

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Irish in America—The Nationality of Washington and Jefferson—Chief Justice Marshall of Irish Stock—Matthew Lyon, an Irish Congressman, Made Jefferson President—Why the Irish are Mostly Democrats—The Story of Blennerhasset.

My friend, John Hurley, has written to me saying how well pleased he is with Mr. Casson's article on the "Irish in America," as published in the April "Munsey." But Mr. Hurley has notions different from Mr. Casson and myself. I have added two names to Mr. Casson's list of presidents of the United States of Irish antecedents, but Mr. Hurley would add many more, beginning with the great Washington himself. He claims that there are not only Irish Washingtons but that there was a McWashington in Virginia in Washington's day. Nay, more, that Washington is a Gaelic name slightly altered from the original. Probably we shall now have a controversy on our hands to determine whether Washington's ancestors were from York or from Cork.

Mr. Hurley also claims Jefferson to be of Irish instead of Welsh descent. Well, if Jefferson, the father of American institutions, were not of Irish blood, I am pretty sure he was of good old Celtic stock. Mr. Hurley gives several reasons for the faith that is in him with regard to Jefferson's antecedents. I believe he admits that Jefferson's ancestors went from Wales to Virginia, but they went first from Ireland to Wales. At any rate the Welsh are a Celtic nation like the ancient Britons themselves, and there was formerly a good deal of intercourse between them. I know from my reading of American magazines that Jefferson had a great regard for the Gaelic language. At the time McPherson's Ossianic poems were published and that was about the time he was president of the United States, he studied with books and teachers to learn to read those poems in the original Gaelic, claiming they contained beautiful thoughts and expressions superior to anything that could be found in English, and ideas that were more valuable to the scholar than golden ore or any other precious metal. Mr. Hurley, however, gives the Irish pedigrees and particulars of the Irish/Jeffersons.

While writing once on the claim that the American revolution was a Celtic product and to show that the generally accepted theory that the Celts overturned many nations but never constructed a lasting one, I marshalled the names and nationalities of those that went to make America—those from the so-called "Celtic fringe of Great Britain," as well as the French contingent. The Welsh came in for more credit perhaps than they were justly entitled to. To their credit I placed the name of Chief Justice Marshall, the most renowned of the early chief justices of the United States, and the one who had the most to do with the determining of the great constitutional questions. John Jay was before him, but he did not long fill the position. I believe Jay was of French descent.

But at any rate I received a letter from a lady, a Mrs. Hayes of Chicago, informing me that I was mistaken in giving the Welsh the credit of Chief Justice Marshall's name, as she knew that his antecedents were Irish and his family a Dublin family, for the truth of which she was able to vouch, as she was in communication with a member of the Marshall family, who informed her of the fact. But on account of illness I failed to fol-

low the subject up. I think, however, that I will be safe in adding the Marshalls to the Irish contingent in the making of America.

In the very early days of the Republic, and when the election of the second president of the federal government was involved, an Irish member of Congress distinguished himself. This was Matthew Lyon of Vermont. He was what was then known as a probationer. There were three Irish signers of the Declaration of Independence who were probationers. They were unable to pay their passage to the ship owners and bound themselves to the captain to work for him until the amount of their indebtedness was paid. Matthew Lyon had been a Dublin printer and started the first newspaper in Vermont. He became a man of very considerable importance, married the Governor's daughter and was sent by his district as a representative to Congress. The House of Representatives of Congress then elected the presidents. The candidates were Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Both were distinguished and both were extremely popular. The chances of each were about alike, and on a count-up there was an equal number on each side without counting Mr. Lyon's vote. When the votes came to be cast, however, Mr. Lyon voted for Thomas Jefferson, and Mr. Jefferson was declared the popular choice by one vote. Lyon had cause to quarrel with the John Adams Administration which followed that of Washington, and preceded that of Jefferson. I think it was over the Alien and Sedition laws to which Jefferson's followers were strongly opposed. Those of Irish proclivities, too, disliked Adams and his policy, especially with regard to the Irish. Thos. Addis Emmet, Dr. McNevin, Mr. Sampson and others of the '98 men, were then in Paris, waiting for passports to America, but which the American Minister hesitated to supply, and this angered Lyon, who assaulted one of the members of Congress who favored the Adams policy. This is said to have been the first violence perpetrated in the United States Congress. The Jeffersonians were then known as the Republicans and the Adams party as the Federals. The Irish naturally joined in with the Republicans, and when that party was reorganized as Democrats under Andrew Jackson, they continued to adhere to it; and here we have one of the reasons why the mass of the Irish voters of America have adhered to the Democratic party ever since. Another good reason for their pursuing this policy was that the Tammany Society of New York was organized originally by an Irishman, and that Society for many years supplied the brains for the Democratic party.

In a little while Alex. Hamilton became the leader of the Federals and he and Aaron Burr got into a tangle which resulted in a duel in which Hamilton met with his death, and consequently he has been deified. The Hamiltonians or Federals afterwards Whigs, advocated measures which were contrary to the principles of popular government and were of an aristocratic tendency. The Republicans (afterwards Democrats) maintained the very opposite and out of these extremes came the duel in which Hamilton was killed by Burr. Ever since that sad occurrence popular prejudice in the United States has made Hamilton out a saint and Burr a very devil, and I believe very unjustly.

Burr was tried for manslaughter but was never convicted. During the prosecution a Maryland lawyer, who was more noted for his libations than the correctness of his utterances, gave Burr a very bad character, and it is to this man's vindictiveness of feeling and untruthfulness of utterance, we are indebted for all the vile accusations brought against him. And this brings us to the story of Blennerhasset.

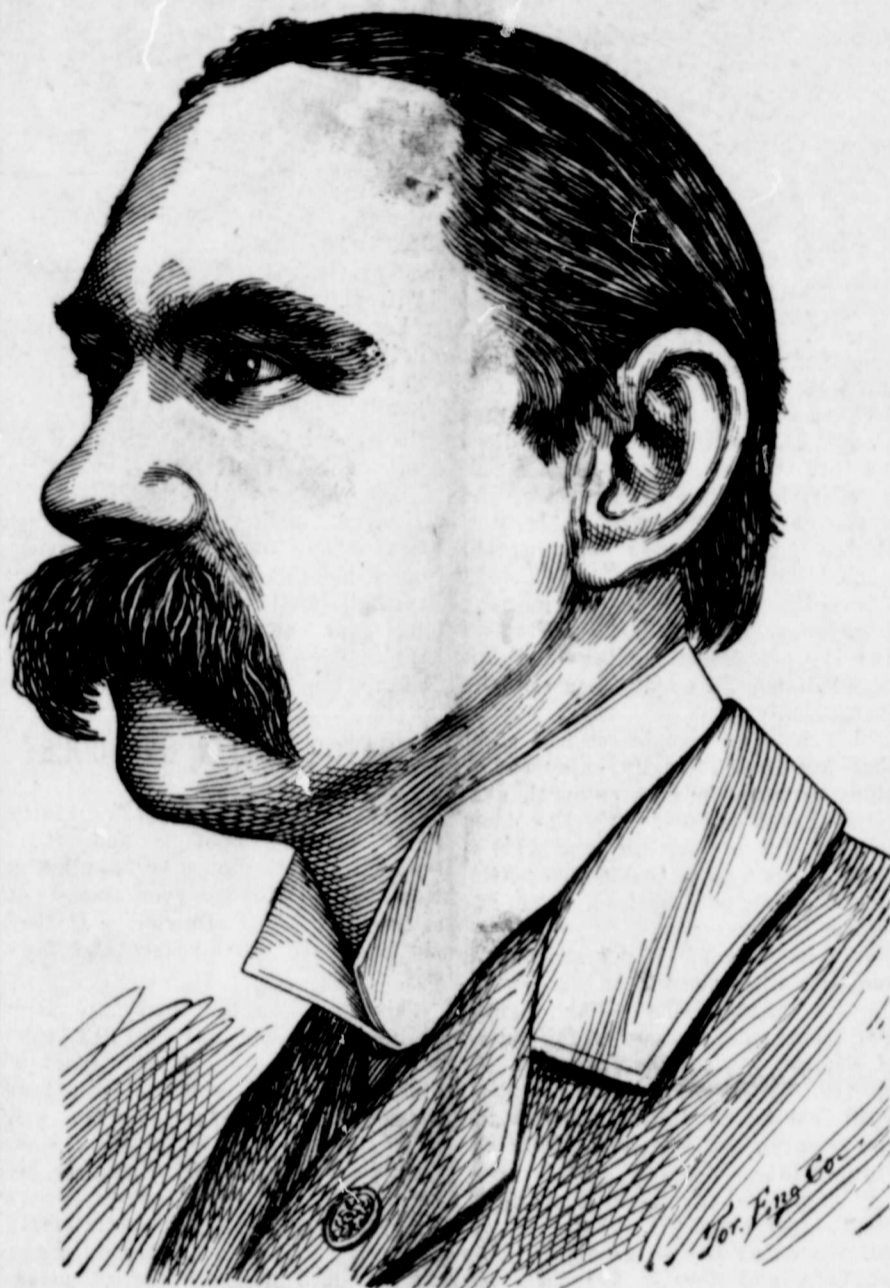
I am writing now altogether from memory and forget Blennerhasset's first name. At any rate he was an Irish gentleman of a well known Munster family, who took it into his head to settle in America and there enjoy all the blessings of free institutions, a romantic residence, and a

(Continued on page 5.)

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DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

Who will lecture in Massey Hall this evening.

Around Dr. Douglas Hyde, who will speak this evening at Massey Hall, centres an undertaking of such magnitude and of such far-reaching results, that it has nothing less for its object than the nationalizing of Ireland and the awakening of the world to a participation in the work. The aims of Douglas Hyde are by no means new. Sixty years ago they were in the minds of other patriotic Irishmen, but it remained for Mr. Hyde to evolve a plan by which these aims might be made practicable, and the carrying out of this plan has become the life work of its organizer. The Celtic Revival which may be said to have assumed its modern form about ten years ago, when so far as our city was concerned it was introduced to us in the memorable lecture delivered by the Countess of Aberdeen, supplemented by the Earl of Aberdeen, then Governor-General, has for one of its chief objects the re-introduction of the Irish language into the every day life of the people. This project Dr. Hyde has made his own particular task, and as his instrument the Gaelic League has been formed of which he is the world-renowned President.

Dr. Hyde is now about 44 years of age, and is a native of Kilmactranny, County Sligo, Ireland. He is the son of a minister and was himself intended for the ministry, but from this he was diverted, and since leaving Trinity he is known by his writings, prose and poetic, and as the speaker par excellence in the cause of a resurrected Ireland. Dr. Hyde is a scholar of rare attainments. At college he was a "Literature man," and amongst his lingual accomplishments may be counted English, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Gaelic. Like Burns, the poet of Scotland, Dr. Hyde acquired his knowledge of the lore and life of his country by intimate association with its peasantry. He visited them in their homes, made one in their sports, played cards at their firesides, listened to their tales of banishment and fairy until he became imbued with their very spirit, and even into their religious life, he entered so sympathetically that a book of poems, "The Religious Songs of Connacht," his last work, exhibits in a voluminous collection, much of which we on this side of the water—Catholic though we be—are altogether ignorant. Others of Dr. Hyde's literary productions are his "Marching Song of the Gaelic Athletes," "Beside the Fire," "The Love Songs of Connacht," an address, "The Necessity for De-Anglicizing Ireland," and "The Literary History of Ireland." The favorite pen name of Dr. Hyde is An Craibhin Aebhinn, which one of our Toronto Irishmen has translated for us as "The Pleasant Little Branch."

