishments. But this money ought to be raised upon a just principle—not upon the principle of the equalization of property. That is fallacious and socialistic—unfair in assumption, iniquitous in application and disastrous in results.

### ASSUME A VIRTUE IF YOU HAVE IT NOT.

The so-called Canadian Press Association has been talking to itself about Truth. Truth, too, concerning newspaper circulation! Verily he was a malicious joker who said the sense of humor was foreign to Canadian journalism. But the funniest feature of the debate before this alleged association of newspapermen was the agreement arrived at that only the religious papers are suspected of overstating their circulation.

We had always believed the Canadian Press Association to be so palpable an all-round fraud that its functions were exclusively confined to sponging upon railways and other common carriers and such free lunch institutions as the Agricultural College at Guelph. But the Association seems to have lived long enough to consider itself able to attack something to show its own independence. Is this why it hurls the challenge of its defiance at the religious press? No doubt.

What in the name of Truth is the Canadian Press Association anyway? Is it not an aggregation of Ontario publishers of trade papers, boiler plate weeklies and advertising agents with a few legitimate editors and reporters thrown in whose presence enables the mixed crowd to pass an off-hand scrutiny? The vast majority of the members would be kicked off the door-mat of the Institute of Journalists, the Gridiron Club or any other organization of genuine working newspapermen. If the Association were what its name pretends, no one would be eligible for membership save writers who live by the pen or pencil of the newspaperman. Such is the Institute of Journalists that rightly regards the political director, the ditto business manager and the hungry advertising agent as a class of "undesirables" whose natural aim and tried purpose is to degrade the profession of the writer by striving to make the editorial room the servile annex of the cashier's counter. We are very sorry that the Toronto reporters who have formed a club of their own should have so far lost sight of the higher professional side of their calling as to recognize, much

less entertain, such a mercenary, mendicant and mendacious gang as that brought together in the Press Association. Talk about subscription premiums and the Mysterious Mr. Cobb, the cost of boiler plate, the commissions of agents and the price of advertising! Going through the donkey-farce of making such concerns public questions of first importance to the profession of journalism and the interests of the people! Thus the Press Association finds itself in the mood to attack the religious papers. By all means let us bring on this merry war upon an organization that is a fake on the traditions of the Press. Well may the religious press ask how the daily newspapers of the hour can oppose the grafting of corporations and combines when they themselves are the most contemptible grafters in the land. They hold up the Government for the cost of their cable news, and they smell the carrion of public ownership afar, for already we see they are prepared to make a strike for free telegraph tolls when the Government takes over the telegraph wires.

It is the virus of things like Canadian Press Association that subjects the newspapers of this province to the exploitation of all the land boomers, mining stock fakirs, odious medicine vendors and prospectus artists who come down the pike in an unending procession, without any other discrimination than the ability of the rogues to meet the rates charged for display type, local puffs and editorial space. And this is the quarter from which the religious press is asked to listen to a lecture on Truth. Whew!

### TEACHERS' QUALIFICATIONS.

The Court of Appeal last week gave decision in the action in regard to the qualification of teachers in the Separate Schools of this Province and sustained Judge MacMahon, who had given a decree against the religious uncertificated teachers. We cannot say that this decision has added aught to our awe of the Court of Appeal. However, that is neither here nor there. The stern fact is there; the two courts have decided that a privilege of religious profession referred only to the members of these communities who were actually engaged in teaching or actually in the community at the time of the passing of the Act. Although the decision, strictly speaking, regards only one particular case it is easy to see that this case is but a type of what exists throughout the Province. It belongs to the hierarchy to decide whether the action should be fought out still further or the present state accepted under protest. We say under protest because both the Government and the leaders of the Catholic people have through more than one generation been working together in perfect good faith upon the supposition that the law was fulfilled by teachers being members of religious communities or having certificates.

In our opinion the whole question of teachers' qualifications ought to be thoroughly revised by the Education Department. At present it is altogether upon intellectual lines and examination standards. No sufficient reference is had to the subjects taught children. Still less with the great subject of religion which after all constitutes the formal character of all Separate Schools. The Province to-day has not a supply of teachers. The Education Department is forced to give a large number of temporary certificates and that not to the outlying districts, but to central portions of the Province where the supply ought to be equal to the demand. It is alleged that poverty of salary is one great cause of the want of teachers and also the real reason why few take up teaching as a profession. There may be some truth in this, but it is not the only reason. As intellectual and examination tests are the only things by which people obtain schools, so they are the only tests by which the success of the teacher is proven. The great work of elevating, educating and forming the growing generation is in the hands of those who are here to-day and away to-morrow. Yet these are the conditions affecting teachers, whose framed diploma too many of our Catholics are ready to admire and to taunt our religious with not possessing. Compare, however, a good conscientious religious who is devoting his or her life to the work of teaching; who looks forward to nothing else, who asks no reward, not even in the gratitude of the young minds they instruct; who have the highest motives possible to guide them and animate their zeal—compare such a teacher with a certificated one and then bear answer to which of these the young generation may be most profitably entrusted.

Our people are too half-hearted, too lax in regard to the whole of this question of education. In the matter of qualifications there can be no comparison between religious and non-religious teachers.

Then we have another word to say about qualifications. The tests might be very equitably formed so that there could be certificates suited to assistants in primary schools just as they have specialists' certificates for teachers in high schools. In such cases the head teacher might be required to have a certificate according to the ordinary standard, whilst a certificate of the secondary class might be given to the various assistants. Many teachers succeed very well with the younger children and prefer dealing with them. It would therefore be very hard to require them to pass the same examination as the present second-class teachers have to pass. For religious communities in the Province to get members who will be fully equipped with certificates is asking, we certainly think, if not the impossible, at least the improbable. Religious vocations as things go now are not plentiful. The great works of benevolence and of education increase; the field is ripe to harvest, but the reapers seem to be fewer and fewer.

We can only admire the courage and sacrifice with which the religious so successfully carry on their work. Their pupils succeed and do them honor whenever they come into competition with those who have been trained by others. Even supposing this decision is not retroactive, it is impossible to expect that the younger members of a community will all have to get a certificate. It would simply mean so far as we can judge that the schools would be secularized or many of them closed and a very serious obligation placed upon the whole Catholic community. No matter what the decision of a court may be every God-fearing Catholic is bound to educate his child in a Catholic school.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It all depends; sometimes not much; sometimes a great deal. The connection in which it is found is often a potent factor in determining the answer to the question. Our attention is drawn to the subject by a heading in a newspaper of a neighboring city, said heading being as follows: "Catholic Card League." At first glance it ran through our mind that the lately so much talked of federation of Catholic societies had taken place, and that cards had been distributed to denote membership. This of course may seem a far-fetched and perhaps an unwarrantable conclusion to arrive at from the premises supplied, said premises being beyond all doubt open to a dozen or so other inferences, and on reading what followed, we found that our hasty conclusion was like many other results arrived at too hastily, far and absurdly away from the subject. On glancing below the heading we read that "interest in the games of the Roman Catholic Societies Card League is steadily increasing," then came the details of games between various societies, the names of the associations being given, and the scores furnished. Now while cards are innocent instruments in themselves and when viewed simply as a means of recreation, yet it is an undeniable fact that their environment and association are not always either commendable or admirable. This thought alone should surely make us pause before we use the grand and dignified name of Catholic in such a connection. The law of the association of ideas is very subtle, and its principles are so true, that almost intuitively an association once formed, even though not general, is sure to rise in the mind on viewing any object that has once taken part in the association, and cards being connected in many instances with unsavory adjuncts, we instinctively recoil and object to the light use of the word Catholic, as forming part of a name for a thing which may be and often is harmless and innocent, but which too, may be and often is, harmful and reprehensible. Then, too, the connection of words is ridiculous. No "card league" is Catholic; Catholicity has nothing to do with the matter, any more than Judaism, Mahometanism or any other religion or sect. That it is not so meant by those who use it, we are perfectly aware, but as the phrase "Catholic Card League" stands, the word Catholic is open to the construction of being a modifier for "Card League," and because it is so, the connection is altogether absurd. It may be said that a Catholic newspaper would not so use the word. Granted, but then we Catholics should not leave ourselves or our affairs open to the possibility of being so spoken of by others. A number of

