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VOL. XIII., No. 23

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Personal Recollections of the Late Hon. William Macdougall—One of the Fathers of Confederation—Farmer, Journalist, and Politician—A Radical Reformer—His opposition to Separate Schools and his abuse of the Catholics, their Bishops and Priests in the "Globe" Newspaper—A Good Speaker, but an Indiscreet and Vindictive Writer—A Lazy Man and a Fatalist—Wanting in Personal Magnetism and a poor Campaigner—Hence the nick-name of "Wandering Willie."

I notice by the newspapers that Hon. William Macdougall is dead. He expired at Ottawa city on the 29th of last month, at the advanced age of 83 years. He was one of the fathers of confederation and this is what principally entitled him to distinction. Besides, he was a farmer, journalist, lawyer and politician. He was born in the County of York, but whether in the City of Toronto or the adjacent country his newspaper biographers do not state, and I do not know. The year of his birth was 1822, and his father was John Macdougall, a Scotch Highlander and a United Empire Loyalist, who served in the British Commissariat during the revolutionary war in America. Mr. Macdougall was a graduate of Victoria College, Ontario. He was admitted to the Upper Canada Bar in 1847, and in 1861 was appointed a Queen's Counsel by the Marquis of Lorne. The only case, however, that I ever knew him to be engaged in was in defence of himself in a libel suit brought against him by Robert Smiley, proprietor and editor of the Hamilton Spectator, whom he had characterized as a "rowdy" in his paper, The North American.

His vocation, however, was the press, and he was a writer for the Examiner, founded by Francis Hincks and published then by James Lesslie. The Examiner was radical in its proclivities and that seemed to suit the subject of my sketch. Two other Toronto men who acquired fame as journalists were associated with Mr. Macdougall in editing and writing for the Examiner, one of whom is yet alive and filling an official position in Toronto. Those were Daniel Morrison and Charles Lindsay. Needless to say that the Examiner was brim full of talent in those days—the forties—and was esteemed and influential.

Mr. Macdougall was a farmer in the forties. His farm was out Yonge street several miles, at what is now Bedford Park, and opposite the farm of another well known newspaper man of former days—Mr. A. H. St. Germain—who is yet alive and active, although well advanced in years. It has been stated in one of the newspaper biographies of Mr. Macdougall that his first journalistic venture was the "North American," established in 1850, ignoring his connection with the Examiner. Farming, not politics, took his attention in a journalistic sense, first having started The Canada Farmer, which was printed in pamphlet form, in 1847, keeping up his work on the Examiner in the meantime. The routine work on the Farmer, however, was largely performed by his relative, Erastus Wiman, then an active youth budding into manhood, and who afterwards performed similar service on The North American.

I remember well the first time I saw William Macdougall. It was in the latter end of 1849, after Hugh B. Wilson from Hamilton, had commenced the publication of his Tory annexation paper, The Canadian Independent, in Toronto. I was in the post office one day—the old post office before that massive structure on Toronto street was built. It was a small, wooden building located on the north side of Wellington street, between what was subsequently known as Leader lane and Church street. A man named Charles Berzcy was the postmaster, and a gentle little Irishman named Christopher Walsh attended the delivery wicket.

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It appears to have been an English mail day. While I was sitting there a tall, fair complexioned, clean shaven and thin featured young man entered and looked into a letter box. There appeared to be nothing in it for him, and he was going out when the clerk asked him if he did not want any English mail. I never forgot his answer. "No," said he, "the Canadian mail is good enough for me," and away he went.

"Kindly tell me who that gentleman is?" I said to the clerk. That is Mr. William Macdougall of the Examiner, he replied. And I never forgot the gentleman after that and was sure then that there were some radicals in Toronto, notwithstanding its turbulent loyalty and conservatism—and it pleased me.