The President of the Gaelic League is one of the world's busy men. He is never idle. On his American tour he has spoken in over half one hundred different cities and wherever he has been he had left behind him the memory of a forceful personality, and an eloquent oratory which has proved a potent instrument for awakening on the American continent a great interest and determination to help on the work of the Celtic Revival. That the reception of this great Irishman to-night in Massey Hall, will be in keeping with the spirit of the great gatherings that have greeted him elsewhere, is the hope and expectation of all interested, in upholding the fair name of the Queen City as the first of hospitable hostesses, and of all desirous of placing Ireland once more in her legitimate place as one among the nations.

PIUS X. AND SCRIPTURE STUDY

Translation of the Apostolic Letter of Pope Pius X. on the Methods to be Observed in Ecclesiastical Seminaries in the Study of Sacred Scripture

PIUS X., POPE.
FOR PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE

The Biblical Question has, perhaps, never been of such importance as it is to-day, and it is therefore absolutely necessary that young clerics should be assiduously trained in the knowledge of the Scriptures, so that they may not only know and understand the force and character and teaching of the Bible, but that they may be skillfully and rightly trained in the ministry of the Divine Word, and able to defend the books written by the inspiration of God from the attacks of those who deny that anything has been divinely handed down to us. To this end our illustrious Predecessor in his encyclical "Providentissimus" decreed: "Let the greatest care be taken in ecclesiastical seminaries and academies to have the sacred Scriptures taught in a manner befitting the importance of this study and the necessity of the present moment." On this same subject, then, we now lay down the following rules which we regard as of the greatest utility:

1. The instruction in Sacred Scripture to be imparted in every seminary should embrace: first, the principal ideas concerning inspiration, the canon of the Scripture, the original text and the most important variants, the laws of hermeneutics; secondly, the history of both Testaments; and, thirdly, the analysis and exegesis of the different books according to the importance of each.
2. The curriculum of Biblical studies is to be divided over the entire period during which ecclesiastical students pursue their course of sacred studies within the walls of the seminary; so that when the course is finished each student may have gone through the entire curriculum.
3. The Chairs of Scripture are to be filled according to the condition and the means of the different seminaries, but always in such a way that no student shall be deprived of the means of learning those things of which a priest may not lawfully be ignorant.
4. Since, on the one hand, it is not possible to have a detailed exposition of the whole of Scripture given in school, and on the other it is necessary that the whole of Scripture should be in some sense known to the priest, the professor shall take care to have special treatises or introductions for each of the books, to prove their authority, when occasion requires, to teach the analysis of them, but he will at the same time dwell at greater length on the more important books and parts of Books.
5. With regard to the Old Testament, he will make use of the latest results of research in illustrating the history of the Hebrew people and their relation with other Oriental nations; he will treat of the main features of the Mosaic Law; and will explain the principal prophecies.
6. He will take especial pains to imbue his students with zeal to study and understand those psalms which they recite daily in the Divine Office; he will select some of those psalms for interpretation in order to show by way of example the method to be followed by the students in their private studies to interpret the others.
7. Treating of the New Testament, he will explain briefly and clearly the special characteristics of each of the four gospels, and the proofs of their authenticity; he will also illustrate the general character of the entire gospel story, and the doctrine contained in the Epistles and the other Books.
8. He will pay special attention in treating of those parts of both Testaments, which concern Christian faith and morals.
9. He will always remember, especially in treating of the New Testament, to conform to the precepts he explains those who are afterwards by their words and their example to teach the people the doctrine of salvation. He will, therefore, in the

course of his instruction explain to his students the best way of preaching the gospel, and will stimulate them, as occasion may offer, to observe diligently the commands of the 10. The more promising students are to be instructed in the Hebrew tongue, in Biblical Greek, and whenever possible, in some other Semitic language, such as Syriac or Arabic. "It is necessary for Professors of Scripture, and it is becoming in theologians to know those languages in which the canonical books were originally written by the hagiographs, and it is of the greatest importance that these languages should be studied by ecclesiastical students, and especially by such of them as aim at obtaining academical degrees in theology. And efforts should be made to have chairs in all academies for other ancient languages, and especially the Semitic." (Encyclical, "Providentissimus.")

11. In seminaries which enjoy the right of conferring academical degrees it will be necessary to increase the number of lectures on Sacred Scripture, and consequently to go more deeply into general and special questions, and to devote more time and study to biblical exegesis, archaeology, geography, chronology, theology and history.

12. Special diligence is to be shown in preparing select students for the academical degrees in Sacred Scripture according to the rules laid down by the Biblical Commission—a matter of no small importance for securing suitable Professors of Scripture for the seminaries.

13. Every Doctor in Sacred Scripture will be most careful never to swerve in the least in his teaching from the doctrine and tradition of the Church; he will of course make use of the real additions to our knowledge which modern research supplies, but he will avoid the rash commentaries of innovators; so, too, he will confine himself to the treatment of those questions which contribute to the elucidation and defence of the Sacred Scriptures; and finally he will be guided in his plan of teaching by those rules, full of prudence, contained in the Encyclical "Providentissimus."

14. Students should endeavor to make up by private study what the schools fail to supply in this branch of sacred learning. As lack of time will render it impossible for the professors to go over the whole of Scripture in detail, they will by themselves devote a certain portion of time every day to a careful perusal of the Old and New Testaments—and in this they will be greatly helped by the use of some brief commentary to throw light on obscure passages and explain the more difficult ones.

15. Students are to undergo an examination in Scripture, as well as in other parts of theology, to show the profit they have derived from the lessons, before they are allowed to pass into another class or to be initiated in sacred orders.

16. In all academies every candidate for academical degrees in theology will be asked certain questions on Scripture relating to the historical and critical introduction as well as to exegesis; and will prove by examination that he is sufficiently acquainted with the Hebrew tongue and has a knowledge of biblical Greek.

17. The students of Sacred Scripture are to be exhorted to read not only interpretations of the Scripture, but good authors who treat of subjects connected with this study for instance, the history of both Testaments, the life of our Lord and the Apostles, and books of travel in Palestine—from all of which they will easily acquire knowledge of biblical places and customs.

18. To further this object efforts will be made to supply each seminary as far as circumstances will permit, with a small library in which books of this kind will be at the disposal of the students.

This is our will and our command, everything to the contrary notwithstanding.

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THE REVOLT OF JOEL

"There, you've set that pail on the dress" she said again, right where I've told you not to more than a thousand times! Put it on the floor, where it belongs. Not there; over by the wood-box, so you'll have room to spread a newspaper down first. Now, just look behind you! Where did you get all that mud? I don't see unless you went and hunted for it, so that you could trapes through it and bring it in here to make me more work wiping it up after you!"

at finding the bed had not been disturbed. "Is it possible he got lonesome and went to some of the neighbors to board?" she muttered, as she went down the cellar stairs. But an examination of the doughnut jar and the cellar shelf proved beyond a doubt that Joel had not boarded with the neighbors, neither had her absence and his consequent loneliness materially affected his appetite, for the doughnut jar was empty, and only half a pie remained from the seven which she had left for his consumption. She bustled about the kitchen, got out the bread-board, and prepared supper, wondering meanwhile at the unexpected state of affairs. Then she waited. The clock struck six before she decided to blow the horn with which she had been accustomed to summon her husband from the field. She blew a long, shrill blast, and was rewarded a few moments thereafter by hearing his step at the back door—then silence. After a few moments of impatient waiting she opened the door with a jerk, and found him confronting her with his usual cheerful smile. "I'm glad you've come, Nancy," he said, cordially. "It's been powerful lonesome since you've been gone."

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Two new half-partitions had been erected, and in one division rolled and grunted his brood sow with her brand-new litter of young porkers—thirteen in all—while in the other were the three hogs which had hitherto been kept in the old pen. He sat down on the steps of the new building and ruminated, while the pigs behind him grunted and squealed their contentment in his unheeding ears. At last he rose and took a comprehensive look around him. "Well, Nancy," he said, slowly, "you've got the best of me, after all, and—" he hesitated an instant, and then burst forth boyishly—"I'm glad of it! Yes, I am!"

To the waiting woman behind the pantry blinds it seemed as if he were gone a long, long time, and her hand trembled with some strong emotion as she held aside the curtain at one corner, but when he stepped inside the door she was stirring up cookies at the kitchen dresser, and her face was serene as if no conflicting emotions had ever found lodgment in her heart. He looked about the cheerful kitchen a moment. Then, in a matter-of-fact tone which under the circumstances would have been amusing, had there been anyone besides themselves to hear it, he said, "Seems to me the pigs are a little the best looking we've ever had."

SENATOR BULFIN ON DOOLEY

"Dunne," "Finley Peter," "Finley Peter Dunne," "Dooley" and "Mr. Dooley" are the names he is called in New York. No one ever thinks of calling him "Mr. Dunne." If they did he would scarcely recognize himself. "This man who has made so many millions of people laugh for the past seven or eight years is very quiet in his manner. He is one of the best listeners I have ever met. He will place the points of the fingers of each hand together, lean his elbows on his knees and listen with down-bent eyes to people talking until the intensity of his concentration of thought draws his face into an expression of melancholy. It is a fine face, clear-cut, clean-shaven, an intellectual, refined, high-bred face. His father was an Irish emigrant from Leix in the county of Rory O'Moore, and his mother was also Irish. But the very poorest of the Irish people are often the purest in race, and under the coarse homespun of the peasant on the hillside there flows some of the bluest blood in the Western world. In Ireland this is not known, alas! to many of the people. They have been schooled through centuries to regard themselves as an inferior class of humanity, and never of the unfree soil of the motherland do the people of the ancient Irish race show so legibly the stamp of the thoroughbred as when the children are brought forth and nurtured in a free land. Thus it is that when you see an Irish-Argentine gathering or when you look around on the faces at an Irish-American reunion in New York you see the signs and tokens of old and uncorrupted lineage enhanced by liberty, a wide education, and a more helpful self-knowledge. At a feast of the countryside where Admiral Brown was born, in Mayo, I saw sixteen little girls known as the Foxford choir. They were peasant children from the fields beside the Moy, yet they were little princesses in all things but one—they lacked the radiant, self-reliant mein of children nurtured under a free flag. And the other day, at the Irish Orphanage in Cahillito, I saw a choir of little girls that might have been chosen from the oldest palaces where dwell the nobles of the Aryan race. They were little princesses, too. But there was a difference between them and their little thoroughbred cousins from the hamlet in Lar Connach. They were not more beautiful or dainty, no. But they were singing "Oid Mortales"—the anthem of the sovereign and glorious land that gave them birth, and their little heads were in the air, uplifted by the wondrous, although unconscious human pride in the birthright of the free.

Dr. Dooley's delicately chiselled lips parted in a pleasant smile as we were introduced and two kindly eyes of Irish gray sparkled good fellowship at me through a pair of glasses, perched lightly on a slightly aquiline nose under a high, bony forehead. Medium size, straight, dapper, handsome—age something over thirty, and apparently well satisfied to be in this queer old world. By the time we had got to the end of a New York lunch the four of us—all men who had wasted our share of ink—agreed unanimously that journalists are the salt of the world. And it was Dunne who said that we salt

the world accordingly. Then he asked me how was South America. I told him it was fairly abreast of the times. "So I understand," he said. And then he asked: "Buenos Aires is quite a modern city, no?" "Yes. There are men there who parody 'Mr. Dooley.'" "Oh, heavens!" he laughed. "I wish you could take a commission from me to kill them off."

