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VOL. XII., No. 21

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHRONICLE OF AN OLD-TIMER

Memoirs of Dr. E. A. Theller, who was engaged in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8—The Beginning of the Rebellion in Lower Canada—Arrested by Col. Prince of Malden, and Taken to Toronto for Trial—Occurrences on the Way—An Interesting Narrative—Col. Prince and T. D. McGee—Bravery of the French-Canadians.

Chicago, April 30, 1904.

Editor Catholic Register:

One of the men engaged in the Canadian rebellion of 1837-8, was an Irishman named Theller—E. A. Theller—a peculiar and altogether unusual name for a son of the Emerald Isle. But that he was Irish I am certain, because I knew him personally in the city of Buffalo, in the year 1849, when and where he was practicing medicine. There is an impression on my mind that he was a native of Limerick. He received his education in some Lower Canada college, spoke French fluently, was a good talker and received a commission as a brigadier-general in "the Canadian Republican Army" from Mr. McKenzie. He was keeping a drug store at Detroit, Mich., when he enlisted for the war. He was not in person an Adonis, but was short and thick, and I should think awkward for an active and successful leader. He was made prisoner at Malden, taken to Toronto for trial, with a number of others, and there sentenced to be executed. The scenes that took place in Toronto at that time were very exciting. He pleaded that he was an American citizen, and Sir George Arthur hesitated to carry out the sentence of death by hanging, so himself and his friend Dodge were removed to the fortress at Quebec to await the decision of the Privy Council. In the meantime both made good their escape from the citadel one night, and with the aid of friends, reached Yankee land—Dodge with a broken leg and Theller with a lacerated back, as the hole he crawled through was too small for the size of his body. Theller and Dodge were noted characters in the newspapers of the time. They were arrested, however, and tried in the United States for a violation of the neutrality laws by an American court and acquitted. Subsequently Dr. Theller published two small volumes narrating his adventures as a Canadian patriot. They were dedicated "to Col. Richard M. Johnson, vice-president of the United States—the stern republican—the advocate of liberty—the patriot."

One of Theller's little volumes has come into my possession and I find it very interesting and worth making some extracts from, that will instruct, perhaps amuse, some of your readers; but he wrote well and forcibly. In 1837 the Parliament of Lower Canada refused to grant Lord Gosford, the British Governor, the means of carrying on the government by refusing to vote the supplies. The writer describes what followed: "Agitation became intense, meetings took place in every town, village and parish, and votes of thanks were offered to the majority of the House, who had remained firm in defence of the rights of the people. But a tyrannical government had long since determined to commit a double act of injustice, the disfranchisement of the French part of the population, and the restriction of the constitutional liberties of the Anglo-Saxons (as Lord Durham called them) who, blinded by their narrow prejudices against the first settlers in Canada, owing to their origin and their religion, did not perceive that they were assisting the British Government to circumscribe their own rights and to restrict their privileges. After having contributed by their clamors to the disfranchisement of the French-Canadians, they found themselves reduced to a state of slavery under a despotic ruler, with the painful conviction that the constitution promised them was a mere mockery. Various associations were then formed, among which the "Sons of Liberty" and the "Doric Club" were

the most conspicuous. The former was composed of zealous reformists, and the latter of the most virulent enemies of the French-Canadians. These bodies, who were destined to be the actors in the first trial of strength between the parties, were stationed in Montreal. The imperial parliament authorized the seizure of the treasury of the province and distributed its contents among the officials, an act which made matters worse. "The Sons of Liberty" goes on the writer, "having assembled to express their indignation at the conduct of the British Parliament, were attacked by the 'Doric Club' in the streets of Montreal, but after a long conflict they drove their enemies before them, and reaped the first laurels in the struggle of freemen against oppression in Canada. It is said no firearms were used on the occasion, but swords, axes, and other deadly weapons were seen in the hands of the Doric Club. None were killed, but many were severely wounded. The Sons of Liberty dispersing after the contest, the Doric Club and military who conducted them, reassembled, mobbing and destroying the printing office of the 'Vindicator' newspaper; and although this outrage was committed in open day, and in the presence of several magistrates, no notice was taken by the authorities."

It then became evident that a general conflict could not be long delayed. An immense meeting had taken place at St. Charles, on the river Chambly, where a liberty pole was erected, and a solemn engagement entered into by thousands to free their country from oppression, or perish in the attempt. Louis Joseph Papineau, in whose person the love, admiration and confidence of a whole people was concentrated, addressed the immense crowd of brave men before him, promising to guide them in the noble efforts in the sacred cause of freedom, and solemnly swearing to conquer or die at the head of the patriot phalanx now arrayed against tyranny and oppression. How far he accomplished that solemn vow will be made evident to the reader. On his head rested a fearful, awful responsibility. "St. Charles" was destined to witness the zenith of his glory, and the loss of his honor instead of the brave devoted leader, the Canadians found in him the scintilla of their freedom. Theller's description of the journey of himself and fellow prisoners from Malden to Toronto is interesting. His particular aversion was Col. John Prince of Sandwich, with whom he was acquainted. This gentleman, like Sir Allen Napier McNab, played a prominent part in suppressing the rebellion, and was considered ungenerously severe. He had three men taken out one day and hanged. In his despatch to the Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head, he said, "they deserved to be hanged and I hanged them accordingly," and "hanged them accordingly" became an oft quoted phrase afterwards in the Reform press. Old Theller often saw Col. Prince, and heard him speak when he was a member of the Legislative Council in Toronto. He was an Englishman, a lawyer and loved his glass and his joke. I met him in the saloon of the House once when I was accompanied by Mr. McGee. They were cordial towards each other, the rebel and the loyalist, for they both prized themselves on their oratorical powers. Old Prince was a smooth talker too. Of course he was a Tory. "McGee," said he, "they coincide that you are the best speaker in the House and I in the Assembly; what do you think?" "That may be," said McGee, looking down at Prince's newly polished boots, "but you outshine me."

To return to Theller's description of his journey as a prisoner in the direction of Toronto: "After a tedious journey of five days (and I may say nights) on the road from Malden to London, through a country which, notwithstanding the season, and our forlorn situation, attracted our constant admiration by its singular beauty, we reached the apparently flourishing village of London, on the River Thames. Our route had been for the most part on the shores of the lake, through unfrequented ways and along the valley of that stream. The wilderness had only been invaded here and there at long intervals, by the hand of cultivation. Yet the variety and beauty of the scenery lured our minds from dwelling on our condition. We occupied ourselves in picturing the contrast which a land so favored by nature would present in the hands of a population free, independent and enterprising, like our men. Our future presented no pleasing prospect. We cheered ourselves, however, with the hope that we might yet see the day when its colonial vassalage should give place to a free and independent state—when the swarm of petty officials who devoured the substance of the oppressed cultivator of the soil, would be swept away in the progress of republican institutions—and when the forests should become cultivated fields, whose fertility would reward the labor of the independent husbandman. Many a weary mile was soothed by reveries like these; and if we occasionally recurred too painfully to our situation, some new or striking feature of the landscape would direct our reflections and again lull us for a while into forgetfulness of our misery. As far as we could judge, the inhabitants of the country and of the little villages where they crowded to see us pass, did not view us as enemies. Commiseration was marked upon their countenances; and often did we see the tears trickling down the cheeks of women, who could not refrain their feelings at the severity of our treatment by those whom they considered the 'enemies and oppressors of their country.' Many a pious murmured prayer could we hear offered up for our deliverance; and curses, not loud but deep, on the brutality we experienced. "On our arrival in London we were taken to the jail, which was strongly

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guarded. From the numbers which crowded to the grated windows to catch a glimpse of those who were to be their fellows, we perceived that the prison was crowded. After being conducted into a portion of the building which we conjectured to be the court room, we were counted over and delivered up to the commandant of the place.

"The commitment of the board of magistrates of the Western district at Malden, was accompanied by a private letter from Col. Prince to Col. Askins (who had them in charge), in which I was honored with a particular notice. From the treatment I had already experienced from that being, the reader may conjecture that his remarks were not calculated to ameliorate my condition. We were marched down to the cells, which constituted the lower portion of the building, appropriated to the worst class of felons. After being unbound, I was taken out of the cell in which I had first been placed, that I might be separated from my friend, Brophy. This was indeed a severe trial of my fortitude. He was the only one with whom I could have a feeling in common. A gentleman of firm mind, cultivated intellect, and congenial sentiments, with his companionship and conversation, the tedium of long days and nights, shut from the light of heaven, would in some measure have been alleviated. It was one pang the more. I was thrust into a small cell with three others. This cell was about seven feet square, and in that narrow space were confined four human beings. The only ventilation was through a small diamond-shaped hole in the door, through which the scanty fare which the prison rules allowed, was handed to us. The only place for relieving the calls of nature was a corner of our cell, and for many days and nights together we endured the suffocating odor of its fetid exhalations. Day and night were undisturbed to us, except for a few moments of the afternoon, when the descending sun would cast a slanting ray through the grated window of the corridor, which formed the passage between the double range of cells; or when the jailor or assistant would come his rounds with a lighted candle, to distribute our daily bread. Occasionally as the prison became very crowded, and all were employed, the jailor's wife would take his place in supplying our wants, and hand our food through the hole in our door. True to the compassionate nature of her sex—the elevated trait of her character in all times, conditions and countries, she would leave me a piece of candle, and sometimes let me have a book to read, however the time for the most part, however, we were doomed to each other's faces, we strove by conversation to cheer each other, and mutually endeavored to sustain the sinking hopes and spirits of his fellows. Every day we expected to hear of an attack upon the place, and our consequent deliverance. One of the prisoners prided himself upon being an infallible exponent of the future. As the rest had but little else to do but dream, they kept him employed in their interpretation. One peculiarity of his system deserves mention. No matter what the subject of the dream, it always was auspicious, and a token of a speedy deliverance from captivity. What men desire they readily believe, and when they had in their dreams, I encouraged the delusion; and the good hopes which the interpreter excited, realized my expectations, kept them from sinking into despondency, and preserved their health."

"During our imprisonment we were visited by some of the officers of the 32nd regiment, who on their route to Malden, stopped a day or two at London. The first exponent engaged in the affair at St. Etienne (in Lower Canada) one of them a fine looking veteran, in answer to my question, whether the Lower Canadians were cowards, as reported by the loyalists? 'Cowards,' said he, 'cowards! Sir, I have been in the Peninsular campaign, and seen

many sanguinary actions, but none I have ever witnessed compares with that of St. Etienne. The Canadians cowards!' repeated he, with indignation, 'they did not fight like men, they fought like tigers.' I then enquired of him whether Dr. Chenier, who I informed him had been a fellow student, had been in the action. 'He was,' he replied, 'the died fighting like a brave man. He deserved a better fate than to be inhumanly mangled as he was by the cowardly militia, who skulked during the action, but when the danger was over, displayed their barbarity, in mutilating the corpses of those brave but deluded men, who thought they were doing right in fighting for what they considered the liberties of their country.'"

The Theller narrative becomes more interesting as it proceeds, but I shall have to defer further quotations until my next.

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BRANCH 77, C.M.B.A. LINDSAY, ONT.

Lindsay, April 18, 1904.

The above branch held an open meeting in its beautiful hall to-night. There was a large attendance. The chair was acceptably occupied by the President, Bro. McGeough. The chief speakers of the evening were Bros. E. J. Hearn, Grand Deputy, of Toronto, and T. F. Callahan, President of Branch 15, Toronto. Bro. Callahan was the first speaker. He dealt with the advantages both fraternal and from an insurance standpoint derived from being a member of the C.M.B.A. Also of the fact that it is a Catholic Institution. He particularly addressed himself to the young men, pointing out to them the main fraternal benefit they would derive, the duty they owed their parents or others dependent upon them to insure for their protection and particularly that joining when young they would pay a lower rate of assessment all through life than they would after joining at a later age. He also spoke of the pleasure afforded him of having that opportunity of once more visiting the scene of his boyhood days and of meeting again old friends, many of whom had been his school mates.

Bro. Hearn was heard for the first time in Lindsay. Throughout a forty minutes' speech he held his audience in close attention. He spoke of the history, objects and benefits of the Association, and with the subject of fraternal and insurance in such a clear, able and interesting manner that every person present was most favorably impressed. He explained the system on which the Order was built and conducted, proving that it was democratic and was governed by the members and for the members and stating that the qualifications for membership were that the applicants must be males, not under 18 or over 50 years of age, must be practical Catholics, he recommended by the Board of Trustees of their Branch, passed by the grand physician and by the branch.

He then dealt with its history, showing that it became independent of the mother order in the U.S.A. in 1880, became a purely Canadian institution and was incorporated under the laws of Ontario and later by a special act of the Dominion Parliament. That in 1880 it had only 226 members which had increased at the present time, to about 18,000; that it has paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members over \$2,500,000; that it has a reserve fund of over \$140,000 safely invested and bearing interest and that its teaching and influence has been a great aid to the Church. He next took up the fraternal benefits provided by the Association which are "the improvement of the social, intellectual and moral condition of the members," "to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality," "to aid and care for them in sickness and distress," "and to find employment for them when necessary."

He explained and enlarged upon each one of these subjects to the great profit and pleasure of his audience.

Short addresses were also delivered by Bros. Very Rev. Archdeacon Casey, our parish priest; A. P. Devlin, D.C., crown attorney; Grand Deputy Gillogly, Chancellor J. J. McDonald, Ald. O'Reilly, John Rogers, Principal of the Separate School, Bernard Gough, merchant, Thomas Brady, merchant, and L. A. Primeaux, Financial Secretary.

Songs were rendered by Bros. Thos. Brady, Charles Podger and Grand Deputy Gillogly. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Bros. Hearn and Callahan. Before the meeting dispersed eight applications for membership were received.