There was in Toronto at the northwest corner of King and Church streets in 1849, a four-story brick building, the very corner where the street railroad building is now. On the ground floor of this building was a merchant tailor's store. To the rear of this with entrance on Church street, were a couple of law offices, occupied by Cameron & McMichael and another lawyer whose name I do not now remember. The third story was occupied by the office of The Canada Farmer, a monthly publication owned and edited by Mr. Macdougall. The fourth story was occupied by the printing office and editorial department of The Independent, already mentioned. Soon there came another publication called The Canadian Baptist, owned and edited by Mr. David Buchan, and I think occupied after a short time the office of The Independent, which soon ceased publication. The Canadian Baptist had been published in London, but Mr. Buchan, its owner, having received from Lord Elgin the appointment of Bursar of Toronto University, he removed the office hither.

The Baldwin-Lafontaine administration was in power then and had recently removed the seat of government from Montreal to Toronto. The radical element of the reform city was dissatisfied and disgruntled. The tri-weekly Globe was the mouthpiece of the administration and it did not please the malcontents. Neither did The Examiner altogether please them; as I suppose the gentlemen who wrote its articles were not permitted to express themselves as they wished; and the North American was started in 1850, with Mr. Macdougall at its helm, to express and advocate their views. The Clergy Reserves was the rock on which the party had split. The question had long been a bone of contention. Mr. Baldwin, the leader of the administration, was a leading churchman and he was moderate in his views. He was in favor of commuting with the clergy but the radicals, led by Mr. Malcolm Cameron, were not. There was an Anti-Clergy Reserves Association formed that used to meet in Temperance hall on Temperance street, and sometimes the discussions were more violent than temperate. Among the members were George Brown, Hon. Malcolm Cameron, Michael Hamilton Foley, James Lesslie, Alexander Cameron, William Macdougall, Chas. Clarke, David Reesor, Amelius Irving, etc. The association had not yet committed itself and a day was appointed for a debate which was to decide its course of action.

Mr. Brown was the administration leader of the association and the administration was in favor of a moderate course. Malcolm Cameron, M. P., for Kent and Lambton, was leader of the extremists. Now there was about to be born the Clear-Grit party. Mr. Brown was early on the scene and scanned the members as they entered. "The Clear Grits," said he to an associate, "I notice, are mustering strongly here to-day." They did muster strongly enough to carry their point and Mr. Brown was disappointed, but to him was unintentionally given the naming of the new party, whose purpose he disapproved of, although he subsequently became its leader himself. The columns of The Globe after that for a time teemed with denunciations of the "Clear Grits." There were "foolish Clear Grits," "indignant Clear Grits," and all that. The chief offenders appeared to be Malcolm Cameron, Michael Hamilton Foley and William Macdougall, the leaders of the new party.

Then Mr. Brown entertained parliamentary aspirations and announced himself a candidate for the united counties of Kent and Lambton. This was coined a new name that stuck for a long time. It was "Coo'n" Cameron. Kent and Lambton were Mr. Cameron's own constituency. Writing to an associate he said regarding Mr. Brown's candidacy, "Let him come on; we'll give him a coon hunt down the Wabash," using an American saying.

The foundation of the new party opened the sluices of factious feeling that had long been seeking an outlet. The old reform party under

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Baldwin, Hincks and Lafontaine, was deemed too conservative, too slow, too guarded. Canada was groaning under many grievances still, although much relief had been given. The Rebellion Losses, the Seigneurie Tenure, Educational Bills, law reform, land reform, etc., had been enacted. The programme of the "North American" was somewhat similar to that of the late chartist party in Great Britain—the abolition of property qualification for members of parliament, a household suffrage, vote by ballot, an elective Upper House, representation by population, commercial autonomy, the consolidation of law and equity courts, the application of the clergy reserve lands to educational purposes, lowering the rate of legal interest, the abolition of the law of primogeniture, a decimal currency, biennial parliaments, and a lot of other measures called for by the backward conditions then prevailing, and all of which in the course of progressive legislation have since become laws. The circulation of the North American was not large, as it had out but one canvasser, one John Dixon, an Irish Catholic, in the field, and he thoroughly worked up some of the western counties, such as Oxford, Brant, Haldimand and Norfolk. And there soon sprung up a number of local journals in sympathy with the new movement, that claimed the patronage of the reformers of their localities.

