

COWAN'S
CHOCOLATE
CAKE ICING
CREAM BARS
 Etc.
 Absolutely Pure Goods
THE COWAN CO. Limited
 TORONTO

The Catholic Register

SMOKERS
CIGARS Ten Cent Goods
 Sold for Five
 Cents Each.
MY OWN MANUFACTURE
ALIVE BOLLARD
 New Store 128 Yonge St.
 Old Store 159 Yonge St.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

VOL. XIV., No. 5

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Continuation of Prominent Catholics in Toronto in 1850—John Molloy of Osgoode Hall—His Services to the British Government in Quebec in 1837—His Sons and Daughters and the men the latter married—Connor Tracy and his Brother James—Charles Donlevy, the Publisher of the Mirror Newspaper—Martin J. O'Beirne and the O'Deas.

Mr. John Molloy was one of the Irish Catholics I knew here in 1850. He occupied the position of caretaker of Osgoode Hall. He had raised a large family, all of whom were then full grown. He had performed a political part in Quebec before coming here. During the troubles of 1837 he was chosen by the loyalists to make speeches against the French-Canadians, as it was apprehended that the Irish in Quebec, who were more numerous perhaps in proportion to population than now, would join the rebels. There was not as much cordiality between the Irish and French as might be expected, and Molloy was used to widen the breach. The times were critical. It would be a serious thing if the two races joined hands to sever British connection. It is said that John Molloy, who belonged to humble life, had an influence akin to that of a leader among his countrymen. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, and came to Canada in the year 1822. His character was not unobserved, and when there appeared to be danger that Papineau's rebel ranks would be reinforced by a large portion of the Irish Catholics, who had no cause to be enamored of British rule, Sir James Stuart sent for Molloy and said he must make speeches to his countrymen and urge them to join the volunteers. He said to Molloy: "You address your countrymen and urge them to be loyal and with us." Molloy said: "Sir James, this is no time for joking. You would not ask a man like me to take a prominent part at such a time." Sir James replied to Molloy: "You are the man we want." So Molloy put aside his scruples and attended a meeting of his countrymen which was called for that evening, and when he came forward to address them he was nervous. The audience, however, cheered and the speaker recovered his self-possession, and it is reported, spoke as follows: "My fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens, you must not expect refined language from me. Neither must you expect much dignity. But what we want is reality. It is indeed an unexpected thing that a man such as I am should be called on to address such an assembly as this at a time when it is of the most vital importance I should counsel what is right. But I have been called upon and I have obeyed that call, and may the Providence who has found for us Irishmen a happy home on this side of the Atlantic, give me fit speech. When I arrived in Canada more than thirty years ago, a total stranger, before I was three days in Quebec, my ears became familiar with expressions which were insults to you. But notwithstanding such expressions of the French-Canadians from English and Scotch, I met with the greatest kindness. By George! One day I dined with an Englishman and we had the roast beef of old England and French Pudding; and the next day I dined with a Scotchman, and we had equally good fare." He compared the constitutional government of Great Britain with that of other European countries to the advantage of Great Britain. Copies of the speech were printed and circulated in thousands over the lower province and it is said had great effect. Molloy had some

military experience, soon joined the volunteers as sergeant. He was then sent on a mission to London, where he had interviews with the Duke of Wellington, the late Lord Derby and other leading men.

Shortly after his Quebec experience Molloy came to Toronto and was given charge of Osgoode Hall, I suppose as a reward for his loyalty. I often met him. A favorite resort of his in my day was Patrick Doyle's store in the St. Lawrence Arcade, where much gossip took place, and the two had much always to consider. Mr. Molloy, as far as I understood him, was much of a critic and cynic. His countrymen in Toronto, anyhow, did not warm much to him. Two of his sons that I knew were printers. William Molloy learned the trade with Thomas Dalton in the "Patriot" office. His son Joseph, who was much younger, I met the first day I came to Toronto in a printing office, seeking employment like myself, and it was he who brought me to a place to stay that night. This member of the family now resides in Chicago. Three female members of the family married old friends of mine, viz.: Matthew O'Connor, one of our oldest Catholic citizens; Connor Tracy, formerly a shoe merchant of Hamilton; and Ald. Kenny Fitzpatrick of Hamilton.

And this reminds me of Connor Tracy, who was one of Toronto's old Catholic citizens. And so also was his father before him. I knew the old gentleman when he kept a shoe shop on the north side of King street east, and he was a true son of the Emerald Isle, full of wit and humor. I was one night in his place getting some work done, when a disappointed customer came in and threatened to withdraw his patronage. Looking to a lad who was learning the trade and with a mournful face he said: "Johnny, we'll have to put up the shutters!" Connor Tracy was a member of the Cathedral choir here before he went to Hamilton and sang bass, but how few there are who will remember him now. He was an intelligent, worthy and sincere man. His widow, if I am not mistaken, is yet alive and residing in Toronto with Mr. Matthew O'Connor, on Maitland street.

James Tracy, Mr. O'Connor Tracy's younger brother, was a young man of irreproachable character and I believe without a blemish. If men are to be known by their company it is to my advantage, because James Tracy was one of my intimate friends and companions. He was an example for all the young men of his time and I have always missed him. He was intellectual, pious, patriotic. He was a true Celt, but moderate in temperament. He was stockily built, had jet black hair, black eyes, and although swarthy of complexion, had a pleasant smile. He always enjoyed a joke. He had not married within my recollection. I am not aware of the date of his death or the circumstances attending it.

Charles Donlevy, the publisher of the Mirror newspaper, was, I think, a Galway man. He was a printer by trade and a careful person. Where he was employed before starting the Mirror I never learned. Mr. Matthew Teely of Richmond Hill knew him well and probably could tell. When I first knew of him he was associated with a man named McTavay, an Irishman, who previously had published a paper called "The Constitution," which was a successor to W. L. McKenzie's "Colonial Advocate." The "Mirror" was a small weekly newspaper of limited circulation. Donlevy was a very timid man, whose financial resources were very limited. He was married, but had no children. He was sober and industrious and a regular attendant at his religious duties. I only once knew him to take any part in politics and that was at a great Baldwin meeting which was held here and at which he was one of the officers. That was in 1842 or 1843. It was at that meeting that the late Hon. George Brown made his first political speech in Canada. The late Senator John O'Donohoe was present at that same meeting and he once told me that Mr. Brown spoke so broadly and guttural and spluttered so much that it was hard to understand him, although the matter of his speech was excellent. One of the

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

PAID-UP CAPITAL... \$ 6,000,000.00
 RESERVE FUND... \$ 2,700,000.00
 INVESTMENTS... \$ 25,200,000.00

Deposits Received Interest Allowed at **3 1/2%** per Annum Compounded Twice each year

EVERY FACILITY—ABSOLUTE SECURITY

14 - 18 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

first newspaper articles in favor of responsible government was published in the "Mirror." The editor of the paper at that time, I have seen it stated, was a Mr. Covey, of whom I know nothing; but I think the statement is a mistake. There are two men now living, who perhaps could tell more about such things than myself, and they are Mr. Matthew Teely of Richmond Hill and Mr. Chas. Lindsay of Toronto. Mr. Donlevy's remains have a place in a vault in St. Michael's Cathedral.

Martin J. O'Beirne was here in 1850 and he owned a clothing store on King street east in the block that stretched on the south side from Church street to St. Lawrence Market. He was a representative man, well educated, and had been appointed by the Baldwin Administration to positions of honor if not of emoluments. He took a chief interest in Irish and Catholic matters. In those days the Catholic Irish of Toronto were not deficient in capable and intelligent men. Mr. O'Beirne was one of the officers of the great responsible government meeting to which I have already referred, and was considered influential. He removed to Hamilton where he set up business in the same line in the early fifties. He was the Hamilton representative to the Buffalo Convention of 1855, that of which the late Hon. Thos. D. McGee was the promoter before he came to this country, and I remember hearing him tell how that meeting was conducted, the tact shown by McGee in reconciling the differences between the Canadian and American delegates and the happy results that were likely to follow. I think a sister of Mr. O'Beirne was the wife of Mr. O'Dea, who also had a clothing store in the same block as Mr. O'Beirne; and another sister was the wife of Mr. O'Higgins, who was in the same line of business here before he removed to Hamilton and started "The Cheapest spot in Canada."

Mr. O'Beirne was the uncle of Dr. James O'Dea, who was a promising young physician here in the sixties. He was an exceedingly handsome young man who had secured a university education and was very popular among all classes. His office was on the south-west corner of Church and Queen streets. It was a great loss to Toronto when he removed to New York. He was a great friend and admirer of Mr. McGee. He was born in Toronto and had many friends and relatives here. It was his sister, Miss Mary Ann O'Dea, who became the wife of Mr. Thomas Wilson, the business partner of the late Sir Frank Smith, and who was a very beautiful woman. Dr. O'Dea had a bright young brother named Frank, who was also a model of manly beauty. He was a good scholar and had he lived would certainly have made a mark. Alas! What beauty, what talent, what chivalry doth those good old days call to mind now, when all, or nearly all, have faded away, leaving nothing but memory to gratify the mind, and perhaps, some sad reflections too.

The Home Bank of Canada

8 KING ST. W. 78 CHURCH ST. 522 QUEEN ST. W.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Savings Accounts
 a Specialty

Sterling Exchange Bought and Sold
 Drafts issued payable at all leading points in Canada and the United States

Savings Department of Church St. and Queen St. Branches open every SATURDAY EVENING, 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK

JAMES MASON, General Manager

PENNOLENE

BURNING OIL Rivals the Sun

Canadian Oil Co. Limited

2-12 Strachan Avenue Toronto

AN AUDIENCE WITH POPE PIUS X

(By James Gibbons Hunker.)

An audience with the Pope reveals a new world to pilgrims from America. A visit to the Vatican is an experience never to be forgotten. Perhaps Rome at a superficial glance still affects the American as it did Taine nearly a half-century ago—as a provincial city, sprawled to unnecessary lengths over its seven hills, and, despite the smartness of its new quarters, far from suggesting a well-to-do, as does, for example, bustling, shining Berlin or the mundane suavity of Paris. But not for her, in her superb and imperial indifference, are the seductive spells of operatic Venice or the romantic glamour of Florence. She can proudly say "La Ville c'est moi!" She is not a city, but the city of cities, and it needs but twenty-four hours' submergence in her atmosphere to make one a slave at her eternal chariot wheels. The New York cockney, devoted to his cult of the modern—hotels, baths, cafes and luxurious theatres—soon wears of Rome. He prefers Paris or Naples. Hasn't some one said, "See Naples and die—of its smells?" As an experienced traveller I know of no city on the globe where you formulate an expression of like or dislike so quickly. You are Rome's foe or friend within five minutes after you leave its dingy railway station. And it is hardly necessary to add that its newer quarters, pretentious, cold, hard and showy, are quite negligible. One does not go to Rome to seek the glazes of comforts of Harlem or Brooklyn.

As a theatregoer I could not resist the blandishments of the Costanzi, especially as a new tragedy by D'Annunzio was announced. "La Fioccola sotto il Moggio" is its name, which may be paraphrased in English by "The Light Under the Bushel," a singularly inappropriate motto, by the way, for its modest author!

Therefore I listened to his new and bloody tragedy at the Costanzi with more than passing attention. Though interpreted by that robust and gifted young actor, Fumagalli, I did not care for the play, for reasons not to be given just now. Eut Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was the afterpiece, and this pleasing entertainment for babes in arms held me in my uncomfortable stall until the final curtain drop. New York will probably see it first, with the seven league boots of Richard Strauss' music, for the tragedy demands acting of a high order and a gorgeous setting. Played by amateurs on bare boards it is no longer Wilde, who is luxurious or nothing in his art. It is a skillful adaptation of Gustave Flaubert's "Herodias," and, horribly morbid as it is in its comminglement of blood and lust (these characters have no real life outside the psychopathic ward), it lacks the genuine fire of tragedy.

But what has Wilde of D'Annunzio to do with Rome, with the Pope? Only that Rome, of all cities in the world, furnishes the most surprises. The palimpsests of its various civilizations are not its chief charms. It can be as new as to-morrow while basking in the neighborhood of antiquity. Besides, I did not go to Rome to see the Pope. It was the marbles of the Vatican that haled me off my projected course.

The usual manner of approaching the holy father is to go around to the American Embassy and hurry the good-tempered secretary into a promise of a ticket; that is, if you are not acquainted in clerical circles. I was not long in Rome before I discovered that both Mgr. Kennedy and Mgr.

tions too. Doctor O'Dea had a brother Martin, who studied for the priesthood and for a while wore the soutane, but he finally took to medicine too. He spent a good deal of his time in Hamilton.

THE ONE PIANO

That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the

Heintzman & Co. PIANO

MADE BY
Ye Olde Firms of Heintzman & Co.

For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

Piano Salon: 118-117 King St. W., Toronto

Merry del Val were at Frascati enjoying a hard-earned vacation. So I dismissed the ghost of one idea and pursued my pagan worship at the Museo Vaticano. Then the heavy hoods of 300 pilgrims invaded the peace of the quiet Hotel Fischer up in the Via Sallus Tiana. They had come from Cologne and the vicinity of the upper Rhine, bearing Peter's pence, wearing queer clothes and good-natured smiles. They tramped the streets and churches of Rome, did these commonplace, pious folk. They burrowed in the catacombs and they ate their meals, men and women alike, with such a hearty gnashing of teeth, such a rude appetite, that one envied their vitality, their faith, their wholesale air of having accomplished the conquest of Rome.