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dience and in a manner that only one of his ability and great experience in fraternal work could do. He then dwelt upon the advisability of taking life insurance and of how popular it has become of late years. He enumerated the insurance benefits of \$100, \$1,000, or \$2,000, given by the Association, and how that by reason of the lowness of rates charged even the poorest could insure in the C.M.B.A. He compared the protection afforded by insurance and by property to the great advantage of insurance inasmuch as insurance in the C.M.B.A. meant immediate protection when he became a member, whereas it took years, even in the case of the most thrifty, to accumulate an equal amount in property, and property was liable to deteriorate, but insurance did not, that the insurance was paid within 60 days after the death of the insured at a time when it was most needed and would afford immediate relief to the widow and children or other beneficiaries. It was a white winged angel of love bringing a ray of sunshine into the bereaved home and keeping out the dark winged angel of want and crime and that on the other hand, property (if any) frequently took months and sometimes years, to realize upon and was often seriously affected by the state of the market and occasionally taken possession of by the mortgagee and the widow and family thus left unprotected; that without insurance protection those who were dependent upon the deceased were often thrown upon the cold charity of the world, children of tender years separated from a mother's care, affection and influence and the wholesome companionship of one another and alas, too often are exposed to the contagion from which they become criminals or indolents and help to fill our prisons and charitable institutions. In many instances he referred to the many homes that have been benefited by the \$2,500,000 already paid by this Association.

He compared the history of the fraternal insurance societies with that of old line companies by stating that of 136 of those societies in America in a period of 30 years only six had become defunct, whereas 40 old line companies had put up their shutters in the same period. He showed that in the societies fraternal and insurance went hand in hand, that if a member through sickness or distress was unable to pay his assessments his branch came to his relief, and where the distress was beyond the ability of the branch the whole membership of the association was appealed to on behalf of the members and his family. This is not the case with old line companies. Only dollars and cents are considered by them and if the premiums are not paid before the days of grace expire the insurance lapses. The societies are established for the mutual welfare of the members and their families, the companies for the stock holders only, the one idea they have in mind being the large dividends they receive. The C.M.B.A. gives insurance at actual cost plus the building up of a reasonable reserve to provide for emergencies in the future. The old liners for the same protection charge about double the rate of the C.M.B.A. The C.M.B.A. pays no large salaries, has no expensive office building, pays no dividends to stockholders and pays no commissions to agents, its members being its chief agents for getting in new members.

Mr. Hearn interspersed his remarks with some good stories by way of emphasis and concluded by making a strong appeal to those present who were not members, and particularly to the young men, to apply for membership at once.

Death of Mrs. N. D. Beck
From Edmonton, N.W.T., comes the sad news of the death of the wife of Mr. Nicholas Beck, K.C., of that city. Mrs. Beck, who was a Miss Lloyd, had been ailing for some time but a fatal termination was not expected. Sincere sympathy will be felt through the wide circle of friends of the family in Ontario. R.I.P.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S ECCLESIASTICAL HIERARCHY

By a recent rescript from Rome, the Island of Newfoundland has been erected into an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, with St. John's, the capital of the Island, as the Metropolitan See, and the Vicariate of Bay St. George, erected into a Bishopric, and with the Diocese of Harbor Grace for the suffragan sees. His Lordship, Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, who has been Bishop of Harbor Grace for the past twenty-three years, being also the second oldest Bishop of Canada, and Newfoundland in the matter, Newfoundland petitioned Rome in the matter. Newfoundland to-day stands as an object lesson to countries and cities treble her size in the spread of religion and education. Magnificent churches, beautiful educational establishments, for primary and higher education, well-equipped halls, etc., adorn the length and breadth of "The Island by the Sea," and St. John's, justly styled, "A second Ireland," justly glances at the pages of Newfoundland's early history would reveal the awful hardships, privations, and punishments, which the early Catholics of the Island had to suffer in the exercise of the practice of their religious duties. But bigotry, ignorance and prejudice die hard, and when once driven out, peace, knowledge and harmony take their places to shed their blessings all around. After the dark night of oppression comes the day of joy and freedom, and in good old Newfoundland at the present time the day-star of religious freedom shines as bright as the noon-day sun. To Ireland, whose Bishops and priests left home and Fatherland to plant the Cross of Christ in remote and barren Straths, facing the angry waves and the mighty winds, in order to bring the last consolations of religion to those rugged fisherfolk living in scattered parts of the Island, does Newfoundland owe an everlasting debt of gratitude. The names of the Irish Bishops and priests who raised monuments of religion and education there, is thrice honored, venerated and revered, and though they rest from their labors their good works and good name still remain. The Register heartily congratulates His Grace Archbishop Howley, who had been the first native Bishop appointed to St. John's, and now the first Archbishop, on his elevation to the Archbishopric of the See. His works are many and fruitful. His pen and voice are ever ready to promote and encourage any cause which will benefit the Island, and its inhabitants irrespective of creed or nationality. The remodeling and refitting of the great cathedral of St. John (the Baptist, the finishing of St. Patrick's Church, the building of an extra wing to St. Patrick's Hall for educational purposes, and the enlargement of Littledale Academy for the higher education of young ladies, these monuments will tell in part of His Grace's zeal for the cause of God and His Holy Church.

To His Lordship Right Rev. Neil McNeil, the first Bishop of the new Diocese of Bay St. George, West Coast, an earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard, we also extend our congratulations, as well as to the genial, learned, and revered Bishop of Harbor Grace, Dr. McDonald, whose worth and merit were so well recognized by the Propaganda at Rome. To all we say: "Ad Multos Annos."

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi is engaged conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation in the different parishes. Sunday last he visited three parishes—St. Elizabeth's, St. Henri's and St. Joseph's; Tuesday, St. Jean Baptiste, Thursday, St. Omer, and St. Anthony's, confirming about six hundred in all. This week he will visit several more parishes.

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YONGE AND TEMPERANCE
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Art Congress in Rome

Distinguished Members Consider Historical, Liturgical and Sacred Subjects

Rome, April 8.—At the present moment the Eternal City, the centre of Christendom, presents an interesting spectacle. Two congresses of learned men are assembled, within its walls. Divines and historians, students of liturgy and ecclesiastical chant, archaeologists, and strangers desirous of knowing the origins of rites and ceremonies in use in the Church, constitute the "Historical (Liturgical and Sacred) Art Congress," held on the occasion of the 13th Centennial of St. Gregory the Great.

The other is the Medical Congress held on the occasion of the International Pilgrimage of Catholic Physicians to Rome from the 7th to the 12th of April, 1904, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The former of these two Congresses is, perhaps, the more generally interesting. It appeals to a larger number of persons, and the matters of which it treats are interesting to a greater audience, because they are more readily understood. In the preparatory considerations of this Congress it was taken for granted that the themes to be discussed in it would have very little attraction for the vast majority of people, and that the whole affair would resolve itself into a family gathering, as it were, in which a few students and experts in the subjects likely to be discussed would meet together and exchange views. But Rome is unlike other cities. There is scarcely anything connected with the Church, proximately or remotely, that is not of the profoundest interest to hosts of people, and indeed to individuals, whom one might deem most unlikely to concern themselves with such things. Therefore, on Wednesday afternoon, when Monsignor Duchesne, Director of the French School of History and Archaeology, and Acting President of this Congress, announced to the preparatory session in the Piazza di Pietra, that up to that moment over 600 persons had joined the Congress, he also admitted the surprise that this disclosure aroused in every mind. This, with other causes, has found the committee in presence of a work almost too large for its efforts, and hence there is a sense of unpreparedness in several of the arrangements.

The persons present at the first meeting were, in several cases, the bearers of distinguished names, many known throughout the civilized world. Here was Prince Don Mario Chigi, Marshal of the Conclave, whose name was frequently in men's mouths during the Conclave which elected his Holiness Pius X. The name of Ludwig Pastor, historian of the Popes of the Renaissance, is well known, and it was interesting to see here the bearer of that name. Here is the banished Dom Pothier in his black Benedictine habit, a rather stout figure, with large eyes and hollow complexion, who is the discoverer of the antique mode of rendering the Gregorian melodies, and whose name is so intimately associated with the Abbey of Solesmes. Dom Pothier is a standing testimony to the sense in which the present French Govern-

THE DECHRISTIANIZING OF FRANCE

(By Mrs. C. E. Jeffrey.) Under the heading, "Christ Driven from the Precorium," "Le Gaulois" says: MM. Combes and Vaillé have well merited their majority of yesterday. Not satisfied with expelling the crucifix from the schools, they have now thrust it out of the Precorium, deeming no doubt that the image of Him Who by His life and death presented to the world the perfect ideal of justice, charity, and redemption, was out of place in halls dedicated to the administration of "Republican justice."

On Thursday M. Vaillé with unholy exultation hastened to give orders for the immediate execution of the vote of the Masonic "bloc"; and on Good Friday, while mourning crowds were thronging the churches of Paris for the adoration of the cross, workmen were engaged in removing the crucifixes and other religious emblems from the courts. The splendid "Christ" by Bonnat in the Court of Assizes, and the Cassation, both exquisite works of art, were ruthlessly torn from the walls and consigned to Heaven alone knows what ignominy and oblivion. Of course it was specially designed by M. Combes and his satellites that this brutal act of sacrilegious vandalism should take place on Good Friday as an additional insult to Christianity and the Catholics of France.

Even the rabid Paris correspondent of the "Daily News," the foremost defender of the atheistical policy of persecution of M. Combes, evidently feels a little nervous as to the effect this blasphemous act of sacrilege may have on decent public opinion, for he castly remarks that though it was unquestionably a good thing to get rid of the religious emblems, and more particularly of the crucifix (which seems to be the special object of his hatred), the Minister of Justice might conceivably have chosen a more appropriate day than Good Friday to carry out his excellent work. That the day was particularly selected with a double-distilled "malice aforethought" worthy of M. Combes and his "bloc" is of course well known to "Our Own Correspondent" though he omits to mention it.

Nor was this the only insult offered to the Redeemer of the world on the day when the whole of Christendom was commemorating His crucifixion and death. The "libre penseurs" of Paris, instigated by Messieurs Homais and Joseph Ponthomme, decided by way of emphasizing their anticlericalism to give an immense public banquet on Good Friday at which alone meat should be served. Such an outrage on the indignation even of the Liberal "Journal des Debats," which has condemned the authors of this Belshazzar's feast in no measured terms.

One asks what the French Government is coming to, and how long it will be before some new Goddess of Reason is installed over the high altar in Notre Dame! Or perhaps how much more rope will be given to M. Combes before he hangs himself—like Judas!

Scotch Convict Ordained It is announced in Glasgow that the Rev. Mr. Charleson, formerly Established Church minister of Thornliebank, near Glasgow, has received at the Catholic College, Rome, the order of sub-deaconate.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, LONDON

In the course of a long article The London Advertiser says: Just what can be accomplished in the way of hospital growth and advancement, through strict attention to the claims of those who are sick, is forcibly illustrated by a glance at the history of St. Joseph's Hospital in this city. Fifteen short years ago Mother Superior Aloysia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, conceived the idea of a hospital for London, to be conducted solely by the Sisters, but for the care and welfare of suffering humanity, irrespective of racial or sectarian lines. The idea was a noble one, and though force of circumstance saw the birth of the hospital in very humble quarters, merit since then has been steadily rewarded until to-day the city of London can boast that in St. Joseph's Hospital, according to its accommodation, no finer similar institution in Canada exists.

BIRTH OF THE HOSPITAL. When the hospital first sprang into life it was situated on the former residence of Judge Street, in its present site, corner of Richmond and Grosvenor streets. The building was small and ill-fitted for a hospital but the tender care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, more than made up for what the building lacked, and soon the hospital was taxed to its utmost to care for those who sought ease from ills within its sheltering walls.

The Church in New Ontario If the multiplication of churches and Catholic institutions be indicative of the advancement of Catholicity such evidence is not wanting in New Ontario. This year a new church is in course of construction in North Bay which will cost over \$50,000. The Separate School Board of the same town is erecting a new school building, whose cost and equipment will reach the sum of \$13,000. The Catholic congregation of Verner, some miles west of North Bay, are constructing a large stone church at a cost of about \$30,000. The Sundry people are setting about the erection of a new parish dramatic and entertainment hall. It is expected that this summer new churches will also be built in Powassan, South River, and in various other missions under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Jesuit Priests.

O Deus Ego Amo Te Thou art my God, sole object of my love, Not for the hopes of endless joys above, Nor for the fears of endless pains below, Which those who love Thee not must undergo. For me and such as me Thou deignest to bear The ignominious cross, the nails, the spear; A thorny crown transpierced Thy sacred brow While bloody sweats from every member flow. For me in tortures Thou resignest Thy breath, Embraced me on the cross and saved me by Thy death; And can these sufferings fail my heart to move? What but Thyself can now deserve my love? Such as then was and is Thy love to me, Such is, and shall be still, my love to Thee; To Thee, Redeemer, mercy's sacred spring, My God, my Maker, Father and my King. Amen.

Late Cardinal Cesia In point of age, Cardinal Pietro Jeremiah Cesia, O.S.B., Archbishop of Palermo, whose death was chronicled recently was the oldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Born in 1814, he was created a Prince of the Church, in 1884, by the late Pontiff, Leo XIII, and he died almost exactly on his 90th birthday. Palermo has for centuries been regarded as a health resort and as conducive to longevity. A most interesting and gossiping account of Palermo—which, by the way, has recently been visited by Mr. Chamberlain, and where Mr. John Dillon, M.P., has been staying for the past few months—is given by Michael Kelly, the Dublin composer, actor, as the result of a season there in 1780-1. Kelly was particularly struck with the grand annual festival of Palermo, held on July 12th, the "patron" day of Santa Rosalia, and among the processionists in 1780 was the Irish Brigade. Our Irish musician proudly records that he was "the first and only native of Great Britain that ever sang at the Palermo festival, or in any church in Sicily."