I am in some doubt as to Mr. Macdougall being entitled to be classed as a great journalist. He was a strong and vigorous writer, but he was not a great editor. There is a great difference here. He was a great political fighter to be sure, but the abuse he indulged in was not prudent nor necessary. It was he who first set afloat the charge of being an absconder against the father of George Brown, a charge that was used so unfairly afterwards against the Brown family; and how George Brown could afterwards associate with him in journalism and politics is more than I could understand. He had the reputation of being lazy and slothful, frequently putting off until to-morrow what should be done today. When he was afterwards on The Globe Mr. Gordon Brown once admitted to me that he had failings, "but there is one thing," said he, "that I must say for him; what ever he takes up he follows it to completion."

When in 1854 the Hincks-McNab coalition government was formed, after Mr. Baldwin's retirement from political life, Mr. Brown abandoned the government of that day and became the leader of the Clear Grits, great changes took place in the reform press. The Examiner was "gathered in" by The Globe, and in 1857 The North American went the same way. The Mirror continuing in its old course. In the meantime (1855) a new addition was made to The Toronto press, when the Daily Leader made its appearance, supporting the coalition. With the North American went to The Globe The Canada Farmer. Mr. Macdougall became chief editorial writer, and Mr. Wiman as city reporter. "McKenzie's Message" too, had made its appearance and had encroached somewhat on The North American's field, and notwithstanding their former animosities, Mr. Macdougall and Mr. Brown found it expedient to "pool their issues." Violent as had been The Globe's diatribes against its opponents before that, they had become doubly violent now. The separate school question was under consideration and any public man in any way favoring separate schools was pounced upon and in some instances hounded to his political grave. Mr. Macdougall "outraged Herod" in this kind of journalism in The Globe. He concocted complimentary epithets and raked up private and family matters. In this kind of assault the late Mayor Powes was an especial sufferer. The nickname of "Dogans" was flung at the Catholics day by day. The Lower Canada supporters of separate schools in the legislature were daily denounced as "Moutons," and no one was safe from undeserved assault.

There was a time when Mr. Brown found it convenient to clear himself of those diatribes against the Catholics. It was when he was a candidate for parliament for Toronto against Hon. John Hillyard Cameron,

who at that time was Grand Master of the Orangemen of Canada. At one of his meetings in St. Lawrence ward in his speech he made a bid for Catholic support. A man in the audience said to him: "Mr. Brown, if you are so anxious for Catholic support why did you abuse Catholics in your paper as you did?" "I never did it," was Mr. Brown's reply. "William Macdougall did that." But he failed to state that he had hired him for the purpose.

The appearance of D'Arcy McGee on the political scene in 1857 created a change in this condition of affairs and caused Brown, Macdougall and their followers to change their tactics of ruthless assaults on the hierarchy and clergy of the Catholic church. He met them half way and agreed to support representation by population if they would leave the separate schools and their advocates alone; and to this they agreed. Mr. Macdougall found a parliamentary seat for North Oxford and Mr. McGee for Montreal. Mr. Macdougall was a good speaker. He was clear, consecutive and convincing. But he was without wit or humor. Both these men made speeches in the House the same night. McGee's speech was his maiden effort as a member of parliament. It was not only the talk of the town, but the talk of the province next day. It coursed with wit, overflowed with humor, cut keen, with satire and overwhelmed with invective. "Two speeches were made in the House last night," remarked the "Colonist" newspaper next morning. "One was able, eloquent and remarkable, and was made by the new member for Montreal West, Mr. McGee. The other was an ordinary effort and was made by Mr. Macdougall, the member for North Oxford. They formed quite a contrast." But Macdougall was not to be despised as I continued to be one of the best speakers in parliament for several sessions and did a great deal to advance the cause of confederation when that matter came up. While he could present the merits of a cause equal to anybody he had no magnetism, no personal attraction, no elements of cohesion. And all through his political life he was a wanderer. His usefulness as a party man was marred by his vindictiveness and he never rose to the dignity of leadership from a want of consistency of conduct while he was always true to his radical principles, but was capable of abandoning them or letting them rest when expediency suggested that course.