"How?" I asked. "Electrocution?" "Why, yes—in fact any way you please so long as the patients are disposed of good and safe." "But," remarked Brother Wall, "isn't imitation said to be quite the nicest kind of flattery?" "Depends," replied Dooley, "upon what is being imitated. When I read sometimes the things labelled imitations of my friend Dooley I wonder he does not die of sadness. Because there is a misgiving, you know, that if the imitation is so horribly silly," the original may have been silly too."

"For my part," said Wall, "I'd chance making a fool of myself if I got, as you do, 25,000 shining dollars a year for a weekly article." "Oh," and the author of "Dooley" broke into the sunniest of smiles, that end of the proposition is all right." "I have never seen such a pronounced Irish twinkle as lights up his eyes when he laughs. It must have behind it all the untarnished fun of his people—a harmless fun, sweet and sparkling and warm, and ever ringing with innocent laughter. I saw such a twinkle in an eye at the chapel gate of my native parish in Ely O'Carroll on a Sunday morning years ago when a man from my old townland—God rest him—was telling the story of shaking hands with Andy Lash. Andy had been away for three weeks from the parish and had just returned in time for Mass. Prompted by the joker of the district all the boys went in troops to shake him by the hand, saying: 'Arrah, sure leave it there, but you're welcome back, Mr. Lamb.' They passed on and returned again, and the prompting voice of the joker whispered, 'squeeze it well, boys, when you shake.' And by the time the last bell rang Mr. Lamb's right hand was swollen from the stress of his popularity. It was the same twinkle that sparkled into punch glasses long ago of a Sunday evening as the old men recounted stories of their youth. It can never be mistaken. There is nothing in the world so bright and mirthful and pleasant in any beam that comes from the human eye. And 'Dooley' has it in all its pristine radiance. In American politics he is a Democrat. And as an Irish-American, he is one of the men with a new ideal. This new ideal is the solidarity and rehabilitation of the Irish people. It is a Pan-Irishism—not Pan-Celticism. It is constructive as well as sentimental. It is racial as well as national. But this is not the place to discuss it nor the time. "You have a good deal of happiness about you," I said to "Mr. Dooley," as he beamed upon me in parting, through fragrant wreaths of Havana smoke. "Yes," he laughingly assented, "I have my share—and a glorious share, too, as every right minded man is bound to tell his wife, and as I tell mine—but you know it is the happiness of the past that always looks brightest."



A Fearful Case.

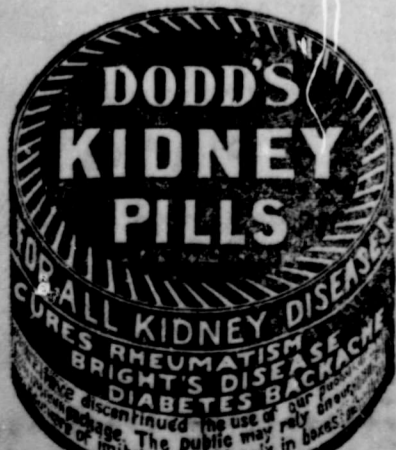
THORNHILL, Ont., Nov. 29, 1899. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness and my case was a bad one. Doctors did not do me a particle of good, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me at once of that dreadful disease. The first bottle convinced me that it could do all you claim for it. I used to have as many as seven fits a day, would fall just where I stood and sometimes cut my face so severely that my own folks would hardly know me. I had such a headache and pains in my body that I often wished I were dead. I could not get work from anyone on account of my sickness, and I am able to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefits. BERT HOPE.

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"Will I ever meet you again," he asked as we parted. "Won't you come to South America," I said, "to attend some of these funerals you ordered?" "Maybe I might," he replied with a final twinkle, "I'll try. But in any case give my love to Bollivar." "I shall not forget it," I promised, "and to return the compliment, won't you kindly remember us to Washington and ex-President Monroe."

Irish Laborers Staying at Home

Says the New York News Dublin correspondent in a letter of recent date to his paper: "According to a report of the Department of Agriculture, just published, there has been a great decrease in recent years in the number of Irish migratory laborers of 'harvest men.' Up to a comparatively recent period 60 per cent. of the able-bodied laborers of Ireland were compelled to leave their families in drudgery and want and to spend hay-making and harvest time in England and Scotland to earn the rack rent which their absentee landlords demanded. "With the continual decrease of population occasioned by immigration and other causes, the number of harvest men who now go to England in summer is becoming less and less every season. "In the year 1905, migratory laborers to the approximate number of 25,000 went to England and Scotland, 20,000 of that number going to England. The exodus is stated to be greatest in the month of June, but the number has been steadily decreasing in recent years, there being a falling off last year of 2,000 as compared with 1904. "Roughly, three-fourths of them were natives of Connaught, and of that number two-thirds came from Mayo. The largest numbers migrate from Swinford, Westport, Castlebar, Claremorris, Ballina, and Belmullet. A considerable number came from Roscommon, and some from Galway and Sligo. Ulster is the only other province from which migratory laborers come in numbers and 80 per cent of these are said to be from Donegal. "The report states that an estimate of the savings of migratory laborers brought or sent back to Ireland during the year would be £275,000."



No Alcohol in It.—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

May THE BLESSED VIRGIN 1906. Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and religious feast days for the month of May.

Not a word said his wife. After carrying out the pieces of glass in the dust-pan, she returned with her face still as placid as if nothing had happened. It was a wonderful change, and as he lay there, gazing through the open window, it seemed to him that he could ask nothing more. Life was full—complete—if only Nancy would continue in this pleasant mood. Two weeks passed, and Joel, delighted as a little child at his returning strength, took a stout can, and started on his first walk about the place since his accident. "I don't know," he muttered, "as I ought to have been quite so set about staying there, but—"

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live, make draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parlee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

The HOME CIRCLE

THE SPARE BEDROOM HORROR. There's shams to be found in every clime...

There are shams that bring the tears to your eyes, There are shams that make you grin...

Take it up tenderly, handle with care; The look of it gives one the chills; An atrocity fashioned by fingers most fair...

You see two ghosts between the bed-posts, Down from the bedside creep, Standing on edge 'nd bearing this legend...

THE STAY-AT-HOME WOMAN.

Is there a community free from the women who stay at home year in and year out and who pride themselves on doing their duty to their families?

Healthy Blood Best Germicide

YOU CAN PREVENT AS WELL AS CURE DISEASE BY KEEPING THE BLOOD PURE AND RICH WITH

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

"Healthy blood is the most powerful germicide extant," said Sir William Collins recently, in a lecture on "The Man vs. The Microbe."

The "stay-at-homes" are usually narrowminded and uncharitable, thinking every other woman neglects her duties if she has sense enough to absent herself from home once in a while.

EMBLEMS OF MARY.

One of the outward evidences of love for the Blessed Virgin is the practice of wearing or carrying about with us some little emblem or memorial of our Blessed Mother.

BE KIND TO THE OLD FOLK.

In the course of a sermon delivered in the Jesuit church, Dublin, by the Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., the preacher made this plea for consideration for the aged in the home:

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which if heard will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness.

FATHER DOLLARD'S NEW CHURCH BLESSED.

His Grace the Archbishop will solemnly bless and open the fine new church of St. Columba, at Uptergrove, on Sunday, May 27th.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A FAITHFUL DOG.

An interesting story of a dog has been told by a gentleman who was travelling in France during the late war with Germany. He met one day some wounded soldiers returning to their regiments, and observed one of them who had a little dog, an iron-grey terrier, evidently English, following at his heels, but only on three legs.

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

Open the door of your heart, my lad, To the angels of love and truth; When the world is full of unnumbered joys...

MINNIE'S JOURNEY.

The following incident is vouched for as being true, by the owner of the cat: Mrs. L., owned two cats, one of which was a female who was most peculiar, both in her markings and also in color.

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the care of home and social life and the lack of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all disease arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief."

NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS CASE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD REACHED A VERY CRITICAL STAGE OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

His Case was More Serious than he thought, but thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills he is well and strong now.

St. Leon, Glo. Co., N.B., May 14. (Special.)—Mr. Patrick Downing, of this place, is a young man only twenty years of age, but some time ago kidney disease had him firmly in its grip and had it not been for Dodd's Kidney Pills he would probably not have been alive to-day.

her next family, two kittens were saved. Mrs. L. took Minnie and her two babies in a basket to her sister's house at Orchard Park. She went there in a buggy as it was eight miles away.

GRUMBLE BOY.

Now Grumble-boy's a little lad That's just about as big as me, And sometimes, when the weather's bad...

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party," Said Betty (aged just four), "A little girl fell off her chair, Right down upon the floor; And all the other little girls Began to laugh, but me—I didn't laugh a single bit," Said Betty, seriously—

HAPPY JAPANESE WOMEN.

The visitor to Japan is impressed by the unlined and happy faces of the women. Their devoted, gentle, simple lives are such that they do not fret and worry like other women, and they do not have to carry in their face the marks of years of distress and unhappiness.

LITTLE ARMS.

Little arms, so tightly clasped "Round my neck at dead of night. When some unexpected sound Wakes my darling in affright.

taken round to the houses of those of Mrs. Doublet's friends who had not called that day. Eventually the thing developed into a commercial enterprise and the Hand-to-Hand News was sold to all who wanted it for six francs monthly or \$5 a year.

THE NAME "JOHN BULL."

John Bull, the mythical personage, supposed to represent the English people, was the invention of Dr. Arbuthnot, in one of his satirical sketches ridiculing the great Duke of Marlborough. In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Arbuthnot was "the first man among eminent writers in Queen Anne's time."

WHAT NAMES MEAN.

Susan is Hebrew, a Lily. Alma is Latin, the Kindly. Guy is French, the Leader. Margaret is Greek, a Pearl. Paul is Latin, the Small One. Job is Hebrew, the Mourner. Rachel is Hebrew, the Lamb. Clara is Latin, the Bright One. Edwin is Saxon, a Conqueror. Lionel, Latin, is a Little Lion. Hugh is Dutch, the Lofty Man. Jacob is Hebrew, the Supplanter. Gilbert is Saxon, Bright as Gold. Eunice is Greek, the Fair Victory. Ernest is Greek, the Serious One. Martin is Latin, the Martial One. Lucius is Latin, the Shining One. Peter is of Latin origin, the Rock. Arabella is Latin, the Beautiful Altar. Brigid is Gaelic and means "fiery dart."

A STORY.

Bertha Chavanne, a young girl, poor but pious, lived for some years with her grandaunt, Mme. Berthon. The old lady died, and as no will was found, the property, it was declared, should be divided among her distant cousins. A public sale of the personal effects of the deceased was held. Bertha Chavanne wanted a memento of her grandaunt, but was outbid. Finally an old devotional book was put up. She determined to get it. As the competition was not great, it was knocked down to her. As she took the book from which she had often read to the old lady, a folded sheet of paper dropped out. It proved to be the will of her grand-aunt and it showed that all the property, amounting to \$83,000, was left to Miss Chavanne, the attentive grand-niece.—Catholic Universe.

WHERE THE DEVIL LIVES.

"What's that bridge called?" inquired the Englishman of the driver. "That's the Devil's Bridge," he said. "And what is that mountain called?" asked the foreigner. "It is the Devil's Mountain."

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TORONTO, MAY 17, 1906.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Of the many problems facing society none is graver than the question of labor. The continued advance of the workingman from a state of almost complete dependence to a state of almost complete independence, is too serious to be ignored; too important for the future that its proper solution should not be the greatest aim of moralists and economists alike.

of the American capitalists. A race of plutocracy is fast being developed whose ever-reaching covetousness poisons the springs of commercial activity and national administration. It encourages socialism, for labor finds no other means of breaking up the increasing pile of capital's wealth.

