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VOL. XIII., No. 16

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

### A Trip to Richmond Hill, this County to Visit its Irish Patriarch, Mr. Matthew Teefe Points of Interest Along the Way—The Old Gentleman Still Making Himself Useful—We Talked About Many Things and He Showed me his Newspaper Files and Public Documents—Toronto Newspapers and Publishers of More Than Fifty Years Ago—Some Old-Time Printers.

One fine day recently I made a trip northward in York County to see the country and interview the patriarch of my people in this part of Ontario. I mean by the latter Mr. Matthew Teefe, of Richmond Hill. Mr. Teefe has many claims to distinction, and I was very desirous of interviewing him for "The Register," especially as I knew him in the long ago. When I was connected with "The Toronto Mirror" in the early fifties, he was a frequent visitor at that office, and I formed a fond regard for him. He is now one of the oldest men in the County of York; he is the oldest postmaster in continuous service in the Dominion; he is the father of one of our most prominent priests; he is, perhaps, the oldest printer in Ontario, or at any rate one of the oldest; he is more than any one else a man who connects the past with the present with recollections and public documents which he has carefully treasured.

The way was north on Yonge street. Although I had lived in Toronto twenty-one years before going away in 1879, I had never been out that direction, and was anxious to see the country. It was like returning to visit a neglected shrine. I wanted to visit St. Michael's Cemetery, where several members of my family are buried, and where no doubt I am before long to be buried myself. I desired to view the scenes of the rebellion of 1837, just beyond Yorkville, where the banner of rebellion was raised in December of that year. I wanted to visit my old friend, A. H. St. Germain, now one of the oldest printers in Canada, who resides on a farm at Bedford Park, and finally, go on to the home of Mr. Teefe, have a chat with the patriarch, his aged wife and two maiden daughters.

The way I found rough and hilly, and by no means so beautiful a suburban country as I expected to find. The Metropolitan Electric Railway offered me the means of transportation. The C.P.R. crossing, North Toronto, is the point of departure. This is just beyond old Yorkville. I had been out as far as Bedford Park one day before, and took in some of the points of interest in my rambles. Gallows Hill, where it is said two men were hanged at the time of the rebellion, is the first place that demands attention, as it possesses historic associations. Then come Deer Park, where there is neither park nor deer.

St. Michael's Cemetery is on the left side of the road. There are buried many thousands of Toronto's Catholic dead. But it is by no means the first cemetery of our denomination, and Catholics were buried here even long before old St. Paul's was opened. It must be remembered there was a French fort here antedating Gov. Simcoe's arrival, and long before Canada was ceded to the British. That fort was at the west end, and there must have been a God's half-acre in that locality somewhere. The old St. Michael's Cemetery is in a very poor condition, and ought to be put in some kind of shape to show that we are not neglectful of our dead. I did not think to look for the new cemetery further north. Perhaps some day, if I am spared for the work, I may take up this matter of Toronto Catholic burying places. I understand there is a good deal to be said on the subject.

Much has been written about Montgomery's tavern, the rallying point of the patriots in the abortive rebellion of 1837, which was in this immediate vicinity. The tavern was burnt at the time by the loyalists. Instead of farm acres there are now houses and

a fine store occupies the site of the former tavern. John Montgomery was a Scotchman, who espoused the cause of the patriots, but did not keep the tavern, although he owned it at the time. He resided in a house on his farm close by. I saw Mr. Montgomery frequently when he kept the Russell House, many years afterwards, down on Church street, near Colborne.

There were but few Catholics or Irish people mixed up with the uprising of 1837. Besides Dr. E. A. Theiler, there was another Irishman named Brophy incarcerated in Toronto jail, for participating in it. I remember once having been given a description of the fight at Montgomery's by the late John Mulvey, who was an eye-witness of the encounter, though then but a boy a few years old. He told me many of the rebels had pikes for weapons. The scene of the famous conflict is now known as Eglinton, which is an incorporate village. The elevation of the country here is said to be on a level with the top of the spire of St. Michael's Cathedral.

Glen Grove Park, a little further on, was formerly the home of James Beatty, a famous Irish business man of Toronto, publisher of the daily "Leader" newspaper, an extensive leather merchant, lessee of the York roads, the political friend of Sir Francis Hincks, and a famous reformer.

Bedford Park is said by the Guide book to be an enchanting residential suburb, but its beauty did not strike the writer as an attraction. It has a post-office, a tavern, a blacksmith shop and a few private residences. Among the latter is the home of Mr. A. H. St. Germain, an old acquaintance of the printing and publishing fraternity. Mr. St. Germain is a pretty old man, nearly as old, I think, as Mr. Teefe. He is a French Canadian by race, is a native of Kingston, and was married to an Irish lady who was his first wife. He is now married for the second time, and often rides into the city with his bride in a buggy. Only that old age is pressing hard upon him he would not doubt be a very jolly man. He had a daily paper here in the long ago, which he sold to Mr. Robertson when he started the "Daily Telegraph" along with Mr. Jas. Cooke, one of the Beatty connection.

One of the objects of interest pointed out to me at Bedford Park, was the farm once owned by Hon. William McDougall here he became lawyer or editor, and was known by the sobriquet of "Wandering Willie." Mr. McDougall was one of Ontario's public men that I was well acquainted with, but I am no great admirer of his career.

Thornhill is a village through which crosses the river Don, on its way to the bay at the east end of the city. It was called after a Mr. Thorn, an Englishman from Dorsetshire, who settled a small colony here. If this village were to be judged by its age it ought to be of city dimensions by this time; but the Yonge street villages don't grow.

Richmond Hill comes next in view, and it presents a bright appearance, several of the houses revealing in fresh paint. It possesses no abnormal growth, however, and has, I understand, about seven hundred inhabitants. It is picturesquely situated, and is 600 feet above Ontario Lake level. It is an old village, and its present name was suggested when the late century was in its teens. It was here that Col. Moody, the loyalist, resided when he rode to Montgomery's to fight the rebels in December, 1837, and met his death, when he endeavored to ride into Toronto to raise the alarm. Perhaps like Gen. Phil Kearney, who rode into the rebel ranks at Chancellorsville, and finding his mistake, tried to ride successfully away again, thinking the rebels could not hit a hay-stack.

In the Metropolitan Electric Railway guide's notice of this village, I find the following among others:—"The oldest postmaster in Canada, both in point of years as well as service, is still on duty here, hale and hearty in spite of his eighty odd years, in the person of Mr. M. Teefe. He has discharged the duties of postmaster here continuously for over 53 years."

This is a record for Mr. Teefe and his family to be proud of, as probably there is not another postmaster in the Dominion so long in continuous service. He can tell us the conditions existing in the early immigration days, of the printing trade in the thirties, and the newspapers published in Toronto then and ever since; of the progress of education from an infantile condition to its present high standard; of the progress of the Church; of the achievement of good government, and the causes that provoked good men to rebel when he was a boy, etc., etc.

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The Spring Term began on April 3rd, and students may now enter any day, and continue work to end of any course selected. There are no vacations. A very handsome catalogue is sent by the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, on receipt of a postal request.

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When I asked for the post-office I was shown a capacious cottage on the left-hand side of Yonge street, and there I entered. One of the ladies was on duty in the office, and I told her my name, and said I wanted to see her father. She was a little surprised. My name was not unfamiliar to her, but she did not expect to see me at Richmond Hill. It was after the dinner hour, and she said her father was taking a rest. She showed me into a parlor and went to inform her father. I noticed a large legal instrument on the table, and this evidently was the work he was at in the service of his neighbors, showing that the days of his usefulness were not yet over. Presently the old gentleman approached me with outstretched hand and a pleasant smile, and bade me welcome. I told him I was very glad to have that opportunity of interviewing so venerable and remarkable a citizen. I had been thirty-four years absent from the country, but had not forgotten his face. I had seen him often in the old "Mirror" office in the early fifties, and was glad to renew the acquaintance. Mr. Donley, the proprietor of the "Mirror," he said was a very nice man, and he had had a very high regard for him.

"I understand, Mr. Teefe," said I, "that you served an apprenticeship to the printing business in Toronto, and can tell me something about Toronto's earlier printers, some of whom I think I knew."

"Yes, I learned the printing trade with Thomas Dalton, the publisher of the "Patriot," a Conservative weekly journal of those days, and a very nice gentleman." "What other papers were there in Toronto at the period between 1836 and 1840, when you were learning the trade, and who were the printers?" "William Lyon McKenzie was in Toronto then, having lately come, and started "The Constitution," which corresponded with his own liberal ideas. There was the "Correspondent," owned and edited by a priest named O'Grady, a former pastor of St. Paul's Church, who had disagreed with Bishop Macdonell over politics, and had been sentenced. There was Frank Collins, an Irish Catholic, who published the "Canadian Freeman," a Liberal paper, and there was Mr. McTavay, another Irish Catholic, who was connected with the "Constitution." Besides these there was a Mr. Stanton and Mr. Cary, who were connected with the "Upper Canada Gazette," the official paper. The "British Colonist," a Conservative paper, was published by Hugh Scobie.

"There were a good many apprentices and printers employed in the "Patriot" office, some of whom I think I have known. Please to mention their names." "The foreman was W. A. C. Meyers, commonly called 'Wac' Meyers, because of his initials. He and I did not get along well together, and when Mr. Dalton died he told me I could leave if I wished, and I left. This was in 1840.

"John Gannon was one of them, was he not?" I asked. "Yes, John Gannon was one of them, a very good man, a very good printer and a good Catholic. There was also Thomas McNamara and William Malloy, both Catholics. Do you know whatever became of them, Mr. Halley?"

"Malloy was a son of John Malloy, so many years superintendent of Osogood Hall. He went to New York, and I fear came to a poor end. I did not know him personally, however, but I knew his brother, Joseph, also a printer. He is alive, the father of a family, and residing in Chicago. 'Tom' McNamara was a nephew of Capt. McNamara, an officer of the British army, residing in Toronto, after service, until his death. Tom started a newspaper in Ingersoll, Ont., called the "Chronicle." He was an efficient newspaper man and used to write stories for his own paper. I think he died in Ingersoll, but I am not certain."

"There was another publisher I forgot to mention—George Burnett, afterwards police magistrate, whose paper was named "The Palladium." He was mayor of the city in 1844, when the "Parties' Procession Act" was passed, forbidding Orange or other party processions in the streets, and when he attempted to stop an

## BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Miss Anna M. Deane, who has been sojourning in Pasadena, California, returned to town, and is staying with her sister, Mrs. M. Shanney, Toronto street.

Friday, April 14th, Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was observed here in a devotional manner.

Mr. John Kennedy, contractor, Chicago, was in town Thursday on his return from attending the funeral of his father, the late Mr. M. Kennedy, Phelpsston.

Mr. W. A. Boys, barrister, and Mr. B. Lawrence, have purchased an automobile. It is the first owned by a resident of the town, and proves a source of great attraction while passing in the streets. Mr. Boys and Mr. Lawrence are both expert chauffeurs.

The regular meeting of the Altar Society was held at the Deaneys Sunday evening, and was well attended.

It is very cold. The western winds have cleared the ice from the bay.

## Praise for the Catholic Schools

Galt, April 15.—Inspector Power visited the Catholic Separate School officially on Jan. 21, and his special report has been received by the Secretary. The following extracts have been taken from it.

Pupils enrolled, 70.  
Pupils present, 61.  
Pupils who passed entrance examination, 4.  
Organization, quite satisfactory.  
Discipline, excellent.  
Proficiency of classes, reading, spelling, grammar, composition, arithmetic, good; writing, good and middling.  
Accommodations, these have undergone no change since my last visit.  
Equipment, a few good maps have been added.  
Requirements—I would respectfully suggest that the Board endeavor to spend a few dollars in purchasing supplementary reading for the various classes.  
Remarks—Miss McCowell continues to do her excellent work. The attendance is pretty large. Nevertheless the work done by the various classes compares most favorably with that done in any other school I visit.

## Pope and Sir Charles Tupper

Rome, April 13.—The Pope received in private audience the Right Rev. John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. After the audience, in which he dwelt on the ecclesiastical affairs of the Diocese of Antigonish, Bishop Cameron presented Sir Charles Tupper, former Premier of Canada, to the Pope, recalling his constant defence of the rights of Canadian Catholics. The Pope, speaking in Latin, said he knew of the struggles sustained by Sir Charles, and praised him warmly, and putting his hand on Sir Charles' shoulder, he gave him his special blessing.

London, April 13.—The House of Commons to-day, by a vote of 263 to 104, defeated a motion to establish a Catholic university in Ireland. There was much cross-voting. The minority included the Nationalists and English Catholics.

## Belgium and the Pope

The Catholic Herald states that the Catholics of Belgium have decided to present a new church in Rome to the Pope. The new church will be built in the S. J. Lorenzo quarter, and the Pope himself will be the architect of the monument.

Orange parade in the streets of Toronto, the followers of King William upset him in a ditch, and that was the way they observed the law.

"Do you remember Tom Shanklin? wasn't he an apprentice in the "Patriot" office during your time? I knew him too."

"Yes, Shanklin was an Orangeman and a favorite of foreman Meyers. He had a brother an Episcopal minister. Strange as it was, a son of William Lyon McKenzie was an apprentice in the "Patriot" office, too."

(This interview with Mr. Teefe will be continued in future issues.)

WILLIAM HALLEY.

## THE PRESS AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION

Rev. L. Minehan on the Character and Influence of "The Telegram."

Editor of The Star.—The Toronto Star has well earned its name during the present crisis. Whilst, day after day, the most disgraceful appeals to sectarian feelings are made in headline and cartoon and editorial page by papers professing impartiality and independence, The Star, and I am proud to say, its correspondents, have been shedding the clear beams of fairplay, reason, and patriotism. It is well, in my estimation, that Catholics have up to the present left the defence of their rights largely in the hands of such journals as The Star. They have thus had an excellent opportunity of seeing where the forces of bigotry have been arrayed; and, moreover, their position with regard to the education of their children needs no better defence than the rabid abuse hurled against them at the present time. Happy, indeed, would be the lot of the Catholic children who had every day to run the gauntlet of teachers and schoolmates nourished on the pap supplied by the News, the Telegram, the World, et al.