Their schedule, evidently prepared with great forethought and one that went absolutely to pieces when put to the test of practical operation, was wrangled over at each meal where the Teutonic clans foregathered in full force. The third day I heard of a projected audience at the Vatican. These people had come to Rome to see the Pope. Big-boned and giant-like Mgr. Pick visited the hotel daily, and once after I saw him in conference with Signor Fischer I asked him if it were possible—

"Of course," responded the wily Fischer, "anything is possible in Rome." Wear evening dress? Nonsense! That was in the more exacting days of Leo XIII. The present Pope is a democrat. He hates vain show. Perhaps he has absorbed some of the American antipathy to seeing evening dress on a male during daylight. But the ladies wear veils. All the morning of Oct. 5 the hotel was full of eager Italians selling veils to the German ladies.

Carriages blocked the streets and almost stretched four square around the Palazzo Margherita. There was noise. There were explosive sounds when bargains were driven. Then, after the vendors of saints' pictures, crosses, rosary beads—chiefly gentlemen of orient persuasion, comical as it may seem—we drove off in high feather nearly four hundred strong. I had secured from Mgr. Pick, through the offices of my amiable host, a partitioned badge with a cross and the motto, "Coeln—Rom., 1905," which, interpreted, meant "Cologne—Rome." I felt like singing "Nach Rom," after the fashion of the Wagnerians in act II. of "Tannhauser," but contented myself with abusing my coachman for his slow driving. It was all as exciting as a first night at the opera.

The rendezvous was the Campo Santo del Tedeschi, which, with its adjoining church of Santa Maria della Pietà, was donated to the Germans by Pius VI. as a burying ground. There I met my companions of the dining-room, and after a stern-looking German priest with the bearing of an officer interrogated me I was permitted to join the pilgrims. What at first had been a thing of no value was now become a matter of life and death. The mesmeric influence of the large and enthusiastic body of pilgrims was beginning its work. I knew it, for had I not night after night, year after year, sat out excitable plays in the theatres of New York, plays whose sentiments I loathed, whose sentiments, nevertheless, brought tears to my uncritical eyes, and all because no man is strong enough to quite withstand the electric currents circulating through a gathering of his fellow men? Mob mania it has been called by Le Bon in his "Psychology of the Crowd."

After standing about the dust and buried bones of illustrious and forgotten Germans, we went into the church and were cooled by an address in German of a worthy cleric whose name I cannot recall. I remember that he told us that we were to meet the vicar of Christ, a man like ourselves. He emphasized strangely, so it appeared to me, the humanity of the great prelate before whom we were bidden that gloomy autumn afternoon. And then, after intoning a Te Deum, we filed out in pairs, first the women, then the men, along the naked stones until we reached the end of the Via delle Fontane. The pilgrims wore their everyday clothes. One even saw the short cloak and the

green jagerhut. We left our umbrellas at a garderobe; its business that day was a thriving one. We entered the Sala Regia, our destination—I had hoped for the more noble and spacious Sala Ducale.

Three o'clock was the hour set for the audience, but His Holiness was closeted with a French ecclesiastical eminence and there was a delay of nearly an hour. We spent it in staring at the sacred and profane frescos of DAMELA DA VOITERRA, VASARI, SALVIATI and ZUCCURI staring at each other.

"His Holiness comes!" was announced, and this time it was not a false alarm. From a gallery facing the Sistine chapel entered the inevitable Swiss Guards; followed the officers of the papal household, grave and reverend seignors; a knot of ecclesiastics all wearing purple; Monsignor Pick, the papal protonotary and a man of might in business affairs; then a few stragglers—anonymous persons, stout, bald, officious—and, finally, Pope Pius X.

He was attired in pure white, even to the sash that compassed his plump little figure. A cross depended from his neck. He immediately and in the most matter of fact fashion held out his hand to be kissed. I noticed the whiteness of the nervous hand tendered me, bearing the ring of Peter, a large, square emerald surrounded by diamonds. Though 70, the Pope looks ten years younger. He is slightly under medium height. His hair is white, his complexion dark, red-veined, and not very healthy. He seems to need fresh air and exercise; the great gardens of the Vatican are no compensation for the man of sorrows, homesick for the sultry lagoons and stretches of gleaming waters in his old diocese of Venice. If the human in him could call out it would voice, "Venice," not the Vatican. The flesh of his face is what the painters call "ecclesiastical flesh," large ingrain. His nose broad, unaristocratic; his brows strong and harmonious. His eyes may be brown, but they seemed black and brilliant and piercing. He moved with silent alertness. An active, well-preserved man, though he has achieved the biblical three-score and ten last June. I noted, too, with satisfaction, the shapely ears, artistic ears, musical ears, their lobes freely detached. A certain resemblance to Pius IX there is, but Pius X. is not a man of mediocre intelligence. He is not so amiable as was that good-tempered Pope, who was nicknamed by his intimate friend, the Abbe Liszt, "Pia Nina," because of his musical proclivities. Altogether, I found another than the Pope I had expected. This, then, was the exile—an exile, yet in his native land; a prisoner in sight of the city of which he is the spiritual ruler, a prince over all principalities and dominions, yet withal a feeble old man, whose life might be imperilled if he ventured into the streets of Rome.

The Pope had now finished the circle of pilgrims and stood at the other end of the sala. With him stood his chamberlains and ecclesiastics. Suddenly a voice from the balcony, which I saw for the first time, bade us come nearer. I was thunderstruck! This was back to the prose of life with a vengeance! We obeyed instructions. A narrow aisle was made, with the Pope in the middle perspective. Then the voice, which I discovered by this time issued from the mouth of a bearded person behind a glittering camera, cried out in peremptory and true photographer's style!

"One, two, three! Thank Your Holiness!"

And so we were photographed. In the Vatican and photographed! Old Rome has her surprises for the patronizing visitors from the New World! It was too business-like for me, and I would have gone away but I couldn't, as the audience had only begun. The Pope went to his throne and received the heads of the pilgrims.

The Pope spoke a few words in a ringing baritone voice. He said that he loved Germany, loved its emperor; that every morning his second prayer was for Germany—his first, was it for (Continued on page 5.)

Fascinating Fur Prices

At Dineen's the prices for furs are reduced to a figure as fascinating as the furs themselves. During this week again Dineen's will entirely monopolize the fur-buying interest.

Sixty-five only Bokhara Lamb Jackets, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches long, sizes 34 inches to 42 inches, regular \$85, for \$70.

Eighteen only Astrachan Lamb Jackets, 35 inches long, 34 inches to 46 inches bust, prices \$35 to \$45.

Fourteen Wool Seal Jackets, 28 inches long, sizes 34 inches to 40 inches bust, regular \$40, for \$33.

Five only River Mink Jackets, 25 to 30 inches long, sizes 34 inches to 40 inches bust measure, regular \$60, for \$50.

Two only Australian Coon Skin Jackets, 36 inches long, 38 inches and 40 inches bust measure, for \$40.

Nine only Astrachan Jackets, with Western sable collar, 26 inches long, regular \$45, for \$38.

DINEEN
 Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

BE SURE

and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a

GOOD PAYING POSITION

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodic business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison.

Enter any time. No vacations.

Central Business College
 W. H. SHAW, Principal
 Toronto.

SAVE YOUR LETTERS

A lost letter or receipt often causes much worry and financial loss.

A Shannon Letter File is the safest and easiest method of keeping letters in order and where they can always be found. The price is so low no one can afford to be without one.

Price, Complete, Same as Cut, \$1.00

ORDER BY MAIL

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.
 LIMITED
 97 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

There Are Reasons Why

The Angle Lamp

is the only one advertised. It is the only one with qualities to commend it to all classes. It is the most economical good light in the world. All other lamps will smoke and emit an odor that is disagreeable and unhealthy. Such things are unheard of with The Angle Lamp. Then it is so easy to operate and care for. One filling lasts 22 hours. Lights and extinguishes like gas. Yet the best thing about it is the quality of its light. It is steady and restful to the eyes—and means genuine comfort. It has all the lighting power of gas or electricity, but is reliable and perfectly steady, and the expense to maintain it is far less than even ordinary lamps. "No shadow" is The Angle Lamp's great exclusive feature. That alone has helped greatly in making it famous.

50 DAYS FREE TRIAL

To prove the good qualities for they cannot be told here. No one can help but appreciate it. We will send you a book that tells all about it—then you may try the lamp without risk. Write for catalogue No. 5 while you are thinking about it.

THE EACH SPECIALTY CO.,
 268 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Now, now, the door was down. Now they came rushing through the fall, calling to each other in the vaulted passages, clashing the iron gates dividing yard from yard, beating at the doors of cells and wards, wrenching off bolts and locks and bars, tearing down the doorposts to get men out, endeavoring to drag them by main force through gaps and windows where a child could scarcely pass, whopping and yelling without a moment's rest, and running through the heat and flames as if they were cased in metal. By their legs, their arms, the hair upon their heads, they dragged the prisoners out. Some threw themselves upon the captives as they got towards the door, and tried to file away their irons; some danced about them with a frenzied joy, and rent their clothes, and were ready, as it seemed, to tear them limb from limb. Now a party of a dozen men came darting through the yard into which the murderer cast fearful glances from his darkened window, dragging a prisoner along the ground whose dress they had nearly torn from his body in their mad eagerness to set him free, and who was bleeding and senseless in their hands. Now a score of prisoners ran to and fro, who had lost themselves in the intricacies of the prison, and were so bewildered with the noise and glare that they knew not where to turn or what to do, and still cried out for help, as loudly as before. Anon some famished wretch whose theft had been a loaf of bread, or scrap of butcher's meat, came skulking past, barefooted—going slowly away because that jail, his house, was burning, not because he had any other, or had friends to meet, or old haunts to revisit, or any liberty to gain, but liberty to starve and die. And then a knot of high-waymen went trooping by, conducted by the friends they had among the crowd, who muffled their fetters as they went along, with handkerchiefs and hands of hay, and wrapped them in coats and cloaks, and gave them drink from bottles, and held it to their lips, because of their handcuffs which there was no time to remove. All this, and Heaven knows how much more, was done amidst a noise, a hurry, and distraction, like nothing that we know of, even in our dreams, which seemed forever on the rise, and never to decrease for the space of a single instant.

He was still looking down from his window upon these things, when a band of men with torches, ladders, axes, and many kinds of weapons, poured into the yard, and hammering at his door, inquired if there were any prisoner within. He left the window when he saw them coming, and drew back into the remotest corner of the cell; but although he returned them no answer, they had a fancy that some one was inside, for they presently set ladders against it, and began to tear away the bars at the casement; not only that, indeed, but with pickaxes to hew down the very stones in the wall.

As soon as they had made a breach at the window, large enough for the admission of a man's head, one of them thrust in a torch and looked round the room. He followed this man's gaze until it rested on himself and heard him demand why he had not answered, but made him no reply.

In the general surprise and wonder, they were used to this, without saying anything more, they enlarged the breach until it was large enough to admit the body of a man, and then came dropping down upon the floor, one after another, until the cell was full. They caught him up among them, handed him to the window, and those who stood upon the ladders passed him down upon the pavement of the yard. Then the rest came out, one after another, and, bidding him fly, and lose no time, or the way would be choked up, hurried away to rescue others.

It seemed not a minute's work from first to last. He staggered to his feet, incredulous of what had happened, when the yard was filled again, and a crowd rushed on, hurrying Barnaby among them. In another minute—not so much; another minute!—he and his son were being passed from hand to hand, through the dense crowd in the street, and were glancing backward

at a burning pile which some one said was Newgate. From the moment of their first entrance into the prison, the crowd dispersed about it, and swarmed into every chink and crevice, as if they had a perfect acquaintance with its innermost parts, and bore in their minds an exact plan of the whole. For this immediate knowledge of the place, they were, no doubt, in a great degree indebted to the hangman, who stood in the lobby, directing some to go this way, some that, and some the other; and materially assisted in bringing about the wonderful rapidity with which the release of the prisoners was effected.

But this functionary of the law reserved one important piece of intelligence, and kept it snugly to himself. When he had issued his instructions relative to every other part of the building, and the mob were dispersed from end to end, and busy at their work, he took a bundle of keys from a kind of cupboard in the wall, and going by a private passage near the chapel (it joined the governor's house, and was then on fire), betook himself to the condemned cells, which were a series of small, strong, dismal rooms, opening on a low gallery, guarded, at the end at which he entered, by a strong iron wicket, and at the opposite extremity by two doors and a thick grate. Having double locked the wicket, and assured himself that the other entrances were well secured, he sat down on a bench in the gallery, and sucked the head of his stick with an air of the utmost complacency, tranquillity, and contentment.

It would have been strange enough, a man's enjoying himself in this quiet manner, while the prison was burning, and such a tumult was cleaving the air, though he had been outside the walls. But here, in the very heart of the building, and moreover with the prayers and cries of the four men under sentence sounding in his ears, and their hands, stretched out through the gratings in their cell doors, clasped in frantic entreaty before his very eyes, it was particularly remarkable. Indeed, Mr. Dennis appeared to think it an uncommon circumstance, and to banter himself upon it, for he thrust his hat on one side as some men do when they are in a waggish humor, sucked the head of his stick with a higher relish, and smiled as though he would say, "Dennis, you're a rum dog; you're a queer fellow; you're capital company, Dennis, and quite a character!"