William Macdougall was one of the poorest political campaigners I ever knew. I once had occasion to know this. As a follower of the policy and personality of Mr. McGee, I abandoned my sentiment towards those leaders of the Reform party that had assailed my nationality and my creed and turned in to work for them. When Mr. Macdougall was a candidate for North Ontario—I think it was in 1867—I accompanied him through that riding to influence the Catholic vote in his favor. I rode with him alone. I found he was a good deal of a fatalist. On the first morning of the voting as we rode along I said to him: "Mr. Macdougall, I suppose you are feeling anxious as to how this election is to terminate." "Not in the least," he said: "If I felt like I could lay down alongside that fence to sleep and not be disturbed." His opponent on that occasion was Matthew Crooks Cameron, a gentleman of great ability and considerable personal magnetism. But Macdougall took it easy. He was not averse, however, to corrupt practices and I was scandalized to observe this in him on that occasion. At a place called Atherly an old half-pay officer and a Tory, approached him and bargained to cast his own vote, that of his sons and others that he could influence, if Mr. Macdougall would procure an appointment for one of his sons. The candidate agreed to this in my presence without objection. This bargain somehow leaked out and when the old gentleman went up to vote he was immediately challenged and asked if he had not made such a bargain. I happened to be present at the voting booth at the time and was shocked to see the old gentleman swear his vote through, denying the charge and creating a terrible scandal in the community. My candidate went back to Beaverton and went early to bed that night, seemingly indifferent as to the result of the day's voting. A number of reformers, supporters of Mr. Macdougall, met together that evening, however, to receive the returns from the different townships and determine afterwards what should be done for the next day, as the statute provided for two days' voting at that time. It was about twelve o'clock when all the returns were received and it was found that Cameron was just one hundred votes ahead. A gentleman suggested that Mr. Macdougall should be seen and informed of the condition of affairs. I was one of the deputation of two to seek him at once, tell him of the majority against him and advise him to go early next morning into a certain township, move among the voters, and that he would thus secure a large number of votes that otherwise would be lost to him. We were then some fifteen miles distant from Squire Robinson's at Beaverton, where our candidate was taking his rest and feeling less disturbed evidently than any of his friends as to the result. A good, fast horse was secured and away myself and my companion went like the wind to convey our message. When we got to our destination we found it difficult to obtain an audience with our man. He did not even rise from his couch to greet us and ask "what news?" When we suggested to him that he should arise and go to the locality where it was supposed his presence would do some good, he simply yawned and said, "if they do not want to vote for me they can leave it alone." I thought of the old charges of fatality and laziness that I had heard brought against him, and concluded that that was the last time I would ever be caught in that kind of fix. The second day's voting simply increased the majority that was rolled up against him the first day. I notice that in The Globe's laudatory editorial on his death, he is credited with having been a member for North Ontario. That is not correct. Matthew Crooks Cameron was the man elected.

I had no intercourse with Mr. Macdougall after that. I wished him well for old acquaintance sake. But he seemed to me a man incapable of making or retaining friends. He had none of that suavity in mode that smoothens life and makes one's progress easy. He was sometimes gloomy and too often resentful. He would at times do ungracious things. For instance, when Mr. McGee failed on that celebrated lecture occasion in St. Lawrence Hall, on the "Middle Classes of England," he was the first person in the audience to rise and leave. Mr. McGee was not so far "gone" as not to notice that, and remarked upon it to his friends, taking it as a decided discourtesy. But that is another story.

He got the name of "Wandering Willie" from his inability to keep his grip on a constituency that had once chosen him, and was under the necessity to seek new seats so often; and perhaps, somewhat, to his many allies.