The most regrettable feature of this rabid outbreak is the attitude of so-called "religious" journals. One of these declared, with a modesty and charity which would do credit to an Indian on the war path: "Sooner or later there was bound to be a struggle—a fight to the finish—between the forces of clericalism on the one hand, the forces of spiritual, intellectual, and political freedom on the other."

I suppose that my poor self is identified with the forces of clericalism, as opposed to "intellectual, spiritual, and political freedom." Now, Mr. Editor, I know something of municipal, Provincial, and Dominion politics, for the last twenty years in Toronto. And I can prove that no pupils are as free from anything approaching to dictation in these lines as those of the Catholic churches of this city. Again and again partisan utterances have been made from non-Catholic pulpits, and individual candidates championed or denounced—a proceeding which no Catholic priest would dare to venture on, and no Catholic congregation tolerate.

In 1896 I supported the Liberal party in its policy of conciliation, not that I did not sympathize with my fellow-Catholics of Manitoba, but because I deemed sweet reasonableness the best policy for all concerned. I was not alone in that attitude. And I can say that I know some of my clerical confreres who have more true liberality in a finger joint than the whole outfit of Toronto assailants of Sir Wilfrid Laurier could supply.

During more than twenty years of priestly life, covering periods of bitter political strife, I have never once been asked, directly or indirectly, to vote, or abstain from voting—never once have I received as much as a hint as to how I should comport myself politically—at the hands of any member of that terrible hierarchy, which is now represented as lifting its awful form to the skies and dominating the land. So much for "the forces of clericalism against the forces of intellectual, spiritual, and political freedom." Shade of the late Dr. Dewar! Thou couldst tell us a little of thy experience of "political freedom!"

Let me turn from this theme to the alleged interference of the Apostolic Delegate at Ottawa in our national concerns. Day after day we are told by Conservative and independent journals that the Apostolic Delegate owes his position to the intrigues of the Liberal party. I know something of the sentiments of priests and laymen in this matter, and this sentiment hails the appointment of an apostolic delegate as a blessed relief from a state of affairs which was at times trying, to say the least. On account of the amount of business of a purely ecclesiastical character coming to Rome from the United States and Canada, it was found advisable to appoint a permanent delegate first at Washington and then at Ottawa.

Most of the United States bishops were not favorable at first to the former appointment, but no one would question its wisdom now. The same sentiment will soon prevail regarding the Ottawa delegation.

No one would more quickly resent any attempt to enter the political field on the part of the Apostolic Delegate than Catholics themselves. The great O'Connell declared that he would no more take his politics from Rome than from Constantinople. Mgr. Sbarretti, however, denies that he has been guilty of any such interference as that laid to his charge by the Manitoba Government. Ministers of the Crown, both Provincial and Dominion, have at times interfered in such purely ecclesiastical matters as

the appointment of bishops. They have sometimes indicated the choice they believed would be most acceptable to a mixed community. And they were perfectly justified in going so far. Legitimate interference, however, would cease and unjustifiable aggression begin were these Ministers to declare that the position of the Catholic Church would be rendered unpleasant were their advice rejected. In the same way the Apostolic Delegate might plead for the Catholics of Manitoba. He might represent to the Manitoba Ministers the wisdom and justice of a certain course. Nothing but purblind bigotry or unscrupulous rascality would see an opening in this for a cry of aggression. If more than this was done—and in this respect the word of Messrs. Rogers and Campbell will be accepted by no honest man unless documentary evidence is produced—then Catholics will have been overstepped and amends should be made.

Would it not, Mr. Editor, be advisable to counteract the propaganda of hate now carried on by a public meeting of citizens, Catholics and non-Catholics, who want to live in peace and harmony—who believe that municipal and social questions of the highest moment are being lost sight of in the present excitement—who believe that by the exercise of mutual good will on the part of all creeds we will by degrees hit on a satisfactory solution of the problems confronting us in our yet undeveloped condition? If The Star would bring out a meeting of this nature, it would, in the opinion of your humble servant, crown the splendid service it has rendered to Canadian nationality in this crisis.

L. Minehan

Rev. Father Minehan sent in reply to a furious reply to the foregoing, the following to The Telegram:

Controversy with an editor in his own paper is proverbially hopeless for the luckless wight who undertakes the job; but when that paper is The Evening Telegram then indeed the fabled purifier of the Aegaeon stables may well shrink from the task. Unnerving as the work is, I deem it my duty to give you the opportunity of either closing your columns to a few words of reply to your personal attack on me in your issue of April 11th, or of repeating that characteristic performance.

The object of your attack was a letter of mine which appeared in the Toronto Star of April 8th. That letter opened with a few words of well merited appreciation of the utterances of the Star and its correspondents. That the Star's method of discussing public questions wins widespread commendation was shown by a complimentary message sent to it by the present Premier of Ontario, after he emerged victorious from a very bitter political fight. I wonder did any opponent ever send such a message to The Telegram!

## JUSTIFIUS RUSTICUS

You ask me to square my words of appreciation of the Star's correspondence with a letter which appeared there over the nom de plume "Rusticus." Surely you must have seen that this letter appeared in the same issue with my own, and therefore after my letter was written. However, after reading your editorial of April 11th, I express my unqualified approval of Rusticus' trenchant letter. And the use made of it by The Telegram is a gratifying proof to the author that his shaft struck home.

You accuse me of intolerance because I assume that the question of provincial rights for the west is not a political but a religious question. In my letter to the Star I never referred directly or indirectly to provincial rights. The Telegram is very determined that "Quebec must keep her hands off," but when a purely provincial issue arose in Quebec some years ago, namely, the restoration to the Jesuits of a fraction of the value of their confiscated property, The Telegram was amongst the loudest of the screamers for Dominion interference. "Quebec must keep her hands off," but Ontario has a perfect right "to keep her hands off" provincial issues, either in Quebec or the Northwest—this seems to be the golden rule of The Telegram and its confreres.

## A RELIGIOUS QUESTION

The charge of intolerance is further pressed against me because I assume "the school question" to be a religious question, because the Roman Catholics who have raised it choose to call it a religious question. I challenge The Telegram to produce one phrase in my letter to the Star justifying

(Continued On Page Five)

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# BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

## CHAPTER I.

In the year 1775, there stood upon the borders of Epping Forest, at a distance of about twelve miles from London—measuring from the Standard in Cornhill, or rather from the spot on or near to which the Standard used to be in days of yore—a house of public entertainment called the Maypole; which fact was illustrated to all such travellers as could neither read nor write (and sixty-six years ago a vast number, both of travellers and stay-at-homes were in this condition) by the emblem reared on the roadside over against the house, which, if not of those goodly proportions that Maypoles were wont to present in olden times, was a fair young ash, thirty feet in height, and straight as any arrow that ever English yeoman drew.

The Maypole—by which term from henceforth is meant the house, and not its sign—the Maypole was an old building, with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; huge zig-zag chimneys, out of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous and empty. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry the Eighth; and there was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion, to wit in a certain oak-paneled room, with a deep bay-window, but that next morning, while standing on a mounting-block before the door, with one foot on the stirrup, the virgin monarch had then and there boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty. The matter-of-fact and doubtful folks, of whom there were a few among the Maypole customers, as unluckily there always are in every little community, were inclined to look upon this tradition as rather apocryphal; but, whenever the landlord of that ancient hostelry appealed to the mounting-block itself as evidence, and triumphantly pointed out that there it stood in the same place to that very day, the doubters never failed to be put down by a large majority, and all true believers exulted as in a victory.

Whether these and many other stories of the like nature, were true or untrue, the Maypole was really an old house, a very old house, perhaps as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps older, which will sometimes happen with houses of an uncertain, as with ladies of a certain, age. Its windows were old diamond-pane lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the heat of time and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved; and here on summer evenings the more favored customers smoked and drank—ay, and sang many a good song, too, sometimes—reposing on two grim-looking high-backed settles, which, like the twin dragons of some fairy tale, guarded the entrance to the mansion.

In the chimneys of the disused rooms, swallows had built their nests for many a long year, and from earliest spring to latest autumn whistled colonies of sparrows chirped and twittered in the eaves. There were more pigeons about the dreary stable yard and out-buildings than anybody but the landlord could reckon upon. The wheeling and circling flights of runts, fantails, tumbler, and pouters, were perhaps not quite consistent with the grave and sober character of the building, but the monotonous cooing, which never ceased to be raised by some among them all day long, suited it exactly, and seemed to lull it to rest. With its overhanging stories, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway, the old house looked as if it were nodding in its sleep. Indeed, it needed no very great stretch of fancy to detect in it other resemblances to humanity. The bricks of which it was built had originally been a deep dark red, but had grown yellow and discolored like an old man's skin; the sturdy timbers had decayed like teeth; and here and there the ivy, like a warm garment to comfort it in its age, wrapt its green leaves closely round the time-worn walls.

It was a hale and hearty age though, still; and in the summer or autumn evenings, when the glow of the setting sun fell upon the oak and chestnut trees of the adjacent forest, the old house, partaking of its lustre, seemed their fit companion, and to have many good years of life in him yet.

The evening with which we have to do, was neither a summer nor an autumn one, but the twilight of a day in March, when the wind howled dismally among the bare branches of the trees, and rumbling in the wide chimneys and driving the rain against the windows of the Maypole Inn, gave such of its frequenters as chanced to be there at the moment an undeniable reason for prolonging their stay, and caused the landlord to prophesy that the night would certainly clear at eleven o'clock precisely,—which, by a remarkable coincidence, was the hour at which he always closed his house.

The name of him upon whom the spirit of prophecy thus descended was John Willet, a burly, large-headed man with a fat face which betokened profound obscurity and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits. It was John Willet's ordinary boast in his more placid moods, that if he were slow he was sure; which assertion could, in one sense at least, be by no means gainsaid, seeing that he was in everything unquestionably the reverse of fast, and withal one of the most dogged and positive fellows in existence—always sure that what he thought or said or did was right, and holding it as a thing quite settled and ordained by the laws of nature and Providence, that anybody who said or did or thought otherwise must be inevitably and of necessity wrong.

give way to and so acquire an additional relish for the warm blaze, said, looking round upon his guests,—"It'll clear at eleven o'clock. No sooner and no later. Not before and not afterwards."

"How do you make out that?" said a little man in the opposite corner. "The moon is past the full, and she rises at nine."

John looked sedately and solemnly at his questioner until he had brought his mind to bear upon the whole of his observation, and then made answer, in a tone which seemed to imply that the moon was peculiarly his business and nobody else's.—

"Never you mind about the moon. Don't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone, and I'll let you alone."

"No offence I hope?" said the little man.

Again John waited leisurely until the observation had thoroughly penetrated to his brain, and then replied, "No offence as yet," applied a light to his pipe and smoked in placid silence; now and then casting a side-long look at a man wrapped in a loose riding-coat with huge cuffs, ornamented with tarnished silver lace and large metal buttons, who sat apart from the regular frequenters of the house, and wearing a hat flapped over his face, which was still fur shaded by the hand on which his forehead rested, looked unobscurely enough.

There was another guest, who sat, booted and spurred, at some distance from the fire also, and whose thoughts—to judge from his folded arms and knitted brows, and from the untasted liquor before him—were occupied with other matters than the topics under discussion of the persons who discussed them. This was a young man of about eight and twenty rather above the middle height, and though of a somewhat slight figure, gracefully and strongly made. He wore his own dark hair, and was accounted in a riding-dress, which, together with his large boots (resembling in shape and fashion those worn by our Life Guardsmen at the present day), showed indisputable traces of the bad condition of the roads. But travel-stained though he was, he was well and even richly attired, and without being over-dressed, looked a gallant gentleman.

Lying upon the table beside him, as he had carelessly thrown them, as a heavy riding-whip and a slouched hat, the latter worn no doubt as being best suited to the inclemency of the weather. There, too, were a pair of pistols in a holster-case, and a short riding-cloak. Little of his face was visible, except the long dark lashes which concealed his downcast eyes, but an air of careless ease and natural gracefulness of demeanor pervaded the figure, and seemed to comprehend even these slight accessories, which were all handsome and in good keeping.

Towards this young gentleman the eyes of Mr. Willet wandered but once, and then as if in mute inquiry whether he had observed his silent neighbor. It was plain that John and the young gentleman had often met before. Finding that his look was not returned, or indeed observed by the person to whom it was addressed, John gradually concentrated the whole power of his eyes into one focus, and brought it to bear upon the man in the flapped hat, at whom he came to stare in course of time with an intensity so remarkable, that it affected his freckled countenance, who all, as with one accord, took their pipes from their lips, and stared with open mouths at the stranger likewise.

The sturdy landlord had a large pair of dull fish-like eyes, and the little man who had hazarded the remark about the moon (and who was the parish-clerk and the bell-ringer of Chigwell; a village hard by), had little round black shiny eyes like beads; moreover this little man wore at the knees of his rusty black breeches, and on his rusty black coat, and all down his long flapped waistcoat, little queer buttons like nothing except his eyes; but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light of the fire, which shone too in his bright shoe-buckles, he seemed all eyes from head to foot, and to be gazing with every one of them at the unknown customer. No wonder that a man should grow restless under such an inspection as this, to say nothing of the eyes belonging to short Tom Cobb the general chandler and post-office keeper, and long Phil Parkes, the ranger, both of whom, infected by the example of their companions, regarded him of the flapped hat no less attentively.

The stranger became restless; perhaps from being exposed to this raking fire of eyes, perhaps from the nature of his previous meditations—most probably from the latter cause, for as he changed his position—and looked hastily round, he started to find himself the object of such keen regard, and darted an angry and suspicious glance at the fireside group. It had the effect of immediately diverting all eyes to the chimney, except those of John Willet, who, finding himself, as it were, caught in the fact, and not being (as has been already observed) of a very ready nature, remained staring at his guest in a particularly awkward and disconcerted manner.