He sat in this way for some minutes, while the four men in the cells, certain that somebody had entered the gallery, but could not see who, gave vent to such piteous entreaties as wretches in their miserable condition may be supposed to have been inspired with; urging, whoever it was, to set them at liberty, for the love of Heaven, and protesting with great fervor and truly enough, perhaps, for the time, that if they escaped they would amend their ways, and would never, never again do wrong before God or man, but would lead penitent and sober lives, and sorrowfully repent the crimes they had committed. The terrible energy with which they spoke, would have moved any person, no matter how good or just (if any good or just person could have strayed into that sad place that night), to have set them at liberty; and, while he would have left any other punishment to its free course, to have saved them from this last dreadful and repulsive penalty, which never turned a man inclined to evil, and has hardened thousands who were half inclined to good.

Mr. Dennis, who had been bred and nurtured in the good old school, and had administered the good old laws on the good old plan, always once and sometimes twice every six weeks, for a long time, bore these appeals with a deal of philosophy. Being at last, however, rather disturbed in his pleasant reflection, by their repetition, he rapped at one of the doors with his stick, and cried: "Hold your noise there, will you?"

At this they all cried together that they were to be hanged on the next day but one; and again implored his aid.

"Aid! For what?" said Mr. Dennis, playfully rapping the knuckles of his hand nearest him.

"To save us!" they cried.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Dennis,

winking at the wall in the absence of any friend with whom he could humor the joke. "And so you're to be worked off, are you, brothers?"

"Unless we are released to-night," one of them cried, "we are dead men!"

"I tell you what it is," said the hangman, gravely; "I'm afraid, my friend, that you're not in that 'ere state of mind that's suitable to your condition, then; you're not a-going to be released; don't think it. Will you leave off that 'ere indecent row? I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourselves, I do."

He followed up this reproach by rapping every set of knuckles one after the other, and, having done so, resumed his seat again with a cheerful countenance.

"You've had law," he said, crossing his legs and elevating his eyebrows; "laws have been made a' purpose for you; a very handsome provision's been made a' purpose for you; a parson's kept a' purpose for you; a constitutional officer's appointed a' purpose for you; carts is maintained a' purpose for you—and yet you're not contented!—Will you hold that noise, you sir in the furthest?"

A groan was the only answer.

"So well as I can make out," said Mr. Dennis, in a tone of mingled badinage and remonstrance, "there's not a man among you. I begin to think I'm on the opposite side, and among the ladies; though for the matter of that, I've seen many ladies face it out in a manner that did honor to the sex. You in number two, don't grind them teeth of yours. Worse manners," said the hangman, rapping at the door with his stick, "I never see in this place afore, I'm ashamed on you. You're a disgrace to the Bailey."

After pausing for a moment to hear if anything could be pleaded in justification, Mr. Dennis resumed in a sort of coaxing tone:

"Now, look 'ere here, you four. I'm come here to take care of you, and see that you ain't burnt, instead of the other thing. It's no use your making any noise, for you won't be found out by them as has broken in, and you'll only be hoarse when you comes to the speeches,—which is a pity. What I say in respect to the speeches always is, 'Give it mouth.' That's my maxim. Give it mouth. I've heard," said the hangman, pulling off his hat to take his handkerchief from the crown and wipe his face, and then putting it on again a little more on one side than before, "I've heard a eloquence on them boards—you know what boards I mean—and have heard a degree of mouth given to them speeches, that they was as clear as a bell, and as good as a play. There's a pattern! And always, when a thing of this nature's to come off, what I stand up for is, a proper frame of mind. Let's have a proper frame of mind, and we can go through with it, creditable—pleasant—sociable. Whatever you do, (and I address myself in particular to you in the furthest), never snivel. Be soomer by half, though I lose by it, see a man tear his clothes a' purpose to spile 'em before they come to me, than find him snivelling. It's ten to one a better frame of mind, every way!"

While the hangman addressed them to this effect, in the tone and with the air of a pastor in familiar conversation with his flock, the noise had been in some degree subdued, for the rioters were busy in conveying the prisoners to the Sessions House, which was beyond the main walls of the prison, though connected with it, and the crowd were busy, too, in passing them from thence along the street. But when he had got thus far in his discourse, the sound of voices in the yard showed plainly that the mob had returned and were coming that way; and directly afterwards a violent crashing at the gate below gave note of their attack upon the cells (as they were called) at last.

It was in vain the hangman ran from door to door, and covered the grates, one after another, with his hat, in futile efforts to stifle the cries of the four men within; it was in vain he dogged their outstretched hands, and beat them with his stick, or menaced them with new and lingering pains in the execution of his office; the place resounded with their cries. These, together with the feeling that they were now the last men in the jail, so worked upon and stimulated the besiegers, that in an incredibly short space of time they forced the strong grate below, which was formed of iron rods two inches square, drove in the two other doors, as if they had been but deal partitions, and stood at the end of the gallery with only a bar or two between them and the cells.

"Holloa!" cried Hugh, who was the first to look into the dusky passage; "Dennis before us! Well done, old boy. Be quick, and open here, for we shall be suffocated in the smoke, going out."

"Go out at once, then," said Dennis. "What do you want here?"

"What!" echoed Hugh. "The four men!"

"Four devils!" cried the hangman. "Don't you know they're left for death on Thursday? Don't you respect the law—the constitution—nothing? Let the four men be!"

"Is this a time for joking?" cried Hugh. "Do you hear 'em? Pull away these bars that have got fixed between the door and the ground, and let us in."

"Brother," said the hangman in a low voice, as he stooped under pre-

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently: if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Fine Trials in the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Return substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

CHAPTER VIII. Although he had had no rest upon the previous night, and had watched with little intermission for some weeks past, sleeping only in the day by starts and snatches, Mr. Haredele, from dawn of morning until sunset, sought his niece in every place where he deemed it possible she could have taken refuge. All day long, nothing save a draught of water, passed his lips; though he prosecuted his inquiries far and wide, and never so much as sat down, once.

In every quarter he could think of—at Chigwell and at London; at the houses of the trades-people with whom he dealt and of the friends he knew—he pursued his search. A prey to the most harrowing anxieties and apprehensions, he went from magistrate to magistrate, and finally to the Secretary of State. The only comfort he received was from this minister, who assured him that the Government, being now driven to the exercise of the extreme prerogatives of the Crown, were determined to exert them, that a proclamation would probably be out upon the morrow, giving to the military discretionary and unlimited power in the suppression of the riots; that the sympathies of the King, the Administration, and both Houses of Parliament, and indeed of all good men of every religious persuasion, were strongly with the injured Catholics; and that justice should be done them at any cost or hazard. He told him, moreover, that other persons whose houses had been burned, had for a time lost sight of their children or their relatives, but had in every case, within his knowledge, succeeded in discovering them; that his complaint should be remembered, and fully stated in the instructions given to the officers in command, and to all the inferior myrmidons of justice, and that everything that could be done to help him, should be done, with a good-will and in good faith.

(To be Continued.)

Entrance Examinations

The law regulating the same: 1. A uniform entrance examination for the admission of pupils to high schools shall be held annually in every high school district according to such regulations as may be prescribed by the Education Department. Examinations may be held at such other places in every county as shall be recommended by the county council of which notice shall be given to the inspector by the county clerk.

2. Every high school district shall be under one board of examiners. The trustees of the public and separate schools of the city, town or incorporated village in which a high school is situated shall on or before the 1st day of June each appoint an examiner for the purpose of such examination. The inspector or inspectors of public schools of the inspectorial district within which the high school is situated and the principal of the high school shall be ex-officio members of such boards.

3. Any person actually engaged in teaching, who is the holder of a first class certificate, or any person actually engaged in teaching who is the holder of a second-class provincial certificate and who has had five years' experience as a teacher, may be appointed examiner.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Do not delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

ONLY 1-50 OF A GRAIN

Fruit is good for you. Ripe figs are a splendid laxative to regulate the bowels. Prunes are good for stomach and liver. Orange juice is splendid for the nerves and sleeplessness. Apples heal the kidneys and increase the flow of urine. If apple juice be evaporated to a gray powder, 1-50 of a grain of this powder has the same action on the kidneys as half a pint of fresh apple juice. Two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets contain more than 1-50 of the medicinal part of apple juice, besides the healing, curative virtues of oranges, figs and prunes. More than that, "Fruit-a-tives" are concentrated and combined with tonics and antiseptics by a secret process which increases their powers over disease many times.

60c. a box. At all druggists.

4. The board of trustees and the board of examiners may agree upon the sum to be paid annually for the entrance examination of pupils, but in the absence of any agreement examiners shall be allowed the sum of one dollar per pupil for conducting such examination allowance and this shall include the travelling expenses of the examiners, presiding at the examination, reading and valuing the papers of candidates and reporting the results to the Education Department.

5. The board of education or the trustees of the high school district within which the examination is held shall on the requisition of the chairman of the board of examiners pay all the expenses of the examination at such high school and such expenses shall be deemed to be part of the cost of maintenance of such high school. The travelling and other expenses of the presiding examiners in respect of examinations held at other places shall be paid by the county council.

"Salada" Ceylon Tea can now be had everywhere and within reach of every person as it can be purchased in Gold Label at 60c. per lb., Red Label at 50c., Blue Label at 40c., Green Label at 30c., and Brown Label at 25c. per lb., all equally pure tea, but, of course, the cheaper grades are not as fine flavored, not being grown at as high an elevation as the expensive teas, the latter are produced at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level.

A hand mirror is one of the few things that a woman never holds up to ridicule.

Many a child of fashionable parents has acquired an Irish brogue from a French maid.

Appreciation of the Japanese

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, muckilage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.



Plain Tips 15c. per Box

February 1906 THE HOLY FAMILY. SECOND MONTH 28 DAYS. Calendar table with days of month, day of week, color of vestment, and feast names like S. Ignatius, Purification of B. V. Mary, etc.

PALMS FOR PALM SUNDAY. GENUINE IMPORTED GREEN STOCK. W. E. BLAKE, Imp. & Manf. Vestments, etc. 123 Church Street, Toronto. LONG DISTANCE PHONE M. 2453

.....The HOME CIRCLE

BE SYMPATHETIC.

We must all realize that this life is full of sorrow, and if you personally have had the good luck to escape your share of it you are very fortunate.

But do not on that account allow yourself to grow cold hearted and unsympathetic to others.

Those poor people! Their lot is often so hard, so lonely, so full of misery.

We are here to "heal the wounds and bind the broken heart," and the only way we can do this is by being kind, loving and sympathetic.

A few words of love will do more to help a sufferer than money sometimes, for heart-sickness is much harder to help than hunger and poverty.

Do not hesitate to whisper your kindly thoughts in their ears. Don't pass by on the "other side." If you are strong, then be merciful.

Remember that we all look at life from different standpoints, and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path for you, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister.

The more she shrinks the more necessity for you to step in and help her on her way with genuine sympathy and loving sisterly words and acts.

A HEARTY LAUGH.

The cold, chilling atmosphere which sometimes pervades a reception or other social gathering is often entirely dissipated by the hearty, ringing laughter of some simple, genuine soul who is bubbling over with fun.

The stiffness and constraint which a minute before embarrassed the whole company are relieved as if by magic.

There is something in genuine, spontaneous humor which removes all restraint, scatters embarrassment, relieves tension and welds souls together as no introduction or conversation can.

It puts the shy at ease, dissipates prejudice, gives confidence to the timid and reassures the shrinking soul.

The cheery smile or the spontaneous laugh awakens sympathy and arouses feelings of friendliness. It seems to melt all barriers.

Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny face, to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to be able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow-laden hearts, to have power to send cheer into despairing souls through a sunny and a radiant heart!

And if, happily, this heritage is combined with a superb manner and exquisite personality, no money or wealth can compare with its value.

This blessing is not very difficult of acquisition, for a sunny face is but a reflection of a warm, generous heart. The sunshine does not appear first upon the face, but in the soul.

The glad smile that makes the face radiant is but a glimpse of the soul's sunshine.

A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS.

A well known lawyer is telling a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning, not long ago, relates the Brooklyn Citizen, the young autocrat of the office blew into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. Blank, to-day's a ball game down at the park to-day and I am going down."

Now the attorney was not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach

him a lesson in good manners. "Jimmie," he said, kindly, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you come over here and sit down and I'll show you how to do it." The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said, quietly, to the small boy in the big chair: "Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day. If you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon." In a flash the boy responded. "Why, certainly, Jimmie, and here is fifty cents to pay your way in."

There are no more lessons in manners in that office.

OVER THE DREAMLAND SEA.

The poppies nod in their garden bed— Sing high, sing low, my little one sleeps— And drowsily nods my baby's head— Sing low, my baby O!

And never a dream shall come to thee Save those that are sweet and fair, my wee, Across the Dreamland Sea.

Out in the garden the poppies bow— Sing high, sing low, my little one sleeps— They nod their heads to a pillow low— Sing low, my baby O!

But the poppies have only a leaf for rest, While my baby sleeps on mother's breast, And sails the Dreamland Sea.

God send to my baby slumber sweet— Sing high, sing low, my little one sleeps— And a pleasant path for his childish feet; Sing low, my baby O!

I pray God's love for rye little son And joy and peace which three are one, As he sails across life's sea. —Anna P. Paree.

THE MAKE-B'IEVE SISTER.