STRANGE PSYCHOLOGY.

Modern science goes far afield to search for new views or explain old ones. The latest example is the attempt of a writer in the Popular Science Monthly of New York, Mr. Ellis by name.

chology that is all utter nonsense; for history it is worse; Christianity had something else to do in early days when to be a Christian was to court martyrdom—than discuss a trifling shade of color.

THE VICISSITUDES OF JOHN DRYDEN.

He has fallen a victim to the Interview Habit and Has Also Fallen Into Trouble.

In the Imperial Parliament last week Mr. Charles Devlin asked the Chief Secretary whether his attention had been called to the statement made by Mr. John Dryden, formerly Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario, Canada, and recently appointed to the Commission to inquire into the agricultural conditions of Ireland.

Mr. Devlin asked if the right hon. gentleman had read the reports in the "Morning Post" and other English newspapers to the same effect?

Mr. Bryce—Mr. Dryden informs me that it is entirely inaccurate.

Mr. John O'Connor asked whether Mr. Dryden had been reading the book written by men principally concerned in the inquiry, and had expressed an opinion upon it?

Mr. Bryce—Mr. Dryden informs me that it is the very opposite to the case, that he has read many books, and that he has no formed opinion.

Mr. T. W. Russell asked whether, if Mr. Dryden had not formed any opinion, the right hon. gentleman would see that he would abstain from giving interviews to newspapers?

Mr. Bryce—He appears to have fallen into a practice prevalent in Canada, and which is getting common in this country, of granting interviews, and saying things which are entirely misrepresented (laughter).

AN ONTARIO LIBERAL VETERAN

The impression created both in England and in Canada by the speech of Hon. Edward Blake on the English Education Bill must be acknowledged by Catholics with special gratitude.

Mr. Blake addressed the Imperial Parliament rather as a Canadian Liberal than as an Irish member. He pointed out how Liberalism in this Dominion, has dealt with Catholic educational claims, and offered his personal testimony that generosity as well as justice had been amply vindicated by the satisfactory relations that have grown up in this community wherever Catholics and Protestants have recognized their mutual rights and solemnly agreed to respect

them. The value of this broad-minded appeal to the Protestantism of Great Britain is in contrast to the caution and reserve characterizing the Catholic element associated with the Liberal Government.

"We are well aware that we are here treading on very delicate ground, and certainly we can claim no authority to speak in the name of the Marquis of Ripon. At the same time we have some reason for believing that the explanation of his attitude towards the Bill is to be found in the following considerations: 1. We are assured that Lord Ripon attaches great importance to the "Extended Facilities" clause, and believes that in practice it would be found that in most cases the local authority would appoint Catholic teachers in Catholic schools.

Nothing could have happened better calculated to strengthen Lord Ripon's hands than the expression of Protestant generosity with the personality and experience of Hon. Edward Blake behind it.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HAMILTON.

The Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, will be celebrated by a festival, of several days, beginning on Saturday evening next, when a reception will be tendered the Apostolic Delegate, and closing on the Tuesday following.

A jubilee signifies much or little, according to results. For the diocese of Hamilton the results are many and the showing great.

When Judge Lindsay commits a boy to a Reform School he gives the boy a warrant and tells him to go and lock himself up. The lad goes to the railroad station, buys his ticket for the town of Golden, where the school is situated, and presents himself before the Superintendent of the School.

For Victoria Day

Grand Trunk have made rate of single fare for round trip good going May 23rd and 24th, returning until May 25th, between all stations in Canada, also to Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, N.Y., Detroit and Port Huron, Mich. Call on Agents for tickets.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Teffy celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding on Tuesday, May 1st. Dr. Teffy, Toronto, their daughter, Mrs. Mulcahy, Orillia; Mrs. Teffy's brother, Mr. E. R. C. Clarkson, and wife, and Rev. Father Player came to offer congratulations to the aged couple, who are wearing the weight of years so lightly.

The Probation System for Children

The Ontario Act for the Protection of Children which is carried out through the agency of local Children's Aid Societies, has been the means of improving the condition of many children in this province, but there is yet another development of this work which is needed in order to round off the structure and make it a complete whole.

In the United States, where the Children's Courts have become a permanent institution, the trial of children takes place in a separate building from that where adult offenders are tried, and special judges are appointed to deal with them. The old method of treating as criminals children who came before the police authorities has been entirely abolished.

In most of the Children's Courts at present in operation one or two chief probation officers are appointed and paid for out of the public fund, and the rest are volunteer workers, some of whom are partially supported by different charitable and philanthropic societies.

In Denver, Colorado, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, presides over the Children's Court, and his methods and speeches smack of the broad and breezy West. It is said that he tells the boys who are brought before him on the second or third charge, that the "cops" are watching him as well as the boys, and he says: "If I do let you off, you will go out and swipe something again, and then I'll get blamed for it, and like as not I'll get kicked out of this Court."

That this work of the Children's Court has assumed enormous proportions can be gathered from the following figures:

In the city of New York the number of children brought into Court last year was 7,631. In Chicago the number was 4,773. In Denver the number appearing before Judge Lindsey was 389, and in Toronto the number was 587.

With but 389 children appearing before him in a year it is easy to see how "Judge Lindsey can deal with them in an informal, unconventional way. In New York such methods would be impossible when dealing with over seven thousand children, and the most of these the children of aliens.

towards neglected, dependent and delinquent children within its borders. One of the watchwords of this work, that "it is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals" cannot be gain-said.

Death of Michael Collins, Toronto Gore

On Monday morning, April 30th, Mr. Michael Collins passed away at his residence, lot 9, 7th line, Toronto Gore, after an illness of several months, which he bore with Christian patience to the end.

SUPPORT

The following extract from a letter received the past week displays a noble spirit: "We like the REGISTER first rate, and think it a great pity it is not better supported here. There are only a few Catholics in the village (seven families), and if you will send them sample copies of the REGISTER, I will call on them and try to get them to subscribe.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Collins (nee Ferrett) came to Toronto, Canada, about 30 years ago, with her husband and children from Tufton street, Westminster. Any information as to her whereabouts is earnestly sought by her cousin, Mrs. E. Herbert, 14 Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Surrey, London, Eng., or by the Catholic Register, Toronto. 3t

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STRAWBERRY PLANTS. \$250.00 EACH. A TRIUMPH OF ART. In laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else washed without tearing, fraying, ripping off of buttons; starching not too little or too much, ironing without scorching, or otherwise ruining of everything in a man's wardrobe that ought to go into the tub.

New Method Laundry Limited. 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO. PHONE—MAIN 4546 and MAIN 3289

JOTTINGS

The Hotel Regina at St. Anne de Beupre has been destroyed by fire.

Chevalier Charles Baillarge, C.E., for nearly forty years chief engineer of the city of Quebec, is dead.

Rev. Father Donovan has been appointed superintendent of the schools in Hamilton, in succession to Rev. Father Holden.

Rev. Fathers Stanton, Coyle and Hawle, S.J., have been conducting a two weeks' mission at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

It is reported that the consecration of Rev. Father W. A. Macdonnell to the bishopric of Alexandria will take place next month.

The first marriage in Canada of Chinese Catholics took place lately in Montreal, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan of St. Patrick's church officiating.

The departure of Rev. Father Louis Staley, Kingston, brother of Rev. Father Staley of St. Michael's College, Toronto, is much regretted. Father Staley is moved to Watertown.

The National Alumni of the Christian Brothers Schools was held in Baltimore on May 1st, 325 delegates attending. Cardinal Gibbons was in attendance and the sermon was preached by Archbishop Keane.

When Father Martin, the late Superior-General of the Jesuits, had his arm amputated about a year ago, he underwent the operation without anaesthetics and immediately it was over sang in a brave, clear voice the Te Deum.

The festivities in connection with the Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, will begin on Saturday evening, the 19th inst., when a reception will be tendered the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, and will continue for three days. Their Lordships Bishop EeEvay of London and Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough will take part. Rev. Dr. Teefe of Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Connelly, S.J., of Guelph, will preach.

At a meeting of the directors of the Guelph and Ontario Investment and Savings Society, Mr. J. E. McElderry, the efficient local manager, was appointed to the vacancy on the directorate caused by the death of Mr. John M. Bond, and will now be known as managing director. The appointment is a tribute to the esteem in which Mr. McElderry is deservedly held by the Society and the public by reason of his business ability, careful management, and personal popularity.

The death of Rev. Robert Francis Clarke, D.D., is a serious loss to Catholic literature and to Biblical scholarship. In the diocese where he had been working for nearly forty years, Father Clarke had long been known as a man of solid learning, more especially in Biblical matters. And a few years ago his appointment as a member of the Biblical Commission showed that his rare merits were recognized by the highest authorities.

Pope Pius has given Archbishop Ireland a letter written in Latin, congratulating him on the construction of a Cathedral at St. Paul, of more than usual beauty, and of a church at Minneapolis scarcely less magnificent. The letter authorizes the Archbishop to thank, in the name of the Pope, all those who contributed toward the erection of the two churches, and especially James J. Hill, who so liberally endowed the diocese of St. Paul with a fine seminary.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

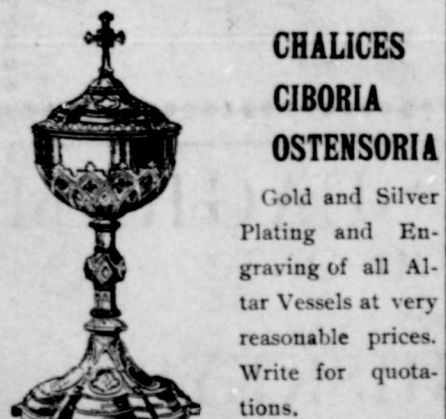
(Continued from page 1.)

leadership in high life in the great American west. With this view he bought him a beautiful island in the Ohio river, and made it his home. Here he surrounded himself with all that makes life worth living, and so refined was his taste in landscape gardening, in floral attractions, in beautiful paintings and pictures, in valuable books, etc., that his name became known far and wide. And to head all these his wife was a lady of the first rank. She was an Irish lady; she was beautiful, she was cultured, she was good and virtuous, as all good Irish ladies are assumed to be. At any rate Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhasset soon grew in the esteem of the cultured to be the happiest couple in all America, and their home came to be considered one of the Isles of the West.

Among those to whom the fame of

J. J. M. LANDY

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the Blennerhassetts had spread was Aaron Burr, the defeated candidate for the presidency of the United States of America. Burr was indeed a great if an unfortunate man. Like Cecil Rhodes of our own day, he had dreams of Empire. There was much undetermined territory in those times, that was Spanish, French and American, and Burr entertained the colossal idea of working them into one great nation of which he should be the head and centre. Among those he inveigled into his great and romantic purpose was Blennerhasset. He spent some time with him at his beautiful island home and it was insinuated by his enemies that he had made inroads on the affections of Mrs. Blennerhasset, who might at that time have been crowned as queen of the West, as well as he had made inroads on the judgment of Mr. Blennerhasset for his dream of Empire.

I believe his enemies charged him with treason to the government of the United States, but they never were able to prove their cause. But the enterprise proved disastrous to all engaged in it, including Blennerhasset. This is perhaps the most romantic story in all American history; but I believe the fates have dealt unfairly with the reputation of a great American, and have incorrectly made a great Irishman his dupe. American writers I believe have been too cowardly to do proper justice to the memory of one of America's greatest men, but at last and recently a woman, a woman generous in her judgment, has undertaken the kindly task.