"Well?" said the stranger.

"Well. There was not much in well. It was not a long speech. 'I thought you gave an order,'" said the landlord, after a pause of two or three minutes for consideration.

The stranger took off his hat, and disclosed the hard features of a man of sixty or thereabouts, much weather-beaten and worn by time, and the naturally hard expression of which was not improved by a dark handkerchief which was bound tightly round his head, and, while it served the purpose of a wig, shaded his forehead and almost his eyebrows. If it were intended to conceal or divert attention from a deep gash, now healed into an ugly seam, which when it was first inflicted must have laid bare his cheek-bone, the object was but indifferently attained, for it could scarcely fail to be noted at a glance. His complexion was of a cadaverous hue, and he had a grizzly jagged beard of some three weeks' date. Such was the figure (very mean) and poorly clad) that now rose from the seat, and stalking across the room, sat down in a corner of the chimney, which the politeness or fears of the little clerk very readily assigned to him.

"A highwayman!" whispered Tom Cobb to Parkes, the ranger.

"Do you suppose highwaymen don't dress handsomer than that?" replied Parkes. "It's a better business than you think for, Tom, and highwaymen don't need or use to be shabby, take my word for it."

Meanwhile, the subject of their speculations had done due honor to the house by calling for some drink, which was promptly supplied by the landlord's son Joe, a broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow of twenty, whom it pleased his father still to consider a little boy, and to treat accordingly. Stretching out his hands to warm them by the blazing fire, the man turned his head towards the company, and after running his eye sharply over them, said in a voice well suited to his appearance,—

"What house is that which stands a mile or so from here?"

"Public-house?" said the landlord, with his usual deliberation.

"Public-house, father!" exclaimed Joe,—"where's the public-house within a mile or so of the Maypole?" He looked at the great houses—the Warrens—naturally, of course. The old red-brick house, sir, that stands in its own grounds—"

"Ay," said the stranger.

"And that fifteen or twenty years ago stood in a park five times as broad, which with other and richer property has bit by bit changed hands and dwindled away—more's the pity?" pursued the young man.

"Maybe," was the reply. "But my question related to the owner. What it has been I don't care to know, and what it is I can see for myself."

The heir-apparent to the Maypole pressed his finger on his lips, and glancing at the young gentleman already noticed, who had changed his attitude when the house was first mentioned, replied in a lower tone.—

"The owner's name is Haredeale, Mr. Geoffrey Haredeale, and—"

Paying as little regard to this admonitory cough, as to the significant gesture that had preceded it, the stranger pursued his questioning.

"I turned out of my way coming here, and took the footpath that crosses the grounds. Who was the young lady that I saw entering your carriage? His daughter?"

"Why, how should I know, honest man?" replied Joe, contriving in the course of some arrangements about the hearth, to advance closer to his questioner and pluck him by the sleeve, "I didn't see the young lady, you know. Whew! There's the wind again—and rain—well it is a night!"

"Rough weather, indeed!" observed the stranger man.

"You're used to it?" said Joe, catching at anything which seemed to promise a diversion of the subject.

"Pretty well," returned the other.

"About the young lady—has Mr. Haredeale a daughter?"

"No, no," said the young fellow, fretfully, "she's a single gentleman—her—her, can't you, man? Don't you see this talk is not relished under?"

Regardless of this whispered remonstrance, and affecting not to hear it, his tormentor provokingly continued,—

"Single men have had daughters before now. Perhaps she may be his daughter, though he is not married."

"What do you mean?" said Joe, adding in an undertone as he approached him again, "You'll come in for it presently, I know you will!"

"I mean no harm"—returned the traveller, boldly, "and have said none that I know of. I ask a few questions—as any stranger may, and not unreasonably about the inmates of a remarkable house in a neighborhood which is new to me, and you are as agitated and disturbed as if I were talking treason against King George. Perhaps you can tell me why, sir, for (as I say) I am a stranger, and this is Greek to me?"

The latter observation was addressed to the obvious cause of Joe Willet's discomposure, who had risen and was adjusting his riding-cloak preparatory to sailing abroad. Briefly replying that he could give him no information, the young man beckoned to Joe, and handing him a piece of money in payment of his reckoning, hurried out attended by young Willet himself, who taking up a candle, followed to light him to the house door.

While Joe was absent on this errand, the older Willet and his three companions continued to smoke with profound gravity, and in a deep silence, each having his eyes fixed on a huge copper boiler that was suspended over the fire. After some time John Willet slowly shook his head, and thereupon his friends slowly shook theirs; but no man withdrew his eyes from the boiler, or altered the solemn expression of his countenance in the slightest degree.

At length Joe returned—very talkative and conciliatory, as though with a strong presentiment that he was going to be found fault with.

"Such a thing as love is!" he said, drawing a chair near the fire, and looking round for sympathy. "He has set off to walk to London,—all the way to London. His nag gone lame in riding out here this blessed afternoon, and comfortably littered down in our stable at this minute, and he giving up a good hot supper and our best bed, because Miss Haredeale has gone to a masquerade up in town, and he has set his heart upon seeing her! I don't think I could persuade myself to do that, beautiful as she is,—but then I'm not in love (at least I don't think I am), and that's the whole difference."

"He is in love, then?" said the stranger.

"Rather," replied Joe. "He'll hav-

er be more in love, and may very easily be less."

"Silence, sir!" cried his father.

"What a chap you are, Joe!" said long Parkes.

"Such an inconsiderate lad!" murmured Tom Cobb.

"Putting himself forward and ringing the very nose off his own father's face!" exclaimed the parish clerk, metaphorically.

"What have I done?" reasoned poor Joe.

"Silence, sir!" returned his father, "what do you mean by talking, when you see people that are more than two or three times your age, sitting still and silent and not dreaming of saying a word?"

"Why, that's the proper time for me to talk, isn't it?" said Joe, rebelliously.

"The proper time, sir!" retorted his father, "the proper time's no time."

"Ah, to be sure!" muttered Parkes, nodding gravely to the other two who nodded likewise, observing under their breaths that that was the point.

"The proper time's no time, sir," repeated John Willet; "when I was your age I never talked, I never wanted to talk. I listened and improved myself, that's what I did."

"And you'd find your father rather a tough customer in argument, Joe, if anybody was to try and tackle him," said Parkes.

"For the matter of that, Phil!" observed Mr. Willet, blowing a long, thin, spiral cloud of smoke out of the corner of his mouth, and staring at it abstractedly as it floated away;—"For the matter of that, Phil, argument is a gift of Natur. If Natur has gifted a man with powers of argument, a man has a right to make the best of 'em, and has not a right to stand on false delicacy, and deny that he is so gifted; for that is a turning of his back on Natur, a flouting of her, a slighting of her precious casquets, and a proving of one's self to be a swine that isn't worth her scarlet pearls before."

The landlord, pausing here for a very long time, Mr. Parkes naturally concluded that he had brought his discourse to an end; and therefore, turning to the young man with some austerity, exclaimed,—

"You hear what your father says, Joe? You wouldn't much like to tackle him in argument, I'm thinking, sir."

"If," said John Willet, turning his eyes from the ceiling to the face of his interrupter, and uttering the monosyllable "a" capitally, to apprise him that he had put in his oar, as the vulgar say, with unbecoming and irreverent haste;—"If, sir, Natur has fixed upon me the gift of argument, I should not own to it, and rather glory in the same? Yes, sir, I am a tough customer that way. You are right, sir. My toughness has been proved, sir, in this room many and many a time, as I think you know," added John, putting his pipe in his mouth again, "so much the better, for I ain't proud and am not going to tell you."

A general murmur from his three cronies, and a general shaking of heads at the copper boiler, assured John Willet that he had had good experiences of his powers, and needed no further evidence to assure them of his superiority. John smoked with a little more dignity and surveyed them in silence.

"It's all very fine talking," muttered Joe, who had been fidgeting in his chair with divers uneasy gestures. "But if you mean to tell me that I'm never to open my lips—"

"Silence, sir!" roared his father.

"No, you never are. When your opinion's wanted, you give it. When you're spoke to, you speak. And your opinion's not wanted, and you're not spoke to, don't you give an opinion, and don't you speak. The world's undergone a nice alteration since my time, certainly. My belief is that there ain't any boys left—that there isn't such a thing as a boy—that there's nothing now between a male baby and a man—and that all the boys went out with his blessed Majesty King George the Second."

"That's a very true observation, always excepting the young princes," said the parish-clerk, who, as a representative of church and state in that company, held himself bound to the nicest loyalty. "If it's godly and righteous for boys, being of the ages of boys, to behave themselves like boys, then the young princes must be boys, and cannot be otherwise."

"Did you ever hear tell of mermaids, sir?" said Mr. Willet.

"Certainly I have," replied the clerk.

According to the constitution of mermaids, so much of a mermaid as is not a woman must be a fish. According to the constitution of young princes, so much of a young prince (if anything as is not actually an angel, must be godly and righteous. Therefore, if it's becoming and godly and righteous in the young princes (as it is at their ages) that they should be boys, they are and must be boys, and cannot be possibly be anything else."

"This elucidation of a knotty point being received with such marks of approval as to put John Willet into a good-humor, he contented himself with repeating to his son his command of silence, and addressing the stranger, said,—

"If you had asked your question of a grown-up person—of me or any of these gentlemen—you'd have had some satisfaction, and wouldn't have wasted breath. Miss Haredeale is Mr. Geoffrey Haredeale's niece."

"Is her father alive?" said the man carelessly.

"No," rejoined the landlord, "he is not alive, and he is not dead!"

"Not dead!" cried the other.

"Not dead in a common sort of way," said the landlord.

The cronies nodded to each other, and Mr. Parkes remarked in an undertone, shaking his head meanwhile as who should say, "let no man contradict me, for I won't believe him," that John Willet was in amazing force to-night, and fit to tackle a Chief Justice.

The stranger suffered a short pause to elapse, and then asked abruptly, "What do you mean?"

"More than you think for, friend," returned John Willet. "Perhaps there's more meaning in them words than you suspect."

"Perhaps there is," said the stranger man, gruffly, "but what the devil do you speak in such mysteries for? You tell me, first, that a man is not alive, nor yet dead—then, that he's not dead in a common sort of way—then that you mean a great deal more than I think for. Do tell you

## THE RESURRECTION

# April

### 1905

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	OF THE FERIA
1	S.	v.	Of the FERIA.
<b>Fourth Sunday of Lent</b>			
2	Su.	v.	Fourth Sunday of Lent.
3	M.	v.	Of the FERIA.
4	T.	w.	S. Isidor.
5	W.	sc.	S. Vincent Ferrer.
6	T.	r.	S. Sixtus I., Pope.
7	F.	r.	Most Precious Blood.
8	S.	v.	Of the FERIA.
<b>Passion Sunday</b>			
9	Su.	v.	Passion Sunday.
10	M.	v.	Of the FERIA.
11	T.	w.	S. Leo I., Pope.
12	W.	w.	S. Julian I., Pope.
13	T.	r.	S. Hermenegild.
14	F.	w.	Seven Dolours of B. V. Mary.
15	S.	v.	Of the FERIA.
<b>Palm Sunday</b>			
16	Su.	v.	Palm Sunday.
17	M.	v.	Of the FERIA.
18	T.	w.	Of the FERIA.
19	W.	v.	Of the FERIA.
20	T.	w.	Holy Thursday.
21	F.	b.	Good Friday.
22	S.	w.	Holy Saturday.
<b>Easter Sunday</b>			
23	Su.	w.	Easter Sunday.
24	M.	w.	Of the Octave.
25	T.	w.	Of the Octave.
26	W.	w.	Of the Octave.
27	T.	w.	Of the Octave.
28	F.	w.	Of the Octave.
29	S.	w.	Of the Octave.
<b>Low Sunday</b>			
30	Su.	w.	Low Sunday.

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the truth, you may do that easily; for so far as I can make out, you mean nothing. What do you mean, I ask again?"

"That," returned the landlord, a little brought down from his dignity by the stranger's surliness, "is a Maypole story, and has been many times these four and twenty years. That story is Solomon Daisy's story. It belongs to the house; and nobody but Solomon Daisy has ever told it under this roof, or ever shall—that's more."

The man glanced at the parish clerk, whose air of consciousness and importance plainly betokened him to be the person referred to, and, observing that he had taken his pipe from his lips, after a very long whiff to keep it alight, and was evidently about to tell his story without further solicitation, gathered his large coat about him, and shrinking farther back, was almost lost in the gloom of the spacious chimney-corner, except when the flame, struggling from under a great fagot, whose weight almost crushed it for the time, shot upward with a strong and sudden glare, and illumined the figure for a moment, seemed afterwards to cast it into deeper obscurity than before.

By this flickering light, which made the old room, with its heavy timbers and panelled walls, look as if it were built of polished ebony—the wind roaring and howling without, now rattling the latch and creaking the hinges of the stout oak door, and now driving at the casement as though it would beat it in—by this light, and under circumstances so auspicious, Solomon Daisy began his tale —

(To Be Continued)

### Household Helps

- Meat Cutters
- Raisins Seeders
- Bread Graters
- Washers
- Wringers
- Mangles
- Cake Moulds
- Carpet Sweepers
- Hot Water Dishes
- Etc.

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of a higher destiny or a greater work?

A writer in the Youths' Companion, in speaking of the advantage that country children enjoy over those from the city, in having the constant companionship of their mothers, gives the following, which is worthy of consideration.

"You see," said a little girl who lived on a farm, "I've seen my mother almost the whole time ever since I was born. I almost always could do everything she did and go every place she went. It was so unusual when I couldn't that I always heard afterwards every word about what happened. Now, my cousin, who lives in the city, doesn't do that way with her mother. They couldn't. Her mother goes to too many places and does too many things that she says are not for children, and it takes her so much time to do them that she wouldn't have time to tell about them, even if her daughter wanted to hear, which she doesn't much."