The Highest Type of American Matron Under date of April 15 the Washington correspondent of the "Sun," of Baltimore, wrote: "At the reception to visiting knights of Columbus at the White House yesterday among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Logue, of Boston. The former is a well-known builder and has held several city offices. The President extended the usual greeting, but some one in the receiving line whispered to him that Mr. and Mrs. Logue are the parents of sixteen children. Mr. Roosevelt smiled expansively, stepped out of the line, and, recalling Mrs. Logue, astonished the woman by saying: 'Madam, permit me to congratulate you on being the highest type of American matron.' Mrs. Logue modestly acknowledged the compliment and passed on."

There is a statue of Walker, the Governor of Derry during the siege, to which reference is made in this connection. Walker, who, notwithstanding his warlike instincts, was a Protestant clergyman, and when slain in the Battle of the Boyne was Bishop-designate of the Protestant See of Derry, is represented in his statue, which surmounts an obelisk on the walls of Derry, as holding the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. On the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act the sword fell, by whose agency it has never been discovered, from the hand of the statue of Walker.

In the stress and heat of the day, with cheeks burning, with shouts ringing in the ears, who is so blest as to remember the yearnings he had in the cool and silent morning, and know he has not belied them?

THE FRENCH EDJET AGAINST THE CRUCIFIX

Protests have been raised in several parts of France, notably at Dunkirk, against the removal of all religious pictures from the courts of justice. It was expected that the measure would be carried out in Paris last Good Friday, but the apostate did not go so far as that. During a former era of religious persecution in this country the men of the Third Republic pulled the crosses of the gates of cemeteries. This was comparatively harmless compared to what is now being done. In spite of all this, and notwithstanding the breaking off of all relations between the department of M. Combes and the Nunciature, it is again affirmed that the French Foreign Minister is making desperate efforts to arrange an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff on the occasion of the approaching journey of President Loubet to Rome. The "Figaro," commenting on this rumor, regards it as a proof that there is discord in the Cabinet, and that M. Loubet and the Foreign Minister are strenuously endeavoring to checkmate M. Combes and his backers. The fact is that both the President and the Foreign Minister have been influenced by the Press comments on the journey to Rome. Count Albert de Mun, writing in the "Gaulois," warned French statesmen that they could not afford to ignore the Papacy, as M. Clemenceau advises them to do. The Count also pointed out that M. Clemenceau's argument that England, Germany and the United States had separated from the "theocratic Romaine," was wrong, ill-chosen, and out-of-date, for William II. and Edward VII. went to the Vatican when in Rome, and the United States the present Apostolic Delegate may be succeeded by an Ambassador from the Holy See. Then the States would, like France, send a representative, in return, to the Sovereign Pontiff. Another critic, more outspoken than the Count de Mun, namely M. Drumont, denounces vigorously all the Catholics and Nationalists of the Chamber who voted £18,000 to enable M. Loubet to go to Rome in a special sleeping car to see the King of Italy. These criticisms may have, given pause to the Foreign Minister, who, according to the "Figaro," is arranging for a visit to the Vatican, or endeavoring to do so. The "Figaro's" assertions are, however, doubted by the chief Catholic papers.

Catholic Emancipation The Dublin Freeman's Journal, referring to the seventy-fifth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation, recalls the fact that it was on April 13th, 1829, that the British Parliament granted the Catholic Relief Bill which had been introduced by Sir Robert Peel on the previous March 5th. Yet when O'Connell presented himself at the table of the House, introduced by Lord Eldrington and Lord Duncannon, as Member for Clare, on May 15th, Peel gave one parting kick at the great Irish Tribune by the proviso that the Emancipation Act only admitted those members who were returned after the date of passing that Act. This proceeding resulted in O'Connell's refusal to take the oath of supremacy, and accordingly a new writ was issued for Clare. It is not generally known that just three months previous to the passing of the Emancipation Act Lord Anglesey was retired from the Viceroyalty of Ireland mainly for refusing to advise the Lord Chancellor to deprive O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele of the Commission of the Peace "for having appeared in public wearing green ribbons."

IS NO LONGER A DEATH SENTENCE Bright's Disease Again Cured by Doad's Kidney Pills. Miss Johanna Mayor, Given Up by Two Doctors, is Again a strong Healthy Girl. Lochiel, Glangarry County, Ont., May 2.—(Special)—That Bright's Disease has come within the reach of Medical Science and is no longer on the list of incurable diseases is again proved in the case of Miss Johanna Mayor, of this place. In an interview Miss Mayor says: "I had Bright's Disease in its worst stages and had to give up a profitable position with a corset firm. Two doctors whom I consulted gave me up, telling me I had let the disease go too far. I spent a fortune with doctors besides going to Caledonia Springs each summer, but no good resulted and I began to think I could not endure life much longer. It was then I started to use Doad's Kidney Pills and it is owing to them entirely that I am at work to-day, a strong, healthy girl. It took eight boxes in all to complete the cure, but I did not take the first two boxes regularly as I had no faith in them. You may be sure in future I will never be without Doad's Kidney Pills."

Doad's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. How sure it is they will cure all the earlier stages of Kidney Disease. The Parish Priest on Duty. This is a practical manual for pastors, curates and theological students preparing for the mission, briefly summarizing the prescribed manner of administering the sacraments, the service of the dead, and other pastoral functions in accordance with the Roman Ritual. The author is H. J. Heuser, Professor of Theology at Overbrook Seminary, Beniger Bros., New York, 60 cents.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. W. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

The French Edjet Against the Crucifix. Protests have been raised in several parts of France, notably at Dunkirk, against the removal of all religious pictures from the courts of justice.

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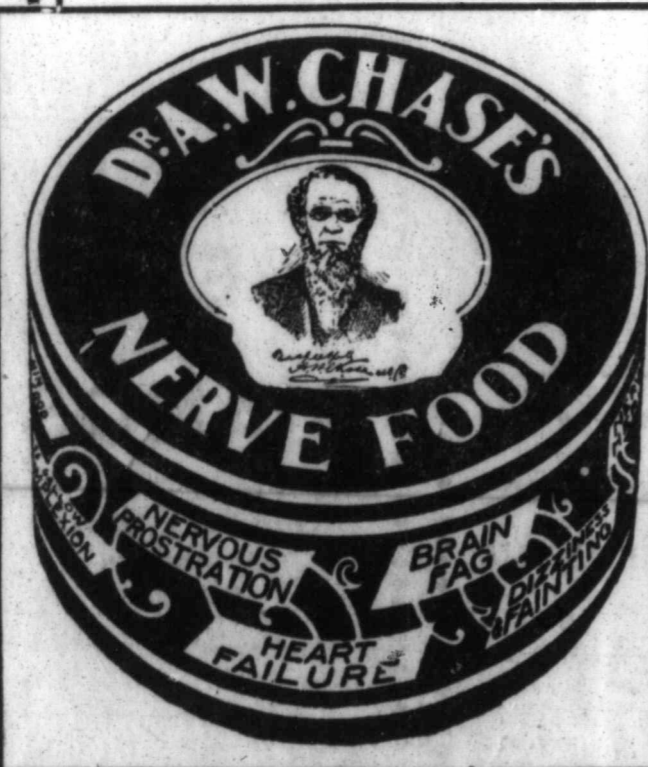
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Mgr. Falconio Gone to Rome. His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, has completed the preliminary arrangements for a visit to Rome and will sail during the closing days of May.

Mgr. Falconio Gone to Rome. His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, has completed the preliminary arrangements for a visit to Rome and will sail during the closing days of May.

The Spring Medicine That Doctors Endorse. Because It is Not a Weakening Purgative, but a Blood-Enriching, System-building Restorative. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is just such a medicine as the best physicians prescribe for patients who complain of the depressing ills of spring, thin, watery blood and exhausted nerve force.



ache, dyspepsia and neuralgic pains all point to an exhausted nervous system and foretell the approach of paralysis, prostration or nervous collapse. This is the most trying season of the whole year, but you avoid serious disease and keep the vitality of the body at high-water mark by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the favorite prescription of the world-famous physician and receipt book author. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

FIFTH MONTH 31 DAYS

May

THE BLESSED VIRGIN

1904

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical details for each day of May 1904.

Lighting Fixtures McDonald & Wilson TORONTO

The HOME CIRCLE

QUEEN ISABELLA.

Queen Isabella of Spain has gone at last, and has left her small palace in Paris for that stupendous edifice, the Escorial, which, as Frazer says, 'looms like the palace of death, which looms sends forth his blasts of consumption, which swept human and vegetable life from the desert of Madrid.' The gossiping people had long forgotten the aged sovereign who made their tongues and pens wag so much twenty and thirty years ago. The Queen in her will left instructions that she was to be dressed as a Franciscan Tertiary for death, like her husband, Don Francis of Assis, who died outside Paris a few years since. Whatever may be said about Queen Isabella's faults and failings, she always, as the 'Univers' justly points out, proclaimed aloud that she was a Catholic. Furthermore, she received the golden rose from Pope Pius IX. Before age began to tell on her, Queen Isabella lived in semi-royal state in the Palais de Castille, which was originally bought from an erratic Russian, Count Basilevsky. This building was enlarged and adorned for the deposed Queen, who held grand receptions there occasionally. Visitors were received by a Chamberlain and a Mistress of the Robes, who of late years was the Duchess d'Almodovar. In one wing of the palace is a fine chapel in which Masses were said by French and Spanish priests. The Queen, like her great ancestor Philip II, who had the Escorial built, and who used to pray with the monks there, was always mindful of the next world, and it is only those who knew her intimately that could say how frequently she performed severe acts of penance and how generously she gave out of her annual allowance to charities. This annual allowance to the poor has been \$20,000 a year. The sum was in adequate to support the queenly state and to pay dependants. Accordingly Queen Isabella was often short of money, and there is an old story about an antique pearl or diamond necklace on which she once raised some thousands of pounds at a state pawn-office, where it had to be subsequently redeemed with great secrecy by the Spanish Ambassador.

As she left the court room Mrs. Bass said: 'Now maybe I'll be able to spend my old age in peace and maybe my trees'll grow out where all them memorials (souvenirs) has been pulled off, and maybe my yard won't be full of strange people every Sunday, and I can move downstairs, where I used to live.'

NEW BOOKS

Benziger Bros., New York, have just issued a very beautiful and an intensely interesting 'Life of His Holiness, Pope Pius X., the first complete biography, in the English language, of the head of the Church, and we take pleasure in mailing you a copy. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the first American Cardinal to take part in the election of a Pope, has contributed a charming preface. The book, which is a large one of 400 pages, contains 200 fine illustrations, and is handsomely and durably bound. It will be an ornament to every Catholic home. Besides giving a sketch of the life of Pope Leo XIII., and a history of the Conclave, the work gives a graphic account of the eventual life of our Holy Father from his boyhood days to the present time. It shows how he was providentially prepared for his election by the Conclave.

Let us be more constant and fervent in our devotion to our Blessed Mother this year of her jubilee. Say daily some extra prayers in honor of her Immaculate Conception, such as 'Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God' with three 'Hail Marys' in thanksgiving to God for this inestimable privilege granted to one of our fallen race. St. Cyril saluted Mary as 'The scepter and stay of the true Faith.' So shall we keep our faith in Christ and His Church intact and inviolable as long as we persevere in our devotion and love to His Holy Mother.

Feeling Better In Every Way

And Entirely Cured of Biliousness After Doctoring in Vain for Three Years—Cure Accomplished by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Biliousness, liver complaint, stomach troubles, headache and constipation are among the common and annoying ills of life which are promptly cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It seems unwise to nother with medicines which only afford temporary relief when you can as easily obtain this great medicine of Dr. Chase's, which is known to be a thorough and lasting cure. Mrs. Falkner, 8 Gildersleeve Place, Toronto, says: 'After doctoring without success for biliousness, liver complaint and sick headache for over three years, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. At first they seemed a little strong, but being both searching and thorough in their action, they amply repaid any inconvenience by after results. I am feeling better in every way, and my headaches have entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I have ever used, and I freely recommend them.' Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Children's Corner

THE FAIRY NURSE.

(By Edward Walsh.)

Sweet babe! a golden cradle holds thee, And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee; In airy bowers I'll watch thy sleeping, Where breezy trees to the breeze are sweeping. Shuheen, sho, lulo! lolo!

When mothers languish broken-hearted, When young wives are from husbands parted, Ah! little think the keepers lonely, They weep some time-worn fairy only. Shuheen, sho, lulo! lolo!

Within our magic halls of brightness, Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness; Stolen maidens, queens of fairy— And kings and chiefs a slough-sheen airy. Shuheen, sho, lulo! lolo!

Rest thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers Shall flee at the magic's koelshie's numbers; In airy bowers I'll watch thy sleeping, Where breezy trees to the breeze are sweeping. Shuheen, sho, lulo! lolo!

WHAT JOSIE FOUND IN THE WOODS.

(By Jane Ellis Joy.) Josie and his mama were visiting Aunt Martha, who lived on a farm. The little boy did not often get to the country, and he was much pleased with everything he saw. The chickens and little ducks, the calves and horses, and even the pigs, were interesting to him. There were no children at Aunt Martha's for him to play with, but he soon learned to amuse himself. He loved to go to the quiet, cool woods with Bonnie racing ahead. Now and then doggie would look back and give a little friendly bark; as if to say, 'Come along, Josie! There are no snakes about! I'll take good care that nothing hurts you!'