Matthew Lyon, too, has recently been vindicated in a book written by one of his relatives. After a time he left Yankee Vermont and betook himself to Irish Kentucky, where he flourished for many a day as one of the foremost citizens of that great Western State, where many Irish men and women of education, character and success have brought her renown, including the Breckinridges, Robinsons and many others. A book, too, has recently been published entitled "Blennerhasset," which I presume has done full justice to this noted Kerryman and his wife.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

The Religious Influence of Women

Woman has always exerted a great influence on the destinies of the world. Even in the days of pagan republics and empires the very man who denied her the lofty place which was hers by right, felt the elevating power of her inborn nobility of soul. But, since the dawn of Christianity she has resumed that high and dignified position for which she was destined by the Almighty in the beginning. In fulfilling the duties of Christian womanhood she has made her sweet influence felt in every walk of life, everywhere diffusing virtue and truth, because she has been faithful to the Christian principles from which her power has sprung.

What is her religious influence? What is her work in the Church? Before answering this question I will say a word as to what I think woman's in general ought to be. Woman achieves her greatest triumphs by fulfilling the will of her Creator. When Adam looked upon the creation and beheld the many beings with which God had filled the earth, Holy Scripture tells us that "he found not a helper like himself." Then God created woman and made the solemn ordination that "man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh."

On these words of Holy Writ I base my remarks to you to-day. Woman was created to be a helper to man; she was to be his helpmate, not his rival; they were to work together according to the qualities and dispositions proper to their nature. They were to be as one, not as two, one the complement of the other, neither striving to take the position which belongs to the other. Christianity has been constantly striving to impress this truth upon mankind. The more it has been accepted and the more woman has exemplified it in her life, the stronger has grown her influence and the higher has become her position in the world and in the estimation and love of man.

Man is to go out and fight the battles of life on the broad and trying field of the world; woman is to be queen in the quiet, peaceful realm of the home. The fact that she is at home does not mean that she has no influence on the progress of events in the great world outside. Though she goes not forth she will be the inspiration of man, if she fulfills in the home the sacred office of mother and sister and daughter. Husbands, sons and brothers will strive fearlessly and nobly for the true and good under the inspiration of loving and devoted wives and daughters and sisters and mothers; the cause of virtue and truth will be crowned with victory when the relations of home are sacredly observed after the plan of an All-wise Creator. In the home our ideal of woman is formed at our mother's knees and never in life can we conceive a higher ideal of woman.

In the first Christian home this was the plan—in the home of Jesus Christ at Nazareth. If you study the life of Mary, the Mother of the Saviour, and learn what her influence was in the work of her Divine Son, you will understand what your influence can be in the work of the Church. We need not speak of the thirty years spent in retirement at Nazareth, but we should not fail to learn the far-reaching lesson found in the public life of the Saviour. Scarcely ever does Mary appear in public. She was at the wedding in Cana, when in response to her request Christ worked His first miracle. Never again do we see her taking part in any public functions, until we find her at the foot of the cross in His hour of trial and suffering. Yet her influence in

every age has been a power for good. The story of her simple unostentatious home-life has been the inspiration of poet and painter, the model of Christian mothers and their fair and virtuous daughters for nineteen centuries. She was queen of the Saviour's home.

This is woman's noblest station, queen of the home. There she has been enthroned by God Himself. If she will cling to that throne and rule with the sweet sceptre of love that God has placed in her gentle hand, no power on earth can ever rob her fair brow of this jeweled crown.

Woman to-day is called upon to fulfill this great mission here in America. If she will be true to the part given her by her God, she will bring untold blessing upon the land. How often may a loving daughter soothe the burdens of an anxious father! How often may a sister's wise and kindly word help to keep a thoughtless and worldly-minded brother from the highway of moral ruin and turn him to the path of virtue and success for time and eternity. All this power that is in the hands even of young women at home and in society is but as a spark compared with the influence of mothers. Within the sacred precincts of the home she moulds the character of her children, she is the constant and trusted helper and counselor of her husband in things spiritual as well as temporal.

If you wish to help the Church, begin by making your homes religious. Church and school will help you, but they can do little or nothing without your co-operation. Teach your children to know that there is a God, teach them His holy law, and impress upon them the solemn duty of observing that law. First plant deeply in their hearts respect for God's authority and then they will have regard for your authority, and when they grow to manhood and womanhood they will respect the laws of Church and State.

Here is where your true power lies. From the family fireside your influence reaches out into every walk of life and you are the ministering angels of the world when you are true queens of the home. I need not add that you must teach by example as well as by word, that first of all you must be religious women yourselves.

Do I mean by all this that you are to be prisoners in the home? Oh, by no means. We are all social beings and we need the influence of our brothers and sisters in society. Society is good, both the society of our friends within the immediate circle of our homes and in the larger sphere of organization. But go not out in society for mere show or public notoriety. Go to learn from one another, so that you may return to your homes better women, prepared to fill more perfectly the sacred duties of your homes.

To woman it has been said: "Seek to be good, but aim not to be great. A woman's noblest station is retreat; Her fairest virtues fly from public sight, Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light."

Yes, women of America, in your hands is the formation of the manhood and womanhood of this fair young republic. Let your ambition be to be good. Exert your influence especially in the most sacred retreat in the world, the home. Your virtues shine most brightly in the soft glow of the family hearth, and they will have a power there that they can never gain in the dazzling light of public eye. wield this power by word and example and you will people America with the noblest race of men and women on the face of the earth. With full confidence we commit to your keeping the destinies of America for we believe that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

A Struggling Infant Mission

The Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? In a garret! the use of which I get for a rent of one shilling per week.

Average weekly collection, 3s 6d. No endowment, whatever, except Hope. Not a great kind of an endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I have hopes. I have great hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the clients of St. Anthony of Padua readily come to the assistance of poor struggling Priests. May I hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you can do a little. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. Do not turn a deaf ear to my urgent appeal. May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

"ARTHUR," "Bishop of Northampton." Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hemp-ton road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

ROYAL NUNS IN ENGLISH RETREAT

Oldest Member of Benedictine Order Was Once the Queen of Portugal.

On the tree-clad hill rising behind West Cowes stands a fine old Georgian mansion, one of the solid, comfortable homes of the squiredom of long ago, typical of the English countryside.

From its windows one looks far out across the waters of the Solent, with the distant woods of the New Forest lying on the horizon. The panorama is very beautiful, and the sense of calm it conveys is in no wise disturbed by the silent passing across the smooth face of the Solent of steamship or yacht.

Behind the house lies a spacious walled park, with noble gatehouses of stone. The quiet of the bowered approach to Northwood House is broken only by the music of a tiny, tinkling rivulet that rises among the under-wood, where violets and primroses are in flower, or by the song of the birds that here find sanctuary.

Thus the brief, gentle tinging of what one readily imagines to be a convent bell that is heard through the trees is in harmony with the sylvan scene. The nuns of Solesmes chose well when, after the passing of the French law against communities, they sought an exiles' refuge in the Isle of Wight and selected Northwood House for their home.

Here in quiet seclusion they have dwelt since the day when the packet boat brought them across the Solent three or four years ago. In Cowes they have won the affection of the poor by their gifts of food to the sick, but, save in case of necessity, the nuns—of whom there are sixty in all—never leave the portion of the ground of Northwood House which has been inclosed as the convent garden.

The oldest of the nuns is the woman who, but for the contrary way of things, might at this moment be the Queen mother of Portugal. In the year of the great exhibition, 1851, Princess Adelaide of Lowenstein-Rosenberg married Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, who, having assumed the title of king of Portugal, in 1828, was forced to abdicate in 1834, and died nearly thirty years later. Fifteen years ago the ex-king's widow entered the Convent of Solesmes, and with her sister exiles she came to the Isle of Wight.

Visitors seldom intrude upon the seclusion of the nuns of Solesmes, who are of the Benedictine order, and are therefore engaged during the greater part of the day in what the founder of the order laid down as the chief duty of his disciples—the singing in church of the praises of their Maker.

The atmosphere of Solesmes pervades even the courtyard of the old mansion. As the visitor passes through the great gateway he notices on the left hand a quaint little wooden house, at the open window of which one of the lay sisters, clad in the black garb and large white linen hood of the French peasant woman adopted by the nuns, sits winding wool.

As one approaches, a sister, who has been sitting on the floor of the large hall, also winding wool, rises to her feet and meets the visitor on the threshold. The conversation passes, by preference, in French, for English is still a foreign tongue to the nuns of Solesmes.

The ordinary visitor, who wishes to hold converse with those in the convent, is then conducted to a small room at the side of the courtyard, divided into two parts by a double grille, the spaces in which are not large enough to permit a hand to pass through. Here the conversation between visitor and nun proceeds, each being seated on opposite sides of the grille.

But, although the nuns live apart from the world, theirs is a life of continual work. From early morning until midnight, with intervals for the two chief meals of the day, their duty lies in the convent church.

Rising about 4 o'clock in the morning, and without breaking their fast, they proceed to the chapel for matins and lauds, which occupy the hour from five to six. After an interval for a scanty meal, this is followed by prime and morning chapter and low mass. At 9 o'clock another office begins, and so, with brief pause, the nuns remain in choir until midday, when a plain dinner is taken in common.

After dinner there is a period of recreation and such work as the making of ecclesiastical embroideries, and then at 3 the nuns return to the church for vespers. After this, conferences may be held, or the remainder of the afternoon may be spent in work. Supper is taken about 6 o'clock, and after recreation, indoors or in the convent gardens, the nuns repair to the chapel once more for compline, the last service of the day, about 8 o'clock. By 9 or 9.30 the convent day is over, and everyone has retired to rest.

The singing of the nuns of Solesmes is extremely beautiful. Music is naturally one of their life studies, and the Gregorian chant is, by renascences of practice, brought by their choir to a piten of melodious perfection.

Besides the work of the exiling there is in the convent a younger member of the same family as the princess, and all the nuns are of gentle birth. They are women of high educational attainments, most of them knowing several modern languages, as well as Latin and Greek. Thus, though shut in from the world, they have no lack of interest in life.

Before long the nuns will move to Ryde, where they have secured the college for their future home. Here it is likely they will open a school for girls. At present their sphere of labor is limited to the convent church.

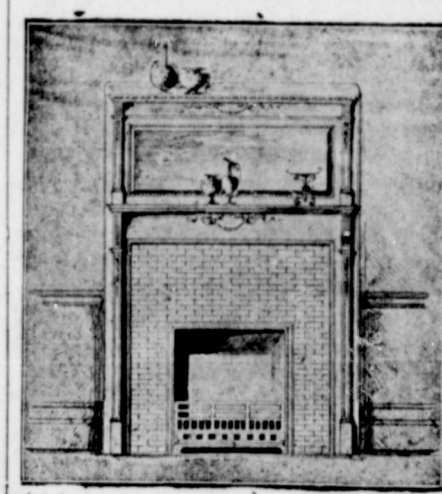
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THE MAGPIE

"Well, I am not superstitious," said our hostess, looking with a thoughtful gaze into the firelight, "but I do hope that the magpie will not visit us again for many a year to come."

All eyes were turned towards her with a look of enquiry.

"What magpie?" we asked, as with one voice.

She smoothed out the soft folds of her black gown with a small white hand, made yet fairer by contrast with the sombre habiliments, which told of a recent, nay, of a double bereavement, and did not answer for a moment. It was the hour between daylight and dark, and the lamps had not yet been lit, as we sat around the blazing fire in the spacious drawing-room of the lonely country house, half an hour after dinner.