E. R. P.

### Mother and Child

That a mother's life is necessarily one of supreme self-sacrifice, every woman should realize before she goes to the altar; and unless she is willing to accept her new responsibilities with good heart and to be a mother in the truest sense of the word, it were better for her to retrace her steps while yet there is time. If the love of husband and children and the pleasures of home do not hold out sufficient allurements to compensate for a continual round of clubs, receptions and theatre-going, her career as a mother and home-maker will be a failure, and to fail in the purpose for which God intended her, is the saddest blunder a woman can make.

There are, unfortunately, nowadays too many women who wish to dabble in all things save those that most deeply concern them. They attend meetings to discuss social betterment and a broader field for women, forgetting that the while their own little ones are starving for the mother-love which is their right. In this respect the children in the tenement quarters are frequently more favored than the offspring of the rich.

Women of wealth and leisure are the ones who should be able to rear their children under ideal conditions, yet how can they do so when they are almost strangers in their own households?

By this it is not meant that a married woman should debar herself from all social intercourse, and become a recluse. On the contrary, she owes the duty to herself and to those with whom she is so intimately connected, to be all that God intended her to be, and He certainly did not select her for a nun, else she would have been called to the Cloister. A drive, a walk, a few hours with a good book or a pleasant friend are diversions that every woman needs, and if she is deprived of them, she will suffer mentally and physically in consequence. For the present, the young mother should content herself with such pleasures. There will, perhaps, be time for club work later on, when the little feet have ceased to echo in the home and the children are living their lives apart from the parental roof. Then how much riper her judgment and more telling her efforts. But even should she give apparently nothing to the outside world, she can not afford to miss the companionship of her children with all its wonderful possibilities. To mould their young hearts and minds could she conceive

### Naming the Trees

Boys and girls can have lots of fun playing the following game, and will find some of the questions are not very easy to answer, either. The questions are given out on slips of paper, without the answers, and the one who gets the largest number of correct answers is the winner of the game.

Which is the most level tree? Plane.

Which is the brightest colored tree? Redwood.

Which tree suggests the thoughts of the ocean? Beech.

Which tree would we prefer on a very cold day? Fir.

Which tree contains a domestic animal? Mahogany.

Which tree might very properly wear a glove? Palm.

Which tree is a pronoun? Yew.

Which is the most melancholy tree? Blue gum.

Which tree is a tale teller? Peach.

Which tree is an insect? Locust.

Which is the dandy among trees? Spruce.

Which tree is an invalid? Pine.

Which tree never is barefooted? Sandalwood.

Which tree can best remember numbers? Date.

Which tree has passed through fire? Ash.

Which is the most ancient tree? Elder.

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A CANDLE TRICK

Take a small picture out from a paper or book and wrap it lightly round a candle. Light a match or another candle and hold the flame near until it becomes transparent.

ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS

Young folks who delight in collecting cancelled postage stamps will be interested in the statement that up to date, according to the "Universal Standard Catalog of the Postage Stamps of the World," the total number of all known varieties is 19,242.

RAISING THE HAT AN ANCIENT SALUTATION

When a knight of old entered a company of ladies, he removed his helmet to indicate that he considered himself among friends, and that there was no need to protect himself.

SNAKES

Of the 165 kinds of snakes found in the United States, but 20 are venomous. They are the copperhead and water moccasin, which are closely related.

A MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE

The boy on the bicycle is riding very rapidly to keep an appointment. He has promised to be at a certain place at a certain time.

THE DOG

The dog's a funny animal. Domesticated kind. The while he wears his teeth before. He wears his smile behind.

I used to know a little dog

Who smiled on me each night. When I returned from my day's work His tail wagged with delight.

Oh, children, all be good to dogs

And to my warning bark: Don't twist their tails nor drown their pups; 'Tis wrong to wreck a bark.

THE OTHER FOOT

Old Joshua Martin was noted for his ability to make a close bargain, but once in a while he met his match.

ABOUT KISSING MOTHER

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you noticed a care-worn look upon her face."

BRAIN FOG IN SPRING. FEELINGS OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND DESPENCY FROM WEAK BLOOD—CURE IN Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Of all the blood supplied as nourishment to the human body one-fifth is consumed in the brain in the manufacture of nerve force.

THE PARROT

By Henry Coyle. It was a cold, dreary day in spring and a young girl sat close to a stove, sewing.

ASKED LUCY, AS HER MOTHER MOANED

"No, dear," was the answer. "I feel a little better. Are you tired of sewing?" "Oh, no, indeed!" replied Lucy. "I have only one more apron to finish."

CLEAR STARCHING

In these days of elaborate and dainty lingerie it would seem that a fair living might be made by women doing what was once called clear starching, namely: the careful laundering of fine muslins and laces.

WISDOM FOR THE NURSERY

Children are apt to become saucy and ill mannered when their elders do not set them a good example. A child that learns verses and hymns as punishment is quite certain to take a lifelong dislike to such things later on.

HELPFUL ITEMS

The following useful items are taken from the Experiment Department, in Good Housekeeping: I have found it impossible to buy stockings that would not wear a small hole often before the first laundering.

SEASONABLE EASTER GIFTS

Each year finds the custom of exchanging gifts at Easter more widespread. Unlike the Christmas present, in which wide latitude is allowed, the Easter gift should be both dainty and seasonable.

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR COOK

Soak bacon in water for a few minutes before trying it; this prevents the fat from running. A spoonful of vinegar added to the cooking water will mope meat or fowls boiled in it quite tender.

MILES OF MUSHROOM CAVES

Mushrooms are grown in large quantities in Paris. They extend some miles under the city, and are from 10 to 160 feet beneath the surface. It is difficult to obtain permission to visit them, and even when the permission is obtained it requires considerable courage to avail one's self of the privilege.

The Catholic Register
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. CRONIN
Business Manager and Editor.
SUBSCRIPTION:
In City, including delivery \$1.20
To all outside points \$1.50
Offices—9 Jordan St., Toronto
Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.
Advertising Rates
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THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905.
PUBLIC OPINION.

The newspaper agitation over the Autonomy Bills is subsiding. Sheer exhaustion threatens the promoters and operatives engaged in the undertaking. Collapse would have occurred of a certainty ere now but for the supply of fresh fuel brought to the fire by Hon. Robert Rogers, of Manitoba, when he trumped up an elaborate and somewhat ingenious farrago of fiction against Mgr. Sbarretti and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. That was a benefaction to the Toronto editors and to a few lightweight preachers. They lashed themselves into a fine frenzy over it, and talked of swords and guns and gore. But Mr. Rogers has been blinded by the smoke of his own faggots, and the unfortunate editors of Toronto are going cold once more. They would welcome anything in the way of a stimulant. As an instance of this, we observe that a well-tempered letter written by Rev. L. Minehan to The Star, approving the moderate course taken by that paper, has served the editor of the Telegram with texts for two weeks' choice composition. It is idle to take up a controversy with papers that have no other desire than to excite bitter feeling. Left to themselves they have utterly failed. They are almost as far from representing public opinion as they are from representing the cause of truth. To deny them some following would be incorrect. But it is abundantly evident that whatever following they have is small and insignificant. Mr. Stapleton Caldecott's committee has turned out a joke. The Orange lodges have surprised no one. They have only done what they were expected to do. The baker's dozen of preachers who have adopted the theme in their pulpits would have welcomed any other chance to seek notoriety with equal fervor. The Register is not afraid of successful contradiction, however, when it states that the combined effort of press and preachers to stir up sectarian passion in Toronto has fallen flat. Yellow journalism no more reflects the representative opinion of Toronto or Ontario than of New York. The Toronto press has made an exhibition of itself, with the sole exception of The Star, whose circulation and business we venture to say have been improved by its refusal to fall in line with its hysterical contemporaries. The Autonomy Bills will pass when the capacity for talk has been exhausted at Ottawa. Self-respecting Conservatives are becoming conscious of the bad appearance the party has made. Mr. Monk, Mr. Ames, Mr. Pringle and others also will stand apart; and as we said several weeks ago, the bills will pass backed by the biggest majority ever recorded in the House of Commons. This majority, not the clamor of the press, will represent the mind of Canada. Nor do we hesitate to say that Ontario will not be misrepresented by the vote of the Parliament of our Dominion on this question.

ONE LESSON LEARNED.

Hon. Robert Rogers has broken out in a new place. A few days ago this Mr. Rogers gave the people of Canada a sensational illustration of reckless politics. He put his name to a mendacious statement, the aim and object of which was to set race against race and creed against creed in this Dominion. It was a luckless statement for Mr. Rogers, and his falsehoods and base motives were shown as clear as day when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mgr. Sbarretti placed the facts before the public. Mr. Rogers should have been overwhelmed with shame; but as far as we are able to judge race alone took possession of him; and in this condition he has been uttering fresh threats. He would now wreak vengeance upon those Catholics of Manitoba who may have obtained benefit from the school arrangement made in 1897 between the Premier of Canada and the Government of Manitoba. Mr. Roblin was announced as being prepared to execute this threat and

to declare his intentions in a speech. Mr. Roblin has spoken, but has omitted any reference whatever to the matter. The organ of the Government at Winnipeg now admits that the Cabinet is not united in support of Mr. Rogers, and that no definite line of action hostile to the Catholic minority has been agreed upon. So that we may be sure Mr. Rogers has been talking in haste and passion once more.

Mr. Rogers' case is that no constitutional obligation rests upon the Manitoba Government to respect the minority or treat Catholics with justice. An Order-in-Council was passed at Winnipeg ratifying the arrangement entered into, and this compact, Mr. Rogers says, is entitled to no consideration whatever. Mr. Rogers may think so. Mr. Rogers may not even be responsible for his own impulses when prejudice and passion have control of him. There is plenty of room to doubt that any of his conferees can be held responsible for his desperate attack on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, over the shoulder of the Papal delegate. But there must be some public opinion in Manitoba that will stand for truth and the sacredness of compacts.

There is, however, a valuable lesson that Catholics may learn from Mr. Rogers' disreputable doings. He has proved to them conclusively his keen desire to create a new sectarian prejudice against Catholics in the West in the hope of turning it to advantage in a purely political negotiation with the Dominion Government over the provincial boundary. What Mr. Rogers has thus attempted it would be open to any demagogue to do in Saskatchewan or Alberta at a future day if the question of education should be left to the provinces themselves as an open issue. Whatever rights may be preserved for Catholics must be defined and settled now for the sake of peace and good government in the Northwest.

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN CONVERT.

Dr. George Bull, of New York, is known throughout this Continent as one of the most remarkable converts of recent years to the Catholic faith. The distinguished physician is at present sojourning in Paris, and doubtless has been influenced by the fierce persecution of religion on the part of the Government of the Republic, to publish his life's religious experience. This he has done through the columns of the Verite, under the heading, "Why I became a Catholic." He tells of his youth in the adjoining city of Hamilton, in this Province, where he was born of Irish parents and taught to hate with deep detestation the Catholic Church. As a boy, he says, he often cheered for King William and the toasts and principles of the Orange faction. His education was steeped in bigotry. Further he was told to look upon Luther as an early Thomas a Kempis, and he was fed upon the fith of Maria Monk. This continued even when he was attending college at Montreal. He studied for the medical profession at McGill, and went to New York to practise. A religious mind asserted itself as he grew older, and he abandoned Protestantism under the influence of Dr. Adler, son of a Jewish Rabbi. Adler, who had been studying in Germany for the synagogue, lost all belief in revealed religion, and upon his return to New York founded the "Society of Ethical Culture." This society Dr. Bull, who had given himself up to specialist work as an oculist, joined. His articles are most interesting in their revelations of the influence exerted upon him by his Hebrew friend. But the study of philosophy in the end led him as it has led so many others, to the true faith, wherein alone is safety.

SUBSIDIZED JOURNALISM.

The Canadian Associated Press may be a good judge of news suitable to the palate of the Toronto press; but this so-called distinctive Canadian news service is certainly not a good judge of Catholics.

An individual named Michael McCarthy has written a letter to the London Chronicle, England, against the Autonomy Bills. McCarthy's letter is an ignorant tirade against priests and Catholic schools, and is of a quality with which the Toronto market at the present moment is glutted. The Canadian Associated Press must have been hard up for distinctive Canadian news when it cabled this stuff over. But that is not all. The Canadian Associated Press proclaims McCarthy a Catholic, and the author of a book on the Irish clergy.

In these circumstances it becomes necessary to inform the public that McCarthy is an Orange platform orator, who got some notoriety in Ulster during the late discussion of the Irish Catholic University question by his reckless abuse of the clergy and religion of Ireland. The man was so irresponsible a slanderer that the Irish press took little notice of him, and after a few months he dropped into obscurity, even in Orange circles. The book he has written is in the stereotyped style of all attacks upon the Catholic Church. This is the momentous work advertised by the Canadian Associated Press, and this is the man proclaimed a Catholic by the same authority. Hon. Mr. Fielding pays a heavy an-

nual subsidy to the Canadian Associated Press. We would like to ask him is this the approved brand of subsidized Canadian journalism?

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Cork Examiner says: "A very prominent Irish nobleman will soon be received into the Catholic Church. We are not at liberty to give his name at present, but his conversion need cause no great surprise, especially as he will only be following in the footsteps of his noble ancestors."

In Canada and the United States a sympathetic movement has been started with the Welsh revival conducted by Mr. Evan Roberts. If the idea of spreading the influence of this Protestant revival across the ocean is to combat the materialism and pursuit of money that have already made life in Britain and America a hard problem, it is to be hoped that good may come of it.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cotter, the new Bishop-Auxiliary of Portsmouth, is an Irishman, having been born at Cloyne, County Cork, on December 21st, 1866. Dr. Cotter, whose consecration took place recently, is the youngest Bishop in the United Kingdom. He received his early education at Cloyne National School, afterwards going to St. Colman's College, Fermoy, for his Theological studies for four years.