Josie found serious jichens clinging to old stumps in the woods, and sometimes he gathered these for mama, who covered picture-frames with them. One day when he was climbing a tree he found a bird's nest snugly set inside three forking branches. There was no bird in the nest. The eggs had been hatched, and the little birds had flown away weeks ago.

'I guess Mrs. Birdie won't want the old nest again,' thought Josie. 'I should like to give it to the teacher when I go back to school.' The nest was built of little twigs and dry grass, with a mixture of dry mud on the outside. It was shaped like a little shallow bowl; but it had a very thick bottom, or base. Josie took pains to remove the nest without breaking it. He tied it up in his handkerchief, and carried it down the tree carefully. Of course, if he had found eggs of little birds in the nest he would not have touched it for the world. He knew how mother-birds love their eggs and little baby birds.

Josie ran home with his treasure, and showed it to Aunt Martha and mama. 'The nest must have a hollow in the bottom of it,' he said to himself, 'I'll look inside. I didn't know birds built cellars to their nests.' Aunt Martha knew something about birds and their habits. 'It is the nest of a yellow warbler,' she said. 'Very carefully she lifted a mat of grass and dried mud in the bottom of the nest, and what do you suppose she found in the little enclosure that Josie called the cellar?' Two small eggs and one large egg of a different color!

'O auntie! How did the eggs get there?' asked Josie, who was very much surprised. 'Why, it's really two nests, one built on top of the other!' 'Yes, it is two nests, one built on top of the other,' said Aunt Martha. 'Let me tell you how the top nest came to be built. It first, early in the season, Mrs. Yellow Warbler built the under nest. After she had laid her second egg she found one day this big egg, which she knew was not her own. There are lazy birds which lay their eggs in the nests of other birds to save themselves the trouble of making nests and of hatching them.'

Now Mrs. Yellow Warbler does not like to be imposed upon in this way. She did not want to hatch out a big bird that might crowd her own little birdies out of the best, and eat up all the food. I dare say she fluttered about and scolded when she found the strange egg in her nest. Then perhaps she said to herself, 'Scolding does no good, and can't lift the big egg out of the nest, so I'll just build another nest on top, and lay some more eggs for myself. And that is what she did.' 'So the egg of the lazy bird got hatched out at all,' said Josie. 'I think it served her right.'

An Irish-Russian Admirer

The disaster to the Russian flag-ship, which also entailed the loss of Admiral Makharoff, reminds a correspondent that in 1780 the Admiral of the Russian fleet was an Irishman—born and bred—Admiral O'Dwyer. In Michael Kelly's 'Reminiscences,' published in 1826, the Dublin composer tells of the delightful time he spent at Leghorn in September, 1780. In company with Stephen Storace he often went on board the flag-ship, and listened to the noble strains of the Russian evening hymn, sung by all the men. Admiral O'Dwyer was fond of music, and in particular was charmed with Storace's singing of the old Irish air 'Gramachree,' set to Ogle's words, 'Molly Asthore.' Kelly also tells that Marshal Lacy, who lived in princely style at Vienna, in 1785, was born in Russia, but of Irish (County Wexford) extraction. Thus, 125 years ago, the Russian army and navy were controlled by Irishmen.

Chats With Young Men

CHARACTER IN WORK.

While continual and determined thoroughness develops character and leads to success and happiness, one of the greatest success-killers and character-destroyers is a habit of leaving things half done and otherwise incomplete. It makes no difference whether our work is seen or not—for there is a certain something within us which gives approval when a thing is done to a finish and it says 'Right' to a fitting act or completed work, and 'Wrong' to a half-done job, or a slipshod service. This still, small voice keeps repeating, 'Wrong, it isn't right. You know it isn't right.' It tells us that we are failures, and we know when we are failures, although the world may applaud us and the press may laud our achievements over the world. A man must learn that there is something greater than the world's applause and nearer and dearer to him than others approval—and that is his own. If we cannot have our self-respect, the respect of others is a mockery. However, if lax methods and slipshod work are continued, the self-condemnation wears off, the slack work does not seem such a terrible thing, another temptation to carelessness is yielded to, and soon we are so hardened that some day we are surprised to find that we are habitually slighting work. The tiny departures from conscientiousness have never become mighty cables of habit; conscience no longer reproaches; self-respect is no longer outraged. We can do things in the most slipshod manner without the slightest feeling of discomfort and regret. After a while if the tendency is not checked, the whole character becomes undermined and honeycombed, so that everything one does has a certain incompleteness about it—is not quite right,—lacks something. Such actions affect one's attitude almost as does dishonesty. In fact, it is dishonesty to take a position with the tacit agreement that one will do his best for his employer, and then slight work, half do it, botch it. Many a criminal, now in prison, could trace his downfall to a habit of half doing things, and putting dishonesty into his work.

If you resolutely determine, at the very outset of your career, that you will let no work go out of your hands until it is done just as well as you can do it; that you will put your character into your work, and set upon it the seal of your personal nobility, you will need no other protection—no patent or copyright. Your work and you will be in demand, and, better still, your conscience will be clear, your self-respect firm, and your mind serene and happy.—Success.

THE DUTY OF FORETHOUGHT.

In condemning worry we must distinguish well between worry and proper forethought. One of the ways in which worry is distinguished from proper forethought is that the latter is in preparation in the days of youth for the possible exigencies and energies of the after years. A ship about to set out on a long voyage as, for example, on an arctic expedition, is stocked for the cruise with everything that can possibly be required. We should do the same with our life, when in the quiet days of youth, we are preparing for the years of duty, of struggle, of trial, of responsibility, which we may have to live. We cannot foresee every need or danger, but we ought to take in equipment for every conceivable necessity.

This is the true object of education. We do not know what opportunity or honor or responsibility may open to us in the near future, but we should be so furnished in knowledge and capability that whatever it may be we shall be ready to accept it and acquire ourselves honorably in it. Many people fail in life because when promotion is offered them, they are not able to perform the new duties required. The cause of failures lies away back in youth, when they neglected the opportunities for preparation. Skipped lessons, school hours squandered, hard tasks evened—then years afterwards what was missed in those days of easy going proves to be just what is needed to give success. The man turns to find what he needs, and lo! it is not there. He missed the lessons which contained it. He wasted the opportunity in which he might have got what now would make a fortune for him. Nothing should be omitted or neglected anywhere, for the smallest thing may be the essential thing twenty years hence, the one little link on which the chain must hang. There is a good deal of preaching against anxiety, and properly so, for anxiety eats out the heart of many men and women. But the only true way to avoid anxiety is to do every duty along the years from childhood to age. Then there will be no occasion for anxiety, for each day will prepare us for the next, and there will be no missing links in the chain, no broken rungs in the ladder.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

No Bogus Nuns got into Penitentiary

Kingston, April 26.—Sisters of the House of Providence, the only ones in Kingston having entry to the penitentiary, repudiate the statement that they had been used by a bogus nun to aid her to secure admission and conversation with convicts in the institution. No such thing had occurred, as only Sisters from the House had ever gone inside the walls. No foreigners or visitors ever had a privilege of that kind. If bogus nuns entered the penitentiary the Sisters declare they know nothing about it. Mr. Lincoln Stephens, who has become famous for his articles on 'The Shame of Cities,' should take a run over the Canadian border and visit 'Toronto the Good.' He might be able to give an intelligent hint to the investigating commission.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. BOSTINGDALE. With the Darting Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

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Subscription rates: In City, including delivery, \$2.50 per annum; Outside, \$3.00 per annum.

Approved and recommended by the Arch-bishops, Bishops and Clergy. ADVERTISING RATES: Transient advertisements, 5 cents a line.

MONTREAL AGENCY

R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY, MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

LOCAL AGENT JOSEPH COOLAHAN

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1904.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The report of the quarterly general meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Dublin contains several passages that are worthy of attention everywhere because of the prominence with which the two pre-eminent principles of the Society are therein set forth.

We have been reading recent reports of conferences on both sides of the ocean in which mention is made of special works undertaken by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The second article of the rules declares that "No work of charity should be regarded as foreign to the Society, although its special object is to visit poor families."

The first considerable land engagement between the Japanese and Russians was fought on the Yalu River, and having lasted several days, was brought to a climax by a frontal attack upon the main Russian position.

Coming now to the non-sectarian relief of the poor the report says:

"For the information of charitably disposed persons outside the organization, it is desirable to reiterate the principles which have ever guided the Society in ministering to the wants of those poor of other religious persuasions who seek its assistance."

tion in any way conditional upon religious profession. It is with pain we dilate upon this topic, but we have considered it our duty to the society to do so in order that no misconception may be put upon its motives, that no one may impute to it a desire to adopt that unhappy system of proselytism which for years has been a fruitful source of ill-will amongst our countrymen.

GREGORIAN CENTENARY CELEBRATION

With the close of the commemorations in Rome of the 13th Centenary of Pope Gregory the Great, the Catholic Church throughout the world emerges from a period of profitable study.

He was a saint because he gave an admirable impress to the real education of the clergy, well knowing that as the clergy is so is the people and that in order to render the people holy, it is necessary first to render the clergy holy.

EAST AND WEST.

The journey to St. Louis from Ontario and Quebec is an easy one, and the service supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway is admirable in every way.

It is now likely enough that the theatre of activities for the next few months will remain on land. On the Yalu the Japanese had this advantage, that they brought a section of their navy into play from the river.

even in the cheeks of the English press there is a note of trepidation. If the Japanese are destined to lead the yellow race out of the wilderness other powers than that of Russia must fall.

With regard to the lecture by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, reported in another page, a literary correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal says: There is one statement in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's otherwise admirable lecture on Moore to which strong exception must be taken.

Mrs. Fanny Hoolihan

At her home in Selwyn the death occurred of Fanny Quinn, wife of the late Thomas Hoolihan. The deceased lady, who was 77 years old at the time of her death, was born in Cavan and has lived since her marriage at Selwyn.

A Short Trip to St. Louis Fair

The St. Louis Fair has now been open for nearly a month and has fulfilled in every way the expectations of its patrons. It is not only by far the largest exposition ever held, occupying more than twice as much ground as the Chicago Fair, but it is the most thorough and interesting as well.

Not less clearly foretold in the old law was the place our Lady of Good Counsel should in future ages occupy in the Church of God as well as in the piety of the faithful.

Within Canada and at Detroit the Canadian Pacific Railway has made complete arrangements for stop-overs and side-trips. Round trip tickets to the fair are issued at reduced rates for the season, for 30 days or for 15 days, and on all of these stop-overs are allowed in Canada and at Detroit.

In fact the Canadian Pacific Railway has spared no pains to meet travellers' wishes and to make their routes as flexible as possible, so as to give everyone an opportunity to see as much as he can at the lowest possible cost.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL CELEBRATION

(Special for The Register.)

The patronal feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel was celebrated at St. Mary's Church on Sunday with imposing ceremonies. This was the first celebration of the Feast in the new church. The little church was at its best, the altars being tastefully decorated for the occasion.

You celebrate to-day, my brethren, the anniversary feast of your parish, and for the first time in its history a new church, which is dedicated to God, under the august title of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The late Pope Leo XIII., as I have already said, had a marked devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel. Thus, the beautiful devotion, my brethren, which is paramount in this parish, that of invoking the Mother of God under the title of Our Lady of Good Counsel, has come down to us from ages ago, recommended by successive Pontiffs and made sacred by frequent miracles.

Not less clearly foretold in the old law was the place our Lady of Good Counsel should in future ages occupy in the Church of God as well as in the piety of the faithful. I now quote for you the sublime promise recorded in Eccl., 24th Chapter, "In the holy dwelling-place I have ministered before him."

Towards the end of the 15th century it pleased God to confirm anew the devotion to our Lady under this title. In the town of Scutan, in Albania, there was in a church a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

present resting place, nor explain to you the marvellous manner in which it keeps its position in the church at Genazzano, which is nothing short of a continuous miracle.

The sanctuary of Genazzano was enriched by special privileges, by Popes Gregory XIII., Benedict XIII., and Clement XIII. Pius VI. gave the devotion a place in the liturgy of the Church, Pius IX. of happy memory had a tender devotion for Our Lady of Good Counsel, had always near him a copy of the marvellous picture, and in the events of his long and chequered pontificate implored our sweet lady's intercession.

Heaven's ambassador, who was presented by the Immaculate Maid of Judah, and these representatives of Heaven and earth respectively had met to arrange the full details of an enterprise the greatest that Heaven or earth has ever witnessed—the greatest, too, that has ever occupied the mind of God or of angels or men.

pray for in this place and hear them in the place of Thy dwelling in heaven, and when Thou hearest show them mercy." Amen.

prayer for in this place and hear them in the place of Thy dwelling in heaven, and when Thou hearest show them mercy." Amen.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

A Week of Joy and Sorrow

The past week at St. Anthony's church was one, as regards events, unique in the history of the parish. On Monday Solemn High Mass was sung, being St. Mark's Day. On Tuesday two weddings took place.

On Friday morning two funerals were at the church. Thus passed a week of joy and sorrow. Some entering on happiness others mourning upon life's journey, the young entering on the career of their lives, being made strong and perfect Christians, while others again had finished life's battle, had gone to judgment and their bodies were being placed in their lonely graves.

Montreal, May 3, 1904.

Montreal, May 3, 1904.

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Trip Through the County of Renfrew

(From our special Correspondent.)

Mr. James O'Reilly occupied the post of representative for the South Riding of Renfrew in the Federal Parliament for only a short term; indeed that latter, whole-souled Irishman never had any great liking for parliamentary life, and why he allowed himself to be dragged through such a contest as I have recently referred to is something that I have often regretted.