The dear rambling old place was as homely and hospitable as ever, and though the autumn sun had shone goldenly all day, there was something of welcome warmth and needed cheerfulness in the great fire of blazing logs that burned on the hearth. Still it could never be the same. There were, alas, two great gaps in the circle of friendly faces grouped around the fireside; other lesser ones, too, in the shadows that lay behind us. The great old chair that stood to the right of the fireplace was cold and empty, as though each one of us, by silent accord, had hesitated to occupy the place so long filled by him, the kindly, the gentle, the wise old man.

The other gap was less easily placed, though none the less felt. That one had not had the leisure, or the inclination, for rest or for ease. He came and went as the wind does, breezy and fresh as the wind itself, soft and kind as the west wind, too, to the many whom he loved. The house was silent without him, silent and lonely for the laughter, for the jokes and quips, and the boyish pranks which had set the weary old rafters ringing many and many a time. The old man had not long outlived the absence of that kindly warmth and sunshine, in a world grown suddenly dull and cold.

"What magpie?" someone asked again, since our hostess had not spoken.

"Well," she said at last, looking from one to the other, speaking a little tremulously and quickly, "you remember it was about this time last year that poor Frank lay dying. Papa did not realize up to the end that he was in any serious danger, for although I myself was expecting to hear the worst every day, I had tried to keep the truth from the poor old father, dreading the effect it might have, with his failing health and years. Well, during all those weeks, when poor Frank lay hovering between life and death, far away from us, and lonely, a magpie used to come to the window of papa's room every morning about daylight, and keep tapping at the glass—just like this, 'tap, tap, tap,' making a quick, imperative sound as of knocking with her fingertips against the polished surface of the ebony card-table that stood at her elbow.

"It used to keep the poor old man awake, and it troubled me greatly, for you know I always slept in the room next to his. Often he would call me up in the early morning to ask me what it was that kept knocking at the window so persistently as to drive away all possible chance of sleep. And as often as I hunted the bird away, the ill-omened creature was sure to come back again. Indeed, during all those miserable and anxious weeks the sound of that tapping was constantly in my ears, even while I was still asleep. Mary referring to an old servant who had been for many years in the family) used to shake her head in a sad and foreboding way over it. 'I do not like it, Miss Elspeth,' she would tell

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being
Harmed?

As Though It Would Crack Open?
As Though a Million Sparks Were
Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Stomach of Your Stomach?
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bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

Mr. Samuel F. Hubbard, Belleville, Ont.,
writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my
appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had
sick headache, was tired all the time and not
able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters
recommended for just such a case as mine and
I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an
excellent blood medicine. You may see my
name as I think that others should know of the
wonderful results of Burdock Blood Bitters."

me. 'He comes for no good, that bird; and take my word for it, he is bringing us bad news.' The end came soon enough. One lovely morning when the frosts had suddenly left us, and the sun shone out so brightly and so cheerfully that the robins and all the other birds were singing in the garden, as though a second summer had come, the news of poor Frank's death was wired to us. Papa took it terribly to heart, as you can guess, the more so as he had been quite unprepared for it. But something that puzzled me greatly, even in the midst of our grief, was that from the very morning that we got the bad news the visits of the magpie ceased, 'suddenly and entirely.'

"How very strange," some one said at last, out of a long silence, "but did it never return again?"

"We never saw it for eight months afterwards. Then, just a month before papa died, a week or so before he lay down, the magpie came back again, tapping at the window-pane of his room just as before. It was always his room, and it was such a dreary, monotonous sound, that no matter how cheerful and hopeful I might be before, my heart seemed always to sink with a sudden cold fear as soon as I heard it. I hope—and her usually bright and happy face was clouded as she spoke—"that I may never see or hear the unlucky bird again."

"It was certainly disconcerting," our friend Dick said, rubbing his hands together before the fire with a cheerfulness that seemed somewhat forced. "But there must be some explanation of the mystery. Perhaps the bird was hungry or cold?"

"Perhaps," the chateleine said, with a doubtful shake of the head. "I heard afterwards that it had come to the windows of the gate-lodge, too, on one or two occasions."

"Well, nobody died there!" someone exclaimed reassuringly.

"Not yet," she answered, with a doleful little smile. "But then the people who live there have been almost thirty years in out service and his death meant a great deal to them."

We assented silently, thinking that his death meant a great deal to many of us. Then there came a sudden little stir, and some moving of chairs. Old Mary had come in to light the lamps.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

"I heard, too," our hostess went on, "that the magpie was in the habit of visiting one other house, more than three miles from here. It must have been the same magpie, for he tapped at the window just as he did at ours. There could hardly be two—"

"Well, indeed, then, Miss Elspeth," Mary broke in, with the familiarity born of her long years of service, "he found his way back to us soon enough for I saw him again, and heard him, too, at the window of the empty room this very morning. The Lord deliver us from all harm!"

Miss Elspeth looked up in a startled way, and a sudden tremor of fear passed over her face. No one spoke for a little time. Then Dick, the ever cheerful and ready, jumped up and shook himself as though awakening from a bad dream. He danced three steps of a jig to a lively tune of his own whistling, and then sat down again.

"Now, girls and boys," he said, "we've talked enough. Where are the cards. And who'll take a hand at a game of whist?"

"So for a time the mystery of the magpie was forgotten.

However, it recurred to my mind very often afterwards, and as I flatter myself that I am of a particularly observant nature, so much so, that if the powers that be had not ordained otherwise, I might possibly have made my mark in the world as a second Sherlock Holmes. I was determined to leave no stone unturned until the mystery of the magpie should be unravelled.

I speedily learnt the location of that other house at which the bird was seen, and then began to take notes. This other house, like Hazelwood, where my friends lived, stood lonely and aloof from all other habitation; it was, too, surrounded by a great number of trees. The windows were shaded by red blinds, and herein I felt that I might have an important clue. For although all the windows of Hazelwood were not similarly adorned, it was remarkable that the blinds of the room in which the dear dead master had slept, and which lay in a wing turned off from the rest of the house, were of dark red linen.

The little square-paned windows of the gate-lodge, too, I noticed were furnished with tiny red blinds simply nailed on at the top, and finished off with a bounce of crimson lace. It might be that the magpie had seen himself reflected in these dark red blinds as he could not so well do in others of a lighter tint; so that it was perhaps from mere petulant or jealous motives that he tapped and pecked so industriously with his beak. But it was not for some little time that I discovered the true meaning of it all.

About two miles from my friend's house some time before my story opened there resided an old woman named Jane Reddy, an odd creature, who preferred to live in a state of single and solitary blessedness, relieved only by the society of innumerable dogs, cats and various other animals. She was in fairly comfortable circumstances, but despite this she spent little money on herself, preparing to lavish it sparingly on her many pets. As long as her cats and dogs lived they were fed on the fat of the land—on milk, meat, fish, fowl, chicken jelly and beef tea. When one of them died, she bought a "bran new" blanket in which to wrap the animal before burial, so that it should not "lie cold in its grave," but it not infrequently happened that the obliging poor neighbor who had undertaken the office of sexton for the occasion, would return to the unhallowed spot after nightfall and remove the needless cements from the dear departed "Spot" or "Dandy"—a transaction of which it is needless to say its bereaved mistress remained in blissful ignorance.

At last it came to poor Jane's own

turn to go. Her little house and belongings, standing lonely amidst the fields and trees, fell into the hands of a distant cousin, who came and took possession of the place, driving out the dogs and the cats, and the birds who had hitherto held undisputed sway there. Amongst these latter was a magpie, which had been reared almost from its babyhood by old Jane, and had become a very spoiled creature, an impudent, bold bird, who made himself unduly troublesome to the newcomer, returning to his old habitation again and again, no matter how repeatedly evicted from it.

But even such untiring perseverance was at length worn out by the cruelty and callousness of the new owners. The poor magpie at length realized that it was indeed an outcast, thrown homeless on a cold world, just at the first approach of winter, too. It flew about from one farmhouse to another, making special selection of the two or three which happened to have on their windows red linen blinds, like those which had covered the casements of its comfortable old home. Here in the early mornings, as soon as daylight had come to discover the ruddy colorings, the poor bird would peck and tap away with angry impatience, asking only to be let in out of the keen, hungry, frosty morning air, and little recking of the tumult of fear and trouble which its coming aroused in the breasts of some at least, of the anxious inmates. It was such a simple mystery after all!

I am glad to say that no one died at Hazelwood since. The chateleine is well and cheerful as of old, with the roses back in her cheeks, the peaceful look in her eyes. Down in the wide crimson-flagged kitchen old Mary yet reigns supreme. No; hardly supreme, for that bold, impudent magpie has at last found an entry into Mary's good graces, and into the warmth and comfort of its desire. It struts about the kitchen floor, picking up the crumbs; and devising all other intruders away, and when night comes it perches on the back of Mary's own arm-chair, blinking into the cheerful firelight until it falls asleep, "for all the world," declares Mary, "as though it were a young child or a little old man."—Nora Ryan O'Mahony in the New Ireland Review.

The Hero of the Vesuvius
Eruptions

Marion Crawford's description of the eruption of Vesuvius, as seen from his villa at Sorrento, is graphic, and Robert Underwood Johnson of the Century Magazine, from a nearer vantage point, falls back upon Dante's inferno for adequate ideas of its horror. Most persons, however, recall Bulwer Lytton's description of the eruption in A.D. 79, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," and feel that a height of descriptive writing has been reached therein which must stand alone in our literature.

The whole of the Vesuvius district as far as Naples, Caserta and Castellammare is one vast Saharan desert. The King and Queen of Italy, and their guest, the Princess Scheswig-Holstein, have won golden opinions for their courageous devotion to the people in the afflicted districts and for the generosity of the money relief furnished by them.

But the hero of Vesuvius is V. R. Matteuci, who has remained in the Royal Observatory on the Mount of which he is director through all the horrors of this fearful eruption, and who, on April 13 (Good Friday) sent out this reassuring telegram:

DIRECTOR MATTEUCI'S EXPERIENCE.

For three days the director and his little band of assistants were cut off from the outside world, and their provisions had run very low before relief came. Interviewed by a cable correspondent, Professor Matteuci said that he first observed unusual signs in Mount Vesuvius about a month ago. The real danger began about the middle of the first week in April. The professor continued:

"Our really terrible period came at 3 o'clock Sunday morning (April 8), and lasted until 8 o'clock. The mountain, which hitherto had been silent, suddenly gave out a deafening roar, and a great rent was made in its cone. Huge solid rocks were hurled skyward. Some of them fell near the observatory, threatening to crash in the roof; but most of them fell far outside the observatory zone. There was no scoria in this first discharge, but solid, bullet-like stones which cut the roof and damaged the windows.

"At midnight of Saturday, I ordered the women and children of the household removed. This was just before the rain of huge stones began, and I was then left with Prof. Frank A. Perrett, of New York, my American assistant, and two domestics. There was scarcely any eating, and all domestic order was abandoned. We snatched a few bites now and then, but most of the time I ate right here," and the observer pointed to the remains of a recent meal on the desk in his study.

"Throughout Sunday enormous solid blocks of stone rose to a height of 2,500 feet from the crater, while ashes and sand were thrown much higher, but toward Monday the terrible shocks of earthquake gradually diminished.

"One of the worst features of the eruption was the unusual extent of the electrical phenomena, the darkness being broken by vivid flashes of lightning, giving the sky a blood-like color, with short, heavy peals of thunder interspersed. Those moments were terrible—very terrible. Yes it was a veritable hell."

Asked if his scientific observations had yielded valuable results, Professor Matteuci replied:

"Observation was extremely difficult under such disturbing conditions. The seismic instruments were badly affected by the electrical intensity,

each explosion being announced by a violent movement of the instruments, which seemed ready to burst into pieces."