The Register this week publishes the first instalment of Dickens' story, "Barnaby Rudge," which we propose running as a serial suited to the times. We thought of taking only the chapters dealing with the "No Popery" riots, but upon reflection it seems better to begin at the beginning, as is the rule with all well-told tales. Whilst the Tappertists who write the editorials in the Toronto newspapers keep on grinding their knives and indulging in competitive flights of imagination, the community at large takes the press quite philosophically. A wide reading of "Barnaby Rudge" should develop this public mood.

His late Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., accepted the gift of a facsimile model of the famous grotto of Lourdes, and had it set up in the garden of the Vatican, where he delighted to go and look at it. His successor, Pius X., has an equally great interest in the model, and has just inaugurated the chapel constructed in completion of the representation in the Vatican Gardens of the great resort of pious pilgrims. Leo XIII. and his successor have paid very special respect to Lourdes; and it has been noticed, in connection with the ceremonial of inaugurating the chapel just referred to that 20,000 visitors were admitted to the Vatican Gardens.

The London Tablet announces that there is to be a chantry in Westminster Cathedral for the late Cardinal Vaughan. The scheme has had the sanction of the present Archbishop for some time past, but in view of the fact that public appeals were being made in behalf of the memorial school as the accepted and official monument to the memory of the Cardinal, it seemed best to defer for a time a notice of the proposed chantry. A chapel on the north of the Cathedral has been set aside for the chantry. It is further hoped to have a recumbent effigy of the Cardinal in marble. The whole sum required for fitting and decoration of the chantry is a comparatively small one—probably about \$30,000.

The Renfrew Mercury in its report of the presentation to Mr. Latchford by the Liberals of South Renfrew, says that in the five years he represented South Renfrew in the Legislature he bound his people to him with an affection that even his defeat, as a party candidate, could not loosen nor obliterate. It is safe to say that his defeat was more keenly felt by some of his supporters here than by himself. They felt that with such a candidate, the weakness must have been in the party or in them and in the support they gave him. Mr. Latchford is out of politics in the strenuous sense of the word, but he will continue an active figure in Ontario Liberalism.

The Ulster Orangemen have thrown down the gauntlet to Mr. Long, successor to Mr. Wyndham, in the office of Irish Chief Secretary. They won't support the Government unless Sir A. MacDonnell, the Catholic Under-Secretary, is dismissed: It is quite clear that the Government dare not dismiss Sir Antony MacDonnell, and he refuses to go quietly. Mr. Long has already had to withstand a bombardment of Orange questions. The pretence has been made by Mr. Long that Sir Antony MacDonnell took service as an ordinary Under-Secretary. But this contention was emphatically negated by Mr. Wyndham, who was in a position to know. Sir Antony knows too much, and he is not one, like Mr. Wyndham, to take any attempted humiliation lying down. The Government have no love for Sir Antony MacDonnell, now that he has served his function in the passage of the Land Act. They would have sacrificed him instead of Mr. Wyndham if they dared.

He that can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

THE POPE AND FRANCE

Complete Text of the Papal-Allocation at Recent Consistory.

Rome, March 31.—The Secret Consistory which the Pope held at the Vatican on Sunday morning was of special importance to the world at large, inasmuch as he took this occasion to refer to the religious persecution which the Government of France is waging against the Church in that country. Besides the Allocation which Pius X. delivered on this occasion, he also nominated Bishops for vacant sees in various parts of the world.

The Pope, turning to the Cardinals who surrounded him, said: "Venerable Brothers—in addressing by the duty of our office your great assembly for the third time, it grieves us exceedingly to have once again to treat the questions which do not bring joy, but confirm sadness. It is, however, well known to you that this disposes of what they shall never be wanting to the Church, in order that she may be worthy of her Spouse, Who, in order to render her glorious and immaculate, willed that she should be a sign of contradiction."

"We lament with you, Venerable Brethren, that in France questions are in agitation supremely hurtful to religion; we lament the project not only of rescinding that compact, which, towards the beginning of the past century, the Roman Pontiff and the rulers of the French Republic had contracted for the common benefit of religion and of the State; but also that of sanctioning in perpetuity, by a law designed for that purpose, the separation of the State from the Church. We, indeed, in these last days, with all thought and in every possible way, have striven to remove such a disaster from it, indeed. Our desire to continue in these efforts, since nothing is farther from us than the desire of withdrawing from compacts agreed upon; nevertheless the project has been urged forward with such ardour as to make us seriously fear that it will soon be realized. We are profoundly grieved on account of the injury which the French nation, which we love with all our affection, will suffer for it; for we know from experience that whatsoever injury be done to the Church also turns everywhere to the detriment of public affairs. Let them have that clearly present before them, not only those in France who are of the Catholic party, for whom it should be a sacred thing to take up the defence of the Church, but also all those who are lovers of peace and of public tranquillity, in order that the end their common action may spare such ruin to the country."

"Meantime, Venerable Brothers, Our soul is saddened also by the horror of the war through which for a long time already the regions of the Extreme East has been afflicted by massacres and conflagrations. What causes for tears—Representing here on earth Him Who is the author and the conciliator of peace, in a spirit of humility, We ardently supplicate God that He may benignantly deign to give to princes and to peoples counsels that may bring concord. So many and so grave are the manifest evils that everywhere torment the human race, that there was no need to disturb it still more with the clash of arms and the conflicts of war!"

"How greatly the love of peace should be held in consideration, has recently been keenly felt by those who happily hold the supreme government of Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia. For controversies having arisen regarding the delimitation and the rule of the confines between the Brazilian Federation and both these nations—namely, the Peruvians and the Bolivians—it seemed that the ancient concord was in danger. But those who preside over public affairs, with wise and salutary counsel decreed to resolve the contention by submitting it to the judgment of others. With this object, deeming very prudently that the office of safeguarding peace was, as it were, innate and inherent in the Supreme Pontificate, with common consent they proposed the Nuncio of this Apostolic See to the assembly, whose opinion should resolve the controversy. Whilst with joy of soul we communicate this to You, Venerable Brothers, it is pleasing to us to render public thanks to the rulers of these nations for having desired to procure such an honour to Us and to the Chair of Peter."

"May God grant that such union with Us, the bringer of very great benefit, may be deservedly appreciated by those who are in the Government of the Republic of Ecuador. Our predecessors, and particularly Pius IX. of Holy Memory, demonstrated with many and important evidences their affection towards the people of Ecuador. And yet, what happened? We learn that there have emanated such laws as might be said to be sanctioned not only to thwart the Catholic Church and the ancient religion of their fathers, but almost to kill it.—We, in order that we may not fail in Our duty, not only grieve over the wound inflicted on religion, but publicly protest against it, hoping that better pondered counsels may be received by those whose interest it is to provide for the benefit of their people."

"Meanwhile We inculcate on all the Bishops and Catholics of the people of Ecuador not to lose heart, but energetically to defend religion, and to reaffirm the liberty owing to it, holding themselves, however, from any course which may be forbidden by order and justice. May God, Who mortifies and vivifies, Who humiliates and exalts, aid their efforts."

"We trust, however, Venerable Brothers, that the piety of Catholics demonstrated towards the august Mother of God will not remain without reward—that piety demonstrated when, in the month of December last, there was completed the 50th year from the promulgation of the Decree by which she was proclaimed first from original sin. May the Most Sweet Virgin, who manifestly loves the Church, which Christ founded with His blood, grant that we may not long have to desire the joys of the desired peace."

The Pope then bestowed the Apostolic Benediction on all present.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

A PROGRESSIVE PARISH.

Just a little west of Guy street, on St. Antoine street, stands a massive stone structure; it is called St. Anthony's Church. Its work bespeaks the zeal of a devoted pastor and assistants ably seconded by a generous and sacrificing congregation. A few years ago the members of St. Anthony's parish worshipped in the basement of St. Joseph's Church, Richmond street, and yet to-day they have a beautiful church, a perfect gem, and a congregation, for their attendance and devotion at duty's call, rank them with the best in the city. The interior of St. Anthony's church has many attractive qualities. Its beautiful main altar, seen at its best on special occasions, with its magnificent electrical display of colored lights, and when viewed from the back of the church, makes a scene never to be forgotten. Its pretty pillars, ornamented ceiling, and well-designed stained glass windows—all proportions the parish has grown in up to the Living God by the Irish Catholics embracing St. Anthony's parish. A visit to the church at any of the services would easily show to the casual observer to what large proportions the parish have grown in a short time. Four masses are said on Sundays, seven, eight, nine and ten o'clock. It was Passion Sunday when I visited the Church, after an absence of nearly a year, to assist at High Mass. The plaintive tones of the singing denoted that the church was in the penitential season, especially in the beginning of the most solemn part of it—Passion Sunday. Immediately after the singing of the Gospel of the Day by the celebrant of the Mass, a young priest entered the pulpit. He was tall, well-built and an imposing figure. It was Rev. Thomas Heffernan, the well-known and eloquent preacher among the Irish Catholics of Montreal. In language clear and concise, in gestures rapid and graceful, he delivered a telling sermon on the Apostolicity of the Church. "The Church is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic," said the preacher. "To-day the subject of the discourse will be on the Apostolicity of the Church. The Church is Apostolic in her origin, in her doctrine and in her ministry. These sermons are not for controversy, but to refresh the minds of our Catholic people by bringing home to them what they have already studied in the Catechism. When Our Lord was on earth He went about preaching and doing good; people saw and heard Him, but as He was not to remain on this earth forever, it was necessary that He would leave some means of perpetuating His Church. In the year 34, the visible Church was formed, when 120 persons were assembled together in the Cenacle at Jerusalem, the Apostles, the Blessed Virgin, and the Disciples, the Holy Ghost appeared to them, and the sanctification of the Church, the promise to be with her all days, even to the consummation of the world, was given, as well as the command to go and teach all nations. The Church has taught in every age and in every clime the same doctrine, and will until the end of time, for she has the promise of her Divine Founder, who gave her power to teach all things whatsoever He had commanded, and He Himself would be with His Church until the end of time."

The preacher then dwelt at length on the Apostolicity of her ministry, where each Pope, each Bishop could show an unbroken line of succession, and each priest could give the name of the Bishop who ordained him.

"No other church which has not these four marks can be the true Church of Christ. Therefore, the Catholic Church, being the only one having these four marks, is the true Church. But there are many false claimants to the true Church. Some of the many sects existing to-day can trace their origin back to the year 1500, and where was Protestantism before that time? Hidden away some will tell you, but such an answer is a foolish one. There are many isms in the world to-day. They came not from Christ, for He commissioned His Apostles, and their successors in the ministry, to teach the people all things whatsoever He had commanded them. Our Lord gave the Commandments to be kept, good works had to be done, and in spite of all this, Protestants say that Faith alone will save them. How can such a religion as they profess be from Christ when they do not do what He has commanded. From a social standpoint Protestantism is very easy, as it imposes no sacrifices; but it is founded on error, and it is not from God."

The peroration of the discourse was a masterpiece. In conclusion he said, "Let us thank God that we are safe in the fold of the True Church of Christ. It often appears that Christ hides Himself when persecutions and trials come, but we should remember that it was only for a while, as the Gospel of this day tells us. When time will have passed and eternity will be yours, how glad you will be to stand 'Unshaven, Triumphant, and Glorious before the Master' to receive the reward of the good and faithful servant."

Since the formation of the parish the curates attached to it have been raised to honors. The late Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, P.P., of St. Mary's, was the first curate. Very Rev. J. C. Sinnett, chaplain of the Canadian contingent in the Boer war, afterwards parish priest of Sheenboro, Ont., and now Vicar General in the Northwest, was also a curate at St. Anthony's. Rev. M. L. Shea and Rev. Thos. Heffernan are the present curates, and also the next in the ranks of the Irish clergy to be named pastors. The pastor, Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly has a parish that he might justly feel proud of, and so he does. After twenty years of arduous work the young parish develops into strength and vigor, proclaiming the motto, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

FELIX. Montreal, April 18, 1905. The General of the Jesuits Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, has returned from Pisa, where he underwent treatment by the Rontgen Rays for a malignant tumour on the right arm. The cure had no effect, and the only course left is amputation of the arm, which was suggested before he went to Pisa.

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Purchase of Horses in Canada for the Imperial Army

A great deal of misunderstanding having arisen concerning the objects of the Imperial Government in sending officers to this country to purchase horses, or rather to see if horses suitable for the British army can be purchased, the following short summary of the position should prove of value. This statement may be regarded as absolutely correct and authoritative.

First and foremost, the demands of the British army in peace time can be easily met within the four corners of the United Kingdom. That demand is not large, and may be taken as a normal one of 2,500 horses annually, rising in certain years to possibly 3,500 of all kinds and classes.

There is an idea abroad, and certain Ministers and statesmen in this country have brought it forward and may be considered responsible for it, that if the Imperial Government will purchase annually a fixed number of horses, say from 300 to 500, in Canada, a great stimulus will be given to horse breeding generally, and to breeding of the military type of horse in particular. Falling in with this idea, the Imperial authorities are anxious to put it to the test and, for reasons of their own, they fully recognize the advantage that will accrue to the Empire from the opening up of a large and limitless market that can be drawn upon to meet the immense demand that will be created in time of war. The real question, then, that has now to be answered by the practical experiment of purchase during the next few months, is, can suitable horses be procured, and at an average price that will, when the horses are landed in England, favorably compare with that paid for mounts throughout Great Britain and Ireland?

The average price paid in England is an open secret; it is £40, or say \$200. The cost of freight and insurance will certainly not exceed another \$50, leaving \$150, or possibly slightly more, to be paid for the animals selected on the spot. A higher price can be paid for horses of special color and type, such as horses suitable for officers' chargers and Household Cavalry. It is therefore obvious that Canada is on its trial as to its ability to supply a suitable horse for army purposes.

It is, further, of more importance to Canada than to anyone else that, as the horses purchased will be regarded in England, as well as in this country, as typical, it will be in every way a great misfortune if those sent home are of a class and quality that will engender a belief that the Canadian horse is of an inferior type. Such a belief will probably do more harm to Canadian horse breeding and the reputation of Canadian horses than anything else.

Two classes of horses are to be bought. First, riding horses, fit for heavy and light cavalry, from say 15 to 15 1/2 hands.