I wish I had nothing to say of deceased but what would be to his credit. I wish it for old acquaintance sake; for our intercourse and our friendship; for his efforts in the cause of good government; for the gifts that God gave him; for the Celtic stock from which he sprung; and for his great aid in making "this Canada of ours."

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Archbishop Bruchesi's Tribute to the King

Montreal, May 26.—"To England, and particularly to our beloved Majesty, King Edward VII., we owe a lasting debt of gratitude for our enjoyment of British liberty under the Union Jack in this dear Canada of ours."

Rarely have the people of the parish of Ste. Anne de Bellevue listened with greater enthusiasm to a speaker as they did on Empire Day, when His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, with burning eloquence addressed them as above on their duties to the State and to the King.

His Grace laid special stress on the generous broadmindedness of His Majesty and the great wisdom of his laws and government, to which was due the free and untrammelled right they enjoyed in the practice of their religion, and he forcefully impressed his hearers with His Majesty's attachment to the Dominion, which was a jewel in the crown he wore.

He concluded his address with urgent solicitations for the prayers of his people that His Majesty may be spared to continue for many years to come the glorious reign which he had so well begun, and, "following the advice of the Apostle St. Paul," he said, "remember always that you owe to your Sovereign and his deputies the respect and submission which is due to them."

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CHARLES DEVLIN, M.P.

Has It Out With Chief Secretary Long, Over Police Ruffianism.

London, May 25.—Mr. Charles Devlin asked for the names of the constables who drew a Mr. Thomas Higgins, J.P., over a stone wall at Carrowkeel on April 30.

Mr. Long—I informed the hon. member on Monday that Mr. Higgins was not thrown over the wall, but that he was merely pushed on by a constable. The name of this particular constable is not known. There were many constables present, and several persons were moved on.

Mr. Charles Devlin—On my own responsibility, and as I was present, I can say that Mr. Higgins was violently thrown over a wall, and I say that the right hon. gentleman's information is inaccurate. I saw the occurrence myself.

Mr. Long said he was given accurate information on the point.

Mr. Deane—Will the right hon. gentleman say whether it is a fact Mr. Higgins might have lost his life on this occasion if there were not people at the other side of the wall to catch him when the police threw him over?

Mr. Devlin—I saw them, and I say it was a most brutal exhibition on the part of the police (Irish cheers).

Captain Donelan—Will the right hon. gentleman take steps to obtain accurate information on this subject?

Mr. Long—I have done so.

Mr. Devlin—I hold to my statement that my information is quite accurate.

Mr. Redmond—The right hon. gentleman has given certain information to the House, namely, that this gentleman was not thrown over the wall by the police. Mr. hon. friend says he was present on the occasion and saw him thrown over, and yet in the face of that statement by an hon. member of this House, the right hon. gentleman says he still adheres to his opinion that his information is accurate. I wish to ask is that in order? (Irish cheers).

Mr. Moore—The facts only are at issue (laughter).

The Deputy Speaker—This is not the time for making statements and contradicting them. This is the time for asking questions. The matter can be raised at a later stage and threshed out.

Mr. Redmond—Do you mean at the end of questions? This is a statement made across the floor of the House impugning the testimony of an hon. member who witnessed the occurrence.

Mr. Devlin—If I cannot raise this at the end of questions I am precluded from raising it at all, because a blocking motion has been put down.

The Deputy Speaker—I do not think this is a question which could be raised as a matter of privilege at the end of question time. It could be fully discussed in Supply on the proper vote.

Mr. Devlin—But the Chief Secretary has impugned my veracity, and I think I ought to be allowed to state exactly what occurred.

Mr. Corbett rose amid shouts of "sit down" and "throw him over the bench."

The Deputy Speaker—The matter cannot now be discussed. This is a time allotted for the asking of questions on the paper.

Mr. Devlin—I will not discuss against your ruling, but I adhere to my statement as absolutely accurate (Irish cheers).

Mr. P. O'Brien—We will get Corbett over the wall at the next election (laughter).