societies federating for recreative purposes would preclude any such possibility by giving such federation a distinctive name, a name in which the word Catholic could not be lightly used. This is not the only instance in which the eye has been offended by an association of things not only dignified, but even sacred, with things profane and worldly and in such a way as to always appear incongruous and sometimes blasphemous. It is inharmonious enough to use the name of a saint, or the name of our holy religion in connection with such matters, but when we meet as we have met, though not as commonly in Canadian papers as in those on the other side, the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood and other sacred names as attributes to profane and sometimes questionable amusements and pastimes, our sense of the fitness of things is up in arms and we are ready to cry, halt! It cannot be denied that we are not as thoughtful and careful as we might be in this matter. More thought on our part in naming and speaking of our social functions and recreations, would in a great measure do away with the opportunities which our present carelessness gives to others to speak lightly of things which to our mind should only be used with reverence and with reverent connections.

### EDUCATIONAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Whitney Government has made its first good appointment in the Education Department. Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun was made Deputy Minister on Tuesday. Mr. Colquhoun is a newspaper man of wide experience and is the protege of no lodge or society. The recent severe shock given to decent public opinion by the appointment of Margaret L. Sheppard's colporteur may have given Mr. Whitney and his associates a lesson. At the same time the newspapers are discussing the probable creation of a new office in the Education Department to provide a well-salaried position for one of the men who came down to this Province lately to stir up sectarian warfare between Catholics and Protestants. The lodges which have been holding love feasts for the Minister of Education and his friends will be asking too much if they insist upon forcing this intrigue through.

### Silver Jubilee of Rev. J. Schweitzer

From the January number of the Schoolman, the very creditable journal of St. Jerome's College, we learn that "one of the greatest ecclesiastical celebrations ever held in Berlin, took place on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1905, when our beloved professor and superior, Rev. Joseph Schweitzer, C.R., B.A., commemorated his ordination to the priesthood by the celebration of his silver jubilee. Though somewhat late, the Catholic Register joins with the many friends who gathered on the occasion to offer congratulations and to hope for Father Schweitzer a yet golden jubilee of the good work he is doing at the College of St. Jerome.

### PERSONAL

Hon. John Costigan was in Toronto last week. The Catholic Register found its old friend looking hale and hearty and as full of vitality as of old.

### Smoker's Cancer

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painful home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

### Irish History In Ottawa Schools

Ottawa, Feb. 6, 1906.  
Editor Catholic Register:  
Dear Sir,—In the Catholic Register of the 1st Feb. inst., I observe an article headed "Irish History in the Schools," drawing attention to a motion which was brought some time ago before the Separate School Board, Toronto, to the effect that Irish history should be taught in our schools, or at least used as supplementary reading in the classes. As poor Richard says, "Be up and doing and doing to a purpose." I beg to state that so far as the Separate Schools of Ottawa are concerned, thanks to the interest taken in the matter by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, this supplementary reading of Irish History is carried on with very fair results for over two years and I deem it proper to state that Mr. John J. McGee of this city has offered two prizes both to the boys' and girls' sections of St. Joseph's School, for the best examination in Irish History for the period embraced in the nineteenth century.  
Yours truly,  
W. J. LEE,  
Principal St. Joseph's.

### Special Rates to New Orleans

For the Mardi Gras Festivities at New Orleans, La. The very low rate of one way first class fare, plus \$2.25 for the round trip, will be in effect. Good going February 21st to 26th, valid returning on or before March 3rd. Call on agents of Grand Trunk Railway for full particulars.

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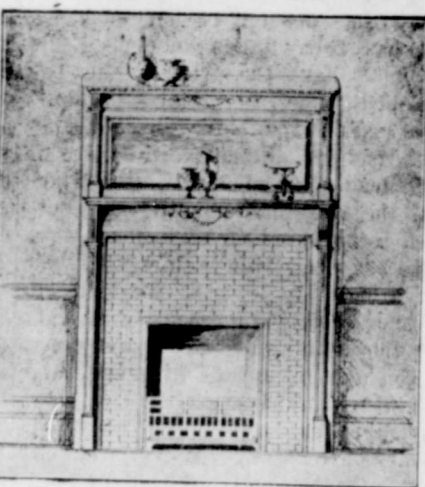
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GOLDWIN SMITH

(Continued from page one.)

might not have bells, or steeples. There were to be no pilgrimages or wayside crosses. Rewards were offered to informers against Catholic bishops, priests, and schoolmasters, and their trade was lauded as honorable service to the State. Marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant was prohibited; to perform it was a capital offence; so was conversion of a Protestant to Catholicism. Religious hatred outraged domestic affection by enacting that if the son of a Catholic turned Protestant the inheritance should at once vest in him, his father being reduced to a life interest; that the wife of a Catholic, turning Protestant, should be set free from her husband's control and entitled to a settlement; that a Catholic could not be a guardian, so that, dying, he had to leave his children to the guardianship of an enemy of their faith."

In a word, by the series of enactments called the Penal Code the Irish Catholic was reduced to helotage, political and social, while measures were taken for the extinction of his religion. "To crush him politically he was excluded from Parliament, from the franchise, from municipal office, from the magistracy, from the jury box, as well as from public appointments of all kinds, and even from the police force. To crush him socially he was excluded from all the higher callings but that of medicine, from the bench, from the bar, and from the army. To him was denied the armorial bearings which denoted a gentleman. To divorce him from the land he was forbidden to acquire a freehold, or a lease beneficial beyond a certain rate; he was debarred from bequeathing his estate, and his estate was broken up by "making it heritable 'in gavelkind,' that is to say, equally divisible among all sons. Then again, the gate of knowledge was closed against him. He was shut out of the university, forbidden to open a school, forbidden to send his children abroad for education. That he might never rise against oppression he was disarmed, and prohibited from keeping a horse of more than £5 value. He might not even be a gamekeeper or a watchman."

Nor for the Irish Catholics was the cup of woe yet full. In England, after the triumph of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, the mercantile party mounted to power, and commerce in those days was everywhere ridden by the policy of protectionism carried to the pitch of prohibition. Ireland, the English Protectionist regarded as a foreign country and a particularly dangerous enemy to his interests. Their cattle trade having been killed by an act of Charles II., the Irish had taken to the export trade in wool and to woollen manufactures. "The wool grown on Irish sheepwalks was of the finest and was eagerly purchased by France and Spain." This industry, also, English monopoly killed by prohibiting the exportation of wool to foreign countries and the importation of Irish woollen goods into England. The same jealous rapacity seems successively to have killed or crippled the cotton industry, the glove-making industry, the glass industry, the brewing industry, to each of which Ireland successively turned; England's greed being bent not only on excluding the Irish competitor from its own market, but on keeping the Irish market to itself.