Second, draught horses, fit for being driven postillion, with horse and field artillery. The latter must not be less than 1,350 lbs., 15.2 to 15.3 hands in height, strong, active, and with good shoulders to enable them to move fast, and even to gallop, when required; the age should be from 4 off to 6 years. In all classes the British Government require horses with short backs, good shoulders, plenty of bone, and distinct evidence of quality.

In the case of riding horses, those with a near cross of the thoroughbred are most likely to take the eye of the inspecting officers. The British Remount Officers are in possession of detailed specifications, showing the exact type and qualification of the horses required.

In Fields Far Off.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America as well as in Canada and the United States, and its consumption increases each year. It has made its own way, and all that needs to be done is to keep its name before the public. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store, for all merchants keep it.

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THE PRESS AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION (Continued From Page One.)

this statement. I would be the first to oppose the contention that education is purely a religious question. The State has important rights and duties in educational matters.

"Is the Public School doing it? Is the church doing it? Are the fathers and mothers doing it? We are compelled to sadly say no to all these queries. We have multitudes of youths and young men and women who have no more intelligent sense of what is right and what is wrong than had so many Greeks of the time of Alcibiades.

I have entered into this phase of my reply at greater length than I intended. But let me say that if the Telegram will give me space for a few letters and criticize the same in a style that will not threaten apoplexy, I will be very glad, notwithstanding my multifarious duties, to carry on a friendly discussion.

The Telegram wrongs me very much when it says that "any one who disagrees with Father Minehan on a political issue which he chooses to call a religious question is a bigot," in my estimation. Far from it. Some of my warmest friends disagree with me on political and religious questions. The Telegram has a perfect right to criticize and oppose my views on a political and religious questions.

VILLIFIER AND FIREBRAND. But I deny its right to do either after the manner of the garbler, the villifier, the firebrand. If a Catholic paper were to publish cartoons or editorials such as have appeared on the pages of several of our Toronto papers I would dub the editor of that paper an incendiary and a thoroughgoing ruffian.

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The Karn-Warren Pipe Organs

The following testimonial speaks for itself in regard to the character of work turned out by our factories: Montreal, March 10, 1901. D. W. Karn Co., Woodstock, Ont. Gentlemen,—As I am about to sever my connection with the Church of St. James the Apostle, I feel I cannot do so without sending to you this appreciation of the organ which you have so recently installed in the church.

We are always pleased to answer inquiries relative to the Karn-Warren Church Organs. Soliciting correspondence, we remain, Yours very truly, THE D. W. KARN CO. Ltd.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Additions and Alterations, Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont.," will be received at this office until Friday, April 28, 1905, inclusively, for the execution of sundry works of addition and alteration at the Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the offices of Mr. S. G. Curry, Architect, Toronto, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 10, 1905.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Additions and Alterations, Public Building, Galt, Ont.," will be received at this office until Friday, April 28, 1905, inclusively, for the execution of sundry works of addition and alteration at the Public Building, Galt, Ont., according to plans and specifications to be seen on application to Mr. Thomas Barrett, Public Building, Galt, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 10, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

SECRET OF SUCCESS. I was at an early age thrown into a work for which I had no special training, but I had been brought face to face with necessity. I had found life sadly real, and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my watchword. To be thoroughly in earnest; intensely earnest, in all my thoughts and all my acts, became my single idea, and I do honestly believe that herein lies the secret of my success. I do not believe that any greatness can be achieved without it.—Cushman.

FOR RENT The best part of a furnished house in a good locality. All conveniences. Rent moderate. Apply at 22 Boswell ave., off Avenue Road.

STRATFORD CORRESPONDENCE

Stratford, April 18.—Mr. Thomas Byrne, Dufferin street, is enjoying his Easter vacation in and around Clinton. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schneitzler are on their Easter holidays with friends and relatives in Waterloo. The Grand Trunk shops are closed down at present for repairs, as reported by the leading G.T.R. officials, but it is evidently a lock-out of the men, so as to avoid a strike. Things are beginning to look serious for the G.T.R. as well as their men.

On Easter Sunday the usual Easter collection will be taken up in St. Joseph's Church for the support of the pastor. Arrangements have been completed by Mr. T. J. Palmer for the appearance here on Friday evening, April 28th, at the Theatre Albert, of the Dale English Opera Company, who are at the present time touring Ontario. Last winter the citizens of Stratford had the privilege of listening to the Meister Singers. Great as they were and are to this day, even greater and more varied is the programme as given by these famous singers appearing as a mixed quartet. Their selections are almost entirely selected from comic operas in addition to two Oriental numbers. They have appeared in every city in Ontario and have met with great success. Their appearance here on the 28th of this month should be a grand success.

Condolence

At a meeting of the St. Mary's Sanctuary Society held this day, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:— It has pleased Almighty God, since the previous meeting of our Society, to call from this "Valley of Tears" to Himself, the father of Messrs. John, Daniel and Richard Murray, three former members of our Society. During a sojourn of many years as Sanctuary boys those three young men were singularly exemplary in conduct, and they attained a rare proficiency in the ceremonies. Hence it is a duty of every member to pray the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," through the intercession of her who is so justly styled the "Comforter of the Afflicted," to console the bereaved family and to grant eternal rest to the soul of the dear deceased.

AUSTEN DEE, Sec.-Treas. E. M. GIRVIN, President.

Champions of Christian Dogmas

The Catholic Herald announces that the Pope has sent the following telegram to the lecturers who have recently organized a campaign in London and the provinces in support of Christian Dogmas with special reference to the attacks of modern Rationalists:—"The Holy Father is greatly pleased at the success obtained by your course of lectures and very willingly sends a special blessing to all engaged in this work.—Cardinal Merry del Val."

The series of lectures have embraced such subjects as "Is there a God?" "The Freedom of the Will," "The Immortality of the Soul," and lectures have been delivered in different centres from Aberdeen to London.

OBITUARY

MATTHEW MULROY. On Monday last, April 17th, Matthew Mulroy, junior, of Phepston, died, aged 40 years. He was buried this morning in Phepston. Sister Mercedes, of St. Michael's Hospital, R.I.P., is a sister of the deceased.—T.O.P.

My Mother's Cookie Jar

In a dim old country pantry where the light just sifted through, Where they kept the pies and spices and the jam and honey, too, Where the air was always fragrant with the smell of things to eat, And the coolness was a refuge from the burning summer heat,— It was there I used to find it, when I went to help myself— That old cookie jar a-setting underneath the pantry shelf. Talk of manna straight from heaven, why, it isn't on a par With those good old-fashioned cookies from my mother's cookie jar.

They were crisp and light and flaky, and they had lots of sugar on; And I think the way they tasted that the fountains of the dawn Had been robbed to give them flavor, and the sweetness of the South Had been kneaded in them somehow, for they melted in your mouth. How I used to eat those cookies when I came in from my play! Yet the jar was never empty, spite of all I put away. Oh the "days that were" were better than dyspeptic days that are, And I wish I had a cookie from my mother's cookie jar!

I am sick of fancy cooking; I am weary of the ways Of the butler and the waiters. Give me back my boyhood days! Give me back the good old kitchen, with its rominess and light, Where the farm hands did their "sparking" almost every winter night. Give me back my boyhood hunger and the things my mother made; Give me back that well-filled pantry where I used to make a raid. Take me back, as though forgetting all the years which mark and mar— Let me taste once more the cookies from my mother's cookie jar. —A. B. Braley.

In Holland there are thirteen Catholic daily papers. A little praise is good for a shy temper; it teaches us to rely on kindness of others. A song, a smile, a cheery, wholesome message of good will are wonderful helps to all kinds of people.

A Defence of Separate Schools

Editor of The Star.—It is a question whether we can gain anything by replying to the frenzied appeals of the different sects, societies, or associations which for some time past have been indulged in by newspapers, politicians, and parsons. When people hate anything so intensely as the lodges hate the Catholic Separate schools, it is practically useless to offer reasonable arguments in favor of our rights.

When there is no good result from the magnificent speeches recently delivered in the House of Commons on behalf of retaining in the new Provinces some at least of the rights held since 1875 by the Catholics of the Territories, it would be asking too much to expect that a few words from me to Mr. Stapleton Caldecott would have the slightest effect. Still, I have as much right as this chairman of the Citizens' Association to address the "People of Canada."

Clearly, the three tailors of Tooley street calling themselves the people of England does not seem more ludicrous than does this manifesto of Mr. Stapleton Caldecott, which appears in the papers addressed to the "People of Canada." The citizens who assembled in Massey Hall recently do not represent the people of Canada; they do not represent Toronto, and even Toronto is not Canada; nor is the Province of Ontario. We Catholics are practically half the people of Canada, and Mr. Caldecott and the lodges and the ministers only represent themselves. The members of Parliament who do represent Canada will pass this law by an overwhelming majority, while those who simply hate our schools will be represented by those who will figure as did that Thirteen at the time of the Jesuits' Estates Act.

So we need not worry about the resolutions of Protestant ministers, Orange lodges, or narrow-minded bigots. Still, it is not pleasant to read nearly every day the absurd insinuations of the interference of the hierarchy and of the Papal Delegate in the affairs of this British country. The bishops do not seem to worry, or to care about defending themselves. They are letting all the hot air blow over, because they must know that there is enough sound judgment and fair play to be found on both sides of the Speaker in the House of Commons to counteract the bigotry of political alarmists. I would like to ask, has the existence of Separate schools in Ontario done any damage to our Protestant neighbors? Has the maintenance of our schools cost any of these equal righters one dollar? They say public funds should not be given to sectarian schools, but sectarian schools such as our public funds support are in reality public schools. We are a part of the public, and in Canada we are nearly one-half of that public. Are we going to allow a handful of fanatics to dictate to one-half the population that they must not have religious instruction imparted in the schools which their taxes support?

Why are Catholics the only religious body who claim the right to teach religion in the schools? It is principally because they unite in the dogmas and morals to be taught. The Church knows the necessity of imparting the elements of true religion in the young innocent minds. Protestants cannot agree on what brand of Christianity would be equally suited to all their different denominations. Not one of these ministers but would be delighted to have their own particular tenets inculcated in the schools on week days, which they propound on Sundays in their churches.

The whole question is this: Because they cannot agree on what religious instruction should be given in the schools, they, through jealousy, and other perversities of human nature, wish to deprive us of our rights to have the taxes of our Catholic people go to the support of our Catholic schools. But, gentlemen of associations, Presbyterian synods, and assemblies, know you not that your speeches and resolutions are in vain? In times gone by, our clergy and people fought hard for this right which we now enjoy, and Canada must change in future years considerably ere we suffer one jot of our school rights to be taken from us. We can patiently await the issue, and defy any party, sect, or association in their futile endeavors to take from us what the Constitution of Canada guarantees to us while it is a British colony.

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—Buxton.

Envoy

Wish dat lazy weather would come loafin' roun' agin'; I's tired o' dishere gittin' up an' hurryin' like sin, A-climbin' through the snow-drift, an' a dodgin' of de storm, An' workin' somethin' desprate foh de sake o' keepin' warm.

Dey used to tell me all about dat busy honey bee, But he nebber had to hustle in de winter time, like me. I'd think dat I was fortunate, I wouldn't kick at all, If I only had to buzz around I'm spring time till de fall. —Washington Evening Star

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# THE DEFEAT OF THE SHADOW

By Rhodes Campbell, in the Rosary Magazine.

The day was hot. I was tired, and my head throbed. The delicate design over which I had bent all day looked crude and unfinished. It was, in fact, one of the days when everything had gone wrong, and when my philosophy—on which, alas! I prided myself—was failing me. It was then that temptation assailed me.

"Diane," said a voice, low and charming in tone.

I looked up straight into the eyes of the Comtesse de Ninon. I felt that the world—to say nothing of the room—was spinning about.

"Diane, I want you to come home with me at once. Come," she said, in her royal manner.

"My time is not my own, Madame," I reminded her.

"Oh, that is settled; you are to leave all this," she declared impatiently. "Come home with me at once; it is time that I remembered my niece. You are fitted for better things than this. Come." She swept a disdainful glance about my work-room.

How I longed to say: "It is too late; you never have cared for me all these years; I can care for myself now."

But, alas! the day was unfavorable to pride; my health, usually robust, was uncertain of late; and there was Pierre and his hateful persecutions—these on the one side, and on the other luxury, refined associates, leisure, rest—I rose and said calmly: "I will come, your highness."

As we swept through the building I was aware of curious eyes following us and of whispered comment. Even without, when we entered the coupe with the Comte de Ninon's livery, I was sure that the eyes were piercing my back, so to speak, and that the whispers said: "She is doubtless to be her maid or governess." I also wondered what I, Diane Crepin, was wanted for, and what part the Comtesse had designed me to play in her life. Perhaps when I was a little child I had been frank and trusting; but who could remain so with my experience? Childhood seemed ages distant—I knew the Comtesse. I knew the world. She would never have come to Limoges for me if she had not some powerful influence behind her, and she would not have come to Limoges for me if she had not some powerful influence behind her.

And then what I feared came to pass. The Duc made a formal demand for my hand in marriage of the Comte de Ninon.

I was sitting in my luxurious boudoir reading a fascinating novel when my aunt announced it to me. I had never seen her so animated nor so pretty.

"Well, Diane," she ended, "the victory is yours; you can enjoy the largest fortune and one of the proudest titles in France; have you no word of thanks for me the fairy godmother who has brought it about, or at least helped to bring it to pass?"

She had thrown herself down on the couch and lay there, smiling, exultant.

But I faced her, alarmed, indignant.

"Why taunt me in this way?" I cried. "You know, as well as I, that marriage is not for me. Did you not remind me of this again and again in the few letters I have had from you?"

As soon as I told him the truth, this haughty aunt would drop me as if I were a leper. Why, why do you wish to bring this trouble to him, this shame to me?"

I shall never forget the change that came over the face of the Comtesse as I spoke. Her eyes fairly blazed with wrath, her features were convulsed; for once, she threw off the mask and let me see her as at her worst, or, possibly, her true self.