"Compared with the other great eruptions," continued the observer, "this is one of the most important in the history of Vesuvius. Its effects are less terrible than those of the eruption in the year '79, when Pompeii was buried, but it equals in intensity the great eruptions of 1631 and 1872. What results this eruption will yield to science is not so certain.

Asked concerning Mount Vesuvius in the future, Professor Matteuci replied:

"I am unable to tell with any degree of certainty. I sincerely hope this eruption is over; but who can tell whether another terrible convulsion may not come during the next minute? However, all my indications point to a period of calm for the next few days and therefore I am hopeful. But I was hopeful last night although a serious explosion occurred at 11 o'clock in the evening without any warning."

Professor Matteuci handed the correspondent a stone, the size of a three-inch shell, as a souvenir of his visit, saying:

"These are very precious stones. Some of them have hit me at one time or another. They represent my wounds."

He then led the way to his sleeping quarters, which showed the confusion that existed throughout the domestic branch of the observatory during the eruption. As he returned to the portico Vesuvius gave another deep groan, ending with a fearful explosion which blew off a portion of its new cone.

"See," exclaimed the professor, "the eruption may be resumed at any moment. That explosion rent the westerly cone."

King Victor Emmanuel has decorated Professor Matteuci, director of the Royal Observatory on Mount Vesuvius, with the rank of commander of the Order of the Crown.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN
FORMOSA.

Dispatches from Formosa announce that island has been laid waste by a tremendous volcanic eruption. Thousands of people are reported



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killed while the wounded and missing will reach an unparalleled number.

The disaster is believed by experts to be part of the seismic changes which are taking place in the crust of the earth.

Formosa has a population amounting to three millions, and was one of the bones of contention over which China and Japan fought during the recent war, Japan securing it.

The casualties and damage done are reported to be heavier than those of the last earthquake.

As a result of the earthquake in Formosa last month, 1,034 persons were killed, 695 were injured and 1,200 houses were demolished. The damage done was roughly estimated at \$45,000,000.



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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations
 A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or an male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.
 Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
 (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
 (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
 (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.
 Before making application for patent the settler must give to the mining recorder in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.
WEST MINING REGULATIONS.
 Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 250 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.
 Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.
 A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.
 The fee for recording a claim is \$5.
 At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.
 The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales of PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.
 A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold or silver in any one term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.
 The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.
 W. W. CORY,
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
 N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE DOGE'S GONDOLIER
 The gondola race was to be the climax of the Venetian festivities. And the festivities on the occasion, in 1534, of the election of Venice's ambassador at the Vatican, Marino Faliero, to the dogship, were both varied and sumptuous. The tower-clocks on all the churches rang out a joy-peal, and the palaces were illuminated and garlanded with flowers in honor of the city's new ruler.
 The race of the gondoliers on the waters of the Adriatic, however, was the one event to which popular anticipation attached supreme importance. The Doge himself was to witness it from a dais near St. Mark's, and the winner would receive from him not only five hundred golden sequins, but a laurel crown and—a distinction to be coveted—the brevet rank of "Doge's Gondolier."
 Bets were being made among the crowd. The contestants were pointed out, their names passed around, and their chances of victory volubly discussed. General sympathy seemed, on the whole, to settle upon two of those who were to compete.
 Paolo Barinello was one of the favorites. A man of forty, unusually tall, and with the muscle of a German athlete, his prowess frightened the strongest of his rivals, and his dexterity astonished the most skillful. None knew the currents of the lagoon as did Paolo.
 "At night and blindfolded," he had declared, "I can guide my gondola all around Venice and land at the steps of St. Mark's without touching a single pier or stake."
 And it was no empty boast. No one had surprised him hitherto; in fact, he was called "The Invincible."
 Giovanni Testarossa, the other favorite, was only twenty-two. Of fearless mien and pleasant expression, he had neither the strength nor the skill of Barinello. Undoubtedly first after "The Invincible," he made as a rule only a poor second to that champion, following him at a considerable distance. And yet there were many good wishes for Giovanni, and not a few bets were placed upon him. The youth was liked by everybody for his courtesy and good humor. Moreover, how could one fail to wish him good luck? Was he not betrothed to Maria Candida, the pretty lace-maker, and his sweetheart from childhood? And hadn't that young maiden for months past been pale and languid, until she had gone so far into a decline that the doctors declared nothing could save her but some great joy, some sudden emotion—something in fine, that would agitate her violently and bring back her former gayety and animation.
 "Ah, if I could only win!" sighed Giovanni, "if I could only win!"
 At last the impatiently awaited hour for the race was at hand. On St. Mark's place and the adjoining quays the people were massed in an apparently solid block. Clad in royal purple, with the golden cap upon his head, the Doge had taken his seat on the dais. Among the onlookers, Maria Candida and her mother anxiously watched the blue waters of the Grand Canal.
 Suddenly there rose a shout: the race was on. Far away as yet, the cluster of gadoles could be seen advancing. Bedecked with little flags and garlands of flowers, their metallic beaks flashing in the sunlight, they glided swiftly along like very sea-birds.
 "Paolo! Paolo!" shouted one part of the spectators; and "Giovanni! Giovanni!" responded the other group.
 These two were in the lead, and between them, evidently the decisive battle was to be fought. Bending over the single oar, which he manipulated with both hands, his eyes fixed on the still distant goal, each thought only of victory.
 "Oh, my patron!" murmured Paolo, "let me win once more, and I'll place a candle of purest wax upon thy altar."
 In his mind's eye he already saw himself going up the steps of the dais, approaching the magistrate whom one generally trembled to look at, and receiving from the Doge the rich reward. He saw himself congratulated and honored. True, he had no parents, no wife, or children, no intimate friends even to whom his winning would bring joy; but ambition and pride roused him to his very utmost.
 "On, still on! And faster!" he whispered to himself; and the shouts of the crowd encouraged him.
 To those who cheered "Paolo! Paolo!" he mentally replied, "Yes, I'll win"; to those who cried "Giovanni! Giovanni!" his reply was, "He'll lose! He can't keep up this speed to the finish."
 Giovanni himself was making practically the same reflection. Thus far he had kept his gondola even with Paolo's; to the spectators neither contestant appeared to have any advantage; but the youth felt that before the goal was reached the older boatman's superior staying powers would prove the decisive and winning factor in the struggle.
 "O Madonna mia!" prayed Giovanni, "obtain this victory for me! I need it to keep Maria from dying. For her, your namesake and devoted client, Madonna, make my muscles like steel, and give me the endurance to the end!"
 The mere fact of calling for aid on the Heavenly Mother from whom he had often received favors, inspired the youth with renewed confidence; he bent to his oar with additional determination; and, exert himself as

Suffered Terrible Agony
FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.
 Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McLean, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not enjoy my bed. I consulted and had several doctors, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble." Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.
 Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

Dick's Practice Time
 "Mamma, is it fifteen minutes yet?" called Dick from the piano stool.
 "No, dear. Don't talk, but practice," answered mamma from the other room.
 "But, mamma, my shoe hurts my foot, and I can't think what I'm doing," said Dick, appearing at the door with a very forlorn look on his face. "I guess I'll have to take the shoe off."
 "Richard, you have lost five minutes now. Go right back to the piano and play your exercises. You will have plenty of time to look after the shoe after a while." Mamma's tone was firm, so Dick gave a sigh and went back to his task.
 One! two! three! bang! bang! bang! Dick was just getting down to work at last. Just outside the window a boy shouted, and he had to run to see who it was. "Hello, Charlie," he called, cheerfully. "I'm pretty near done with my playing. Wait a few minutes and I'll be out."
 "Got to go to the grocery for my mamma," said the boy. "Won't take me very long."
 "Richard," said the warning voice from the next room, and Dick sat heavily down to hunt up a place in the exercise book once more.
 When the clock struck three a very smiling little boy appeared at the door to say, "Now my time's gone. You promised to read to me, mamma, from 'Robinson Crusoe' for half an hour after I finished my playing."
 "All right," said mamma, taking up the book. "Where was I? Oh, yes, where Crusoe finds his man Friday. I believe I find a drink," and she put down the book to go to the dining-room. Dick sat patiently waiting for her, and when she came it took a long time to find the place once more.
 After she had read a few lines she saw a lady passing and said, "I must speak to Mrs. Page a minute. Don't lose the place." But when she got up the book flew shut, and it took Dick a long time to find the picture of Friday, as he did not know the page.
 "Let me see," said mamma, when she had read almost a page, "isn't this the afternoon for the boy to call for the laundry?"
 "No, he comes on Tuesday, and this is Monday," said Dick. "Please do read very fast, Mamma, for I am so anxious to hear about Crusoe."
 "I'll begin just as soon as I look after that shoe that hurt your foot," said mamma. "Which one—"
 "It doesn't hurt a bit, now, mamma. Honest, it doesn't. Please read."
 "Time is up," said mamma, as the clock struck the half hour. "I was only to read twice as long as you practised."
 "But you haven't read two pages," said the disappointed little boy. "You lost ever so many minutes of the half hour. I wonder—Are you doing this, mamma, to show me that I lose time too?"
 "What do you think about it?" asked his mother with a smile.
 "I'm going right back to play fifteen minutes and see what happens," said Dick. "I think I know what it will be."
 When the honest fifteen minutes were gone, mamma was waiting with a slice of bread and jam for Dick and the open book in her hand. Dick thinks the time goes much faster since he doesn't whine and ask questions and waste the moments, and I really believe he is right about the matter.—Helen Richmond in S. S. Times.

SMOKERS CANCER.
 Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.
 Mild in Their Action.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

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 Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.
RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR

"Temse" and "Tames"
 Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true, for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.
 In England many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for softening flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire, and as it was only the smart, hardworking boys who could make it go so fast the people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After a while these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire.
 Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word temse, and so after many years those persons who had never seen or heard of the old fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and travelled far and wide until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a stouthead boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town, and that is how it is that people today talk of setting the river on fire.
 The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

In and Around Toronto

CONFIRMED AT ST. MARY'S.

Amongst the many beautiful Confirmation ceremonies that have taken place at St. Mary's, none were more attractive than that of last Sunday, when 137 of the children of the schools received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Grace the Archbishop.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY ORGANIZED.

As an outcome of the late Mission at St. Francis a branch of the Holy Name Society has been organized, the first meeting taking place in the church on Monday evening.

ST. HELEN'S.

First Communion for the children of St. Helen's will take place at the 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday next.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. CECILIA'S

On Sunday afternoon His Grace the Archbishop visited the Church of St. Cecilia, Toronto Junction, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 29 children of the parish.

LAST MEETING OF SEASON.

The C.Y.L.L.A. held their last meeting for the season of 1905-'06 on Monday evening, at the home of the Misses O'Donoghue, 95 D'Arcy street.

OPENING OF REV. FATHER DOLLARD'S CHURCH.

The many Toronto friends of Father Dollard will be happy to see announced elsewhere in this issue notice of the opening of the Church of St. Columbkille, of which Father Dollard is pastor.

PERSONAL.

Mr. E. Kennedy, who was best man at the wedding of his sister, Mrs. Armand Heintzman, is now partner with the G. J. Young Company, piano dealers, Calgary.

DOCTOR FERRE ORDAINED.

It is by the above title that the now newly ordained Rev. Father Gre-

gory Fere, S.J., will be best recognized in Toronto. When, thirteen years ago, Doctor Fere left a good practice, many friends, a loving mother and the home of his childhood and youth, to join the Society of Jesus, it seemed amply manifest that he had indeed a "call," and this subsequent events have verified.

HEINTZMAN-KENNEDY.