One field for Ireland's manufacturing industry still remained. To her had been promised a free enjoyment of the linen trade, which even Strafford had encouraged by promoting the growing of flax while he discouraged the wool trade; yet even this promise Irish financiers could accuse England of eluding by tricks of the tariff. On the other hand, England needing more bar iron than she could produce, the importation of bar iron from Ireland was allowed; but the consequence was a consumption of timber for smelting which denuded Ireland of her forests. The truth is that the position of Ireland during the century following the revolution of 1688 was worse even than that of the American Colonies, in which commercial restrictions generally were loosely enforced, and which, when strict enforcement was attempted, rose in arms. The Colonies, moreover, were regarded with pride and affection. Catholic Ireland was regarded with contempt and hatred.

What was the outcome of a system under which the Irishman found the law his inveterate enemy in every field of thought, sentiment, and activity, religious, social, educational, and commercial? An economical result was that, cut off from manufactures and trade, the people were thrown back for subsistence wholly on the land. For the land they competed with the eagerness of despair, undertaking to pay for their little lots rents which seldom left them and their families enough for the bare necessities of life.

The state of things in Ireland, after the enactment of the Penal Code and

throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, is thus depicted by Mr. Goldwin Smith: "On such a scene of misery as the abodes of the Irish cotters the sun has rarely looked down. Their homes were the most miserable hovels, chimneyless, filthy. Of decent clothing they were destitute. Their food was the potato; sometimes they bled their horses and mixed the blood with sorrel. When the potato failed, as it often did, came famine, with disease in its train. Want and misery were in every face; the roads were spread with dead and dying; there was sometimes none to bear the dead to graves, and they were buried in the fields and ditches where they perished. Fluxes and malignant fevers followed, laying whole villages waste."

Such was the condition of the mass of the Irish people under the government of the first of free nations and in the era of Newton, Addison, and Pope. The native landowners, had they remained on their estates, might have had some compassion on their serfs and done something to ameliorate their lot. Many of the landlords, however, were absentees, residence in Ireland, especially after agrarian war had begun, being anything but pleasant. Their place was taken by the middleman, through whose ruthless agency they wrung inordinate rents from tenants, and who frequently sub-let, sometimes even three or four deep, so that the cottier groaned under a hierarchy of extortion.

"To the extortion of the middleman was added that, even more hated, of the tithe proctor. Cromwell had at least relieved Ireland from the burden of the Anglican State Church. That incubus had been reimposed after the Restoration, and the peasant was thenceforth compelled, out of the miserable produce of his potato field or patch of oats, besides the exorbitant rent, not only to provide for his own priest, but to pay tithes to a clergy whose mission was to extirpate the peasants' religion." "Pluralism was rife among the Irish Anglican clergy. In the episcopate there were a few prelates who sought to do well by the people, like Berkeley; but Swift could say of Irish Anglican bishops generally that "the government no doubt appointed good men, but these were always murdered on Hounslow Heath by highwaymen, who took their credentials, personated them, and were installed in their places."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, as a Unionist, can have no wish to accentuate the shadows of the picture, concedes while there may have been worse institutions than the State Church of Ireland, there was never a greater scandal. "What," he asks, "must have been the feelings of the Irish peasant when of his crop of potatoes, all too scanty for him and his children, the tithe proctor came to claim a tenth part in the name of the Christian minister?"

Coming nearer to the present day, Mr. Goldwin Smith regards as of primary importance the economic question, whether Ireland is able to support even her present shrunken population? Now the obvious answer is that Ireland half a century ago was able to support twice the present population. The skies were the same then as now. "Patriotic eloquence," he writes, "will not change her skies or render it otherwise than cruel to induce her people to stay in a land in which they cannot earn their bread. Instances there may be of barren soil made, by the loving industry of the small owner, fruitful and capable of supporting a large population; but the industry of the small owner, though it can improve the soil, cannot alter the skies."

It is in an evidently pessimistic mood that the author propounds the following questions: Is Ireland generally capable of being turned with advantage into an arable country? Can wheat or grain of any kind be profitably raised there in face of the competition of the great grain growing countries, like the region now opened, and bidding fair to be greatly expanded, in the Canadian northwest? Then, again, is there reason to look in any other direction than farming for a speedy extension of Irish industries, such as would provide bread sufficient for the population? Is the water power of Ireland, now that electricity has been developed, likely to do for her what has been done for England by coal? Is the shipping trade, for which until a comparatively recent period the Irishman has had but little opportunity of showing a turn, likely to increase? Evidently these are questions which, as our author says, it is for economists, not for politicians or patriotic orators, to decide.

The conviction is expressed that the importation of Canadian cattle, when it comes, will have a serious effect on the Irish produce market, and that a further decline in produce prices may be expected. Will the Irish tenant be then able to discharge his liability to the State and have sufficient margin for living? That is a question for the future.

native chiefs. Norman archbishops of Canterbury served as transmitters of the influence."

Of the authenticity of the Bull, that Henry II. is said to have obtained from Adrian IV., authorizing him to take possession of Ireland, he has not the slightest doubt, though the weight of impartial historians inclines to the opinion that this document was a forgery. "The Papacy," he claims, "in this and other instances, used the Norman Conquest as the instrument of its own aggrandizement." Writing of the Irish priesthood, and the support it gave to O'Connell in his Repeal movement, he asserts that: "The priests consecrated the meetings and the sentiments by celebrating Mass on the grounds where the monster meetings were held." And he adds: "It is surely idle to contend that a priesthood acting thus, and having its centre in Rome, is only a Christian ministry, not a power of political disturbance." Had O'Connell succeeded, Mr. Goldwin Smith does not hesitate to assure his readers that he would have put Ireland "under the ban of a reactionary priesthood."

Over and over again he raises the false cry, to-day nowhere seriously entertained outside a limited circle of blind bigots and interested place holders, that "Home Rule means Rome Rule." He reiterates that the Roman Catholic religion is medieval; that the training of its ministers inevitably shuts out light which would be fatal to medieval beliefs; that the Maynooth priest comes out proof against the intellectual influences and advancing science of his time; that he is "the mental liegeman and the preacher of the syllabus, which anaesthetizes freedom of thought and claims for the Church dominion, not only over the soul, but over the body, such as was hers in the Middle Ages."

And following Sir Horace Plunkett, despite the crushing disproof of the contention by Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, in his book, Catholicity and Progress in Ireland, Mr. Goldwin Smith holds that "in the place of industry and commerce the influence of the Catholic priesthood has generally been the same." In Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion it is not "the curse of Cromwell," but the curse of a strongly and inherently reactionary priesthood "that lies heavily upon Ireland."

What a pity to find an old man, otherwise sane and highly intelligent, holding such preposterous views. And yet he intimates, in the last page of his book, how this same priest-ridden people may become a saving element in the social character of the United Kingdom. "Ireland," he writes, "is perhaps happy in having been cut off from the prodigious development of luxury and dissipation which, as social writers tell us, has been taking place on the other side of the channel, as well as from the domination of the stock exchange. She may in this way become a saving element in the social character of the United Kingdom."

He does not venture to tell us how this can be done with her religious and moral ideals of life rising no higher than what he is pleased to style—medieval superstition. "Whatever one may think of Mr. Goldwin Smith's peculiar views on the subject of the Catholic Church and the Irish priesthood, one thing at least is certain—that the time has come when Ireland must be governed in accordance with Irish ideas. The enlightened opinion of the world looks to the new Liberal Government to set the machinery in motion which will bring contentment and prosperity to the people of Ireland. Hence we say the outlook is brighter than it has been at any time during the past decade."