Irish M.P. Dead

Mr. W. O'Doherty, M.P., who was seized with apoplexy and paralysis at the House of Commons, died in Westminster Hospital last week. His death creates a vacancy in the representation of North Donegal, for which division he had sat as a Nationalist since 1900, when he was returned by a majority of 950 over Mr. O'Connor, Independent Nationalist. Mr. O'Doherty was born in 1868, was admitted a solicitor in 1893, and had held several public offices in Londonderry.

No one can violate the laws of God nor the government of the world, without impunity; and the more sacred the trust, the more terrible will be the effects of a disregard of them.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"There Ned will act exactly as he pleases," returned the other, sipping his wine...

before the fire. "Good-night! Barnaby, my good fellow, you say some prayers, before you go to bed, I hope?"

CHAPTER XIII.

If Joseph Willet, the denouced and proscribed of prentices, had happened to be at home when his father's courtly guest presented himself before the Maypole door—that is, if it had not perversely chanced to be one of the half-dozen days in the whole year on which he was at liberty to absent himself for as many hours without question or reproach—he would have contrived, by hook or crook, to dive to the very bottom of Mr. Chester's mystery, and to come at his purpose with as much certainty as though he had been his confidential adviser.

"Your health!" said the other, with a nod. "But I have interrupted you."

"Oh, dear, no. Fie, fie!" returned the other, relishing a pinch of snuff extremely. "Not lying. Only a little management, a little diplomacy, a little—troubling, that's the word."

John Willet and his friends, who had been listening intently for the clash of swords, or firing of pistols, in the great room, and had indeed settled the order in which they should rush in when summoned—in which procession old John Willet had carefully arranged that he should bring up the rear—were very much astonished to see Mr. Haredale come down without a scratch, call for his horse, and ride away thoughtfully at a footpace.

Under this protection, the brave and broad-faced John boldly entered the room half a foot in advance, and received an order for a boot-jack without trembling. But when it was brought, and he leant his sturdy shoulder to the guest, Mr. Willet was observed to look very hard into his boots as he pulled them off, and, by opening his eyes, to express some surprise and disappointment at not finding them full of blood.

"And do you suppose he minds such things as crocuses?" demanded John.

"There it is, sir," replied John, "and take care of it, and mind you don't make too much haste back, but give the mare a long rest—Do you mind?"

"Yes, sir," returned John, "one and sixpence. When I was your age, I had never seen so much money, in a heap. A shilling of it is in case of accidents—the mare casting a shoe, or the like of that. The other sixpence is to spend in the diversions of London, and the diversion I recommend is going to the top of the Monument, and sitting there. There's no temptation there, sir—no drink—no young women—no bad characters of any sort—nothing but imagination. That's the way I enjoyed myself when I was your age, sir."

The unfortunate gray mare, who was the agony of Joe's life, floundered along at her own will and pleasure until the Maypole was no longer visible, and then, contracting her legs into what in a puppet would have been looked upon as a clumsy and awkward imitation of a canter, mended her pace all at once, and did it of her own accord. The acquaintance with her rider's usual mode of proceeding, which suggested this improvement in hers, impelled her likewise to turn up a by-way, leading—not to London, but through lanes running parallel with the road they had come, and passing within a few hundred yards of the Maypole, which led finally to an enclosure surrounding a large, old, red-brick mansion—the same of which mention was made as the Warren in the first chapter of this history.

The pathway, after a very few minutes' walking, brought him close to the house, towards which, and especially towards one particular window, he directed many covert glances. It was a dreary, silent building, with a row of turrets, and whose suites of rooms shut up and mouldering to ruin.

The terrace-garden, dark with the shade of overhanging trees, had an air of melancholy that was quite oppressive. Great iron gates, disused for many years, and red with rust, drooping on their hinges and overgrown with long rank grass, seemed as though they tried to sink into the ground, and hide their fallen state among the friendly weeds. The fantastic monsters on the walls, green with age and damp, and covered here and there with moss, looked grim and desolate. There was a sombre aspect even to that part of the mansion which was inhabited and kept in good repair, that struck the beholder with a sense of sadness; of something forlorn and falling, whence cheerfulness was banished. It would have been difficult to imagine a bright fire blazing in the dull and darkened rooms, or to picture any gayety of heart or revelry that the frowning walls shut in. It seemed a place where such things had been, but could be no more—the very ghost of a house, haunting the old spot in its outward form, and that was all.