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes was crowded, the object of the gathering being to witness the nuptials of Miss Eleanor Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kennedy of 206 Carleton street, and of Mr. Armand Heintzman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerhardt Heintzman of Tannenkeim.

DIV. 4, A.O.H.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 4, A.O.H., the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst the beloved sister of our esteemed brother, Frank J. Hallinan, we, the officers and members of Div. 4, A.O.H., Toronto, while bowing to the Divine Will of our Heavenly Father, beg to tender you our sincere sympathy in this your sad hour of affliction, and we pray Almighty God to have mercy on her soul.

JAMES FINLEY, CHAS. E. DEAN, President. Secretary.

Conference of Archbishops

The yearly conference of the Archbishops of Canada was held in Ottawa during the past week. The sessions began on Wednesday, the 9th inst., Archbishop Duhamel presiding. Others present were Archbishops O'Connor, Toronto; Bruchesi, Montreal; Gauthier of Kingston; Langevin of St. Boniface, Manitoba; Orth of Victoria, B.C.; Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, N.S., representing the Archdiocese of Halifax. Archbishop Begin of Quebec was unavoidably absent.

In addition to the usual matters concerning Church Government, it is reported that the subject of a Plenary Council to be held in Canada, occupied the attention of the meeting. No such council has as yet been held within the Dominion.

A New Bishop for Westminster

The large gathering of clergy—one of the largest that ever assembled in Westminster—on the occasion of the consecration of the Right Rev. Mgr. Provost Johnson as Titular-Bishop of Arindela, was a splendid testimony of

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

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the popularity of the appointment, which was made on the petition of the Bishop of the Province. Mgr. Johnson has an excellent record as a priest, and few priests have made such a fine one so unostentatiously. His services to the diocese for a period of forty years, during which he has been the trusted friend of Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan, give him a claim upon the diocese, which could not be ignored, and it may be said that in making him a Bishop this claim has been recognized.

A Catholic Novelist's Submission

By his submission to the decree of the Index prescribing his novel, "Il Sante," Senator Fogazzaro, the most famous Italian novelist of the day, showed that the realised virtues of life surpass those fancied for romance. Thus he attained in another way the purpose he had in writing, the putting of a high and holy instance before the world. For it would be difficult to exaggerate the moral courage which this Italian Senator has shown, so openly and so simply, in deference to his religious convictions.

COMMUNICATION

St. Vincent de Paul Society, Bureau of Information, Room 45 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, May 15, 1906.

Dear Sir,—Early in June a well known Catholic clergyman of London, England, will leave for Canada, having in his charge some 50 or so fairly big lads, some few of whom know trades, and all of whom, it is with confidence stated, will be respectable, and used to good hard work.

Should any of your Catholic readers (agriculturists or other), wish to employ any of these lads, will they kindly communicate with this office, stating terms, wages and other particulars?

Yours sincerely, D. MILLER, Sec.

Mother Taught the Sign

"Now put your hand well up to your forehead, then to your breast, then to the left shoulder, and now to the right shoulder; that's it." So said a mother in teaching her little one its prayers the other evening.

It seems a most beautiful thing when we really look into it—a pure, innocent little child lisping its first prayer to its Creator. How sweet is the mother's privilege, then, of being the first one to teach the little child to speak of God—to thank Him for His many graces and to ask a blessing upon itself and its dear ones. How pleased our dear Lord must be to answer the first "God Bless Me" and what a blessing should descend upon everyone for whom that little innocent child prays! There are always ready hands stretched forth to perform this sacred duty—willing hands, loving hearts, but it seems a pity for the mother, who has the first choice, to let this sweet privilege slide away from her. She is tired after her day's hard work and the temptation to overlook this small but important duty is great but, dear mother, take one more step on that toilsome way, and although poverty may perhaps add one more furrow to an already anxious brow, unite yourself with her, the Patron of all mothers, whose sweet mouth we are now passing through, and remember the golden reward in store for a mother's duty well performed, and the effort made will not go unrewarded. Mother will soon forget all about it, but the memory of the first prayers said at his mother's knee and the teaching of his holy religion, implanted in him in his early years by his mother—for after all there is no influence like that of the mother—will cling to the child through life, to intensify his hour of happiness and to buoy him up in the hour of greatest temptation.

The years roll on—the little one grows from childhood to boyhood—from boyhood to manhood—the dear mother who first taught him to bless himself has long since gone to her eternal home and now he, a white-haired old man, is preparing to join her. The priest has done his part—the dear ones are gathered around his bedside and as the love of death over-spreads his features, some kind friend takes his hand and tracing the Sign of the Cross upon him, says, "It is a long time since your mother did that for you." A faint smile flits over his countenance as if he remembered the first time his mother took his hand and blessed him, and with that smile of calm repose upon his brow and the Sign of the Cross upon his breast, his soul goes forth to meet his Creator. M.J.

Roman Catholic Makes Reply to Mr. Hocken

(St. Catharines Standard.) To the Editor of the Standard: In your issue of Saturday, April 28, there appeared a rather lengthy effusion in the way of a lecture, given by a Mr. Hockens in the Orange Hall. Will you kindly permit me, a Roman Catholic, to offer some comments on the same, particularly that part where the speaker referred to Roman Catholics and their religion.

The lecture, I must frankly say, does not present the lecturer in a very amiable light, and from a careful perusal of it I judge him to be a person more remarkable for his zeal than for his knowledge, and more accustomed to hate than to love. As an editor of a newspaper I suppose he cannot be considered an ignorant man, but I have no hesitation whatever in calling him an untruthful man; candid and courtesy toward those from whom he differs are evidently qualities which I fear he is utterly unable to appreciate.

His statements "that Catholics consider the priest is greater than God," which he says he quoted from a pastoral by a Spanish bishop; and that "the priest is able to bend the people to his wishes, and round up the faithful," are both untruths, and a man occupying his position should be ashamed to make them. With your permission I will give this editor-lecturer some information concerning the Catholic religion, which he evidently stands much in need of.

This silly notion of Mr. Hockens and others who may think as he does, that we Catholics are under an iron despotism is purely imaginary, and Catholics would, if the matter were not so serious, be amused at their talk about the Pope, bishops and priests enforcing their wills upon Catholic people. Surely Mr. Hockens and those that think with him will give us some credit in the way of possessing common sense, also reasoning powers, and also a conscience; but no, it would seem that they really believe that we are in all matters, both temporal and spiritual, subject to arbitrary will, or caprice, and that the Pope, bishops and priests rule us as despotically as some of the old Puritan ministers did their congregations years ago in the New England States. Such is not the case at all with us Catholics, for the Catholic religion and the government of the Catholic Church is from first to last, a government of law, and not of mere will. Among Protestants authority is for the most part personal, and depends on the personal character of the minister, and with them an organization as complete as that of the Catholic Church would be a despotism, and an ambitious man at the head of it could use it to gratify his desire for dominion. But with Catholics this cannot be the case, because with us authority is not personal, it attaches not to the person but to the office, and is determined by law. We Catholics may esteem one priest as a man higher than another, but this personal esteem does not mingle with our obedience to the priest, as a priest. We reverence his office, and we obey him for the sake of the office, not for the sake of the man. Now the office is fixed in the original constitution of the church, and its rights and duties are defined by an unalterable law. This law enters into Catholic construction and forms the Catholic conscience. Hence our clergy, Pope, bishops and priests could not, even if disposed, exert an illegitimate influence over their Catholic people, because the moment they attempted it they would find not only the law of the Church but the Catholic conscience against them.

Catholic conscience is formed by Catholic faith, by Catholic teaching, which must be uniform throughout the world, and the same in every age and place. Hence it is not in the power of the Pope, the bishops and the priests to change the Catholic conscience or to pervert it to any purpose of personal or selfish ambition, even if they would. They have no influence whatever except through Catholic faith and conscience, neither of which is under their personal control. The Pope himself cannot create a new dogma or article of faith, or change the law of conscience. A Protestant, like your editor-lecturer, Mr. Hockens, overlooks this fact, and supposes that with us Catholics, as with himself, faith and conscience are variable or changeable at will. This is a great mistake. Catholic conscience is invariable, and not alterable at will of its ministers. The influence which our Catholic clergy are able through their office to exert could become dangerous only on the condition that they could control the faith they teach us, and form the Catholic conscience at their will, as is, to a great extent, the case with Protestant ministers. If, which is impossible, all the Protestant sects could unite in one body, in a single organization, the world would see a despotism far more rigid and oppressive than was exercised even by the old heathen Sacerdotes, for these ministers would be restrained by no Protestant conscience, and would have the sole control over their own teaching. The principles applicable to such an organization cannot even humanely apply to the Catholic Church, because her Pope, bishops and priests can only teach what they have been taught from the beginning, and they are bound by the same law that binds the body of the laity.

There is not a Protestant minister in the land that has not more power over the faith and conscience of his congregation, providing he gains their confidence, than the Pope, bishops and priests have over the faith and conscience of Catholics. The Protestant minister to a great extent forms the doctrine he preaches out of his own brain, and imposes upon his followers his own private opinions, he can insist on a new and peculiar morality, and impose on the Protestant conscience a law of his own enacting, as can

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be witnessed at times. This the Pope, bishops and priests separately, or all combined, cannot do.

The law for the Catholic conscience is not that we shall believe and do whatever the Pope, bishops and priests command us, but that we shall believe and do whatever God commands us, through the Pope, bishops and priests. The Divine command, or this law binds the Pope, bishops and priests as much as it does us lay Catholics, and they cannot give it an arbitrary interpretation because its interpretation—an interpretation that is fixed and unalterable—has been given and known to the Church from the first, and is not left to be discovered or invented by any pope, bishop or priest. The Protestant notion, such as Mr. Hockens entertains, that the Catholic has no faith or conscience but what the Pope, bishop or priest wills, and that we Catholics can be rounded up to do their bidding, like a herdman rounding up so many cattle, is wholly unfounded, and is an insult offered to a body of people possessed of as much brain power and manliness as their neighbors of other religious beliefs.

All dutiful, practical Catholics love and venerate their Pope, bishops and priests, and the man who offers them insult offends the Catholic laity insult.

It is all very well for a man to say he has no quarrel with his fellow Roman Catholic citizens, but that it is with their religion or their hierarchy that he has the quarrel, but such a position will not do. We Catholics cannot be separated from our religion or its clergy, either of high or low degree, for we are virtually one. Take away from us our Pope, bishops and priests and there would be no Catholic religion and no Catholics. We would all become Pagans, which same fate would eventually await all those outside of the Catholic Church, which is the only authority divinely instituted and commissioned by Jesus Christ to teach all mankind in His name.

In another communication I will be pleased to refer to other statements contained in Mr. Hockens' lecture. ROMAN CATHOLIC, Thorold, Ont., April 30, 1906.

Executors Notice TO CREDITORS

In the Surrogate Court of the County of York

In the matter of the Estate of John Herbert, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Liquor Dealer, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 38, Chapter 129, R. S. O. that all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of the late JOHN HERBERT, deceased, who died on or about the 14th day of March 1906, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to MARY ELLEN SULLIVAN and A. P. HERBERT, Esquires, Executors and Executor, at 22 Robinson Street, Toronto, on or before the 31st of May 1906, their Christian and surnames and addresses, with full particulars in writing of their claims and a statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the 31st day of May, 1906, the said Executrix and Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased, among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Executrix and Executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by them at the time of said distribution.

Dated 27th day of April, A. D. 1906. MARY ELLEN SULLIVAN, Executrix, A. P. HERBERT, Executor, 22 Robinson St. Toronto.

JOHN T. LOFTUS, 712 Temple Building, Toronto, Solicitor for the said Executrix and Executor

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