THE DOMINION BANK

PROCEEDINGS OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE DOMINION BANK was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, January 31st, 1906.

Among those present were noticed: Dr. Andrew Smith, Messrs. J. G. Ramsey, Barlow Cumberland, W. R. Brock, R. T. Gooderham, H. C. Hammond, Cavethra Mulock, E. B. Osler, M. P., J. J. Foy, K. C., David Smith, R. J. Christie, J. M. Bond, A. W. Austin, F. J. Harris, Ira Standish, E. C. Burton, A. R. Boswell, Jno. T. Small, J. Bruce Macdonald, W. Mulock, Jr., Sidney Small, H. Gordon Mackenzie, J. Gordon Jones, F. Stewart, Wm. Ross, W. G. Cassels, Geo. D. Scott, N. F. Davidson, W. H. Cavethra, J. A. Proctor, David Kidd, F. D. Benjamin, J. F. Kavanagh, S. Samuel, W. C. Harvey, W. Dixon, C. Holland, F. J. Phillips, Wm. Davies, H. W. A. Foster, W. C. Crowther, E. W. Langley, H. S. Harwood, R. M. Gray, Richard Brown, Henry Johnson, Wm. Spry, W. Glenney, Frank H. Hill, Jno. J. Dixon, G. N. Reynolds, F. C. Taylor, F. G. Hodgins, W. C. Lee, F. E. Macdonald, Jno. Stewart, Thomas Walmsley, T. G. Brough and others.

It was moved by Mr. W. R. Brock, seconded by Mr. A. W. Austin, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. T. G. Brough do act as Secretary.

Messrs. A. R. Boswell and W. G. Cassels were appointed Scrutiners. The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

To the Shareholders: The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 30th December, 1905:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1904 (\$134,572.64), Profit for the year ending 30th December, 1905, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts (\$75,000.00), and Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward (\$249,437.97).

With deep regret your Directors have to record the death, which occurred in October last, of Mr. William Ince, who had been a member of the board since 1884. The vacancy was filled by the appointment of Mr. R. J. Christie. Branches of the Bank have been opened during the past year in Hespeler, Ontario; in Winnipeg, at No. 643 Portage Avenue and at the corner of Notre Dame and Nena streets; and in Toronto at the corner of Dovercourt Road and Bloor Street and at the Union Stock Yards.

Premises have been secured in Windsor, Ontario, and a branch will shortly be opened there. All Branches of the Bank have been inspected during the year.

The Report was adopted, and the thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President, and Directors for their services, and to the General Manager and other Officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, R. J. Christie, T. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K. C., M. L. A., W. D. Matthews and E. B. Osler, M. P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. E. B. Osler, M. P., was elected President, and Mr. W. D. Matthews, Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Divided into LIABILITIES and ASSETS. Total amount shown as \$444,403,739.96.

T. G. BROCK, General Manager. Toronto, 30th December, 1905.

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HOME OFFICE, TORONTO. JOHN L. BLAIRIE, President. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

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Guaranteed Mortgages. Improved Real Estate. This Corporation absolutely protects holders of mortgages guaranteed by it from any loss resulting from failure of a mortgagor to pay principal or interest. Interest paid at the rate of four per cent per annum half-yearly. Investors have as security not only the mortgages, which are allocated to their accounts in the books of the Corporation, but also the guarantee of principal and interest under the seal of the Corporation. THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION. 59 Yonge St., Toronto.

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## The Tomkyn's Telephone

Aunt Betty (she was aunt to half Linville) was "thinking it over." So few things required "thinking over" in Aunt Betty Tomkyn's well-ordered way that the process proved a disastrous one. She scorched the tea towels, salted the apple sauce, and sweetened the butter before she roused from absorption into resolve.

"Drat it all, I'll hev the thing, father."

"Hev what?" asked Uncle Si, who was smoking peacefully by the fire—a placid figurehead to the matrimonial bark Aunt Betty had steered successfully for forty years.

"The tellyphone," was the answer. "Land sakes, there I've turned over the vinegar cruet! Looks ez if every-thing was going wrong-sided for me to-day. That man was here agin this morning, and he does talk convincing, I must say. He 'lows it's clear fly- ing into the face of Providence not to hev a tellyphone when it's waiting for you at a dollar and a half a month. I've been sot agin the things, I must say, dreful sot. Look- ed to me like 'twas agin natur' to be talking to folks a dozen miles away. The Lord never intended tongues or ears to reach so fur."

"An He didn't," said Uncle Si with an emphatic nod; "you was right there, mother. They reach fur nuff without putting wires to 'em now."

"But we ortn't to be hard-headed, as the tellyphone man said. We ortn't to sot ourselves dead agin progress, father. If our gran'thers had sot themselves hard-headed agin progress, we'd 'a' been flying the English flag instead of the Star Spangled Banner, and paying King Edward taxes on our tea."

"That's so," answered Uncle Si, puffing reflectively, "it's going a little fur back for an argument, but that's so, mother."

"He says he put one in for Elder Jones, and Abner Goldwin, and Squire Bond, and they wouldn't give them up for ten times their cost. He put one in for Dr. Grimes, and he vows it's as good as a new horse and buggy—folks just put their babies to the thing and let 'em crow and cry and cough. He put one in for the new Roman Catholic Church just up the hill, and he says he could swim ours on the same wire and take off fifty cents. He says that's no telling the sorrow, sin and tribulation that a tellyphone in your house saves. Suppose you or me was to be sick in the dead of night, or was to be robbed or murdered—what a comfort that tellyphone would be! He heard of a woman that was calling the police through the tellyphone while she was heving her throat cut, and they got thar in time to catch the chap before she died. And these here Bottoms is mighty lonely, father, and we've got the name of being forehanded, to say nothing of grandmother's silver spoons and forks that hev been heavy on my mind, day and night, since she giv them to me with her dying breath forty years ago. Yes, I've been thinking it over all day, and I've about made up my mind we'll have the tellyphone."

"Just as you say, mother, just as you say," answered Uncle Si, a trifle uneasily; "we've done pretty well for forty years with our tongues and ears as the Lord made 'em—but it's jest as you say."

And the "tellyphone" was installed in the upper hall of Tomkyn's farmhouse next day, Aunt Betty excitedly watching the procedure, and Uncle Si smoking a reflective pipe in his easy chair nearby.

For a week or more there was all the charm of a new possession. Aunt Betty called up Sister Jones, and learned, with some difficulty, that she

was very bad with the rheumatism. She had a feeble communication with Cousin Mary Ann Green about a recipe for pumpkin pie. She interviewed the "store" telephonically, and heard eggs had gone down three cents a dozen, and they were out of green ginger. Then there was a lull in business. The farm life went on in its old tranquil way; neither sin, sorrow nor "tribulation" demanded any interference of the Deus ex machina that was so potent a regulator of the busy world without.

"Looks as if eighteen dollars a year was a good deal to give for a little thing like that," commented Uncle Si, with the quiet shrewdness that had made the bottom meadows swell his bank account far into the five figure column. "Pears to me I'd a deal rather hev a good eight-day clock."