Much of this decayed and sombre look was attributed no doubt, to the death of its former master, and the temper of its present occupant; but remembering the tale connected with the mansion, it seemed the very place for such a deed, and one that might have been its predestined theatre years upon years ago. Viewed with reference to this legend, the sheet of water where the steward's body had been found appeared to wear a black and sullen character, such as no other pool might own; the bell upon the roof that had told the tale of murder to the midnight wind, became a very phantom whose voice would raise the listener's hair on end; and every leafless bough that nodded to another, had its stealthy whispering of the crime.

temptation of the building or the prospect, sometimes leaning against a tree with an assumed air of idleness and indifference, but always keeping an eye upon the window he had singled out at first. After some quarter of an hour's delay, a small white hand was waved to him for an instant from this casement, and the young man, with a respectful "low, departed, crossing under his breath as he crossed his horse again, "No errand for me to-day!"

But the air of smartness, the cock of the hat to which John Willet had objected, and the spring nosegay, all betokened some little errand of his own, having a more interesting object than a vintner or even a locksmith. So, indeed, it turned out; for when he had settled with the vintner—whose place of business was down in some deep cellars hard by Thames street, and who was as purple-faced as an old gentleman as if he had all his life supported their arched roof on his head,—he had settled the account, and taken the receipt and declined, tasting more than three glasses of old sherry, to the unbounded astonishment of the purple-faced vintner, who, gimlet in hand, had projected an attack upon at least a score of dusky casks, and who stood transfixed, or morally gimletted as it were, to his own wall—when he had done all this, and disposed besides of a frugal dinner at the Black Lion in Whitechapel; spurning the Monument and John's advice, he turned his steps towards the locksmith's house, attracted by the eyes of blooming Dolly Varden.

Joe was by no means a sheepish fellow, but, for all that, when he got to the corner of the street in which the locksmith lived, he could by no means make up his mind to walk straight to the house. First, he resolved to stroll up another street for five minutes, then up another street for five minutes more, and so on until he had lost full half an hour, when he made a bold plunge and found himself with a red face and a beating heart in the smoky workshop.

"Joe Willet, or his ghost?" said Varden, rising from his desk at which he was busy with his books, and looking at him under his spectacles. "Which is it? Joe in the flesh, eh? That's hearty. And how are all the Chigwell company, Joe?"

"That's right," said the locksmith, patting him on the back. "I don't matter who has 'em, Joe?"

"Not a bit, sir."—Dear heart, how the words stuck in his throat! "Come in," said Gabriel. "I have just been called to tea. She's in the parlour."

"She," thought Joe, "Which of 'em, I wonder—Mrs. or Miss?" The locksmith settled the doubt as neatly as if it had been expressed aloud, by leading him to the door, and saying, "Martha, my dear, here's young Mr. Willet."

Now, Mrs. Varden, regarding the Maypole as a sort of human man-trap, or decoy for husbands; viewing its proprietor, and all who aided and abetted him, in the light of so many poachers among Christian men; and believing, moreover, that the publicans were veritable licensed victuallers; was far from being favorably disposed towards her visitor. Wherefore she was taken faint directly, and being duly presented with the crocuses and snowdrops, divined on further consideration that they were the occasion of the languor which had seized upon her spirits. "I'm afraid I couldn't bear the room another minute," said the good lady, "if they remained here. Would you excuse my putting them out of the window?"

Joe begged she wouldn't mention it on any account, and smiled feebly as he saw them deposited on the sill outside. If anybody could have known the pains he had taken to make the crocuses and snowdrops, and the bunch of flowers!

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and June SACRED HEART 1905. It lists various religious observances and feast days for the month of June.

LEARN SHORTHAND BY MAIL Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN.