They's 'n Orphant 'Sylum across our square, An' I got a make-b'ieve sister there; A dear little thing 'bout four years old, 'Til big blue eyes an' hair like gold, An' the sweetest dimples I ever did see

When she stands at her winder an' smiled at me. Poor, dear little thing ain't got no Ma

Like I am got an' no dear Pa, 'Cause she ain't my real sister 't all. First time I seen her was jes' las' fall

W'en we wuz settin' out front one day, Me an' my Ma, an' the orphants they Wuz out fur their exercise 'cross the way;

An' last of 'em all 'at walked in line Wuz 'iss little make-b'ieve sister o' mine.

She jes' looked over at us an' nen She kep on lookin' agen an' agen, Sorter wonderin'-like, as though She wuz thinkin' she oughter know Who we are, an' after a while

The dear little thing beigned to smile An' clapped her hands an' cried: "O! look! There's my Ma 'at the angels took. I finded my Ma 'at I tinked wuz lost!

Hello, my Ma!" she hollered acrost, An' throwed a kiss to us settin' there An' Ma said "Goodness! I do declare!"

An' throwed her a kiss an' nodded her head; "Hello, little darling!" my dear Ma said, An' throwed more kisses an' nodded some more

An' watched her up to the 'Sylum door. An' nen when the little thing went inside My Ma she jes' set back an' cried. "At night w'en all my prayers wuz said

An' Ma wuz tuckin' me into bed She kissed me lots an' her cheeks wuz wet, An' she said: "My darling, we must not forget

'At poor little dear little orphant girl 'At ain't got no one in all the worl' 'To love an' to love her like you an' me.

Jes' think how thankful we oughter be." So, every morning' my Ma an' me We stand at our winder an' wait till she

Gets up at her winder acrost the way An' we can tell 'at she's tryin' to say "Good morning, Ma!" jes' as plain as day.

An' my Pa sez if we wuzn't so poor He'd take her out o' the 'Sylum, sure

An' bring her over to our house here. "Jes' wait an' we'll do it yet, my dear,"

My Pa he says, an' my Ma says "Do!"

I'm sure I'm able to care for two, An' think o' the joy 'at we all would feel

If the make-b'ieve wuz only real." Think of it! Wouldn't it jes' be fine? My make-b'ieve sister truly mine! —T. A. Daly.

The patient ones who wait quietly on God have a right to hope.

How aimless are the lives of many wrecks along the river of life, drifting about the sport of every wind!

Many a man thinks he is virtuous because he feels vicious when he sees others happy.

The science of the saints is patience.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

TWELFTH NIGHT GAMES.

Initial Games.—The players are provided with slips of paper and pencils. A name is given out, and each player is required within a limited time—say five minutes—to produce a sentence, the words of which begin with the letters of the name given, and which must also describe the character. For example, "Roosevelt" may be acrosticked thus:

- Regenerator Of Our Strenuous Existence; Vehemently Energetic, Loyal, Tenacious.

The initials from the name R-o-o-s-e-v-e-l-t, and the words attempted to describe the character of the President. Names of any of the players may be used, with comical occupations. A trifling prize is given for the best and quickest initial sentence.

Another way to play "Initials" is to select the initials which must govern the construction of the answer to a certain set of questions. For instance, supposing the name of the hostess to be "Sara Canning," her initials are chosen to begin the game. Every answer must be of two words, one beginning with S and the other with C. The players are once more provided with pencils and paper, and the leader gives out the following stock questions:

- 1. What virtue do you most admire? 2. What vice do you most resent? 3. What is your favorite flower? 4. Your favorite color? 5. Your favorite meat? 6. Your favorite drink? 7. What do you fear in your own disposition? 8. What do you desire of the world?

The answers, beginning with the required initials "S. C.," may be: 1. Silent charity. 2. Silly conceit. 3. Scarlet carnation. 4. Silver color. 5. Spring chicken. 6. Sweet cider. 7. Shallow contentment. 8. Staunch comrades.

"Zoo-Zoo."—Names of different birds, beasts, fishes and insects are written upon cards, which are shuffled and presented face down to each player. It is well to attach a loop to each card, as the player must wear it with the zoo-name visible to the company. After all the cards have been drawn, the leader calls out the name of an animal—the camel, for instance, with the demand: "Camel, what have you to say for yourself?"

The player who has drawn the card marked "camel" must respond or pay forfeit. Sometimes it is not necessary to do much talking. A ready-witted boy, who may have forgotten his camel literature, may walk around slowly in humpbacked fashion, or he will be forgiven even if he only hums "The Campbells Are Coming." What is unforgivable, because stupid, is to do nothing characteristic when the zoo-name is called.

As a matter of course, remembered bits of reading make the best possible responses. For example, if a player has drawn a lion card, he may recite AEsop's fable, "The Lion's Share," or La Fontaine's "King of Beasts," or perhaps he may recall Freiligrath's weird poem, beginning:

The lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride. By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief; The trembling scyamore above whispers with every leaf.

The elephant player may propose riddles to the company, such as "Why do I carry a travelling case?" The answer to which is easy. "Because you must have a trunk."

"Why do I carry a valuable article of commerce?" "Because your tusks are ivory."

"Why do I carry part of an artistic equipment?" "Because you need your palette (palate)."

"Why do I carry a number of Spanish grandees?" "Because you must have Ten Dons (tendons)."

"Why do I carry scholars with me?" "Because you can't do without the pupils in your eyes." And so on.

Suggestive conundrum qualities for zoo-names: A stop—paws, pause. A wild animal—hart, heart. Two covers—eye lids. Poo-ic divisions—feet. Heraldic sign—crest. A county in Ireland—Down. Part of Philadelphia—the Neck. Part of a contract—claws, clause. Part of a river—mouth.

THE PIG'S OBSTINACY.

One day a farmer was driving a pig along a country road, when an acquaintance met him and called out: "Hello, Jim, where are you taking the pig?"

"To Cork," was the reply. "But this isn't the way to Cork," said the man.

"Whisht!" whispered Jim, "It's to Dublin I'm takin' the baste, sure; but he's so contrary, I have to pretend we're goin' to Cork, else he couldn't walk a fut o' the way!"

Every boy who tried to drive a pig either by coaxing or forcing, knows well how stubborn the animal is. If it is wanted to move, it stands still; if it is given a push forward, it is almost sure to go back twice the distance. But there are ways of overcoming this stiff-necked and contradictory spirit, although many people do not know them, and lose their temper over porcine perversity.

On one occasion, three men were

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My back aches!" "Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Gallely, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

trying to get a pig out of a sty and drive it to another pen a little distance away, but the pig had evidently made up its mind that it was comfortable enough where it was, and not a foot would it budge. One man caught it by the ears and pulled, another grasped a foreleg, while the third twisted the tail; but all that the pig did was to stand still and squeal most fearfully.

A stranger who was passing by stopped and looked on, with some amusement. "What are you doing with the pig?" he asked.

"We're not doing anything with it," said one of the men; "only trying to get it into the pen over there. And it looks as if we were going to be beaten."

"Why, I could put it in by myself!" replied the stranger.

"I don't believe there's a man in the state who could do it," said another of the men.

"Well, I'm from another state," remarked the stranger, with a laugh, "but if you'll let me try, I'll agree to put the pig in the other pen."

"All right," assented the men, "go ahead."

"Stand to one side, then," said the pig-tamer, as he stepped behind the animal.

Stooping down he grasped it firmly by the hind legs and lifted it up as though it were a wheelbarrow.

The pig, resting on its fore-feet, with its snout almost touching the ground, was perfectly quiet. Then the stranger gave it a slight push. It moved forward, and he soon had it in the pen.

The men looked at each other with a puzzled expression, while the stranger remarked: "It's easy when you know how," and he walked away.

Then the men began to study out the philosophy of the feat, and this is the conclusion they arrived at: When the pig was caught and lifted up by the hind-legs its weight was thrown almost wholly upon its forefeet. It had "no purchase" by which to stand still or to move backward, and so the slightest push moved it forward.

As to its being quiet, this was doubtless due to its surprise at being treated in such an undignified way and to a feeling that it was utterly helpless. This was shown by the fact that so soon as the man let go it squealed in a way which more than made up for its enforced silence.—N. S. Adler.

THE TOOTH.

A tooth is a living structure. Inside of each tooth is a cavity filled with pulp, which gives it life. Nerves and blood vessels connect this pulp with the general system and circulation of the body. The ivory surrounding the pulp is covered over by a surface of enamel. Both ivory and enamel are harder than any other bones, because they contain a greater quantity of bone earth. Enamel on the tops of the teeth is one-sixteenth of an inch thick. It consists of little six-sided prisms placed side by side, and held together by an extremely fine cement. The pulp of the tooth becomes diseased, and toothache follows. Tartar is a secretion made by three glands in the mouth, full of small, living organisms, which assimilate matter in the saliva and deposit it on the teeth in the shape of phosphate of lime.

God's will done on earth as it is in Heaven, alone can make Heaven on earth. They are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

It would be wrong to send some people to Heaven; they would miss so much the chance to worry over the wildness of their neighbor's children.

A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over thirty-one years, its prosperity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says

212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.:

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

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

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill.

Mr. John O'Connor:

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

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

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

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:

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

JOHN O'CONNOR

199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

FOR SALE BY

WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.

J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E.

And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor.

Subscription rates: In City, including delivery... \$1.50 To all outside points... \$1.75

Office—9 Jordan St., Toronto

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertisement Rates

Transient advertisements to cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.

Telephone, Main 489.

JOSEPH COOLAHAN

is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1906.

CERTITUDE AND TRUTH.

Amongst the striking things which Dr. Torrey said during his revival there were some which, as statements, were undoubtedly sound; but coming from him they were very illogical. In the first place he said that in the question of religion or salvation a man ought to be certain. With that no fault can be found. If there is one question in life more than another upon which certitude must be had, and in which doubt is ruinous, it is the very question of the soul. A sailor might as well try to sail the open ocean and reach his port without a compass as that a man should attain heaven without certitude. But Dr. Torrey does not live up to his teaching. Even in almost the next sentence he tells how he led some one astray by wrong teaching. In which of his mental phases was he certain? Surely he did not teach in his earlier case what he doubted or what he thought to be wrong? At that time he was certain. Then afterwards he changed his teaching. What is the guarantee that he is now correct is our natural enquiry? Compare the two states of his mind in regard to the question whose importance he emphasizes with all earnestness. There is no warrant that either is right, or that the second is at all surer than the first. How can a teacher maintain that certainty is absolutely necessary in the case, and yet without any standard vary his teaching? It is always the same fallacious reasoning throughout the volume of Protestant logic. One day a man taught that there was no hell, that the Bible was, verse by verse, inspired. A day came, and he felt or thought he was wrong—and he arose and told his hearers the very opposite of what he had previously maintained. If certainty is one condition in the question, consistency in teaching is surely another. The stand, which Dr. Torrey takes is most untenable, and for his hearers unfair. He insists that they shall be certain, and admits in the same breath that he has varied. There cannot be consistency where there is no authoritative teaching; nor can there be any certainty. Let any man insist upon certainty in religion and we are with him. But he must come with us to the other side; he must come to the chair where sits the only consistent, authoritative, infallible teacher.

Another point of Dr. Torrey's is worthy of comment. He said that it was good to be honest but better to be true. So it is. In the all-important question of our relation with God truth is the end to be aimed at, the light to be followed, the rest and refuge to be found. Without truth certainty would be a delusion and honesty a snare. What the King's image is to the coin of the realm, that is truth to the soul. In it alone can the intellect find its perfection or satisfy its needs. Insatiable in its demands, it leaps into the boundless chance questioning the unseen—and in its thought greater than all else. Man is free to think or not to think. But if he thinks he thinks according to a law. Truth must lead him. And when he thinks he must think a truth. His act of thought is not terminated, he has not reached his goal, when he thinks a lie. He must strive again. The question will simply repeat itself, the mind be unsatisfied, the ghost will still walk the earth until the truth bestow rest upon the searching restless intelligence. It is so with religious truth as with all other. But people put aside the other world, as interfering too much with this world's pleasures and concerns. They should not do it, for its essential importance demands attention. Whither will religious truth lead? Here comes the contradiction in Protestantism. Truth is one, not many. The Church of Christ is true and the Church of Christ is one. It is one from the beginning; it is one now; and it will be one on that day when the angel will bid the preacher hold his peace. It is not hard to find that true Church, always one, everywhere united, at Rome, in Canada, in the islands of the seas. There alone is truth, there alone can certainty be found. And we maintain that if Dr. Torrey wishes to be regarded as sincere he must carry his logic to its conclusion, seek the truth whithersoever it may lead him. It was thus that Brownson in America and Newman in England sought truth,

step by step, with sincerity and singleness of purpose, and found it in the one, holy, Roman Catholic and true Church.

EVOLUTION.