"Eight-day clock!" echoed Aunt Betty with the acrimony of the self-doubting; "you kin be the greatest dunderhead, Si Tomkyns! What on earth do we want with another eight-day clock? An' here, if we need to call the doctor or the deputy sheriff or the undertaker, we've just got to whisper a word in that tellyphone, and they are here. It suitinly would be a comfort if Dick hed one—"

"What fur," asked the old man. "Pears to me ez if you and your darter-in-law, mother, are a deal peacefuller and quieter a dozen miles apart."

"I ain't a hankering after my darter-in-law," and Aunt Betty's face grew suddenly hard and bitter. "You can take to her if you please—you allus was a fool 'bout a pretty face and a soft voice, father, and Dick can do as he pleases; he is a man of thirty and I suppose hed a right to choose his own wife. But I mean to do as I please, too. I've been a God-fearing Christian all my life, and I ain't going to uphold no idol-worshipping. It was bad enough for Dick to turn from all his own church members and marry a Popish wife, but when she set up an altar in his very room, with graven images and cross and candles—"

"Twarn't an altar, mother," interposed Uncle Si, apologetically; "Mandy calls it an oratory."

"I don't see no difference," said Aunt Betty, sharply. "Dick ortn't to hev it. He was raised a Bible Christian and ortn't to hev it, and when I told him Mandy was a snare and a pitfall in his way, and a light leading to destruction, as Preacher Wilkins said—"

"He swore at Wilkins, I'll be bound," chuckled Uncle Si; "wouldn't have been my boy if he hadn't. It's a poor sort of a man that won't stand by his wife, 'specially a pretty wife like that."

"I've done with her," said Aunt Betty. "Dick as much as told me 'twas none of my business, or his, either, to meddle with Mandy's prayers; that she was as near an angel as could be made and was making earth heaven to him. I haven't been in his house since, and I'm not going to it," concluded Aunt Betty, her tongue and temper somewhat sharpened by the tinge of rheumatism that had come on with the first touch of the frost.

It needed no telephone instructions from Dr. Grimes to teach her how to fight this wintry enemy. Rubbed well with "poke" liniment, swathed in red flannel, with hot bricks to her feet, and a hop bag to her head, the mistress of Tomkyn's farm had retired early to the big four-poster, that, with its French calico curtains, its downy feather-bed and heaping snowdrift of pillows, was a throne of Morpheus that defied modern rivalry or reproach. Outside the wind was moaning and sighing dolefully, sending the autumn leaves before it in scurrying flight, while Jack Frost, with stealthier touch, was nipping the blooms in Aunt Betty's garden. But the harvest was garnered, Uncle Si's big granaries were bursting with golden store, the apples were barrelled, and the cider pressed. Within the tight old farmhouse all was warmth and peace.

Aunt Betty's groans had died away into a gentle snore, Uncle Si's pipe had dropped from his hand, and he was nodding away into a wintry dreamland; old Towser, crouched on the hearth rug, was dozing in comfort and Tabby curled up in her mistress' vacant chair, was blinking sleepily at the leaping blaze when a sudden sharp ring sounded through the peaceful quiet.

"The tellyphone," cried Aunt Betty, starting with a wakeful groan from her pillow.

"The tellyphone!" echoed Uncle Si, dropping his pipe with a crash.

"Ting-a-ling, ling, ling, ling," went the shrill call of modern progress through the quiet old house—"ting-a-ling."

"See what's wanted, father," cried Aunt Betty, impatiently.

"I daren't, mother," faltered Uncle Si, for whom neither bear nor wild cat had any terrors; "suthing must have struck the thing; it's going like it would bust."

"Ting-a-ling, ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling," came fiercely from the insistent telephone.

"You'll hev to go to it, father; I can't," groaned Aunt Betty, in waking pain. "Go listen, or it will never shut up."

"Just as you say, mother; jest as you say. Drat the thing—I never heard it go on like this! Which end talks, mother?" asked Uncle Si, who had never ventured to approach his new possession.

"Take down the receiver, and put it to your ear," commanded mother in the pilot voice that had steered Uncle Si through many a domestic storm. "Now listen, listen hard. What does it say?"

"It's jest a buzzing, a buzzing like—No! Lord, some one's talking. It's Mandy—She's a calling 'Father, father'—a calling me."

"Mandy!" gasped Aunt Betty. "Mandy! She's being robbed or murdered, may be. Ask her what's the matter, quick."

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Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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"What's the matter?" shouted Uncle Si in a quavering basso.

"Oh, father, father," came the feeble cry, "come to us, father. Dick is dying—dying begging for you. Come to him for God's sake. Come to—"

But the receiver had dropped from the old man's shaking hand; his ashens lips could shape no word.

"Father," cried Aunt Betty, sharply, as he tottered to her side, "father, what is it?"

"Our boy!" was the hoarse answer. "Our Dick, mother! Suthing's happened to him. Mandy called to me—he was dying."

"Dying!" shrieked the mother, "Dick dying! Oh, no, no! You heard wrong, father, you heard wrong."

"No, 'twas plain 'nuff," said the old man, huskily. "Father," it called, "Dick is dying, and begging you to come to him. I must go, mother—I must go and leave you."

"Leave me!" echoed Aunt Betty, springing up from her pillows. "Leave me here, and my boy dying! I'll Tomkyns! Leave me, his mother? I'll be dressed in five minutes. Hitch up the sorrel mare and we'll go."

"Mother, mother, out of your sick bed? It will be your death," groaned Uncle Si.

"What do I care? What do I care?" she cried, fierce in her mother-love and pain. "Quick, quick; hitch up, Silas, and take me, take me to my boy."

And he took her at her word. From the peace and warmth and shelter of this downy nest the old people faced out into the cold and darkness and gathering storm.

It was a ten mile drive, over mountain roads, rough and perilous even by day. The sorrel was old, the chaise had taken Dick to his christening thirty years ago. The wind swept in angry gusts through the gorges; the icy nip of winter was in the mountain air; the "run" swollen by the late autumn rains, foamed in threatening fury at the ford. But cold, darkness, pain and weakness and old age were forgotten. They were going to their dying boy—the boy who had been the joy and pride and blessing of their lives, as Aunt Betty's mother-heart confessed to-night, in spite of poor little Mandy and her idol worshiping!

What a bounding baby he had been—twelve pounds from the very start! What a sturdy, rosy youngster, toddling day and night at her heels! What a brave, bold, honest lad! What a man! Folks were talking of sending him to Congress even now—what a strong, true, noble man!

Poor Aunt Betty, cloaked and muffled in a way that precluded all conversation, was "thinking things over" indeed to-night, and Uncle Si, with his dim eyes strained in the darkness to keep the road, was startled by a sob that pierced his tender old heart.

"Thar, thar, don't mother," he said huskily; "don't give up like this. Keep up, old woman, keep up; like ez not Mandy's gone off in a keer because Dick's got cramp colic. Gals dead in love like ehe is with Dick hev'n't no sense to speak of."

And as the old arm stole around her to draw the big bearskin Uncle Si had taken from its wearer on this very mountain ridge, as the old tender tones sounded soothingly in her ear, the forty years that lay between seemed to vanish, and Aunt Betty was once more driving through the darkness with the sweetheart of long ago at her side.

"We're getting thar now, mother," he continued, cheerily. "That's the light of Rose farm shining through the cedars—"

"They're a-singing," cried poor Aunt Betty, clutching his arm despairingly, "singing hymns, father! Oh, my boy's gone! I feel he is gone—"

"No, no, mother—hold up—that ain't no psalm singing," said Uncle Si, giving the sorrel a flip that sent the chaise down the well-kept road to the farmhouse with a rattle and clatter that made the music suddenly cease. The door flew open; a pretty, fair-haired girl peered doubtfully from the fire-lit room, and beside her, sturdy and healthy and open-eyed with amazement now was:

"Dick!" cried Uncle Si and Aunt Betty in one joyful, unbelieving breath.