"I will tell you why, you ungrateful wretch," she said, "I hate your father's wife—she has injured me in a way that I can never forgive—and my only relief was revenge. I planned and plotted; I watched her as a wolf watches his victim. I found her vulnerable spot; it was love and ambition for her only daughter. Her whole heart was set on a marriage with the Duc. Her fortune is at a low ebb; she was playing her last card for this, and it appeared as if she were to succeed. Then I thought you—you are far more beautiful than her—and then the triumph of having the illegitimate daughter of Edward win where his lawful child failed, tickled my fancy. And how easily you succeeded! What misery for Elise! What chagrin for that patronizing Percenne! I tell thee, Diane, I never felt such gratitude as I do to God, the devil, or thee. Tell the Duc—what fatal honesty possessed you to even hint at such mediocrity? I shall provide a sufficient 'dot,' give the bride a brilliant wedding—how I long to send out the invitations!—and then if Amelie ever finds out the truth about her daughter's rival, it will be too late!"

My aunt in her agitation, was pacing the floor.

"And if I tell the Duc the truth?" I asked.

"He would throw you to the winds—imagine a man who could choose where he will, taking a creature like you to bear his illustrious name. He would insult you," she would say.

"That will do," I cried, "and her mad rush of words." And you really think that I, who am so far beneath the Comtesse de Ninon, would consent to this subterfuge and lying? I am disgraced through another, but I should multiply the shadow under which I live if I consented to marry an honorable man under false pretenses. You appeal to all that is ungenerous and base in me to bid me supplant this Percenne who is innocent of all blame and of injury to her mother, who is so repulsive to me, and all for your own ends, not my happiness. Oh, Madame, it would have been better to have left me in my workroom and alone in my base-born solitude rather than that I should be really base in this brilliant world from which I am an outcast."

"And you refuse to do as I wish?" demanded the Comtesse.

"Absolutely."

I pass over her reply. Even those of bluest blood can indulge in moments of license and use language that would put fishwives to blush.

However, this was but momentary insanity on the girl's part. The Comtesse, exhausted, at last said in quieter tones: "Go back at once to your old life for which you are fitted. Enjoy the isolation, and the contempt of those who are your inferiors in every way; place yourself in the power of that brutal idiot, Pierre, who will force you to marry him or will take your life in one of his rages; go back, you low-born creature in whom I hoped to find a drop of my blood, and may the shadow which you say hangs over you envelop you so completely that you will disappear from the earth—even heaven refuses creatures like you!"

"You should not speak so scornfully of me," I said coldly, "and if I am wanting in the blue blood of your family, Madame, it is because I had a loving, gentle, religious mother, who gave her love and trust to a man of the world. She taught me that honor and truth are of some account in the world of which you, Madame, know nothing."

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which carried me into such smooth waters. Even the shadow seemed to retire into the background before the fight and cheer of the evening meal.

I said little, not from shyness, but from content. I was much interested in the American. He spoke in fairly good French of his native land; of his hunting in the far West; of the grand Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, all of which deeply interested the Comte. He spoke also of his work. I listened eagerly. I had supposed him to be a man of leisure. His work I found to be not scientific or literary, but the running of large stockfarms. He had come abroad for the purpose of buying stock. I glanced at my uncle, but his face expressed merely interest. Truly the Americans are a strange people! Here was this gentleman, a man of some wealth and culture, a graduate of Yale—of which I heard for the first time! I am ashamed to say—full of business and proud of the fact. My aunt's (or rather my cousin's, as she wished me to call her) departure was delayed, which vexed her unaccountably. I fancied her husband was responsible for this, for he wished to stay and hunt and fish with the American.

I saw considerable of this stranger; and the more I saw, the more he interested me. He was so utterly unlike any man I knew—through my knowledge of men was limited—and held such decided views about women. He was less suave, less courtly than my countrymen, but he gave me a sense of security, of trust, a feeling that he was always on the alert without seeming to be so, for a woman's comfort and pleasure. No one can have any idea of how inexplicably restless this was to me. It gave me an accession of self-respect. It made me long to appear at my best before this man who treated me so naturally and simply, yet with the unconcern he might have shown his sister. He talked to me as to an equal, a comrade.

The days passed all too swiftly. Why did the Comtesse wish to hurry to Paris? I unexpectedly caught her expression when of guard, watching Mr. Fairfax and me. I could not understand it, and it set me thinking. I fairly held my breath as she thought flashed into my mind that perhaps she wished me to attract this guest of hers—but how would this benefit her? Oh no!—I would believe anything but that. I would simply await further developments.

It was not long.

All at once the chateau was in confusion; packing was ordered, and almost before I knew it, we were on our way to Paris. And there I was plunged at once into a life as bewildering as it was delightful; not the chateau of the Chateau d'Arcadie—ah, that was too much like a dream to last! But I was young and threw myself into it with all the abandon of a nature hitherto suppressed and denied. The night of my debut I was introduced with much "empressement" to the Duc d'Arnaut, a little man with iron-gray hair and keen black eyes, a man old enough to be my father. Talking to him with great vivacity was a woman of perhaps forty, but my attention was attracted by the girl at her side, a tall slender brunette, whose handsome face, especially the eyes, struck me as strangely familiar.

And then, as in a dream, I heard the voice of the Comtesse: "Allow me, my dear Comtesse de Beranger, to introduce to you my own and your husband's relative, Mademoiselle Diane de Beranger. Diane, this is Madame's daughter, Percenne."

I bowed calmly; I had learned in a hard school to veil my emotions, even when I had failed to banish them altogether. It was my father's widow and daughter who stood before me.

The eyes of the little woman narrowed perceptibly as she looked at me. "I was not aware of any near living relative of my husband," she said, in a hard, metallic tone. But my aunt's voice answered smoothly: "These men, my dear Amelie, do not always trouble to tell us all their cousins and friends; he was very fond of Diane."

The color came to my face; I longed to deny it, but I stood there silent, suffering. Then the elderly Duc turned to me with some commonplace.

He was very attentive, not only that night but in the days that followed. I wished most devotedly that he would not be so devoted; it bored me at first, and then it troubled me, for the Comtesse knew as well as I that marriage was out of the question. I said so at last to her, but she would not listen; she put me off. I do not know what I would have done in those days if it had not been for Monsieur Fairfax. He was unobtrusive, but whenever I wanted him, there he was—kindly, bright, lively or grave, as suited my mood.

But I saw less and less of him, and more of the Duc and the Italian Prince Ligurie.

"I suppose she gave you your education which you seem to value so highly, and she it was who paid for your training in designing," sneered the Comtesse.

"Yes, Madame; it was her dying request that your brother do this much for the child he abandoned and denied, or he would never have given me a sou. I cannot feel overcome with gratitude to the Comte de Beranger or his family for his tender care of me. Madame, I do not wish to seem rude, but I must prepare at once to leave. Further conversation will be useless, and will only excite us to further retaliation. Adieu."

As soon as she was gone I locked the door and made my simple preparations. I put on once more the plain brown dress in which I had come. My heart was heavy and unrelieved by tears. For I knew well to what a life I was returning. I gave no thought to the Duc, for I knew that infatuation influenced him rather than any true and deep affection for me. I resolutely turned my thoughts away from any one else.

"They are all alike," I said, bitterly. "These men—"

There was a knock, and Lisette's voice low and distinct: "Monsieur Fairfax is in the music room. He begs to see Mademoiselle for a few moments." I hesitated. I could not ask the Comtesse to chaperone me. What matter? I should never see him again. I would see him alone.

I hurried down.

He looked relieved, I thought, to see no one behind me.

"Thank heaven that at last I see you alone," he began impulsively; then, looking at me he exclaimed: "You've been suffering! Are you ill?"

I was so unused to sympathy or care that his words unnerved me. To steel myself against them, I spoke distinctly: "I am quite well," I said, "I am going away."

"When?"

"At once," I replied. "I am a working girl, Monsieur, masquerading for a period as a princess. I must now return to my true position, which I never should have abandoned."

"And the Duc d'Arnaut?"

"I do not know or care," I said ungratefully, forgetting my stately calm in my sudden vexation.

Monsieur Fairfax leaned forward eagerly: "Oh, Diane, may I not take you home with me? You must know how I love you—won't you be my wife now—today—and let me make up to you, if I can, for your sad life? I had so much less to offer you than the Duc that I hesitated; but, oh, my darling, won't you have me?"

It seemed all at once as if my heart would burst. I realized as never before how bleak and comfortless life would be without him; and I knew—ah, the sting of it!—that for me there must be no sheltered life, no marriage.

"I have brought trouble to you, then," I cried; "ah, forget me, Monsieur, I can never marry."

"And why? Do you dislike me? Are you bound to some one?"

I sat erect and thought the color left my face and my heart seemed to stop beating. I faced those tender, pleading eyes.

"I shall tell you all," I began; but he laid his hand gently on my lips. "Don't, dear child; for I know it already."

"From whom?"

"From the Comte de Ninon."

"Then he did not do my mother justice; ah, do not blame my mother! She lived till I was eight years old. She was the only one in all the world who loved me," I sobbed.

"I do not blame her nor you, dear heart," he said, softly. "Nothing can prevent our marriage except you not loving me. Is that impossible?"

I looked into his eyes through my tears and wonder. I was reassured. A great thankfulness, a joy too deep for words, overcame me. Monsieur seemed satisfied.

The carriage came for me, but to the astonishment of the Comtesse I did not go alone; and instead of taking the tram for Limoges, we drove to the home of a mutual friend. The next day we set out for a new world and a new life together. But I was nameless no longer. I had—thank God—the name as well as the love of a true man. The shadow was gone, never again to return.

### Chats With Young Men

#### THE TEST OF ALL THINGS.

Live by the life of the Vine. "Whatever ye do do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let that be the test of all things. Do nothing that you dare not offer up in the name of Christ, though it might promise you fountains of pleasure, or stores of wealth, or seeming advantage of what kind soever. The wages of temptation are bitter and delusive at last. Christ alone giveth Peace, and that is above all goods.—Archbishop Keane.

#### SOME HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

Cultivate the habit of praise. Look for the good traits in your acquaintances. Don't be afraid to pay merited compliments. The honey of speech is sweet, and leaves a precious memory.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True the road seems piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road that always before us. At least, if not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

Are you looking for opportunities? To those who have the right spirit, if opportunities for advancement are rare, opportunities to be kind in word and deed to others are numerous. Are you seeking self or practicing Christian love?

Some one says that the habit of cheerfulness is worth \$10,000 a year to a man. It is worth infinitely more than this; it is masters all the life.

Wherever such a man goes he carries They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for hap-

inspiration. His life is tonic and uplifting to all he meets. Nothing disturbs the equanimity of his spirit which is born of the peace of God in his heart.

If you cannot have a long time to yourself, do not fail to profit by the shortest moments that remain to you. We do not need a great deal of time to love God, to place ourselves anew in His presence, to raise up our hearts to Him, or adore Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him all we are doing and all we are suffering. This is the true kingdom of God with-in us, which nothing can trouble—Laocordiaire.

It is never best to travel in a rut. It is wearisome; it is nerve-destroying. Wise people choose the smoother road, or if that road must be traveled, they try to fill up the ruts with stones and gravel. There is such a thing as getting out of the rut; and the world would be better and happier if more of us did it.—Griffith.

The varying seasons of the year, and the vicissitudes of mortal life, make little difference to him who has God's sunshine in his heart.

#### WHEN IS SUCCESS A FAILURE?

When you do not overtop your vocation; when you are not greater as a man than as a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a scientist.

When you are not a cleaner, finer, larger man on account of your life-work.

When you have lost on your way up to your fortune your self-respect, your courage, your self-control or any other quality of manhood.

When it has made conscience an accuser, and shut the sunlight out of your life.

When the attainment of your ambition has blighted the aspirations and crushed the hopes of others.

When your highest brain cells have been crowded out of business by greed.

When all sympathy has been crushed out of your nature by your selfish devotion to your work.

When you plead that you never had time to cultivate your friendship, politeness, or good manners.

When you have lived a double life and practised double-dealing.

When it brings you no measure of culture, education, travel, or of opportunities to help others.

When it draws, cramps, or interferes with other's rights; when it blinds you to the interest of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When there is a dishonest or a deceitful dollar in your possession when your fortune spells the ruin of widows and orphans, or the crushing of the opportunities of others.

When the hunger for more money, more land, more houses and bonds has grown to be your dominant passion.—Success.

#### HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

Mr. Chester Loomis took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And from a Used up Man he Became as Smart as a Boy

Orland, Ont., April 17.—(Special)—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."

"Before I started, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy, and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong, but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

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ness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our modest horse and carriage, because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley ride into the country or a sail on a river steamer, because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us, if we would only make up our minds to make the best of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that comes our neighbor's way.

When you do not overtop your vocation; when you are not greater as a man than as a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a scientist.

When you are not a cleaner, finer, larger man on account of your life-work.

When you have lost on your way up to your fortune your self-respect, your courage, your self-control or any other quality of manhood.

When it has made conscience an accuser, and shut the sunlight out of your life.

When the attainment of your ambition has blighted the aspirations and crushed the hopes of others.

When your highest brain cells have been crowded out of business by greed.

When all sympathy has been crushed out of your nature by your selfish devotion to your work.

When you plead that you never had time to cultivate your friendship, politeness, or good manners.

When you have lived a double life and practised double-dealing.

When it brings you no measure of culture, education, travel, or of opportunities to help others.

When it draws, cramps, or interferes with other's rights; when it blinds you to the interest of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When there is a dishonest or a deceitful dollar in your possession when your fortune spells the ruin of widows and orphans, or the crushing of the opportunities of others.

When the hunger for more money, more land, more houses and bonds has grown to be your dominant passion.—Success.

inspiration. His life is tonic and uplifting to all he meets. Nothing disturbs the equanimity of his spirit which is born of the peace of God in his heart.