Of the philosophical attempts to explain the world's mystery the evolutionary theory is the most unsatisfactory. Materialistic in its origin, it is earthly in its method and limited by the senses in its field of action. Instead of bread it offers a stone to its votaries, and it strives to gather figs from thorns and grapes from thistles. To the ambitious it offers no prize but the temporal kingdoms of the world, nor has it a gift in answer to the hunger and thirst for justice. Its only offspring is agnosticism, unbelief, atheism and materialism. These are her adopted brood—the members of the household of evolution. Nor has she seen her children even to the third generation. Looking at the modern phases of evolution we may reasonably start with Harnack and close with Herbert Spencer. The theory itself may be explained as a mere mechanical building up of all the facts of nature, animate as well as inanimate. Not only does it account for the structure of rocks and sea and stars by the mechanical arrangement of atoms, but likewise the activity of living organisms and even the spiritual energies of man's soul. The blade of grass has its being and its growth by the mere mechanical mixture and chemical changes of certain elements just as the rocky mound in the very same way the thoughts of man, the thoughts that burn and float like fiery meteors through the void of time, are similar elements, more complex because more numerous, but not otherwise differing from the action of the lowest growth or the being of the lowest inanimate shell in ocean's darkest cave. It is one continual progress, along the same line, starting from the simple and becoming more complex as we advance. The simple differs from the complex only in having fewer elements, while the complex has more. Nor is there any more difference between animate and inanimate objects—still less between the species of living beings. It looks upon creation as a line made up of an indefinite number of points. Leibnitz it was who defined a line as a moving point. Leibnitz it was also who, though not strictly an evolutionist, carried his mathematical error into philosophy and lent this specious argument to all subsequent evolutionists. One serious error in the theory of evolution is that it necessitates maintaining that every particle of every element, i.e., every material particle of every material element, possesses a certain degree of consciousness. The block of marble out of which the genius of the artist elaborates the statue differs from the thought of the artist only in degree. Thought is neither of the brain nor the resultant of material forces. Simple apprehension, equitable judgment, subtle reasoning, clear consciousness, all lie in a sphere beyond the material. The unity of thought and its manifestation to itself are such that no materialistic explanation is satisfactory. And the principle of the act is greater than the act. We think; and we know that we think. These imply a reflexion, a turning-back, upon the object by itself, which to things material is absolutely impossible. The grain of sand or the molecule of hydrogen cannot turn in upon themselves. The wind may drift them where it will; magnetism or electricity may produce motion. No material force, however subtle, can introspect itself. That, therefore, which is the principle of this immaterial act is also above the material. Thus the faculty of our intelligence, and the substance of the soul, as well, are immaterial. No development, progress, growth or evolution of the most refined material, ever produced, or could produce, a thought. That thought abides above the world of sense, as does the soul from which it springs.

Darwin by his theory of transmutation or descent, gave evolution a great impulse. According to this theory every form of organic life, from the lowest plant up to man, originated at most from a few ancestors, or from one primitive type into which life was breathed. This evolution takes place by the struggle for existence, or as it is sometimes called the natural selection. One insuperable objection to this theory is that none of these transitional forms are found. In fact the evidence found by scientists exhibits a progressive advance in fossil remains, analogous to that now seen in creation, so that one and the same plan of structure must have existed from the beginning. In England, out of eleven extinct mammals found in the deposits of the glacial period no less than ten are identical with species now existing. Without entering into other objections to Darwin we may observe that his inductions in regard to natural selection are entirely unwarranted. The three kingdoms of nature, the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal, are in ascending scale. But there is no proof that one has proceeded from the other. If so, the same genesis would apply to the formation of the internal organs. Just as the brain is not evolved from the heart, neither is the bird from the fish. Evolution is the result of scientific study of nature without regard to the first or final cause. Its eye is bent upon the earth—where it sees the bounded horizon of its own guess-work; and knows, nor craves to know, no other world. It does not explain the descent of man, nor does it account for the thought which

possess their native literature and so their native history and tradition. The Celt, alas, has lost his mother tongue, has been deprived of it by unjust and iniquitous laws, it is therefore incumbent on him if he wish to know the glorious history of a glorious ancestry that he study the story in a particular way. It is impossible for the children of our schools to share in the Revival to the extent of mastering the old Celtic language of their sires, but to learn something of their story, to go over the chain of events that connects the Ireland of St. Patrick, the Ireland of schools and scholars, the Ireland of Cromwell, the Ireland of O'Connell, the present day Ireland of Redmond and his patriotic band, with themselves and the larger Ireland across the seas is by no means an impossible task, and if rightly pursued, will be by no means an unpleasant one. The tongue of the Saxon will of necessity be the medium, but even so, the history of Ireland will be found of intense interest, if but even half-fairly presented. In the exchange referred to it was stated that, universities, colleges, convents and many parish schools had ignored the teaching of Irish history, and that the Christian Brothers alone, both here and in the Green Isle itself, had maintained their reputation as true teachers, by infusing into their pupils a knowledge of the history of the Celts and their land. If this be true then here is a hint which may be profited by in Toronto. At a patriotic meeting held in the city a short time ago, it was stated that Canadians are more Irish than the Irish themselves. This statement was more courteous than true. There are many, and that many the majority, amongst our younger generation, who are far from knowing that to be Irish or a descendant of Irish ancestors, is to be from a people amongst the most gifted of God's created beings; that the aristocracy of intellect which is the only aristocracy that counts, is found in its highest perfection in the ranks of Erin's sons and daughters, and that the prowess of her many gifted sons has never been surpassed by any nation on earth. Knowledge on the subject would do away with the wish to avoid the patrician names of Patrick and Bridget and the feeling that would be infused into the soul, would be pride and gratitude that one was born Irish or had Irish blood coursing through one's veins. Joyce's History is a readable and concise little book, of which the illustrations alone would elevate Erin's Isle in the mind of the student. If no other is to hand this narrative of Ireland may be commended to our children.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.

It is hard to say what is the prospect of these schools, judging by the results of the elections. These elections give the Liberals a clear majority over all other parties united together. It may be and probably is the case that many who are elected as Liberals have pledged themselves to serve the interests and claims of Catholics. We come to this conclusion from the fact that the laity were urged very strongly to vote for the candidate only so far as that candidate's answer was satisfactory. It must also be conceded that the Nonconformists had been courting the Liberal vote in a somewhat similar way from the opposite direction. Now many of the Liberal party recognize the fairness of the stand taken by the Bishops and the laity on the subject. The denominational schools, says the Catholic Times, are admittedly too strong to be abolished by even the mightiest Parliamentary majority. The President of the Board of Education, Mr. Birrell, expresses the hope that it is possible for children whose parents desire definite religious teaching to receive it, not indeed as part of the public school curriculum, but nevertheless on school premises, if need be, though out of school hours. The Catholic Times remarks upon this statement that they will not be surprised if when Mr. Birrell comes to frame his bill he recognizes that those wishes are deeper and stronger on the part of Catholics than of any other religious section of the community. The various other journals are not quite so clear as the Catholic Times. In fact an article in the Tablet was regarded as decidedly mischievous by the Catholic Times and is denounced by more than one of the Clergy. The main offence of this article is that without consultation it presumes to decide what are the essentials of the Catholic demand. It claims for Catholics only two out of six managers in their own schools and is prepared to hand over to the local authorities the right to appoint teachers absolutely, the power to object to a teacher on religious grounds being reserved to the Trustees. The Guardian, an English Church paper, in an article says: "The same persons who declare with passionate convictions that the State ought to enter into possession of the schools—to confiscate, that is to say, private property worth many millions—are apparently prepared to make special terms with the Roman Catholic schools." Why? Because politicians who control some seventy or eighty votes in Parliament are interested in their preservation, and because the Roman Church in this country has been saved by its position and antecedents from incurring the acute political enmity of the party of secularization. Nor is there a want of a little humor in this grave question. In the National Review for January a writer in the character of a member of the Cabinet writes addressing Mr. Birrell, President of the Board of Education: "One thing I beg—don't commit us to a conflict with the Roman Catholic Church. Even Bismarck had at last to go to Canossa, and you and I are no Bismarcks—at least I am not. After all it is only a question of supply and demand. Why could we not adopt the Scotch system—repeat the Cowper Temple clause and let each local authority provide whatever kind of schools and whatever religious teaching there is a demand for? If the Nonconformists won't have that how about letting each ratepayer allocate his rate to the Church, Roman Catholic or undenominational, as he prefers? They tell me this works all right in Canada; and it is undeniably fair."

IRISH HISTORY IN THE SCHOOLS

Some time ago a motion was brought before the Separate School Board to the effect that Irish History should be taught in our schools or at least used as supplementary reading in the classes. That, as we said before, was some time ago. Has anything been done since to forward the movement? If not, measures immediate and strong should be taken to have the work of the motion put into practice, if we would have our schools abreast of the times by taking part in the Revival, which is finding enthusiastic supporters, wherever the sons of Erin are found. From a contemporary we learn that the matter was taken up a few days ago in Chicago, and it was charged then that the subject did not receive sufficient attention, or the thought which was its due. Italians, French, Germans and Poles, it was claimed, keep their language even in their homes in the New World. To retain their mother tongue means to

THE REVIVALISTS.

The following article was unavoidably left over from last week, but as its point is as apropos to the present as when written, we publish it now:

After the various missions held in the Catholic churches throughout the city during the autumn our non-Catholic brethren deemed it necessary to have a religious revival. It would not do to let the old church display all the zeal and have so many edifying examples of religious devotion. They must do something. The difficulty was what to do. If the Anglicans had missions the others would not attend them. If the Presbyterians were leading in the movement or held the missions in their churches the Anglicans and Methodists would stay away. A happy thought struck some one. Drs. Torrey and Alexander, two well known and well advertised revivalists, were invited, and Massey Hall, a neutral ground, was chosen as commodious and convenient for the expected thousands. The gentlemen have been here for some time—long enough to have made a deeper impression than they have made. Comparing the number of those who attend with the number reported as standing up and answering to appeals of so-called conversion, the showing is small and poor, nay, insignificant. This is more striking when we consider that the results of these revivalists elsewhere have shown no lasting good. If their methods are a criterion it could hardly be otherwise. Noisy, fear-inspiring appeals, sentimental religion, inharmonious, yet well meant hymn singing may all have a certain part in enthusiasm, but there is too much fire-works about these methods to catch the reflecting mind or keep in fold the returning sheep. We say nothing about the dogmatic faith of these revivalists. When we think of those whom they were addressing they said some good and true things. When they maintained the Divinity of our Blessed Lord; when they asserted the eternity and fire of hell—these were truths which Protestants needed to hear, to which the present generation has grown blind and callous. Other things were not so good. For Dr. Torrey to say: "I belong to

the holy Catholic Church but not to the Roman Catholic Church," was to be facetious, if not impertinent; to claim more than he can demand; and distinguish two things which in themselves are identical. It is foolish also, and especially for a revivalist, not to desire a perfect church. As to doctrines concerning conversion, salvation, and justification these revivalists maintain, as might be expected, the Protestant or Lutheran theory. It is not to our purpose to enter upon that controversy or otherwise criticize these speakers. Critics have not been wanting. From the Unitarians on the one hand and the Anglicans on the other, attacks are coming thick and fast. A prominent Unitarian minister has emptied his Sunday quiver of arrows which he directed against Dr. Torrey. Dr. Torrey, he claimed, had been too narrow, too severe in teaching that there is an eternal, fiery hell. Unitarianism is a modern form of rationalism, and this criticism was the assault of a rationalist scholar upon the ill-framed, weak-fashioned forts of Protestant outlying bulwarks. We desist that Dr. Torrey would find considerable difficulty in answering this critic. We rather enjoy the spectacle. Next Sunday they may both unite in condemning the Catholic Church; for whatever may be their own differences and quarrels, they are shoulder to shoulder in united attack upon the old Church, the Mother of the Churches, the Roman Catholic Church, to which Dr. Torrey prides himself in not belonging.

An Anglican critic considers that his watchmen are asleep whilst their people are making a short cut to heaven by way of this novel conversion. He says: "If Dr. Torrey be right baptism, confirmation, holy communion—even the ordination of clergy and the consecration of bishops seem superfluous." Another Anglican thinks his clergy are altogether too indifferent, and that they ought to express satisfaction because some have gone over to Dr. Torrey. Other critics attack the revivalists' view of hell, as antiquated exploded and unsupported. So the number of critics increases, whilst the number of converts remains about stationary. Protestantism never fails in two points. It never fails in being divided. Nor does it ever fail in undying antipathy to the Catholic Church. The revival now being held in Toronto shows up the first point—the division amongst Protestants. Just as soon, however, as an opportunity presents itself they will stand together again and display a united front against the Church.

Annulment of Marriage

Theologians have been summoned by Mr. Justice Taschereau before the Superior Court at St. Scholastique, in order to clear up a difficulty which has arisen in the suit of Octave Alaire and Emma Lauzon to have their marriage annulled. They were married in October, 1901. Octave Alaire was a widower with five children, and his partner a widow with four. As they were first cousins they procured a dispensation. A few months after the marriage they found that they could not agree over the fulfillment of the conditions of the marriage contract, and they discovered at the same time that they were also related in the fourth degree, a relationship for which no dispensation had been obtained. On the strength of that impediment the annulment of the marriage was demanded from the Church, and in 1905 Archbishop Bruchesi issued a decree formally pronouncing said annulment. The husband then took out the present action to have that decision confirmed by the court and the marriage contract also annulled. When the case was called the judge expressed some surprise that a dispensation for a relationship of first cousins should not cover a more distant relationship in the fourth degree, and he ordered theologians to be called up to elucidate the point.