Amongst the local celebrities who were tossed on the political wave, and who floated into parliament on a gentle current about this period, was Mr. James Bonfield, of Eganville, and it is no exaggeration to say that in the long roll of zealous men who have spoken for South Renfrew in the Legislature of Ontario, few of them, if any at all, were more faithful to their trust than the "King of the Bonnechere." An Irishman born and brought up within the shadow of the Rock of Cashel, Mr. Bonfield possessed the happy method of giving voice to his sentiments, not in a vein of oratorical brilliancy to be sure, but in a style which left no doubt that behind his words there stood a man. That South Renfrew was ably represented and that it received a fair share of government patronage is due to the vigor with which its case was presented to Cabinet Ministers by Mr. Bonfield, who, I deeply regret to say, during his parliamentary career, passed to the silence of the tomb, widely and deservedly mourned.

Another gentleman whom South Renfrew clothed with political honors by returning him to the Ontario Legislature, was Dr. Dowling of Eganville, but now a practicing physician in the city of Ottawa. The doctor was son-in-law to Mr. Bonfield, and it was, I believe, largely through his alliance with the deceased Tipperaryman who, as I have already intimated, had attained a strong measure of personal popularity, that he managed on one or two occasions, to break his way into the Provincial Parliament. The doctor, whilst residing in those regions, was a most successful physician, his practice, which was very lucrative, extending into the most remote sections of the great County of Renfrew, but a regard for truth, a virtue possessed in an eminent degree by all newspaper correspondents, imposed on me the task of saying that nowhere, nor at any time have I met with any one cruel enough to accuse him of being endowed with anything of a high order in the qualities of statesmanship.

An incident which is destined to go down in Ontario political history, played an important part in bringing Dr. Dowling into greater prominence, being that of an abnormal effort to overthrow Premier Mowat of that period, and the other "rascals" who followed him in the management of provincial affairs. This scheme, which was hatched in the fertile brains of "Big Push" Wilkinson, was nothing more nor nothing less than that of offering a pecuniary reward to each of a certain number of members, who could be relied upon to triumph over party predilections, and to remain honest enough, conscientious enough, and patriotic enough, for the short time that it took to turn out the "rascals" in whose profane hands rested the provincial purse strings. "Big Push" was one of those men who wins fame on the political battle-ground where wire-pulling and log-rolling become essential factors. He was a clergyman who spent many years of his life in fitting men's souls for the companionship of angels, and quite naturally he felt that, at any rate, a portion of his time should be devoted to the welfare of men's bodies. Stimulated by motives at once laudable and philanthropic, he marched down to the Ottawa halls of legislation, "sized up" the countenance of each honorable member, and deliberately reached the conclusion that out of that group a sufficient number of honest men could be found who would join in hurling from power the "corrupt rascals" who, both day and night, were atrociously abusing it. How far "Big Push" Wilkinson, and his associates, were successful in capturing the sort of game which they were in pursuit of, I have never been able to make out, but as far as Dr. Dowling was concerned, it will be the highest gratification to South Renfrew to learn on my authority, that in the words which Major-General Anthony Wayne employed when rejecting the corrupt advances of English agents during the war for independence in the neighboring republic; so did the representative in the Provincial Legislature, in unmistakable tones, tell the "crawling brood of toadies" who approached him that the whole Canadian Treasury and its resources were not able to do the work. All honor to such a man!

Reference to another election will enable me to turn away for a while from the paths of digression. This was a battle between two Irishmen, the Tory side of it being upheld by Mr. T. W. McGarry, an able barrister, and a platform speaker who has but few equals along those northern regions; and the Liberal side by Hon. F. R. Latchford, the newly appointed Minister of Public Works, and the only representative of the Ross Cabinet East of Peter-

boro. Mr. McGarry belonged to a family who was pretty well filled with the spirit of political fight. Forty years ago this very season his uncle, Mr. Wm. McGarry, faced the redoubtable John Haggart on the banks of the Tay Canal, as well as all over the highways, byways and cross-roads of the South Riding of Lanark, and although he failed to succeed, the Minister of Railways and Canals, whose position is always regarded as invulnerable, acknowledged that the best political fight ever put up against him was that led by Mr. McGarry. His worthy namesake of Renfrew, then, must be a man of some pluck to face a new Minister who was selected to fill a position held by such able men as Christopher Fraser and Mr. Hart, respectively, a Minister who had behind him, in front of him, and on every side of him, the support of two governments. Victory was not his lot, however, but it is beyond the shadow of doubt, that had he entered the field a little earlier he would have knocked the Minister out of his boots. And now for the town of Renfrew.

The Irishman was well known in Renfrew as well as in the country surrounding it, when that place was founded—and where is he not known? I can perhaps best answer that question by quoting from a speech delivered by my old friend, Mr. Michael Fennessy, on a 17th of March, about 35 years ago, in the then town of Brantford. "Ladies and gentlemen," said that sincerely patriotic Irishman, as he had spread his wings, "The Irishman has forced himself into every corner of the Globe. Go to the north pole and you will find him there; go to the equator and there he is; go to the south pole and again you will find him; go, ladies and gentlemen, go to any country where no white man lives, and there you will find an Irishman."

It was in the year of Confederation, just as George Brown had sat at the Privy Council with his loving arms around John A. Macdonald's neck, that I first made the acquaintance of Renfrew. There were a number of clever, respectable Irishmen to the front at that date, some of whom have crossed to the neighboring republic, others have moved to various parts of Canada, whilst a larger number have, I deeply regret to say, passed over to that bourne from whom no traveller returns. A new generation has, however, grown up. Celtic nomenclature in Renfrew was always, from my part of view, at any rate, spiced with an agreeable flavor, being largely made up of such names as that of O'Connor, O'Gorman, O'Reilly, O'Sullivan and O'Ear, McNamara, Moran and Murphy; Brady, Breen and Brennan; Devine, French, Kelly, Stafford and Tierney; besides a number whom memory now fails to recall. On the occasion of my first visit I had the good fortune of forming an acquaintance which subsequently ripened into friendship, with the Devine family, composed of five brothers, who left their native home in the County of Sligo, Ireland, about sixty years ago. Engaging in commerce they became bound up with the growth and development of Renfrew, and it goes without saying that the various duties imposed upon them, whether as Irishmen, as Catholics, as neighbors, or as citizens, were always faithfully discharged. Four of those brothers—Andrew, Felix, John and Patrick—whom I knew very well, have passed over to their reward. Matthew, whom I never met, is, I am informed, also dead, but the name is honorably borne by their descendants, many of whom are scattered through this section. About them, as well as about others whom I met, I will have something to say later on.

SCHOOLS
ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL (BOYS).
 Monthly Competition.
 Form, Jun. III.—W. Rutledge, H. Harkins, F. Glynn and J. Finley.
 Form, Sen. II.—John Brennan, W. Kennedy, Leo O'Leary and A. Byrnes.
 Testimonials, Form Jun. III.—Excellent, F. Glynn, J. Finley, L. Lambrick, L. Ryan, H. Harkins and T. O'Brien.
 Good.—F. Bartello, R. Halligan, C. Durand and W. Hennessy.
 Form, Sen. II.—Excellent, J. Brennan, W. Kennedy, L. O'Leary and F. Gingras.
 Good.—F. Byron, F. Durand, C. Finley, W. Fogarty, A. Byrnes, M. Turand and Wm. Murphy.
ST. HELEN'S.
 Form IV, Senior—Excellent, H. Belisle, G. Kirby, G. Fayle, F. Tracy, P. McAleer, W. Mulhall, J. Torpey.
 Form IV, Junior—Excellent, J. Foley, Fred. Boland, Fr. Riordan, W. Henderson, W. Galvin, W. Artkin, R. Clarkson.
 Honorable mention—W. Markle, T. Dault, E. Mottrom.
 General Proficiency—Senior Fourth, H. Belisle. Junior Fourth, F. Riordan.
 Form III.—Excellent, T. Colgan, B. Kirby, F. Heffron, J. Keaney, F. Reddin, H. Tracy, C. Bishop, W. Kerr, J. Power, W. Doyle. Good—H. Goodwin, B. Kearns, C. O'Connor, V. Pegg, E. Boisseau, M. Cullen, J.

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 Monthly Examination.
 Senior Div.—B. Kearns, V. Kirby, F. Heffron.
 Junior Div.—M. Cull, M. McDonald, J. Power.
ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.
 Boys who obtained the highest number of notes in the monthly competition:
 Fourth Form, Senior.—1, John Witmer; 2, Joseph Clarke; 3, John McLean.
 Fourth Form, Junior.—1, Wm. Maloney; 2, Michael Moad; 3, Charles McCurdy and Jos. Paulaski (equal).
 Third Form, Senior.—1, Thomas O'Brien; 2, Wm. Ayers; 3, John Byrne.
 Third Form, Junior.—1, Thomas Shannon; 2, Fred. Fennessy; 3, John Lane.
 Form Second, Senior.—Edward McCool, Allen Campbell, Fred. White.
 Boys who received testimonials of merit for excellent deportment and application to study during the month of April:
 Form Four, Senior.—Joseph Clarke, John McLean, James Glynn, John Witmer, David Smith, Francis Murphy, Vincent Varley.
 Form Four, Junior.—Wm. Overend, Michael Moad, Charles McCurdy, Wm. Maloney, Eugene Landreville, Joseph Paulaski, Joseph Fletcher.
 Form Three, Senior.—Thos. O'Brien, Wm. Ayers, Joseph Byrne, Norman MacIntosh, Newman Kelly, Thomas Grady, Ed. Lane, Jno. James Nicholson, Jno. Mulholland, Leo Ryan, Wilfred Murphy, Wm. Gibbs, Thos. Lundy, Wm. McGinn, Michael McCarthy, Romeo Grossi, Ed. Doyle.
 Form Three, Junior.—Thos. Shannon, Fred. Fennessy, John Lane, Louis Murphy, Thomas Scollon, John Cronin, Gerald Moore, Arthur Gavin, Leo Doyle, Harold Landreville, Jos. Desferri, Geo. Gahart, Joseph Skain, Dan McCarthy, Patrick Spelman, Bernard Donovan, John Emmons, Chas. McEvoy, Niel Brodie, Harry Dolger, John Ryan, Albert Masser, Peter Haffey.
 Form Two, Senior.—Excellent, Edward McCool, Wm. Thompson, Allen Campbell, Fred. White, Francis Akrey, Wm. Hand, James Bannan, Patrick Corcoran, Geo. James Nicholson, Francis Shanahan, Edward Canderan, James Corcoran, Gordon Fennessy, Edward Spelman, Francis Corcoran, Francis O'Helloran, Edward Burns, Joseph Rafferty, Joseph Boudard.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.
 Class IV.—Excellent, Nano Warde, Mary Malone, Willie Bennett, Stanley Bailey, Good, Austin Malone, Nellie Finerty.
 Class III., Senior.—Excellent, Bessie McGillivray, Mary Bennis, Margaret Hanley, Good, Paul Warde, Mary Williams.
 Class III., Junior.—Excellent, D'Arcy Leonard, Nora Warde, Bland Leonard, Good, Christina Hamilton, Fred Corcoran, Bernard Donville.
 Class II., Senior.—Excellent, John Leonard, James Haifa, Edward Corcoran, Good, Gertrude Bradley, Lily Dopp.
 Class II., Junior.—Marion Krigbaum, Bernadette Hirsley.
 Part II.—Excellent, Norman Fahey, John Kelly, Margaret Hall, Good, Agnes Kihackey, Lizzie Graham, Bernard Hallett.
 Part I.—Excellent, Ruth Warde, George Meade, Good, Vera Schillinger, Chas. McGillivray.
 Part I., Junior.—Excellent, Chas. O'Reilly, Edward Brady, Good, Madeline Coffey, Frank Bennett.
 Primary—Excellent, Dorothy Devaney, Teresa Young, Good, Irene Young, Basil Bradley.

STRATFORD
 Stratford, May 3.—Mrs. Dr. Corriagan (nee Miss Minnie Hagarty) is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Cobourg St. She will remain here to attend the coming nuptials of her sister, Miss Claudine Hagarty, to Mr. J. J. Coughlin, barrister, etc., on Tuesday, May 10th, next.
 The new branch post office on Waterloo street, opposite battery park, has been opened by the new post-master, Mr. A. M. Kay, late of the main office. This office is well and conveniently fitted and will certainly be a great recommendation to those who will recommend it to the main office. Mr. Kay's practical experience and his general popularity will make the "Stratford Station" not only attractive, but useful. Mr. Kay has our best wishes.
 Next Monday evening, May 9th, Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, the world's greatest organist, will give a grand organ recital in St. James' church, Stratford. Our citizens should certainly avail themselves of the opportunity to hear this unrivalled artist. Mr. Lemare is a personal friend of Mr. T. J. Palmer, organist of St. James' church, under whose patronage he is favoring a Stratford audience.