"Father! Mother!" cried the young man, springing out to meet them. "On a night like this! Good hea-

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

## THE CAUSE OF WOMAN'S TROUBLE

IS DISEASED KIDNEYS AND THE CURE IS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Wonderful Cure of Mrs. James Kinsella. Who Slept in a Chair for two Summers—What She Says of it.

St. Malachie, Que., Feb. 5.—(Special.)—A cure of great interest to women has attracted the attention of those interested in medical matters in this neighborhood. Mrs. Jas. Kinsella, wife of a well-known citizen, had suffered from a complication of troubles for about two years. She had a pain in the right hip, in the back and was obliged to pass water every fifteen minutes in a burning itching sort of way.

She could not sleep at night and had to sit up in a chair for two summers.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Mrs. Kinsella, speaking of her cure, says: "After the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt much better. Then I got more and they did me a world of good. I have never slept in the chair since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Woman's health depends on her kidneys. Nine-tenths of the so-called female complaints are caused by uric acid in the blood. Cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can have no uric acid in the blood.

vens, what brought you out—"

"The tellyphone," answered Uncle Si, in a sudden fury, as he felt, mother suddenly collapse weakly in his encircling arm. "That"—with half a dozen pardonable expletives—"lying tellyphone. It went a ringing through the house ez if it was ready to bust, and called to me clear and plain, 'Father! Dick is dying and you must come to him.' Here, help your mother out, lad. She's all broke up. Got out of her sick bed to take this all-fired fool trip that's likely to be the death of her. Just let me get home once more, and if I don't bust that consarned tellyphone in earnest for this night's work my name ain't Silas Tomkyns."

"But I—don't understand," said Dick, when mother, trembling, tearful, and altogether subdued by her late experience, was sipping a comforting cup of tea, ensconced in the softest chair in the pretty sitting-room.

"Oh, Dick, dear, I do," said his little wife, as she put the hot water bag she had just filled to Aunt Betty's cushioned feet. "Poor Mick Flannery, who has been sick so long, was taken very bad to-night. His wife ran in here for brandy and camphor—she was half-distracted, poor thing, and flew to Squire Jones to telephone for the priest—Father Marr."

"I see, I see. He is on father's wire. You've struck it, little girl—Mick sounds like Dick over the telephone, of course. But," and he leaned in the old, boyish fashion over the back of his mother's chair and slipped his arm about her neck, "though I am sorry for poor Mick, I can't quarrel with the telephone, mother, sure it brought you back to us. She can't go home to-night, Mandy. So take her up to your room and put her to bed. My little woman is a born nurse, mother, as you will find out for yourself."

Aunt Betty found out this and many other things during the three days she was the prisoner of Mandy's love and care. The soft, low voice, the tender touch of the delicate fingers, the warmth of the loving young heart won triumphant victory.

"I wish Dick and Mandy were nearer," said Aunt Betty, as she and Uncle Si drove home through the glad sunlight of an Indian summer day.

"Country ways come awkward to pretty city gals, and she ain't over-strong, and wants some one to mother her. But Dick says he'll have a telephone put in, so it will sort of draw us together."

And, in time, another tie, stronger than the wonderful electric bond, drew the two homes together. Three or four times a day the Tomkyns' telephone rings imperative calls, and "mother" responds with smiling face. "Hallo!" comes a small voice that makes new music in the silent old nest, "dis is little Dick; dat you, grandmuzzer?"—Mary T. Waggaman.

## Urashima and the Princess

Urashima was a young fisherman, who lived ages ago on the sea coast of Japan.

He went out one day to fish, and caught a very big turtle.

Now it is said, though most people don't know it, that tortoises live a thousand years—at least Japanese tortoises do.

He thought he would not kill the turtle, which might like to live out its one thousand years, so he threw it back into the sea.

Soon Urashima fell asleep in his boat; then there came up from beneath the waves a very beautiful girl.

"I am the daughter of the sea god," said she, "and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. That was not a tortoise when you threw back into the water; it was myself."

"My father had sent me to see whether you were good or bad. We now know that you are a good, kind boy, who does not like to do cruel things, so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, and we will live happily for a thousand years, in the Dragon Palace."

Hereupon Urashima took the oars and rowed a very long way, but they came at last to the Dragon Palace.

Oh, dear! what a lovely place it was. The walls of the palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the

dragon's tails of solid gold. Urashima was happy here for three years; then, one day, he begged to go home and see his parents. The Princess did not wish him to go, but finally consented. She was afraid that something dreadful would happen to him.

She gave him a box and told him not to open it; for if it was opened it would prevent his return. Urashima promised to take care of it, and went back to his old home.

Many things had happened while he was away. His father's cottage had gone and so had the village to which it belonged. The mountains were there, but there were no trees on them.

The brook which he knew still ran, but no women were washing clothes in it; it seemed strange that so great changes should have taken place in three short years.

As two men came in sight, Urashima asked them where his father's cottage was. "Urashima!" said they, "why, it was four hundred years ago that he was drowned while fishing."

"His parents and his brothers all died long ago. It is an old, old story; how can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage. It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then Urashima knew that he had been in Fairy Land, where one day is as long as a year in this world. He was now anxious to return to the Princess, but knew not the way back.

He thought that if he opened the box which his wife gave him, he might be able to find the way. So he disobeyed her order and opened the box!

What do you suppose came out of it? Simply a white cloud, which floated off over the sea.

Urashima called to the cloud to stop, and rushed around in great sorrow, for he now remembered what his wife had told him.

All his efforts availed nothing; he

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

## FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIBIG CO.,  
179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

soon sank down and ceased shouting. Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled and his back bent like that of a very old man; then his breath stopped short and he died.

Now, if he had only done as he was told and had not been so foolish, he might have lived another thousand years.

## The Chrysanthemum

In the black forest of Germany there once dwelt a poor man who had many children. The winter had been very cold and frequently there was not enough bread to feed all the hungry little mouths.

One evening as the man was returning from his work, he found a beautiful child shivering in the cold. He thought of the hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door, but the little one seemed to be lost and he could not leave it to perish in the forest. So he wrapped it in his rough coat and carried it to his home. The good wife was dismayed at the thought of another one to feed and clothe; but they would do their best for the Christ-child's sake; and they fed and warmed the little stranger and gave him their humble cheer. When, lo! a wonderful thing happened. The child raised his tiny hands in blessing and disappeared. And they knew that the Christ-child had been among them, and they fell upon their knees to thank God for the favor.

The next morning as the man returned to his work, he saw a beautiful white flower blooming in the snow where he had found the Child; and he called it Christ-flower, or chrysanthemum.

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FOR

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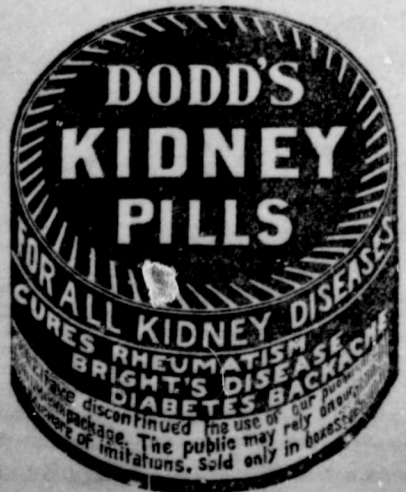
## 'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

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## Tomlin's Bread

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LUCIA'S ROMANCE

Martino's confectionary "round the corner" had always been a place of enchantment to the children of the neighborhood.