The Independent Cash-Mutual Fire Insurance Company

The Shareholders have every reason to be gratified at the very excellent report of the above company for the year 1905, appearing elsewhere in today's issue, as presented at the Annual Meeting held yesterday. The Gross Premium Income for the twelve months was \$90,857.46. After payment of all Losses and Expenses, in addition to a Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital, the amount carried to the Reserve now stands at \$40,978.38. This excellent result cannot but be appreciated by the insuring public, whose confidence in the Independent is already so well established. Under careful and conservative management this Company is rapidly forging ahead. The Authorized Capital is \$500,000. Subscribed Capital \$125,000—the Company has deposited with the Ontario Government the full Statutory Amount required, and has now the substantial sum of \$165,978.38 as security for Policy Holders. The business written has shown marked expansion during the year, and the prospects for the future of the Independent are most encouraging.

DEATH

KEARNEY—On Tuesday, January 23, 1906, at his late residence, 361 Queen Street East, John Kearney, aged 84. Dublin, Ireland, papers please copy.

The Home Bank of Canada
8 KING ST. W. 78 CHURCH ST. 522 QUEEN ST. W.
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
Savings Accounts
Sterling Exchange Bought and Sold
Drafts issued payable at all leading banks in Canada and the United States
Savings Department of Church St. and Queen St. Branches open every SATURDAY EVENING, 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK
JAMES MASON, General Manager

DRESS WELL
First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.
FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"
Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing
30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074

MAISO
JULES & CHARLES
Stock taking Sale, 15% Reduction During January
Crown Switches completely conquer all competition by their simplicity and cheapness
Natural Wavy \$3.00 Straight \$2.00
Transformation, Pompadour, Bang, Gents Toupees—Wigs.
Use only Jules and Charles' Green Soap, Finest Shampoo Leaves the Hair Soft and Glossy, 35c half lb. 50c one lb. pot.
431 Yonge Street, Toronto PHONE M 2498

A New Fountain Pen Offer
So many of our friends accepted our Pen Offer last year that we have made an arrangement which enables us to
Renew the Offer
THAT IS, we can supply a
FIRST-CLASS GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN
To every subscriber, old or new, who sends us
A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE,
and FIFTY (50) CENTS additional. The pen will be forwarded immediately on receipt of the money. It is a better pen than any \$2.00 pen on the market.
The cut shows the exact size, and bears the manufacturer's guarantee that the pen is solid GOLD 14K fine.
N.B.—If it does not prove satisfactory in every way we will exchange it for another, or return the fifty cents additional on return of the pen.
Address:
The Catholic Register
9 Jordan Street

A TRIUMPH OF ART
In laundry work it was everyone calls the output of this establishment—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else washed without tearing, fraying, ripping off of buttons; starching not too little or too much, ironing without scorching, or otherwise ruining of everything in a man's wardrobe that ought to go into the tub. If your friends can't tell you about our work, phone us. We'll call for and deliver the goods and our way of doing up things will tell for itself.

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

A DELIGHTFUL OPERETTA

(Ottawa Citizen, Jan. 18th.) It would be hard to imagine a juvenile production more pretty and pleasing than the operetta, The Gypsy Queen, as presented in the Normal School assembly hall last evening by the girls of the model school.

The story of the Gypsy Queen opens in the Tyrol mountains where the Tyrolese are merrymaking. In this scene about forty little girls indulge in choruses and dances. The May day fete ends with the Tyrolese Queen, Rosalie, being lost. The second act shows a Gypsy camp with woodland scenery, tripod, baskets, etc.

Each and every one did exceedingly well and it would be most difficult to particularize. The principals and chorus were attired in dainty frocks of pale greens, pinks, yellows and white, with sparkling ornaments, and many adjectives could be used in telling how bewitching they all were.

After the operetta Dr. White made a short address expressing appreciation of the presence of the vice-regal party and pointing out the value of character building in teaching.

Magnificent Cathedral for St. Boniface

A magnificent Cathedral is soon to be erected by Archbishop Langevin at St. Boniface, the estimated cost being a quarter of a million. The building will be 304 feet long and will be of French Romanesque architecture.

On a Level with a Thief

The following letter written many years ago, probably to a Toronto paper, is now going the rounds of our Catholic exchanges. Its pith is as applicable to Toronto now as elsewhere.

J. J. M. LANDY 416 QUEEN ST., W.

WHY NOT

Go to the new Religious Goods House, 416 Queen St. West, Toronto, for Prayer Books, Prayer Beads, Statues, Crucifixes, Candles, Oils, Floats, Incense, Charcoal, Candlesticks, Candelabra, Censors, etc., etc.

JUST OUT

New illustrated booklet "Hints to Shoppers" mailed to any address free. Send for one. Remember the Address—416 Queen Street West.

J. J. M. LANDY

Diamond Setter, Jeweller, Watchmaker and Optician. 416 Queen St. West. Phone Main 2758. Toronto, Can. Mailand Phone orders promptly execute

newspapers to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts. Catholics at least cannot be unaware of their obligations in this matter, and that absolutism to a penitent heartily sorry for his sins does not free him from the obligations of paying his just debts.

"Yours faithfully, JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto."

Kubelik Entertained by Archbishop Farley

(The Catholic Universe.) Kubelik, whose violin recital at Gray's Armory next Wednesday evening, will be a musical event of rare interest, was entertained at dinner by Archbishop Farley at the archiepiscopal residence in New York City last week, and after the collation the Bohemian Virtuoso reciprocated by playing four hours almost without intermission for his host and his fellow guests.

Jessie McLachlan

The Queen of Scotland's Song. (Written for the Catholic Register.)

Oh! Jessie w! the golden throat, Ye gaed my heart a blow. Your star-like eyes, your raven locks, Your brow sae like the snaw.

Again beside my mother's knee, A wee bit bairn I stood, And drank sae deep o' Scotia's song That fired my childish blood.

I saw our serried ranks again, I saw the claymore's flash, The gleaming light like lightning glare, The sound like thunder's crash.

Will ye no come back again, Leal hearts to live among? Will ye no come back again, Fairest queen of Scotland's song?

An Audience With Pope Pius X

(Continued from page 1.) the hundred wandering sheep of the flock, France? That he did not explain. He blessed us, and his singing voice proved singularly rich, resonant and pure in intonation for an old man. Decidedly Pius X. is musical. The pilgrims thundered the Te Deum a second time with such pious fervor that the venerable walls of the Sala Regia shook with their lung vibrations.

Pius X. is a democratic man. He may be seen by the faithful at any time. He has organized a number of athletic clubs for young Romans, taking a keen interest in their doings. He intends stemming—a terrible task—the rising flood of bad taste in Italian churches, the gimcracks, gewgaws and mechanical art—all in such shocking bad taste. He is very charitable. Probably because of this, because of such sums as \$100,000 sent to the earthquake victims in Calabria, St. Peter's musical service is so mediocre.—Record-Herald.

IMPERIAL COAL. THAT BURNS TO WHITE ASH NO SLATS NO CLINKERS DELIVERED PROMPTLY AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES. ONCE USED - ALWAYS USED. PHONE NORTH 2022-2063-1901 THE IMPERIAL COAL CO.

THE IMPERIAL COAL CO. TWENTY-FIFTH Annual Statement OF THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. HOME OFFICE: 112-118 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DEC., 1905.

Financial statement table for North American Life Assurance Co. for the year ended 31st Dec. 1905. Includes Receipts, Disbursements, Assets, and Liabilities.

ONLY ONE HUNDRED MINUTES TO DRED UP TIME. Can You Spare 100 minutes during the next thirty days, if it means health for you? Cured of Liver and Kidney Trouble. The Uncertainty of existence is matched only by the certainty of life insurance.

O'KEEFE'S FAMOUS BREWS. Special Extra Mild Ale, Special Extra Mild Porter, Special Lager. CANADA'S FINEST.

CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE. THIS IS THE TIME TO ORGANIZE A BRASS BAND. WHALEY ROYCE & CO. LTD. 356 MAIN ST. WINNIPEG, MAN. 128 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED. One Hundred more Young Men and women, who are ambitious and enterprising, to qualify in the Business College. TORONTO, ONT.

Headaches are usually caused by Eyestrain and can be cured by wearing properly fitted glasses. MRS. K. HURLEY, O.R. Graduate New York University of Optometry.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices. Doan's Kidney Pills, Ferrozone, Little Liver Pills, Belladonna Porous Plaster, Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills, 2 qt. Fountain Syringe, N. Y. Elastic Truss, Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION. 59 Yonge St., Toronto. Luxfer Prisms. Ornamental Windows. Memorial Windows.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Commencing June 4, 1905 THE "Ocean Limited". Will Leave Daily Except Saturday MONTREAL 19.30 Arrive Daily Except Sunday ST. JOHN 17.15 HALIFAX 20.15

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM FOR THE WINTER GO TO CALIFORNIA MEXICO or FLORIDA "The Land of Summer's Sunshine."

Guaranteed Mortgages. Improved Real Estate. This Corporation absolutely protects holders of mortgages guaranteed by it from any loss resulting from failure of a mortgagor to pay principal or interest.

McSHANE'S BELLS. See ringing evidence of sterling worth. Over 30,000 ringing round the world. McSHANE BELL WORKS, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

"Worn Out" People

—Don't neglect the first symptoms. Oftentimes the irritating cough, the insipid cold, the listless and languid feeling, are due to a weak state of the system. It is a sure sign of breakdown. Nothing else will put you right so quickly and effectively as "PSYCHINE." If you feel "worn out," it is time for a tonic, a real tonic. There is only one really good tonic. It is "PSYCHINE." Keep a bottle handy—never be without it. It tones up the system and restores your old time vitality. Ask your druggist about it.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL

DR T. A. SLOCUM, Limited 179 King St. W. Toronto, Canada

The Cannibal Plant

After Prof. Jephth Jonkin had, by skillful grafting and care, succeeded in raising a single tree that produced at different seasons, apples, oranges, pineapples, figs, coconuts and peaches, it might have been supposed he would rest from his scientific labors. But Prof. Jonkin was not that kind of a man.

He was continually striving to grow something new in the plant world. So it was no surprise to Bradley Adams, when calling on his friend one afternoon, to find that scientist busy in his large conservatory.

"What are you up to now?" asked Adams. "Trying to make a rose bush produce violets, or a honeysuckle vine bring forth pumpkins?"

"Neither," replied Prof. Jonkin, a little stiffly, for he resented Adams' playful tone. "Not that either of those things would be difficult. But look at that."

He pointed to a small plant with bright, glossy green leaves mottled with red spots. The thing was growing in a large earthen pot.

It bore three flowers, about the size of morning glories, and not unlike that blossom in shape, save, near the top, there was a sort of lid, similar to the flap observed on a jack-in-the-pulpit plant.

"Look down one of those flowers," went on the professor, and Adams, wondering what was to come, did so.

He saw within a small tube, lined with fine, hair-like filaments, which seemed to be in motion. And the shaft or tube went down to the bottom of the morning-glory-shaped part of the flower. At the lower extremity was a little clear liquid.

"Kind of a clear blossom. What is it?" asked Adams.

"That," said the professor, with a note of pride in his voice, "is a specimen of the *Sarracenia Nepenthis*."

"What's that? French for sunflower, or Latin for sweet pea?" asked Adams, irreverently.

"It is Latin for pitcher plant," responded the professor, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet three. "One of the most interesting of the South American flora."

"The name fits it pretty well," observed Adams. "I see there's water at the bottom. I suppose this isn't the pitcher that went to the well too often?"

"The *Sarracenia Nepenthis* is a most wonderful plant," went on the professor in his lecture voice, not heeding Adams' joking remarks. "It belongs to what Darwin calls the carnivorous family of flowers, and other varieties of the same species are the *Dionaea Muscipula*, or Venus Fly-trap, the *Darlingtonia*, the *Pinguicula* and *Aldrovandra*, as well as—"

"Hold on, professor," pleaded Adams. "I'll take the rest on faith. Just tell me about this pitcher plant. It seems interesting."

"It is interesting," said Prof. Jonkin. "It eats insects."

"Eats insects?"

"Certainly. Watch."

The professor opened a small wire cage lying on a shelf and took from it several flies. These he liberated close to the queer plant.

The insects buzzed about a few seconds, dazed with their sudden liberty.

Then they began to slowly circle in the vicinity of the strange flowers. Nearer and nearer the blossoms they came, attracted by some subtle perfume, as well as by a sweet syrup that was on the edge of the petals, put there by nature for the very purpose of drawing hapless insects into the trap.

The flies settled down, some on the petals of all three blossoms. Then a curious thing happened.

The little hair-like filaments in the tube within the petals suddenly reached out and wound themselves about the insects feeding on the sweet stuff, and which seemed to intoxicate them. In an instant the flies were pulled to the top of the flower shaft by a contraction of the hairs, and then they went tumbling down the tube into the miniature pond below, where they were drowned after a brief struggle. Their crawling back was prevented by spines growing with points down, as the wires in some rat-traps are fastened.

Meantime the cover of the plant closed down.

"Why, it's a regular fly-trap, isn't it?" remarked Adams, much surprised.

"It is," replied the professor. "The plant lives off the insects it captures. It absorbs them, digests them, and when it is hungry again, catches more."

"Where'd you get such an uncanny thing?" asked Adams, moving away from the plant as if he feared it might take a sample bite out of him.

"A friend sent it to me from Brazil."

"But you're not going to keep it, I hope?"

"I certainly am," rejoined Prof. Jonkin.

"Maybe you're going to train it to come to the table and eat like a human being," suggested Adams, with a laugh that nettled the professor.

"I wouldn't have to train it much to induce it to be polite," snapped back the owner of the pitcher plant.