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THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, April 30, 1904.
 Editor of The Register:
 The d'Youville Reading Circle last Thursday afternoon had the concluding lecture of the course inaugurated last autumn. The lecturer, Mr. Dan Francis Waters, M.A., spoke on Mde. de Sevigne, considered as the queen of letter-writers. He gave a charmingly vivid picture of this brilliant, gifted woman, who was as remarkable for her goodness as for her intellect. He also clearly demonstrated the fact that our boasted 20th century civilization is not by any means an unmitigated blessing, or an unmitigated gain, because in our mad rush after money and pleasure, we have lost among other things, the art of letter-writing. People nowadays, even educated people so-called, write letters unworthy of a head-gardener; an English judge went into ecstasies the other day over a letter produced in court, for the simple reason that the punctuation was so perfect. Fortunately for us Mde. de Sevigne lived at a time when there were no such things as telephones, telegrams and the other mechanical things that we use to-day to reduce distance to a minimum. Time and absence in her day had two very different meanings to what they bear in the 20th century, in consequence of which she has handed down to us a volume of nearly 2,000 letters, unique in all literature, the simple, graceful expression of a charming personality. The lecturer gave a short sketch of her life and times, her childhood under the guardianship of the Abbe Coulanges, her early and unhappy marriage to the Marquis de Sevigne, her widowhood at the age of 25, after which she devoted her self exclusively to the care of her two children. She was one of the central figures at the brilliant court of Louis XVI., and through all the falseness and folly of that time, it is a great tribute to her to be able to say that she retained her self-respect, and kept her good name untarnished. Her charming, beautiful personality was just as attractive to women as to men, and she always said that of the many gifts with which God had favored her, birth position, wealth, beauty, she prized only her good name. She was natural, modest without constraint, gay without folly, virtuous without severity, witty without malice, impetuous, enthusiastic, yet behind all this there was a suggestion of reserved strength and dignity; she was an aristocrat by her finger tips and never abandoned herself to any passion. Her style in writing is almost perfect, simple, clear, vivacious, witty, in a word, versatile, she may be said to have come nearer to perfection in letter-writing than any other woman in all literature. Mr. Waters quoted three of her letters, one written to M. de Coulanges at Lyons about the great Court Marriage, famous as the quintessence of archness and teasing, the other two were written to her daughter. The first written to the latter after a dangerous illness is a beautiful expression of mother love.
 Rev. Dr. O'Boyle of the University moved the vote of thanks, and the lecturer replying in a few informal moments, announced the close of the course of lectures, at the same time paying a well deserved and graceful tribute of praise to the Sister Directors of the Reading Circle, whose untiring efforts have made our work this year such a decided success.

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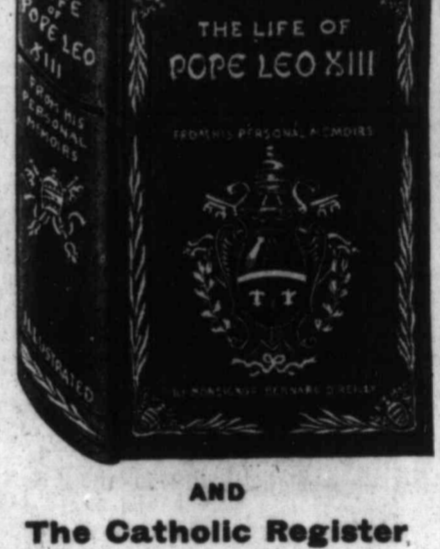
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JAMIE AND THE YOUNG LADY

A Donegal Tale by Miss Letitia MacIntock

Down in Fannet, in times gone by, lived Jamie Freel and his mother. Jamie was the widow's sole support; his strong arm worked for her untiringly, and as each Saturday night came around, he poured his wages into her lap, thanking her dutifully for the half-pence which she returned to him for tobacco.

He was extolled by his neighbors as the best son ever known or heard of. But he had neighbors, of whose opinion he was ignorant—neighbors who lived pretty close to him, whom he had never seen, who are, indeed, rarely seen by mortals, except on May days and Halloweens.

An old ruined castle, about a quarter of a mile from his cabin, was said to be the abode of the "wee folk." Every Halloween were the ancient windows lighted up, and passers-by saw little figures fitting to and fro inside the building, while they heard the music of pipes and futes.

It was well known that fairy revels took place; but nobody had the courage to intrude on them.

Jamie had often watched the little figures from a distance, and had listened to the charming music, wondering what the inside of the castle was like, but one Halloween he got up and took his cap, saying to his mother, "I'm awa' to the castle to seek my fortune."

"What!" cried she, "would you venture there? you that's the poor widow's one son! Dinna be sae venturesome an' fooltick, Jamie! They'll kill you, an' then what'll come o' me?"

"Never fear, mother, nae harm'll happen me, but I maun gae."

He set out, and as he crossed the potato-field, came in sight of the castle, whose windows were ablaze with light, that seemed to turn the russet leaves, still clinging to the crabtree branches, into gold.

Halting in the grove at one side of the ruin, he listened to the elfin revelry, and the laughter and singing made him all the more determined to proceed.

Numbers of little people, the largest about the size of a child of five years old, were dancing to the music of flutes and fiddles, while others drank and feasted.

"Welcome, Jamie Freel!" welcome, welcome, Jamie!" cried the company, perceiving their visitor. The word "welcome" was caught up and repeated by every voice in the castle.

Time flew, and Jamie was enjoying himself very much, when his host said, "We're going to ride to Dublin to-night to steal a young lady. Will you come too, Jamie Freel?"

"Ah, that will!" cried the rash youth, thirsting for adventure.

A troop of horses stood at the door. Jamie mounted, and his steed rose with him into the air. He was presently flying over his mother's cottage, surrounded by the elfin troop, and on they went, over bold mountains, over little hills, over the deep Lough Swilly, over towns and cottages, when people were burning nuts and eating apples, and keeping merry Halloween. It seemed to Jamie that they flew all around Ireland before they got to Dublin.

"This is Derry," said the fairies, flying over the cathedral spire, and what was said by one voice was repeated by all the rest, till fifty voices were crying out, "Derry! Derry! Derry!"

In like manner was Jamie informed as they passed over each town on the route, and at length he heard the silvery voices cry, "Dublin! Dublin!"

It was no mean dwelling that was to be honored by the fairy visit, but one of the finest houses in Stephen's Green.

The troop dismounted near a window, and Jamie saw a beautiful face, on a pillow in a splendid bed. He saw the young lady lifted and carried away, while the stick which was dropped in her place on the bed took her exact form.

The lady was placed before one rider and carried a short way, then given another, and the names of the towns were cried out as before.

They were approaching home, Jamie heard "Rathmullan," "Millford," "Tamney," and then he knew they were near his own house.

"You've all had your turn at carrying the young lady," said he. "Why wouldn't I get her for a wee piece?"

"Ay, Jamie," replied they, pleasantly, "you may take your turn at carrying her, to be sure."

Holding his prize very tightly, he dropped down near his mother's door.

"Jamie Freel, Jamie Freel! is that the way you treat us?" cried they, and they too dropped down near the door.

Jamie held fast, though he knew not what he was holding, for the little folk turned the lady into all sorts of strange shapes. At one moment she was a black dog, barking and trying to bite, at another a glowing bar of iron, which yet had no heat; then, again, a sack of wool.



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Stephen Gwynn's Lecture on Moore

At a meeting of the Irish Literary Society in Dublin before a crowded audience, on April 12th, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Stephen Gwynn on "Thomas Moore." Dr. Sigerson presided.

The chairman introduced the lecturer, whose work, he said, was familiar to most of them. Unlike those servile spirits, those helots, who in another country use what talents nature had cursed them with to make a mock of their own people by their works, he had played the part of a true knight in honorable service, and nothing more than that was necessary to make him welcome to every heart and home in the native land which he had honored by his talents (applause).

Mr. Gwynn said many of them had no idea how extensive Moore's writings were. He chronicled somewhere in his diary the fact that his total poetic works amounted to something over 8,000 lines. His biography was the largest life ever written of so small a man. One was bewildered at the wealth of material about him. His writings presented him as an eminently likeable and honorable man. He (Mr. Gwynn) should not attempt to place him in the history of English letters, although that was a subject full of interest. He would simply deal with Moore in his character as an Irish poet. Ireland had honored Moore as the champion of the rights of Catholicism and of a great poet. The importance of Moore's work in the history of English literature was undoubtedly very much underrated.

Moore did for modern Ireland what neither Burke nor Goldsmith did before him—he gave her a literature that was essentially her own. He was the first national poet of Ireland. The nation that stood behind Grattan, that inchoate, struggling thing caught eagerly at any manifestation of its existence as a nation. Denied a Parliament of its own, it found a poet of its own. It was Ireland, not Anglo-Ireland, that owed a debt to Moore, but it was to Ireland that a debt no less deep for the true source of his inspiration was owed and fully acknowledged by Moore (applause). There were two things which colored and enriched the work of Moore—the influence of Irish music and his early political associates. In any of his writings where these could not be traced they had only the clever versifier. The son of a Dublin merchant, he revealed himself a queer, crabbed, precious little creature. At the age of 11 he had him speaking the epilogue in some important private theatricals. His schoolmaster, White, had himself a turn for the stage and carefully fostered this talent of declamation and composition, and he fostered with them the love of public display. There was no one who ever had a better chance of being spoiled. If he was not spoiled that was due in the first place to his true kindness and warmth of heart, which always throughout his life led him to repay affection with affection. And secondly, to the circumstances which he himself emphasized when he said to Scott that a want of a manly training showed itself in his poetry, which, perhaps, would have had a more vigorous character if it had not been for the sort of boadivocation he received. The only thing that conduced to brace his mind, he said, was the strong political feelings that were stirring when he was a boy. His youth coincided with the existence of the Irish parents, but his father found his most congenial associates amongst the Protestant supporters of the Catholic claims. It was Trinity College that made Moore a rebel in as far as he ever became a rebel (laughter). In 1800 he left Dublin for London, where he plunged into a career of great social brilliancy, and made his mark as a poet with his translation of Anacreon. In his Fire-Worshippers it was clear that Emmet's career afforded the inspiration, and the poem was political rather than religious. It was the love story of Emmet in its essential emotions and the same theme inspired "She is far from the Land." In his Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, although it was frank in admiration, there was none of the note of enthusiasm which breathed in every passage where Moore wrote. That book was difficult to conform to the rules of this society, because Moore's writings were political, and his religion was so intimately connected with his politics and literature it had to be discussed in some shape or form. Five years after Catholic Emancipation O'Connell bitterly resented some of Moore's poetry. Moore was fastidious, he disliked what he called O'Connell's political mountebankism, the annual stipend, and the manner of collecting it. He disliked that disgraceful day when O'Connell knelt with a garland before George IV. There was no doubt that the methods adopted by Fitzgerald, Emmet and Smith O'Brien were more picturesque and congenial to the poet's mind than those practised by O'Connell, but there was no doubt that O'Connell's methods were productive of more tangible results for the cause Moore had at heart. He thought it was reasonable to blame Moore because he blamed Ireland for a situation which was not of her own making. First, in his "Memoirs of Captain Rock," and with still more emphasis in his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," he put boldly and incisively the case of Ireland against England, and more credit was due to him in connection with the latter work than the former. That book was followed by "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" in which Moore appeared as champion of the religion to which he belonged. They were all probably aware that Moore was not a very strict Catholic. He abandoned the practice of confession when in his teens at college. At the age of 31 he married a Protestant; his children were brought up as Protestants, and he habitually attended the Protestant church. As he (Mr. Gwynn) read the facts, up to 1829 he remained a Catholic without consideration. The point of honor which bound his "Irish Gentleman" bound him from inquiring further into the matter. He did not think any orthodox Irish Catholic or any orthodox Irish Nationalist of Moore's day would have found himself in complete agreement with the poet. But the important fact was that Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland, and what was more, the whole of Ireland, almost



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hearts on her," said the old woman, gazing at her guest with pity and admiration. "We maun dress her first; but what in the name of fortune hae I fit for the likes o' her to wear?"

She went to her press in "the room," and took out her Sunday gown of brown druggert; she then opened a drawer, and drew forth a pair of white stockings, a long, snowy garment of fine linen, and a cap, her "dead dress," as she called it.

These articles of attire had long been ready for a certain triste ceremony, in which she would some day fill the chief part, and only saw the light occasionally, when they were hung out to air, but she was willing to give even these to the fair trembling visitor, who was turning in dumb sorrow and wonder from her to Jamie and from Jamie back to her.

The poor girl suffered herself to be dressed, and then sat down on a "creepie" in the chimney corner, and buried her face in her hands.

"What'll we do to keep up a lady like thou?" cried the old woman.

"I'll work for you both, mother," replied the son.

"An' how could a lady live on wee poor diet?" she repeated.

"I'll work for her," was all Jamie's answer.

He kept his word. The young lady was very sad for a long time, and tears stole down her cheeks many an evening while the old woman spun by the fire, and Jamie made salmon nets, an accomplishment lately acquired by him, in hopes of adding to the comfort of his guest.

But she was always gentle, and tried to smile when she perceived them looking at her; and by degrees she adapted herself to their ways and mode of life. It was not very long before she began to feed the pigs, mash potatoes and meal for the lowly and knit blue worsted socks.

So a year passed, and Halloween came round again. "Mother," said Jamie, taking down his cap, "I'm off to the old castle to seek my fortune."

"Are you mad, Jamie?" cried his mother, in terror; "sure they'll kill you this time for what you done on them last year."

Jamie made light of her fears and went his way.

As he reached the crabtree grove, he saw bright lights in the castle windows as before, and heard loud talking. Creeping under the window he heard the wee folk say, "That was a poor trick Jamie Freel played on us this night last year, when he stole the nice young lady from us."

"Ay," said the tiny woman, "an' I punished him for it, for there she sits, a dumb image by his hearth; but he does not know that three drops out o' this glass I hold in my hand will gie her her hearing and her speeches back again."

Jamie's heart beat fast as he entered the hall. Again he was greeted by a chorus of welcomes from the company—"Here comes Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!"

As soon as the tumult subsided, the little woman said, "You be to drink our health, Jamie, out o' this glass in my hand."

Jamie snatched the glass from her and started to the door. He never knew how he reached his cabin, but he arrived there breathless, and sank on a stone by the fire.

"You're kilt surely this time, my poor boy," said his mother.

"No, indeed, better luck than ever this time!" and he gave the lady three drops of the liquid that still remained at the bottom of the glass notwithstanding his mad race over the potato-field.

The lady began to speak, and her first words were words of thanks to Jamie.