It was not, of course, alone in the window, or its delights might have palled upon those to whom it was so utterly unattainable.

The neighborhood, it may as well be said at once, was not aristocratic, was not exclusive, was not even clean.

In this, the kingdom of childhood, the Italian confectioner stood supreme, especially at the holiday time, when its window burst into an exuberance of marvelous products.

Among the most constant frequenters of the window and the most enthusiastic admirers of its marvels, was Lucia Mallon, who, it must be owned, devoured the good things frequently therein much more frequently with her eyes than with her pearly little teeth.

Lucia often stood before the confectioner's window, raising one little bare foot and then another from the ground when the pavement began to grow cold, arrayed in the poorest and shabbiest of frocks, only kept together by the mother's patient industry.

She sighed, thus it may be seen, for the unattainable, and her daring dreams even scaled to the third story of the cake.

Having thus sung her way, as it were, through the May-time of childhood, plucking the flowers upspringing in the arid soil about her, she reached the June of early womanhood.

The whole neighborhood, leaving aside the envious and malicious, who should not be permitted to form part of any neighborhood, took a pride in Lucia's beauty.

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health. The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

particularly the special temperament, wherein the Mallons had their abode and the courtyard upon which their windows looked, were very much interested to discover that the girl had a beau.

"I will tell you all just before the banns are called, but not till then." She spoke thus, usually, when surrounded in the evening by an audience composed of many of the children of the vicinity, with whom she was a favorite and who could never realize she had really grown up.

In spite of environment, Lucia's was certainly a very pretty little romance. Its hero was a young man, somewhat older and graver than the girl he had chosen.

Lucia, my adored one! he cried, using those epithets which in the fervid Italian tongue come so naturally to the lips.

Antonio was satisfied at last, and they sat in a happy silence, looking out over the water, watching the sunset fading away and withdrawing its radiance from the thick clustering roofs and spires of the city upon the river's banks.

She sat down upon the edge of the dock, clad in a simple frock of dark red, which brought out her marvelous coloring and accentuated the glint of her bronze-tinted hair.

Before the banns were called Lucia kept her promise of disclosing her lover's identity to such denizens of the quarter, old and young, as chanced to be assembled in the courtyard after supper.

beside her, and for his sake would have been willing to give up everything. As she looked out over the water, the salt breath of the distant sea bringing a slight color to her cheek, the lover said, suddenly:

"You are so very beautiful, Lucia, and I am not worthy of you. You should have married a great signor, who would have taken you into his world."

Lucia, opening her eyes wide, turned them in astonishment upon her lover. "Why, you foolish Antonio," she cried, "what would I do among lords and ladies?"

"The happy laugh of the girl's unconsciousness floated out over the water. "My beauty!" she exclaimed, "and always my beauty. Why do you let these fancies trouble your mind when you are offering me so much, and are going to make me the envy of every girl in the quarter?"

"What I am giving you is not much," he said, sadly. "You do not know your own value. Pray God you never may when it is too late. If you were to change, then—"

"I am a Christian," Lucia said, solemnly, "and when we are married I shall have the grace of the sacrament. A wife does not change after that, even if the husband is bad, which you will never be."

"If the good God has given me beauty," she went on, "it was not for anything like that. It was, perhaps, to make you love me, as I love you."

"You do love me, then?" he asked. "With all my heart and soul," she answered. She had never told him so much before in so many words.

"Unless I loved you," she cried, "I would not marry you if you had all the wealth that is in this city. I would rather go barefoot for the rest of my life and wear ugly frocks and feel hungry, as I have done very often."

"Let it be what day you wish," she answered simply, "once the banns are called, we need not delay."

A girl, who constituted herself as spokesman for the rest, began to check off, upon her fingers, Lucia's known admirers: "Alphonse, the cab-driver at the big hotel?" Lucia shook her head.

Educational Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

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In and Around Toronto

MR. WILLIAM GORMALY.

Owing to his public position as superintendent at the Union Station, the retirement of Mr. Wm. Gormaly, due to ill-health, is a matter which many learned with regret, and the news that at last report he was somewhat better, will be learned with satisfaction wherever it becomes known.

Learning of your contemplated departure, the employees of the Union Station, with whom you have been associated for the past ten years, avail ourselves of this opportunity of extending to you our heartiest good-wishes upon your well-merited holiday.

DEATH OF MR. BERNARD McMAHON.

The death of Mr. Bernard McMahon, which took place at his home, 204 Manning avenue, on Wednesday, Jan. 31st, removed from the ranks of our city one who had reached the patriarchal age of eighty-six years, the last twenty of which had been passed in Toronto.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION.

At the regular meeting of the Canadian Catholic Union, held in the Palm Room at McConkey's on Monday evening, Prof. T. W. Miller, Provincial Geologist, delighted the members present by a detailed and comprehensive lecture dealing with the Cobalt regions, and illustrating by means of limelight views, the camps, buildings, etc., found in that district.

LITERARY AT ST. FRANCIS.

On Sunday afternoon the Young Men's Literary Society of St. Francis' Parish were addressed by Messrs. J. G. O'Donoghue and J. M. Ferguson. Both speakers gave practical and encouraging accounts of the

benefits to be derived from membership with such associations as the one addressed. Mr. J. J. Wright gave an outline of the work done during the past year and the past president, Mr. J. O'Byrne, spoke along the same line.

PERSONAL.

At the 7th annual convention of the Architectural League of America, Mr. J. P. Hynes of Toronto was elected chairman of the standing committee on Current Club Work.

MR. ANDREW COTTAM REMEMBERED.

At the request of Council 247, Knights of Columbus, there will be a Requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Andrew Cottam in St. Patrick's Church on Monday, 12th February, at 8.15 o'clock.

MEETING AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The meeting of parishioners of St. Patrick's parish, held on Sunday evening last, showed by the numbers present that much interest is being taken in the affairs of the new church. The Very Rev. Rector presided and the statement presented showed that since collections began in the time of the previous Rector, Very Rev. Father Ward, that the sum of \$48,000.00 had been aggregated.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Mr. Terence Cunerty has been waited upon by a delegation of the Separate School electors of Ward 4 to allow his name to go forward for election as trustee in the room of the late Mr. A. J. Cottam.

C.Y.L.L.A.

The regular meeting of the above will not take place next week. The meeting of the week following will take place at the home of Mrs. O'Neill, 120 Yorkville avenue.

JANUARY HONOR ROLL FOR ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL, BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

Form IV.—Testimonials, excellent—William Egan, Archie Gilmore, Hector O'Halloran, Leo Schneider, Basil Doyle. Good—Percy Small, Alphonse McLean.

Monthly Examination. Sen. Div.—1, Percy Small; 2, Basil Doyle; 3, Hector O'Halloran; 4, Alphonse McLean; 5, William Egan; 6, William Wright.

Jun. Div.—1, Archie Gilmore; 2, Leo Schneider; 3, Neil Smith; 4, Leo Devaney; 5, Leo Martin; 6, Joseph Kane.

The following are the names of the pupils who obtained over sixty per cent. of marks given during the month of January in Form II: Department—Everal Hurley, Cornelius O'Neill, Fred. Quealy, William Turner, Harold Chandler, William Robinson, Ernest Enright, Ernest Kimber.