And then, seeing that his jokes were not relished, Adams assumed an interest he did not feel, and listened to a long dissertation on botany in general and carnivorous plants in particular.

He would much rather have been eating some of the queer hybrid fruits the professor raised. He pleaded an engagement when he saw an opening in the talk, and went away.

It was some months after that before he saw the professor again. The botanist was busy in his conservatory in the meantime, and the gardener he hired to do rough work noticed that his master spent much time in that part of the glass house where the pitcher plant was growing.

For Prof. Jonkin had become so much interested in his latest acquisition that he seemed to think of nothing else. His plan for increasing strawberries to the size of peaches was abandoned for a time, as was his pet scheme of raising apples without any core.

The gardener wondered what there was about the South American blossoms to require such close attention.

One day he thought he would find out, and he started to enter that part of the conservatory where the pitcher plant was growing. Prof. Jonkin halted him before he had stepped inside and sternly bade him never to appear there again.

As the gardener, crestfallen, moved away after a glimpse into the forbidden region, he muttered:

"My, that plant has certainly grown! And I wonder what the professor was doing so close to it. Looked as if he was feeding the thing."

As the days went by the conduct of Prof. Jonkin became more and more curious. He scarcely left the southern end of the conservatory, save at night, when he entered his house to sleep.

He was a bachelor, and had no family cares to trouble him, so he could spend all his time among his plants. But hitherto he had divided his attention among his many experiments in the floral kingdom.

Now he was always with his mysterious pitcher plant. He even had his meals sent into the greenhouse.

"Be you keepin' boarders?" asked the butcher boy of the gardener one day, pausing on his return to the store, his empty basket on his arm.

"No. Why?"

"The professor is orderin' so much meat lately. I thought you had company."

"No, there's only us two. Mr. Adams used to come to dinner once in a while, but not lately."

"Then you an' the professor must have big appetites."

"What makes you think so?"

"The number of beefsteaks you eat."

"The number of beefsteaks? Why, my lad, the professor and I are both vegetarians."

"What's them?"

"Neither of us eat a bit of meat. We don't believe it's healthy."

"Then what becomes of the three big porterhouse steaks I deliver to the professor in the greenhouse every day?"

"Porterhouse steaks?" questioned the gardener, amazed.

"Do you feed 'em to the dog?"

"We don't keep a dog."

But the butcher boy questioned no further, for he saw a chum and hastened off to join him.

"Three porterhouse steaks a day!" mused the gardener, shaking his head. "I do hope the professor has not ceased to be a vegetarian. Yet it looks mighty suspicious. And he's doing it on the sly, too, for there's been no meat cooked in the house, of that I'm sure."

And the gardener, sorely puzzled over the mystery, went off, shaking his head more solemnly than before.

He resolved to have a look in the place the professor guarded so carefully. He tried the door when he was sure his master was in another part of the conservatory, but it was locked, and no key the gardener had would unfasten it.

A month after the gardener had heard of the porterhouse steaks, Adams happened to drop in to see his friend the professor again.

"He's in with the *Sarracenia Nepenthis*," said the gardener, in answer to the visitor's inquiry. "But I doubt if he will let you enter."

"Why won't he?"

"Because he's become mighty close-

mouthed of late over that pitcher plant."

"Oh, I guess he'll see me," remarked Adams, confidently, and he knocked on the door that shut off the locked section of the greenhouse from the main portion.

"Who's there?" called the professor.

"Adams."

"Oh," in a more conciliatory tone, "I was just wishing you'd come along. I have something to show you."

Prof. Jonkin opened the door and the sight that met Adams' gaze startled him.

The only plant in that part of the conservatory was a single specimen of the *Sarracenia Nepenthis*. Yet it had attained such enormous proportions that at first Adams thought he must be dreaming.

"What do you think of that for an achievement in science?" asked the professor, proudly.

"Do you mean to say that is the small fly-catching plant your friend sent you from Brazil?"

"The same."

"But—but—"

"But how it's grown, that's what you want to say, isn't it?"

"It is. How did you do it?"

"By dieting the blossoms."

"You mean—?"

"I mean feeding them. Listen, I reasoned that if a small blossom of the plant would thrive on a few insects, by giving it larger meals I might get a bigger plant. So I made my plans."

"First I cut off all but one blossom so that the strength of the plant would nourish that alone. Then I made out a bill of fare. I began feeding it on chopped beef. The plant took to it like a puppy. It seemed to beg for more. From chopped meat I went to small pieces, cut up. I could fairly see the blossom increase in size. From that I went to choice mutton chops, and, after a week of them, with the plant becoming gigantic all the while, I increased its meals to a porterhouse steak a day. And now—"

The professor paused to contemplate his botanical work.

"Well, now?" questioned Adams.

"Now," went on the professor, proudly, "my pitcher plant takes three big beef-steaks every day—one for breakfast, one for dinner, and one for supper. And see the result."

Adams gazed at the immense plant. From a growth about as big as an Easter lily it had increased until the top was near the roof of the greenhouse, twenty-five feet above.

About fifteen feet up, or ten feet from the top, there branched out a great flower, about eight feet long and three feet across the bell-shaped mouth, which, except for the cap or cover, was not unlike the opening of an immense morning glory.

The flower was heavy, and the stalk on which it grew was not strong enough to support it upright. So a rude scaffolding had been constructed of wood and boards, and on a frame the flower was held upright.

In order to see it to better advantage, and also that he might feed it, the professor had a ladder by which he could ascend to a small platform in front of the bell-shaped mouth of the blossom.

"It is time to give my pet its meal," he announced, as if he were speaking of some favorite horse. "Want to come up and watch it eat?"

"No, thank you," responded Adams. "It's too uncanny."

The professor took a large steak, one of the three which the butcher boy had left that day. Holding it in his hand, he climbed up the ladder and was soon on the platform in front of the plant.

Adams watched him curiously. The professor leaned over to toss the steak into the yawning mouth of the flower.

Suddenly Adams saw him totter, throw his arms wildly in the air, and then, as if drawn by some overpowering force, he fell forward, lost his balance and toppled into the maw of the pitcher plant!

There was a jar to the stalk and blossom as the professor fell within. He went head first into the tube, or eating apparatus of the strange plant, his legs sticking out for an instant, kicking wildly. Then he disappeared entirely.

Adams didn't know whether to

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HE WAS LAID UP FOR OVER A YEAR

HE WAS LAID UP FOR OVER A YEAR

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Now He's Perfectly Healthy and Able to Work Gives all the Credit to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Wapella, Assa., N.W.T., Jan. 29.—(Special)—Cured of Kidney Disease that had laid him up for over a year, Mr. Geo. Bartleman, a well-known man here, is loud in his praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills, for to them and nothing else he claims he owes his cure.

"Yes, I had Kidney Trouble," Mr. Bartleman says. "I had pains in my back and in other parts of my body and though the doctor did what he could for me, I grew worse till I was unable to work."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I took them all winter and summer while I was unable to work. I took in all twelve boxes, and now I am perfectly healthy. My pains are all gone and I am able to work. I heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all impurities, all seeds of disease, out of the blood. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure such a wide range of diseases including Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and Urinary Troubles.

laugh or be alarmed.

He mounted the ladder, and stood in amazement before the result of the professor's work as he looked down into the depth of the gigantic flower, increased a hundred times in size.

He was aware of a strange, sickish-sweet odor that seemed to steal over his senses. It was lulling him to sleep, and he fought against it. Then he looked down and saw that the huge hairs or filaments with which the tube was lined were in violent motion.

He could just discern the professor's feet about three feet below the rim of the flower. They were kicking, but with a force growing less every second. The filaments seemed to be winding about the professor's legs, holding him in a deadly embrace.

Then the top cover, or flap of the plant closed down suddenly. The professor was a prisoner inside.

The plant had turned cannibal and eaten the man who had grown it!

For an instant fear deprived Adams of reason. He did not know what to do. Then the awful plight of his friend brought back his senses.

"Professor!" he shouted. "Are you alive? Can you hear me?"

"Yes," came back in faint and muffled tones. "The beast has me, all right."

Then followed a series of violent struggles that shook the plant.

"I'll get you out! Where's an axe? I'll chop the cursed plant to pieces!" cried Adams.

"Don't! Don't!" came in almost pleading tones from the imprisoned professor.

"Don't what?"

"Don't hurt my pet!"

"Your pet!" snorted Adams, angrily. "Nice kind of a pet you have! One that tries to eat you alive! But I've got to do something if I want to save you. Where's the axe?"

"No! No!" begged the professor, his voice becoming more and more muffled. "Use chloroform."

"Use what?"

"Chloroform. You'll find some in the closet."

Then Adams saw what the professor's idea was. The plant could be made insensible, and the imprisoned man released with no harm to the blossom.

He raced down the ladder, ran to a closet where he had seen the professor's stock of drugs and chemicals stowed away on the occasion of former visits, and grabbed a big bottle of chloroform. He caught up a towel and ran back up the ladder.

Not a sign of the professor could be seen. The plant had swallowed him up, but by the motion and swaying of the flower Adams knew his friend was yet alive.

He was in some doubt as to the success of this method, and would rather have taken an axe and chopped a hole in the side of the blossom, thus releasing the captive. But he decided to obey the professor.

Saturating the towel well with the chloroform, and holding his nose away from it, he pressed the wet cloth over the top of the blossom where the lid touched the edge of the bloom.

There was a slight opening at one point, and Adams poured some of the chloroform down this. He feared lest the fumes of the anaesthetic might overpower the professor also, but he knew they would soon pass away if this happened.

For several minutes he waited anxiously. Would the plan succeed? Would the plant be overcome before it had killed the professor inside?

Adams was in a fever of terror. Again and again he saturated the towel with the powerful drug. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing the lid of the pitcher plant relax.

It slowly lifted and fell over to one side, making a good-sized opening. The strong filaments, not unlike the arms of a devil fish, Adams thought, were no longer in uneasy motion. They had released their grip on the professor's legs and body.

The spines which had pointed downward, holding the plant's prey, now became limber.

Adams leaned over. He reached down, grasped the professor's feet, and being a strong man, while his friend was small and slight, he pulled him from the tube of the flower, a little dazed from the fumes of the chloroform the plant had breathed in, but otherwise not much worse for his adventure.

He had not reached the water at

the bottom of the tube, which fact saved him from drowning.

"Well, you certainly had a narrow squeak," observed Adams, as he helped the professor down the ladder.

"I did," admitted the botanist. "If you had not been on hand I don't know what would have happened. I suppose I would have been eaten alive."

"Unless you could have cut yourself out of the side of the flower with your knife," observed Adams.

"What! And killed the plant I raised with such pains?" ejaculated the professor. "Spoil the largest *Sarracenia Nepenthis* in the world? I guess not. I would rather have let it eat me."

"I think you ought to call it the cannibal plant instead of the pitcher plant!" suggested Adams.

"Oh, no," responded the professor, dreamily, examining the flower from a distance to see if any harm had come to it. "But, to punish it, I will not give it any supper or breakfast. That's what it gets for being naughty," he added, as if the plant were a child.

"And I suggest that when you feed it hereafter," said Adams, "you pass the beefsteaks in on a pitchfork. You won't run so much danger then."

"That's a good idea. I'll do it," answered the professor, heartily.

And he has followed that plan ever since.—Howard R. Garis in The Argosy.

NEW CLUB IN GUELPH.

Saint James Club for the Catholic young men of Guelph has just been organized in that city, and for club purposes a suite of rooms have been secured on Main street.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love

There are no days like the good old days,
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truth-ful;

Before a love for sordid gold,
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid be-
came

Slave of the tyrant Fashion!

—Eugene Field.



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED
Labatt's Ale and Porter
SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

E. B. Eddy's FIBRE WARE

WHICH CAN BE HAD IN TUBS, PAILS, etc., from any first-class dealer

SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods, saying "It's just as good as Eddy's," but experience proves to the contrary, so don't be led astray.

Buy Eddy's every time and you will buy right

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale
TORONTO, ONTARIO

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM
WATERLOO, ONT.
DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS

83 WHITE WHEAT
TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST
C. T. MEAD, AGENT

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think

Tomlin's Bread

Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.

Office Phone Park 553. Factory Located at 420 to 438 Bathurst Street

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY DISEASES

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

Continued on page 7

Luxury for Everybody
"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA
STIMULATING. REFRESHING. DELICIOUS.
 Lead Packets only. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. and 60c. per lb.
 By all grocers.

A Tribe of Indian Shorthand Writers

The only tribe of real Indian shorthand writers in the world, who contribute and subscribe to the queerest newspaper now being published anywhere, are those belonging to the Kamloops and Douglas River bands living in the interior of British Columbia, says Lillian E. Zeh in 'The Rosary Magazine.'

Over 2,000 of these natives have mastered the art of shorthand and regularly read all the news pertaining to the tribe and individuals in their curious shorthand journal called the "Kamloops' Wawa." Bibles, hymn and prayer books, are likewise printed in this sign language.

This remarkable advance in Indian culture was brought about through the efforts of a French Catholic missionary, Father Le Jeune, who was sent out from Brittany a few years ago.

Kamloops, the headquarters of Father Le Jeune, is some 300 miles northeast of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Just across the river a few miles up from the town, is the main Indian village, or "rancherie." Here the natives congregate in large numbers at certain seasons, for this is the important centre of Indian life for some 50 to 100 miles around. Their occupations are, principally, hunting, fishing, ranching and farming on a limited scale.