The three inmates of the cabin had so much to say to one another, that long after cock-crow, when the fairy music had ceased, they were talking round the fire.

"Jamie," said the lady, "be pleased to get me paper and ink, that I may write to my father, and tell him what has become of me."

She wrote, but weeks passed, and she received no answer. Again and again she wrote, and still no answer.

At length she said, "You must come with me to Dublin, Jamie, to find my father."

"I ha' no money to hire a car for you," he replied, "an' how can you travel to Dublin on your feet?"

But she implored him so much that he consented to set out with her and walk all the way from Fannet to Dublin. It was not as easy as the fairy journey; but at last they rang the bell at the door of the house in Stephen Green.

"Tell my father that his daughter is here," said she to the servant who opened the door.

"The gentleman who lives here has no daughter, my girl. He had one, but she died better nor a year ago."

"Do you know me, Sullivan?"

"No, poor girl, I do not."

"Let me see the gentleman. I only ask to see him."

"Well, that's not much to ax; we'll see what can be done."

In a few minutes the lady's father came to the door.

"Dear father," said she, "don't you know me?"

"How dare you call me father?" cried the old gentleman angrily. "You are an imposter. I have no daughter."

"Look in my face, father, and surely you'll remember me."

"My daughter is dead and buried. She died a long, long time ago."

The old gentleman's voice changed from anger to sorrow. "You can go," he concluded.

"Stop, dear father, till you look at this ring on my finger. Look at your name and mine engraved on it."

"I certainly is my daughter's ring; but I do not know how you came by it. I fear in no honest way."

"Call my mother, she will be sure to know me," said the poor girl, who, by this time was crying bitterly.

"My poor wife is beginning to forget her sorrow. She seldom speaks of her daughter now. Why should I renew her grief by reminding her of her loss?"

But the young lady persevered, till at last the mother was sent for.

"Mother," she began, when the old lady came to the door, "don't you know your daughter?"

"I have no daughter; my daughter died, and was buried a long, long time ago."

"Only look in my face, and surely you will know me."

The old lady shook her head.

"You have all forgotten me; but look at this mole on my neck. Surely, mother, you know me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the mother, "my Gracie had a mole on her neck like that; but then I saw her in her coffin and saw the lid shut down upon her."

It became Jamie's turn to speak, and he gave the history of the fairy journey, of the theft of the young lady, of the figure he had seen laid in its place, of her life with his mother in the cabin of last Halloween, and of the three drops that had released her from her enchantment.

She took up the story when he paused, and told how kind the mother and son had been to her.

The parents could not make enough of Jamie. They treated him with every distinction, and when he expressed his wish to return to Fannet, said they did not know what to do to show their gratitude.

But an awkward complication arose. The daughter would not let him go without her. "If Jamie goes, I'll go too," she said. "He saved me from the fairies, and has worked for me ever since. If it had not been for him, dear father and mother, you would never have seen me again. If he goes I'll go too."

This being her resolution, the old gentleman said that Jamie should behead his son-in-law. The mother was brought from Fannet in a coach and four, and there was a splendid wedding.

The all lived together in the grand Dublin house, and Jamie was heir to untold wealth at his father-in-law's death.

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No. 2,160, Prof. J. Rosarie Viau, Montreal, Que., Ladies' Tailor System.

No. 86,594, Joseph Lemire, Drummondville, Que., Electric Railway Signal.

No. 86,637, George R. Pelletier, Pelletier's Mills, N.B., Axe.

No. 86,661, Frederick V. Speltie, Amsterdam, Holland, Process and Apparatus for extracting oil from fish and obtaining dried residues serving as "guano."

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No. 757,402, George Laporte, St. Felix de Valois, Que., Acetylene Gas Generator.

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THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Branded," etc.)

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

The Duchess and Lady Rose had arrived at Dalmain for a short stay of a week. They had arrived in the afternoon and been shown to their rooms where tea had been provided for them, and it was a rested and refreshed pair of ladies who entered the drawing room ten minutes before the dinner-bell.

All the men were assembled. They had been two or three weeks members of a bachelor establishment and were prepared to be pleased with the advent of ladies. The Duchess was wearing her grey moire and rose point, with her rubies, which had constituted full war-paint for Midham dinners and dances longer than people could remember. It was possible that the moire might have been renewed from time to time, but improbable since its fashion remained the same, and that dated itself for several years back. Lady Rose who could say things to the Duchess that no one else could, had once suggested to her that she should have a frock made in a newer fashion. The Duchess had responded in a flash of humour. "It is the fashion of the day before yesterday; those of the day before that are dowdy; presently the fashion will have travelled the circle and my moire will be her last cry."

However, Lady Rose made up for her aunt's lack of smartness. A genius had devised for her that frock of pink silk, not salmon, not faint rose, but the true pink from which her black head and eyes, her white skin, and pink cheeks, and pink lips rose radiantly, bewitchingly fresh. The frock was made in a round, bouffant, childish way, and her shoulders were like a baby's. One had an impulse to hug her as though she were a baby or a cabbage rose. The Duchess cast a glance over the party of men as they were introduced to her and approved. After dinner there was a whist table on her account. There was Bridge, there was billiards to draw the golden youth away from the whist-table. Lady Rose was at the piano, the centre of a group of admirers. With a longing glance her way Captain Denham volunteered for the whist-table.

In the cutting for partners he fell to the Duchess. Their opponents were Mr. Peter Bosanquet and Sir Gerard Molyneux. The Duchess was greedy about sixpences, and the sixpenny points mounted up. Captain Denham made no mistakes, never trumped his partner, led to her suits with miraculous intuition; did not seem to notice when she trumped him; and congratulated her on play which was the simple and unscientific play of the paragon and country circles.

The Duchess, who was obviously pleased with him, drew Mr. Peter aside afterwards to remark on Captain Denham's excellent breeding, wondered if he was one of the Dedhams of Dedham Chase—Sir Elphinstone Dedham, you know, who married a daughter of the Earl of Bray. Mr. Peter thought not, shaking his head in a mystified fashion; but agreed with the Duchess that the young man was pleasant and amiable. "I shall ask him to Forest," she said with a look through her lorgnette at the fair head with its lumpy pleasant honest face, surmounting a well-built, admirably tailored figure, that was hovering in the background of the group at the piano somewhat uneasily.

She returned to the matter of "Captain Denham" as soon as she and her niece were alone—their rooms opened out of each other, with a tiny room for their maid on the opposite side of a little corridor, which was entirely devoted to them, since the only other door opening from it was that of their bath-room. "An extremely pleasant young man that Captain Denham," she said. "Yes, Auntie."

"My dear note of interrogation at the end. I daresay you think him plain-looking. I think him much more distinguished in looks than that Mr. Levinge—who turned your music for you. A pretty man—I can't endure a pretty man. I shall ask Captain Denham to Forest."

"Oh, Auntie!" Lady Rose had an air of being overwhelmed. She was feeling that honor compelled her to speak up and say that Captain Denham was Captain Denham, the son of the self-made man to whom her aunt had once given such a chilling reception.

But the Duchess snapped at her. "I suppose I can choose my own guests," she said, "and I have taken a fancy to this young man. He knows how to treat a woman; and the Duchess has nothing at all to do with it."

Lady Rose went off meekly to bed, to avoid the immediate confession which her conscience was urging her to make. The Duchess liked "Captain Denham" better and better. With a half fearful joy Lady Rose found herself left to pair off with the young soldier as much as she liked and the other men would permit her. The other men found out very soon that Lady Rose and Captain Denham had an interest in each other, and retired gracefully like men and gentlemen.

"Oh, Percy, what am I to do?" panted Lady Rose the third day. "How am I to tell her? I suppose she carries me to this young man. There is so much time left us before we must tell. A few days more, and I believe she will be so infatuated with you that she will forgive us anything. Let us put it off a few days longer."

She imprinted a sudden kiss on his unresponsive, gay tweed shoulder, and ran away from him. She knew where she would find her aunt. The Duchess liked a sleep after lunch, with a cup of tea to waken her about four o'clock.

Lady Rose intercepted the maid on the stairs with the tea and took the tray from her hand. She went into the darkened room with a beating heart.

"I have brought you your tea, Auntie," she said in a quaking voice; "I met Elizabeth on the stairs and—"

The Duchess sat up on her sofa. "There, pull up the blind, child. Sit down and talk to me while I drink my tea. Why how cold your hand is! Are you not well, child?" Lady Rose suddenly burst into tears, and an incoherent confession at the same time.

"We have always been in love with each other from the very beginning," she sobbed, "but we have felt that you never would consent, and I could not bear to do anything unhand or to distress you."

"Hm!" said the Duchess. "What about your young man gaining joy affections under a false name? You don't call that underhand—eh?"

"I made him promise to leave it to me. He has been—most restive—under the promise. I wanted—to postpone—till next week. But he would not. He drove me—here—to you."

"Hoity-toity!" said the Duchess. "Am I such a bore as all that to the child I've reared as my own? Very impertinent of the young man I call it."

Lady Rose hung her head miserably. "Perhaps we'd better leave, Auntie," she said in a humbled voice. "You see his father is coming next Tuesday and he adores his father. I couldn't bear that—that you should not be civil to his dear old father before his—and—these friends of him."

"And pray why should I be unwell, hussy?" asked the Duchess, with an amazing change of front. "Do you think that I can't recognize honest worth because it drops its hat? Oh, yes, I remember I was rather ill-natured. You see I didn't know at the time what an excellent sort of son he'd produced, and I confess I had other views for you."

She offered up the tribute of a sigh to those other views, and went on. "I don't believe I shall ever be able to call him anything but Dedham. It is a pity people will mouth names so. Now that I come to think of it Sir Elphinstone's son had a rather shady transaction about cards to his credit or discredit. So perhaps Denham's a better name after all."

Lady Rose lifted streaming eyes in which a fearful hope began to shine. "You forgive us, Auntie? Is it possible you forgive us?"

"Oh, go and wash your face," said the Duchess whimsically. "Don't present yourself before your young man looking such a thing of streaks. Having asked him to Forest I can't go back on my word, though I did ask him as another person. I suppose I must ask the father to join us. My heart often smote me over the look in his eyes that day. You see I didn't know he was pleading for his son. Why didn't you trust my love, my girl?"

Lady Rose hurred herself as from a catapult on the Duchess, and gathered the dignified grey head to her warm young cheek.

"There, there!" said the Duchess, extricating herself. "You forget that you're a young lady. You are a very rowdy, impulsive little child, and I thought you'd given up such ways. There, behave yourself, Miss."

All the time she looked immensely gratified. To dispense happiness is to the discriminating a greater joy than to receive it. It is a moment in which we receive some of the privileges of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

One Week.

Kylinoe was being refurbished for its new tenants. Amid its woods and streams, blown over by the mountain winds, it might have seemed to one less diligent than Mrs. Maguire that the house did not stand in need of bi-annual cleanings. But Mrs. Maguire, perhaps because she was in the midst of an easy-going Celtic population, and unlike them in being thoroughgoing, did not abate a wit of her house-keeping energy. The first fortnight of May, the first fortnight of September, the house was turned upside down. It had been so in her Ladyship's time, so it would be so in Mrs. Maguire's time. When she gave up her cleaning, she assured Alison it would be time to order her coffin.

Alison occasionally dropped in at Kylinoe to see the old housekeeper, and bring her some news of the master. She happened to call the day after the autumn cleaning was finished, and found the good woman exhausted but triumphant. The house was in its winter clothing of portieres and heavy velvet—curtains and a darker chintz than that of big green leaves on a white ground which made Kylinoe vernal during the summer season.

"There's two of them hussies gone to bed with the housemaid's knee," she said with grim pride, "but I shan't have England thrown in my face."

It had been a relief to her as well as to Alison that the winter tenants were to be no strangers, but the father and uncle of Mr. Paul Bosanquet whose kind, vivacious ways, his quick thought for others, his graceful and pleasant youth, had made him a favorite with most of those with whom he had come in contact.

"Don't tell me he's English, Miss Alison," Mrs. Maguire had said once. "Far be it from me to say they're not kind; but there isn't a bend in them, and they don't care much what other people is thinking of them. Mr. Paul, he's like Irish, let alone he's purely."

"Bosanquet is a Cornish name," Alison had explained. "And the Cornish are akin to the Irish. I daresay he's more of a Celt than I am. The Barnards must have been English some time or other."

"Thanks be to goodness I belong to none of them," Mrs. Maguire finished up piously, "but am a plain north-of-Ireland woman, though no Orange-man. Didn't I come out of Tyrone, and my grandfather that was a black Presbyterian 'turn' at the last?"

It seemed easier, she confessed, to have to bend her neck to the yoke of Mr. Bosanquet's people.

"If it is like him they'll be," she said, "it'll be asking for everything with them all as one. If they had no right to it at all. Let alone—she put Alison's secret thought into words—"the master 'll be coming and going as he wouldn't be if the house were given to strangers."

Alison was alone that afternoon. She had given Tessa to Mrs. Lang for the day. Mrs. Lang was the possessor of a baby daughter a month old who was a cause to her mother clean and spotless, all the old maboring feeling less hollow, who had been everything, should feel himself pushed out. Tessa was not blasé about babies, although there were a good many up and down the ramifications of the Barnard family. To see Tessa sitting with the little red morsel of humanity upon her knees, her eyes full of a light of quiet, contemplative rapture, was to remember some of the paintings of the most innocent age of Italian art.

Alison must see the results of Mrs. Maguire's labours. The housekeeper confessed that she couldn't move but that every joint in her creaked; nevertheless, she seemed to take a martyr's delight in her sufferings.