Examinations—Thomas Kazel, Norman Martin, Fred. Hughes, Frank Gallagher, Ernest Kimber, Joseph McNamara, Fred. Quealy, Richard McCarthy, Frank Houlihan, William Brighter, William Beale, Leo Carney.

COLLECTION FOR THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

The annual collection taken up in the churches of the city on Sunday

RUPTURE

We cure 99 cases out of 100 with our patent Pnenmatic Truss.

I have pleasure in stating that I was troubled with Hernia of some years standing and used a number of trusses without material benefit until I came across the one supplied by you.

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last, in aid of the House of Providence, proved the most successful in its history. The aggregate was over \$2,100.00, this amount surpassing all former records.

FEBRUARY HONOR ROLL FOR ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

The following boys merited excellent testimonials this month: Sen. IV.—Francis McGinn, Francis Bero, Francis Bartello, Fred Glynn, William Kirk, Francis Carey, Joseph Matthews, Charles Corcoran, Harold Smith, Joseph Firley, Terence Granery and Leo Duffy.

Sen. III.—Walter Kennedy, John Brennan, Thomas Belisle, Thomas O'Brien, Francis Kelly, Leo O'Leary, Fred Durand, Charles Finley, Ernest Broderick, John Jamieson, Daniel McMahon, Addis Byrne.

Sen. II.—1, H. Harrigan; 2, Ed. Case; 3, N. Tully. Result of Monthly Competition: Sen. IV.—1, F. McGinn; 2, F. Bero; 3, J. Matthews; 4, F. Bartello; 5, W. Kirk; 6, F. Carey.

Testimonials: Jun. III.—Wm. Cahill, Ed. Murphy, Fred. Kearns, G. Kelly, Wm. Fogarty and N. Carroll. Sen. II.—Ed. Case, N. Tully, Ed. Sullivan, A. Stacey and H. Harrigan.

JANUARY HONOR ROLL FOR ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, BOYS' DEPT.

Sen. IV.—Thos. O'Brien, Romeo Grossi, Thos. Lundy, John Ciceri, John Barrett, Wm. Ayers, Edw. Lane, Thomas Shannon, Leo Brodie. Jun. IV.—Edward McCool, John Lane, Harold Landreville, Louis Murphy, Francis O'Brien, Harry Sullivan, Emile Simard.

Sen. III.—A. Smith, J. Skain, J. Deferari, W. Hand, Fred. Fensom, G. Fensom, E. Condoran, A. Massey, J. Feeley, F. Shanahan, J. Cronin, W. Thompson, H. Callaghan, C. Richardson, H. Overend, J. Bannon, D. McCarthy, P. O'Reilly, J. O'Reilly.

Sen. II.—James Murphy, Jas. Ham-mall, P. Cassidy, J. Cassidy, Leo Shannon, W. Hallern, H. Foley, D. Stewart, H. Kennedy, P. Byrne, J. Bannan, C. Ayers, L. Akrey, C. Kelly.

Boys who obtained the highest number of notes in the monthly examination: Senior Fourth Form.—1, Thomas O'Brien; 2, John Ciceri; 3, Wm. Ayers; 4, Romeo Grossi; 5, Jno. Barrett. Jun. IV. Form.—1, James Doyle; 2, Jno. Wigglesworth; 3, Edw. McCool; 4, Arthur Gavin; 5, Harry Sullivan.

HONOR ROLL FOR ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Sen. IV.—Excellent—John McGrath, Edgar McAuliffe, Ray O'Donoghue, Albert Guay. Good—Robert Newton, Ernest Hanson, Fred. McGrath.

Sen. III.—Excellent—Joseph O'Hearn, Michael Burns, Francis Tobin, Fred. Corcoran Angelo Lobraico. Good—Wilfrid Dunbar, Roco Labriolo, Clarence Zryd, Wm. Shipley.

General Proficiency: Seniors—A. Guay, R. O'Donoghue, R. Newton. Juniors—M. Burns, Angelo Lobraico. Senior Third—General Proficiency: Seniors.—Fr. Harper, E. Barnett, R. Haffey. Juniors—Geo. Murray, Jas. Devaney, Fr. Lobraico.

Hon. John Costigan's View

Although the Liberal victory had been predicted for some time, still such an overwhelming defeat was hardly counted upon. It is difficult to foresee what effect it will have on Irish affairs.

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NOTICE

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Maryyn (nee Callahan) late of 480 Queen street west, in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, milliner, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 38 of Chapter 120, R.S.O. 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Mary Maryyn, deceased, who died on or about the 17th day of January, 1906, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Joseph Patrick O'Callahan, the Administrator of the property of the said deceased on or before the 9th day of March, 1906, their Christian and surnames, and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims and of their accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly verified by Statutory Declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said 9th day of March, 1906, the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the persons of whose claims he shall then have notice, and the said Administrator shall not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him prior to the said distribution.

DATED at Toronto this Seventh day of February, 1906.

HEARN & SLATTERY, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Solicitors for said Administrator.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual and from \$10 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales of PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

February, when Parliament will open, for in all probability the policy to be pursued in regard to Ireland will be foreshadowed in the speech from the throne. The following interview given by Hon. John Costigan to the Ottawa Free Press gives a good idea of how the question is looked upon in this country:

The returns from the British elections are gratifying to Canadian advocates of Home Rule for Ireland. The friends of the Irish cause in this country must be numerous, too, if one may judge from the verdict of the federal parliament upon the resolution moved by Hon. John Costigan endorsing the policy of the Irish National Party.

Among those who believe that Ireland has reason for renewed hope in view of the events of the last few days is Mr. Costigan himself, who is watching the progress of the contest as fast as the reports reach Ottawa.

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nadian legislator, "it cannot afford to ignore the powerful interests demanding Home Rule."

Mr. Costigan then pointed out the alliance between the Irish Nationalist Party and the Labor Party. The strong sympathies existing between these elements of the new parliament he affirmed, would compel the government to carry out its promises to ameliorate the conditions in Ireland.

"Why," remarked Mr. Costigan, "the Government would have to break up the Irish and Labor parties before it could go back on its pledges."

The pledges to the labor people are of an indefinite nature, and it is not known what legislation will be enacted to satisfy this growing power. The Nationalists are supporting the Labor members in return for their help in the Home Rule cause so that a powerful combination has been brought about.

Apart from these considerations Mr. Costigan finds ground for expecting Home Rule legislation in the fact that nearly all the ministers are committed to that policy and most of them who had been in the late Parliament had voted with the Irish Nationalists.

Mr. Chamberlain has been supported to a degree which makes him a greater force in parliament than before the elections. On this account Mr. Costigan concludes he will be recognized all the more by the ministry. Sir Henry will be disposed therefore to keep all his friends around him. By alienating any part he would be indirectly, but materially, strengthening the hands of Chamberlain. Accordingly the true policy of the government would be to retain all its support, which cannot be done without Home Rule for Ireland.

As to the degree of autonomy Ireland wants Mr. Costigan says there is no question. Nothing tending to a separate scheme has been dreamed of by Canadian Home Rulers, nor is it Mr. Redmond's policy. The policy

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laid down at the Dublin convention in 1896, Mr. Costigan affirms, is still the Nationalists' policy. Mr. Costigan, who attended this convention, says that extremist views were emphatically rejected, and since that time there has been less heard of them. The fire-eating brand of agitators, he declares, is not wanted in the ranks of the Irish parliamentary party. He says the campaign has been carried on along constitutional lines, and to this method owes its success.