Prior to the appearance of the priest, the crafty Shamans—claiming by the aid of the supernatural or Bibles, hymn and prayerbooks, to cure disease and ward off the evil spirits, completely held this superstitious people in their powerful grasp. Besides hindering their progress in religious matters, a good deal of property was squeezed from the people by their malign influence.

These so-called "magical prophets" fled at the coming of the missionary, who exposed their tricks and false creeds to the Indians.

Before the French priest began his work the tribes of this locality living along the canyons and banks of the Thompson and Fraser rivers in British Columbia, were unable to write their language and had no written literature, although each possessed a language which was preserved and rehearsed by frequent recitation.

To-day nearly all of these different tribes, some half-dozen or more, are writing letters to one another in their several languages, reading a newspaper, the Bible and song-books—all by means of shorthand.

Father Le Jeune found that to be successful in his mission it would be absolutely necessary to devise a system of communication, in order to arouse and hold their interest by placing instructive printed matter in their hands. Having neither written language nor grammar of their own, he conceived the novel and useful idea of teaching the Indians of the various tribes to write their language, and showed them a sign to represent each sound which they uttered in pronouncing their words. The signs were simply the shorthand symbols of the Dupleyan-phonetic system.

After working out an Indian vocabulary in his shorthand signs, the priest, in the early fall when the village was thickly populated first showed and explained his system to one of the bright Indian boys. He took to it intuitively, and set to work to decipher some Indian prayers which Father Le Jeune gave him. Before Christmas he had pretty thoroughly learned the art of writing his language and, pleased with his quick success, he set to work at once to instruct his friends.

The new "talk language" created widespread interest and the Indians were all eager to learn it. Soon the young as well as the adult members of each habitation for miles around were engaged in practising the new method of communication.

These Indians live in wigwams, made of poles covered with mats, birch-bark huts and log cabins; and a glimpse into these rude abodes at night reveals interested groups of shorthand students eagerly pursuing their favorite subject. A curious spectacle indeed is this when one considers, on the one hand, the primitive environments, and on the other, the very modern and practical achievements of these simple people.

During the first few months of their schooling, it was found that as soon as a few Indians of the camp had learned to read and write shorthand they were extremely anxious to teach the whole community. Consequently Father Le Jeune taught a few members of each village and left it to them to teach their neighbors.

They made rather slow progress in the summer-time, owing to the fact that they were off at work, ranching and picking berries, but in the winter when they returned home, they devoted whole nights to study, and in this way made excellent progress and soon became proficient. After about 500 or more had mastered this system, it became necessary that their interest be retained by placing reading matter before them, and thus was one of the main purposes of the priest realized, for he wished them to be able to read the Bible, as well as other of his religious books. His

task was to provide this literature printed in the characters of the system.

Father Le Jeune was not satisfied with teaching his Indian parishioners to write letters in their own language by means of shorthand and to read a paper in their native tongue, but he has published various parts of the Bible in nine different languages spoken by the several tribes in this region, using the same method, and still laboring on additional publications.

The Indians now using this phonetic system for writing are some half-dozen tribes or more living along the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. It is in these languages that the prayers, hymns, parts of the Bible, and the Church ritual have been published.

So expert have these Indians become in their shorthand work that they have been awarded medals from a recent shorthand exhibition held in France, where their efforts, in the shape of compositions, were a wonder and a surprise to all European stenographers and other beholders.

Probably the most memorable event in their history since they have been in the care of Father Le Jeune was a special audience given at the Vatican by Pope Leo XIII. He gave each of the chiefs a medal, and a special one for Father Le Jeune, and also sent 2,000 or more through the priest to his far-off Indian children in British Columbia.

These are yearly awarded to the meritorious and studious natives who excel in shorthand and otherwise aid in looking after the education of others. The competition is keen for these coveted souvenirs, and to win one is looked upon as a marked honor and considered a great event by the lucky recipient.

The focus of all religious and intellectual activities, and the one point of pilgrimage from long distances by land and river, is the church. This structure, is a white frame one, similar to those to be found in villages of Eastern Canada and the United States, was built by the Indians and presented to their highly appreciated pastor. The church has a cheerful interior, with comfortable pews.

Strikingly odd, however, to the white visitor are the hymn and prayer-books, whose pages are full of the curious shorthand symbols. Father Le Jeune preaches in several of the native dialects of the country, especially Chinook, the ordinary trade language used between different tribes and whites throughout much of British Columbia, Alaska, and the north-western coast of the United States.

In the rear of the church are the rooms where Father Le Jeune edits his quaint shorthand paper. This has sixteen pages, about the size of the average book, devoted to church and various local information. "Wawa" is the word for "talk" in the Chinook jargon, hence Father Le Jeune has chosen it as a name for his quaint newspaper.

It was printed on a mimeograph for the first year, but after that the priest succeeded in having type made for it and getting it printed on one of the presses of the nearest city.

Snowballing A Moose

When the snow lies deep and soft in the Canadian forests, men can travel more easily through it than can animals. With snowshoes on his feet, the hunter moves along swiftly, tracks the moose and the deer, and, at the end of his day's work, feels comparatively fresh.

It was in one of these deep snows in a New Brunswick forest that a party of government surveyors had some curious fun. They were on their way for a winter's work on the crown lands of the northeastern forests, and were plodding along in single file on snow-shoes. There were surveyors, chainmen, axemen and carriers brawny and inured to hardship, and the line which they formed stretched out to a distance of an eighth of a mile.

The men in the lead noticed, as they reached one part of the gully, through which their course lay, the fresh tracks of a moose, heading in the direction they were taking.

From the tracks it could be seen that the animal was having a hard time in the deep snow. It was evident, too, that he had taken alarm at the talking and the cheery laughter and song in which the surveying party had indulged, and that he was seeking a place of safety.

Word was quickly passed along the line that there was a moose ahead, and the men became excited and pressed forward more quickly.

They had no thought of killing the animal, as there was plenty of fresh meat to be had when they really needed it, and their knapsacks were as heavy a load as they could carry. But there is always an excitement in the chase, and they felt anxious to catch sight of the moose which was going their way.

For an hour they kept up a rapid pace, the tracks showing more clearly

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

SUFFERING WOMEN
 who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With more or less nervousness and palpitation, with other weak, daisy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nervous system, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orillia, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

as they sped along, that the moose was almost exhausted, and that they would overtake him before he could reach the hills. Soon there was a shout from the leaders, the rest of the party came up, and there, a little way to the side of the trail, was a moose, a splendid animal, three or four years old. He had sunk into the snow until his back was almost covered, and he was puffing like a locomotive.

The man stood looking at the moose a few minutes, half pitying him, and thinking what an easy prey he would be to some keen hunter. Then one of them picked up a handful of snow, formed it into a ball, and threw it at the animal.

At once everyone seemed struck with the novelty of snowballing a moose, and a perfect shower of missiles flew around his horns and whizzed past his ears. He was evidently too tired to move, for he remained perfectly still, only occasionally dodging his head and switching his tail.

As the moose could not hit back, the men soon tired of that kind of sport, and began to pelt each other. After a lively battle, and much joking and laughter over both hits and misses, they started again on their weary tramp, leaving the moose to wonder what kind of people these could be who had chased him for miles and then simply hit him with snowballs.—Basil Restein.

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

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

Unrivalled By Rivals
COSGRAVE'S
 Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

From Pure Irish Malt
COSGRAVE'S
 For Health and Strength
 XXX PORTER

Delicious Blend of Both
COSGRAVE'S
 Once Tried Always Taken
 HALF and HALF

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY
 Church Bells and Chime Bells
 Best Copper and Tin Only
 THE W. VAN DUZEN COMPANY
 Buckeye Bell Foundry
 Cincinnati, O.
 Established 1837

BELLS
 Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Sent for Catalogue.
 The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O

FARM LABORERS
 Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau
 Write for application form to
THOS. SOUTHWORTH
 Director of Colonization
 TORONTO

Loretto Abbey
 WELLINGTON PLACE
 TORONTO, ONTARIO
 This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.
 The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniforms, terms, etc., may be had by addressing
 LADY SUPERIOR,
 WELLINGTON PLACE,
 TORONTO.

St. Michael's College
 IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY
 Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.
Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses
 Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.
 TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE:
 Board and Tuition, per year \$ 160
 Day Pupils 30
 For further particulars apply to
 REV. DANIEL CUSHING, President

St. Joseph's Academy ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO
 The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every Branch suitable to the education of young ladies.
 In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.
 Pupils on completing their MUSICAL COURSE and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University.
 The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates.
 In the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates.
 Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address
 MOTHER SUPERIOR

School of Practical Science TORONTO
 The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto
 Departments of Instruction:
 1-Civil Engineering. 2-Mining Engineering. 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. 4-Architecture. 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.
 Laboratories:
 1-Chemical. 2-Assaying. 3-Milling. 4-Steam. 5-Metrological. 6-Electrical. 7-Testing.
 Calendar with full information may be had on application.
 A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
Homestead Regulations
 A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any man over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.
 Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.
 HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
 (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
 (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homesteader, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
 (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
 APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.
 Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.
 WEST MINING REGULATIONS.
 Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.
 Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.
 A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.
 The fee for recording a claim is \$5.
 At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.
 The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent on the sales of PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.
 A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent, collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.
 W. W. CORY,
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
 N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
 Incorporated 1851
FIRE and MARINE
 HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.
 CAPITAL \$2,000,000
 Assets..... \$ 5,546,000
 Annual Income..... 3,678,000
 Losses paid since organization..... 37,000,000

WM. A. LEE & SON,
 General Agents
 14 VICTORIA STREET
 Phone—Office Main 592 & Main 5098
 Phone—Residence Park 667.

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND
 ESTABLISHED 1808
 CAPITAL \$11,000,000.
 TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St.
 A. WARING GILES,
 Local Manager

WM. A. LEE & SON
 General Agents
 14 Victoria Street, Toronto
 Tels.—Main 592 and Main 5098
 Residence Tel.—Park 667.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND
 ASSETS \$62,000,000. DOLLARS
 C. Mc L. STINSON
 Local Manager
WM. A. LEE & SON
 General Agents
 14 Victoria Street, Toronto
 Phones—Main 592 & Main 5098
 Residence Phone—Park 667

FIRE INSURANCE
New York Underwriters' Agency
 Established 1864
 Policies Secured by Assets of
\$18,061,926.87
 JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent,
 16 Wellington Street East,
 Toronto.
 WM. A. LEE & SON,
 Toronto Agents,
 Phone M. 592 and 5098 14 Victoria St. Toronto.

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company
 Established 1889
 Head Office, Excelsior Life Building—TORONTO
 59-61 Victoria St.
 1905 the most successful year in a career of uninterrupted progression
 Insurance in force over nine millions
 New Insurance written \$2,433,281.00
 Cash Income 321,236.62
 Reserve 894,025.30
 Assets for Policyholders security \$1,500,000—Desirable appointments open for good Agents.
 SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 2677
 RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER
 has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial

FAIRCLOTH & CO.
 Phone Main 922
ART and STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS
 Factory and Showrooms:
301 YONGEST., TORONTO

Legal
 JAMES K. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON
DAY & FERGUSON,
 BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.
 Successor to
 JAS GLIN & MALLON
 Office—1 and Security Chambers,
 34 Via Via Street, Toronto.

L. E. O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
 Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts., Toronto, Ont. Offices—Bolton, Ont.
 Phone Main 1583 Res. Phone Main 207
 W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue, LL.B., W. T. J. O'Connor

M. BRADY & O'CONNOR
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
 Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 54 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 262.
 L. V. McBrady, K.C. J. R. O'Connor
 Res. Phone North 452.

H. HEARN & SLATTERY
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
 Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 54 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1040.
 T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 25 Simcoe St., Res. Phone Main 576.
 EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 21 Grand Ave., Res. Phone 1028.

L. HATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY
 BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.
 Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents, OTTAWA, ONT.
 F. R. Hatchford K.C. J. Lera McDougall Edward J. Daly.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN
 C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN
 ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC.
 Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property Disputed Boundaries Adjusted. Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto, Telephone Main 1316.

Architects
ARTHUR W. HOLMES
 ARCHITECT
 10 Bloor St. East, TORONTO
 Telephone North 1260.

Roofing
FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—
 Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone Main 53.

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER
 300 King St. East, Toronto
 Telephone Main 1034.

Late J. Young
ALEX. MILLARD
 UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
 Telephone 679 330 YONGE ST. TORONTO

McCABE & CO
 UNDERTAKERS
 222 Queen E. and 649 Queen
 Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 14 06

Dr. E. J. Woods,
 DENTIST.
 450 Church St. Phone North 3258
 Branch office open Tuesdays, Francis Block, Thornhill, Ont.

E. McCORMACK
 MERCHANT TAILOR
 27 COLBORNE STREET
 Opposite King Edward Hotel

MEMORIALS
 GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS
 Most Artistic Design in the City
 PRICES REASONABLE WORK THE VERY BEST
McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited
 Phone N. 1248 1119, Yonge St TORONTO

Established A.D. 1856.
ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED
 86 Wellington St. West
 Toronto, Canada
Memorial Stained Glass Windows

References:
 St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.
 The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank Smith Memorial Windows, St. Mary's, Toronto, etc.
EMPRESS HOTEL
 Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO
 TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY
 Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.
 RICHARD DESMETTE - PROPRIETOR