The house was still and bright in the September afternoon, radiantly clean and spotless, all the old maboring shining, every brass handle and doorplate and fender polished to the likeness of gold. It had a cheerful air of being ready for occupation, and awaiting its occupants.

"After all," said Alison, sitting down in the drawing-room, with the facets of the great chandelier glittering above her head, "after all it is no worse than last year when Sir Gerard was here. The room in America, and everything here was swathed up in holland. And even after Christmas, although he was in Ireland, he hardly ever could get back here. I think indeed it may be much better. We shall surely see just as much of him."

"If it was to be," said Mrs. Maguire enigmatically, "that there was a lady who would keep him at home and turn his mind over to her, I don't sense about people who'll never give him any thanks, it is on my bended knees I'd go to her, and ask her to take the keys of everything, and order me here, there and everywhere, that never was used to it, or push me in a corner like a piece of old useless lumber, or do with me anything she liked, so long, mind you, Miss Alison, as she was the lady for him."

"I am sure you would," said Alison, answering the main proposition in the involved speech.

She was remembering one day of last January about three o'clock of the afternoon, that sad hour of hers when she had been sitting alone and somewhat disconsolate in the morning-room at Castle Barnard, trying to amuse her mind with the Mavourneen saddled, and go out for a wet, solitary ride.

Then the door had opened and Sir Gerard had come in turning all her discontent to pleasure. And they had sat and talked in the frelight, with a gold and grey sky of storms outside the window, and she had given him tea, and listened to his airy, airy, airy dreams, giving him the sympathy which he often said he had from no other creature on earth but her.

He was the centre of Alison's pictures, without which there was apt to be lifelessness. If he were here now, for instance! The September gold was pale and a little chilly. The sun was on the other side of the house. In the garden below the sunflowers were becoming ragged, there was a yellow leaf in the foliage to every three of green. One began to think of fires although the weather was yet warm, and to need the comfort of them.

Then suddenly—they had heard no commotion of arrival, as the drawing-room lay on the garden-side of the house—the door opened to admit the master of the house. His sensitive face brightened as his eyes fell on Alison.

"Why, what unheard-of good luck!" he exclaimed, coming quickly with extended hands to her. "I was thinking of asking myself to dinner at Castle Barnard. Well, Mrs. Maguire, and how are you?" Mrs. Maguire was curtseying and smiling. "I've come for a week before handing over the house to you, before the end of the month, and I have a bedroom ready for me to-night?"

"Is it me to be took unawares?" said Mrs. Maguire, "especially when 'tis a matter of the master? A proud woman I am that the cleaning was finished yesterday. You're welcome as flowers in May, sir. What time for dinner, if you please, sir?"

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"Those dear old men would never know, one way or the other. I know now what the room wanted before—it wanted a woman; I don't know that any other than you would have filled the bill."

"I was just thinking that it wanted a man," said Alison, with frank, smiling eyes.

"Ah, you are the perfection of a friend and a good comrade. Do you know why I have come? I have a tolerably arduous time before me. I shall be kept pretty well to the grindstone till Christmas at least, and then I shall have a lot of work to do about the country. Carfax is an admirable fellow—as gracious as he is handsome. He wants to see for himself without any parade. We shall slip down to the West incognito at Christmas. He will see all that is to be seen. If real understanding can get at the root of this Irish problem he is bound to settle it. I do not know when I can have a holiday again. This one I mean to spend with you."

Under her breath Alison sighed a little sigh of delight. "You will go really incognito?" she said. "No police escorts?"

"Heaven forbid," he answered. "Except for the pleasure of looking at such fine fellows. Tell me all you have been doing. How does the little girl get along? Making company for you, eh?"

"Tessa is delightful, like a dear, submissive child. Almost too ready to do one's will instead of her own. Always ready when one needs her; if one is absorbed in other matters quiet as a mouse in a corner with her books and papers. She is in the seventh heaven because she had a poem published in 'The Virtuoso.' They sent her three guineas for it. Mrs. George Barnard called on me the week after to express on me the greatness of the benefit she had done me in giving me Tessa. As though I needed any assurance!"

Sir Gerard smiled a fine smile. He had just the faint touch of cynicism without which his optimism would have been too roseate.

"Tessa is quite an important person to her family. They begin to look upon her as my successor at Castle Barnard—poor little Tessa! Alison looked at him with brave eyes. "Moreover a faculty for coining guineas is a thing to be respected. By the way, I have been making acquaintance since I saw you with my cousin, Lord Downe."

The slightest, most imperceptible shade fell over Sir Gerard's face. "Ah, you told me. The golden youth."

"A plain, homespun, honest, pleasant youth."

"You liked him? I remember that you told me so."

"He was a golden interlude in mine and Tessa's summer. He will come again and you will meet him."

"I am not very much interested in boys—unless, you think of marrying him, Alison."

She blushed faintly. "He was very agreeable, but I confess my thoughts did not go as far as that."

"Ah, well—let us gather roses while we may. Some day you will be taken away from me; and I shall have your sympathy no longer for all those plans and hopes of mine."

Mrs. Maguire came in with the tea. Excellent woman, in that short space of time she had prepared a tea to please a hungry man, sandwiches of two or three kinds, hot buttered toast, thin brown bread and butter, honey and cream.

"I shall have to restrain my appetite or I shall do your dinner no credit," said the hungry man, as he drank cup after cup of tea while Alison pled him with one delicacy after another.

"You will have to walk to create a fresh appetite," she answered. "By the way you are looking well. You are fatter, and you have gained color. You looked thin and tired before you went."

"The moors have browned me. I shall always be one of the lean kind. It is my old habit. You are too eager, and you take things too much to heart."

"I shall take nothing to heart for the next week." His voice had a high, joyous ring in it. "I warn you, Alison, that you will see me at all hours of the day. Oh, you will be bored, you will cry out, but you will have to endure me. This week is yours."

"I shall say 'Not at Home' to everyone else," said Alison, looking at him, with tender pleasure. "You shall come and go as you will. You will give up work altogether—for this one week?"

"I am lying perdu. No one knows where I am. I am going to drop all my responsibilities for this one week. I confess I am glad Lord Downe did not stay for September—the best month of the year in Ireland. I want to be up there among the heather. I want to smell the gorse in bloom. I want to follow the course of some of those mountain streams and find out where they come from. What do you suppose they are like, Alison? A little gush, a trickle of water in the face of the rock, or under a group of ferns. We shall fish for mountain trout, and bring them home to Castle Barnard, to be grilled for dinner."

"Why, so you shall," said Alison, with the eyes of a mother who listens to her boy. "If the weather holds we shall have some famous picnics. The mountain is not beyond scaling, and there is Jock, the Shetland, who is accustomed to carrying poniers. We will take our lunch with us, you and I and Tessa, and we will find a new, beautiful place to eat it in every day."

"If you think of it," he said gravely, "a week is an immensely long time to be happy in. I have never had a week before in which to explore this country of my fathers."

"You have been too busy about other people ever since you came home."

"But I seem to know it all in a way. Other people's memories stir in me as I walk about, and I recognize scenes long forgotten. Well, Alison, I am ready. Are you going to go with me? You rode over."

"If you can get someone to take Mavourneen, or give her hospitality for the night."

"I will get someone to take her. May I dine with you as I am? I have only a portmanteau with me, and my wardrobe at this moment inhabits a London flat."

Alison's eyes answered him. Their way led through the woods of Kylinoe, and by a stile into the woods of Castle Barnard. It wanted more than an hour to sunset, and all the West was full of brilliant light. The long aisles of the woods,

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the glades where the dappled deer led were steeped in pale radiance. Occasionally, for the summer had been a dry one, they came upon a tree on which the golden leaves tinkled like so many little coins. The chestnuts were already honey-colored. The oaks began to turn to the bronze of their earliest leafage. Now that the evening approached all the birds were singing. Squirrels swung from the boughs; rabbits scampered madly at their approach.

"It is a sweet world, a sweet world," said Alison. She had forgotten how it had needed Sir Gerard's coming to take the loneliness from all she locked upon.

(To be Continued.)

Just the thing that's wanted—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the internal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, so the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

In and Around Toronto

ORIGIN OF MAY DEVOTION.

The origin of the beautiful devotion of the month of May seems to be somewhat obscure. Even here within the narrow limits of our city area we have two different origins quoted.

The second origin as given by Rev. Father Stuhle in his sermon on Sunday, the 1st of May, was slightly different, it was to the effect that the irreverent and infidelity consequent upon the French Revolution were felt not in France alone, but in all parts of the Christian world and that in Italy especially it caused great sorrow in the hearts of those still devoted to the cause of Christ and his Blessed Mother.

The first origin—that of the boy and his little playmates—is pretty and possible, but not as probable as that of Father Stuhle; how ever in the absence of proof, choice is given in the matter of selection.

of Christianity still left within him who could remain unmoved and yet witness the beauty of this glorious month adapted by the Church to add to the glory of God by honoring his Blessed Mother? The magnificent altars erected in honor of Mary, the countless bloom of Nature's offerings, the prayers, psalms and chants that everywhere sound forth her praises even to the uttermost ends of the earth; the freshly piped song of the birds, the tender green of the springing grass, the capitulation of winter who allows himself to be overcome and dropping his icy bars...

FUNERAL OF MRS. MAURICE HALLEY.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Maurice Halley, whose death occurred at her late residence, 308 Borden St., on April 25th, took place from St. Peter's Church on Wednesday morning. Amongst those who had gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to the deceased lady were some old friends who had known the family years before taking up their residence in the city some ten years ago.

COLLECTION FOR JUBILEE PURPOSES.

It was announced on last Sunday that on Sunday next the collection in connection with the Jubilee of the year would be taken up at all Masses in St. Helen's Church. This collection, it was explained, is to help defray the expenses consequent upon the grand demonstration with which the celebration in honor of the Immaculate Conception will be celebrated at Rome.

THE LATE MRS. MCBRIDE.

Another old resident of the West End, and who for many years was a well known member of St. Mary's Parish, was called to her reward on Wednesday last, when Mrs. McBride breathed her last at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wright, of Claremont street. The funeral took place from St. Francis' church and the High Mass was sung by the pastor, Rev. W. A. McCann; many old

friends followed the remains to their last resting place in St. Michael's Cemetery. May she rest in peace.

The month of May was inaugurated at St. Patrick's Church by special ceremonies in honor of the Blessed Virgin. A procession to welcome in the month is known to be a standing practice in this parish, and the beauty of the occasion never fails to gather together a large congregation to witness the event and share in the blessings of the time.

The first May Day in the history of the parish of St. Francis was celebrated by the Children of Mary putting forth their utmost effort to make the day a memorable one. In the evening a special sermon on the Blessed Virgin was preached by the pastor, Rev. Father McCann, and the ceremony of crowning the shrine on which was erected the statue of our Blessed Lady. After circling the church to the accompaniment of hymns in honor of Mary, the Sodality stood before the shrine while a favored acolyte crowned the statue, thus signifying that Mary is truly Queen of the May.

REV. FATHER HAYDON, C.S.S.R., SLIGHTLY BETTER.

Rev. Father Haydon of St. Patrick's, who is at present sick at St. Michael's Hospital, expresses himself as feeling much better since beginning treatment at the Hospital. Father Haydon is so well and so long known to Toronto that the betterment of his condition is a matter of interest to many friends throughout the city.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

The death of Mr. William Edwards, Dean of the Ontario Civil Service, which occurred on Monday, closes a career of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Edwards was probably the oldest worker in Canada, having occupied his position under the Ontario Government in perfect health and in possession of all his faculties, until the very day of his death.

wards had led a most active life and had taken part in many movements of public interest. He was an Englishman of the old type, always gentle and courteous and never too busy to do any little kindness that came in the way.

CONFIRMATION AT LOURDES.

At the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock His Grace the Archbishop conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on a class of thirty children of the parish. The class had been instructed during the week that while having regard to the greatness of the sacrament for which they were preparing, a regard which was to be shown even in their exterior, they were at the same time to appear as much alike as possible in the matter of dress in order that one might not prove an object of distraction to the others.

HAPPENINGS AT ST. MARY'S.

In honor of the opening of May the usual Sodality of this parish had their usual procession and crowning of the statue of the children of the First Communion Class will reach upon the back part of the church the altar and the shrine of the Blessed Virgin.

CROWNING OF MARY.

Last week the music of Brother Sixtus was commented on in this column. Since then a "Memorare" in every way worthy of special mention has come to hand. This selection is especially appropriate in honor of Mary Immaculate. Like the other music of Brother Sixtus—whose pen name is F.S.J.—this composition is a happy medium between the many operatic presentations of the past to which objection is being taken, and the more severe Chant to which we have not yet become altogether accustomed.

MEMORARE BY F.S.J.

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To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

Church Bells in China In Peas or Singly. See McShane's Bell Foundry, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

In the Surrogate Court of the County of York

IN THE MATTER of the guardianship of the estate of the infant children of Hugh Finn, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman, deceased.

TAKE NOTICE that upon the expiration of twenty days from the fifth day of May, 1904, an application will be made to the Surrogate Court of the County of York by the Trusts and Guarantee Company Limited, of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, to be appointed guardians of the estate of Irene Marguerite Finn and William Leo Finn, who reside at the said city of Toronto, infant children of Hugh Finn, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman, who died on or about the second day of February, 1904, without appointing any guardians of the estate of the said infants and the said Trusts and Guarantee Company Limited, being the Administrators of the estate of the said Hugh Finn, deceased.

Dated at Toronto this 2nd day of May, 1904.

HEARN & SLATTERY, 46 King St., Toronto, solicitors for Trusts & Guarantee Co., applicants.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS WANTING rooms, with or without board, convenient to University, communicate with The Catholic Register.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED H.E. ST. GEORGE LONDON ONT

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting sections 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, which have not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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