If you cannot have a long time to yourself, do not fail to profit by the shortest moments that remain to you. We do not need a great deal of time to love God, to place ourselves anew in His presence, to raise up our hearts to Him, or adore Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him all we are doing and all we are suffering. This is the true kingdom of God with-in us, which nothing can trouble—Laocordiaire.

It is never best to travel in a rut. It is wearisome; it is nerve-destroying. Wise people choose the smoother road, or if that road must be traveled, they try to fill up the ruts with stones and gravel. There is such a thing as getting out of the rut; and the world would be better and happier if more of us did it.—Griffith.

The varying seasons of the year, and the vicissitudes of mortal life, make little difference to him who has God's sunshine in his heart.

VERONICA

(Mary T. Waggaman, in Benziger's Magazine.) Lister paused breathlessly on the pillared porch, as the girl emerged from shadow of the church door, and the sunlight fell upon her face and form.

"It is the third invitation I have brought you. What am I to tell Miss Carmichael?" "Anything you please; that I am too sick, too surly, too savage, for social functions. I won't be, to paraphrase the immortal lines, 'badgered' to make a Roman holiday for a woman who has half the Eternal City at her feet. The American heiress abroad has always been my special aversion. She is so glaringly out of tone."

THE LOVE OF JOAN

"And you really love me, Joan?" I murmured, hardly believing my ears. "More than my life," she replied, passionately. As in a dream I gazed into the beautiful eyes of Joan Ainslie, whilst I held her tightly in my arms.

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**In and Around Toronto**

**PALM SUNDAY.**

In the churches of our city the palms were blessed and distributed on Sunday with all the ceremony and rites proper to the occasion. To say this may almost seem superfluous; we are so accustomed to this that it all seems a matter of course. But such is far from being the case. In many places the palm proper is an impossibility, the procession which takes place after the blessing is also an impossibility, and the reception of the palms from the hands of the priest is by no means universally observed. Where it is impossible to obtain branches of the palm some other evergreen is substituted, the olive if possible and in this country the spruce, hemlock or cedar, these latter, however, have the disadvantage of a quickly falling leaves which in a short while leave the twigs bare and dry. Regarding the procession, in many remote and small churches the buildings do not lend themselves to a procession and the exigencies of the occasion often makes it preferable that the branches be distributed to the congregation while seated rather than they advance to the altar-rails to receive them. The origin of Palm Sunday we all know. It commemorates the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, when the people carried away with the enthusiasm of their feeling toward Him, because of what they had heard Him say, and had seen Him do, cut down branches of palm, and these together with their mantles they threw upon the ground to make a path worthy of Him, whom for the moment they hailed as their Victor and King. But how transient was their enthusiasm! Before the week had ended the cry Hosanna! to the Son of David! with which they had greeted Him! had changed to Away with Him! And in place of palm and olive they gave Him a reed and a crown of thorns for his head. The establishment of the blessing of the palms by the Church, and the accompanying procession, is thought to have taken place about the beginning of the fifth century, because at that time and during the succeeding decades, reference is made to ceremonies of such a nature having taken place. It is thought that the procession preceded the blessing, that is, that the latter was introduced on the general principle that all things used in the service of the Church should receive its blessing. In the East the palm was always the recognized symbol of victory. It was probably first used on account of its beauty and beneficial qualities. Its broad feathery leaves afford shelter from the rage of the tropical sun, and dates and wine grateful to the palate are amongst its productions, so that its material properties may be taken as symbolic of the shelter of a Divine Providence and of spiritual food for the soul. The branches of palm that remain after distribution are preserved, and are afterwards burned and used as the "ashes" on Ash Wednesday, reminding us that death is the end of all things mortal, and that victory should always be accompanied by that greatest of all virtues—humility.

**HOLY WEEK.**

The week we are now in, Holy Week, is of all weeks of the year most pregnant with the mysteries of Christianity, and as happens in the natural order that great results are obtained only after much travail and sorrow, so the glorious Easter with its divine fulfillments comes to us only after a week of mourning and tragedy such as the world witnessed only once, but the salutary efficacy of which shall accompany mankind down through the ages until time shall be no more, and on even to the gates of Eternity. The ceremonies of the week are all suggestive of incidents connected with the Passion and Death of our Divine Saviour, and the "tenebrae," which is said in our city churches on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, is more fittingly expressive than any other office of the Church. It is in fact a commemoration of the time during which our Lord lay in the tomb, and of the revolt of even inanimate nature when "all was consummated." The tenebrae derives its name from the fact that it was formerly said in the mid or dark hours of the night, and the triangular candlesticks used during its recital is accounted for by some on the natural ground that light was necessary, and that the gradual putting out of the lights was only a reasonable compliance with the coming dawn. Even if this were the origin, the symbolic meaning now attached is altogether too suggestive and beautiful to be ignored. This tells us that after the reading of each psalm one of the candles is extinguished to typify that as the time of our Lord's death drew near the ardor of his apostles gradually cooled until all had deserted Him, even Saint Peter. The candle remaining lighted represents our Lord Himself, and when this is removed to the back of the altar it signifies the burial in the tomb, and the blackness which then covered the earth. The silence with which the office ends is particularly suggestive and beautiful, signifying as it does the meekness and silence with which the loving and Divine Master went to meet His death. On Easter, Saturday the Paschal Candle is blessed, and on Easter Sunday it is set up in the sanctuary and lighted, to signify that with the Resurrection and Light of the World is risen and that its effulgence now overflows the earth.

**FIRE AT SUNNYSIDE.**

At 10 o'clock on Saturday night a fire was discovered at Sunnyside Orphanage, in a clothes-closet, supposed to have been started by a live wire. Happily the fire was extinguished

may be covered by an outlay of about two hundred dollars. The occurrence, however, is one more in the chain of warnings lately given that a catastrophe of much greater dimensions than any heretofore experienced, is by no means an improbability. Each occurrence of a fire regarded as an isolated case seems to put the possibility, not to speak of the probability, of another occurrence at a very remote distance, but if we gather up the cases of recent happenings we shall find them not a few. Within the last year or so, De La Salle Institute Bond Street Convent, and its memory serves correctly, the House of Providence had everyone a fire; now we have Sunnyside, and a little out from ourselves and not long ago was seen the destruction of the University at Ottawa, and of the beautiful church at Belleville. This list ought to make those whose business it is to see to it, attend to the matter of preparing for a fire as though it were something that would be rather than that which is at most a mere possibility. Fire drill, fire-escapes, and immediate appliances in case of fire, should be part of the accepted life of every institution. The question, "How are we prepared to meet a fire?" is a pertinent one for every institution to ask itself.

**HOLY THURSDAY.**

The Catholic Register comes to its readers on Holy Thursday, the one day in this week of mourning and penitence that brings with it the beauty and brightness which accompanies the Divine Gift of an infinite and undying love. The Blessed Sacrament given by the loving Saviour for the first time on that first Holy Thursday two thousand years ago, is with us to day as it was then with the apostles, and on this the commemoration of its institution we welcome our Lord just as hospitably as did Simon of Bethania when he prepared his table for the Master, or as he of the city who made ready his guest chamber that our Lord might eat the pasch with his disciples. We, too, laying aside for a moment the tragedy of the morrow, prepare our tables and on many an altar adorned with pure and precious and costly vessels the Divine Gift reposes and the fragrance of the incense wafts itself to the one waiting for its coming, and the flames from many an ardent heart ascend warm and glowing to find an abiding place in the open and loving heart ready to receive them.

**RETREAT AT LORETTO ABBEY.**

A successful Retreat has just closed at Loretto Abbey. The Retreat was most ably conducted by Rev. J. L. Cotter, S.J., of Montreal, and in the manner in which the two hundred pupils who took part responded to the efforts of the Rev. Father was most edifying. The exercises began on Saturday evening of last week, and closed on Wednesday morning.

**HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PIC-NIC.**

Preparations for the annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence are well under way. The ladies of the different parishes having charge of the tables are busily engaged in canvassing the different districts, and the gentlemen who form the committee have had two meetings, the last on Monday of this week, for the purpose of getting matters into line. Arrangements have been made regarding a hand, amusements and advertising, and things generally are in a position to bring the event up to its usual high standing in the matter of entertainment.

**MOTHER AND SON BURIED TOGETHER.**

St. Paul's parish has just witnessed a very affecting incident in the burial of mother and son at the same time. Mrs. Annie C. Conley, in her 77th year, and her son, J. Conley, aged 31 years, died within two days of each other, and were taken from their home together to lie side by side in the cemetery. Both had been ill for some time, and it was only a question as to who should be called first. The mother and son were devoted to each other, and it was their wish if Providence willed it so to die together. The son expired on Sunday of last week, and the mother who was unconscious at the time, never regained consciousness, and died on Tuesday morning. The funeral took place from their late home, 209 Ontario street, to St. Paul's church, the two hearses, the one black and the other white, telling their own sad tale. Rev. Father Hand, P.P., said the funeral Mass of requiem, and the church was filled with sympathizers, many of whom took part in the cortege to St. Michael's Cemetery with the death of Mrs. Conley and her son the family becomes extinct, the father having died some time since, and the only other son about four years ago.—R.I.P.

**DEATH OF MR. CHAS. MATTHEWS.**

The Christian Brothers of Toronto are sympathizing with one of their number, Brother Matthew, on the death of his father, Mr. Chas. Matthews, of Irish Block, situated a short distance from Owen Sound. The death occurred on March 23rd, and with the passing of Mr. Matthews was witnessed the ending of a career which carried with it many examples of sterling virtues and sturdy adherence to Faith and justice through the numerous hardships of pioneer life in early Ontario. The deceased gentleman was born in Ireland sixty-six years ago, and came when quite young with his parents to Canada. The family settled in northern Ontario, and in the course of time the son married and took up the life of a farmer. The first years were spent on rugged and unresponsive soil, and the untiring labors were but illly repaid until a farm of good land was obtained in Irish Block, and with it came prosperity. Mr. Matthews had twelve children, all of whom survive except two who died in early youth. The eldest son and daughter are married, three boys work the farm and together with the mother and one daughter make up the household, two other daughters are in Toronto. The entire family with the exception of Sister Elizabeth, of the Ladies of

Loretto, Joliet, Ill., had the mournful happiness of being present at the deathbed of their father. Mr. Matthews was pious to an exceptional degree, and his faith was most lively. Justice to God and man were amongst his distinguishing qualities; his devotion to the Blessed Virgin was marked, and to her tender care he attributed several seemingly miraculous escapes from great and imminent dangers; industry, generosity and charity untold to all who came under his influence were amongst the things that made the life of Mr. Matthews a benediction, and his memory a thing to be revered and loved.—R.I.P.

**DEATH OF MRS. P. J. ROWAN.**

A few days ago word came to Toronto of the death of Mrs. Rowan, wife of Dr. P. J. Rowan, of Chicago, and sister of Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., of Toronto. The deceased lady was ill for about three weeks, and during her illness had the attention of her husband and two sons, all physicians, besides other eminent care, but every effort to save her proved unavailing and she passed away to the reward of an amiable and well-spent life. Mrs. Rowan, formerly Miss Mary Murray, was born and educated in Toronto. She was a graduate of St. Joseph's Convent and is remembered in St. Michael's parish, where she was a member of the choir, and where she spent the greater part of her life until the removal of her family to Chicago. Miss Murray also spent a year teaching in the Congregational Convent in Montreal. In 1870 she was married to Dr. Rowan, a former student of St. Michael's College, and Rev. Father Welsh, C.S.B., now of Toronto, travelled from Louisville, Ohio, to Chicago, to perform the ceremony. Mrs. Rowan is remembered in Toronto as a most amiable and charming lady. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, Rev. Father Murray being the celebrant of the solemn High Mass of requiem, and two old friends, Rev. Fathers Bennett and Egan, deacon and subdeacon. In compliance with the always expressed desire of Mrs. Rowan no sermon was preached, but the beautiful prayers, translated from the Ritual, were prominently read by Rev. Father Gilligan. Twelve priests were in the Sanctuary, and seven, together with a large gathering of others assisted at the last ceremonies at the grave. Mrs. Rowan is survived by her husband, two sons and four daughters, besides four brothers, Rev. Fathers Murray, of Toronto, and Thomas, Joseph and Robert, all now in Chicago. To these the sympathy of many old friends is extended.—R.I.P.

**GIFT TO ST. JOSEPH'S.**

A recent gift to St. Joseph's Convent has just been hung in the Assembly Hall of the institution. It is a magnificent painting in oils, the subject being "Jerusalem," by the Scotch artist, James Fairman. The canvas is about four and a half by three feet, and the entire stretch fairly teems with a minutiae of detail. The domes, turrets and minarets which everywhere diversify the studded streets of the Holy City are vividly outlined, and the exquisite purples and rosate hues of the surrounding atmosphere are a feast for the eye. One of Fairman's pictures, "Christian and Hopeful," represents the labors of twenty-seven years, and the present work is evidently dealt with in the same conscientious way. It is claimed that the city as here represented is a view seldom met with, the artist having worked from the original and from a point seized upon by few if any other artists. On a brass plate below the picture is seen the following inscription:

"Jerusalem,"  
 by  
 James Fairman.  
 Thanksgiving Offering  
 to the  
 Ladies of St. Joseph's Academy  
 by  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Davis  
 and  
 Miss Muriel Davis.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Davis are residents of Columbus, Ohio, and by their valuable gift not the Academy alone is benefited, but Toronto also for so fine an addition to the city's store of art.

**MRS. J. BRADY.**

At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. M. J. Griffin, on Monday, the 17th inst., the death occurred of Mrs. J. Brady. The funeral took place from 552 Adelaide street on Wednesday morning, to Mount Hope Cemetery.—R.I.P.

**MR. MICHAEL WALSH.**

The funeral of Mr. Michael Walsh took place from St. Helen's Church on Monday morning. Mr. Walsh had been ill for about seven years. He leaves a widow and two children.—R.I.P.

## To Make Pure

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## The Canadian North-West

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 2 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

### ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the 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. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

### HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- (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.
- (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
- (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of the homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

### INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

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

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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