"Migs," said Mrs. Varden, "you're profane."

"Begging your pardon, mim," returned Migs, with shrill rapidity, "such was not my intention, and such I hope is not my character, though I am but a servant."

"Answering me, Migs, and providing yourself," retorted her mistress, looking round with dignity, "is one and the same thing. How dare you speak of angels in connection with your sinful fellow-beings—mere—"

"You'll have the goodness, if you please," said Mrs. Varden loftily, "to step up-stairs and see if Dolly has finished dressing, and to tell her that the chair that was ordered for her will be here in a minute, and that if she keeps it waiting, I shall send it away that instant—I'm sorry to see that you don't take your tea, Varden, and that you don't take yours, Mr. Joseph; though, of course, it would be foolish of me to expect that anything that can be had at home, and in the company of females, would please you."

This pronoun was understood in the plural sense, and included both gentlemen, upon both of whom it was rather hard and undeserved, for Gabriel had applied himself to the meal with a very promising appetite until it was spoiled by Mrs. Varden herself, and Joe had as great a liking for the female society of the locksmith's house—or for a part of it at all events—as man could well entertain.

But he had no opportunity to say anything in his own defence, for at that moment Dolly herself appeared, and struck him quite dumb with her beauty. Never had Dolly looked so handsome as she did then, in all the glow and grace of youth, with all her charms increased a hundred-fold by a most becoming dress, by a thousand little coquetish ways which nobody could assume with a better grace, and all the sparkling expectation of that accursed party. It is impossible to tell how Joe hated that party wherever it was, and all the other people were going to it, whoever they were.

—with the whole party doting on and adoring her, and wanting to marry her. Migs was hovering about too, and the fact of her existence, the mere circumstance of her ever having been born, appeared, after Dolly, such an unaccountable practical joke. It was impossible to talk, it couldn't be done. He had nothing left for it but to stir his tea round, and round, and round, and ruminate on all the fascinations of the locksmith's lovely daughter.

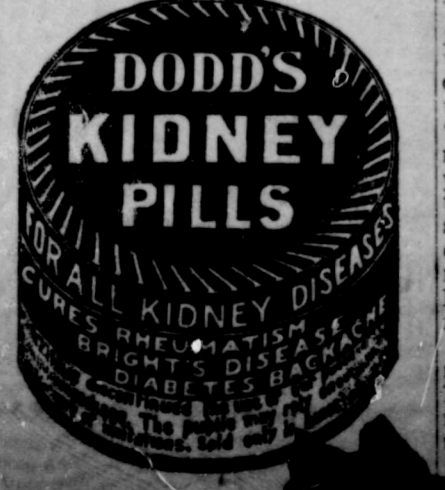
Gabriel was dull too. It was a part of the certain uncertainty of Mrs. Varden's temper, that when they were in this condition, she should be gay and sprightly.

"I need have a cheerful disposition, I am sure," said the smiling housewife, "to preserve any spirits at all; and how I do it I can scarcely tell."

"Ah, mim," sighed Migs, "begging your pardon for the interruption, there ain't a many like you."

"Take away, Migs," said Mrs. Varden, rising, "taking away, pray. I know I'm a restraint here, and as I wish everybody to enjoy themselves as they best can, I feel I had better go."

"No, no, Martha," cried the locksmith. "Stop here. I'm sure we shall be very sorry to lose you, eh, Joe?" Joe started and said "Certainly."



(To be Continued.)

.....The HOME CIRCLE

SORROW.
Sorrow is the making of some women and the destruction of others. To some it gives the perception of fine instincts, and in drowning her own trouble such a woman gives gladly of her heart and services to a needy humanity, and in so doing, recognizes that she still has work to do in the world, and that there are others more deserving of sympathy and love than herself. The woman who shuts up her heart and interest in life because of one cruel blow, and so refuses to believe in all mankind just from the one wrong done to herself, makes not only herself, but her associates, still more miserable. Now, one is, of course, at liberty to be miserable oneself, but when one allows one's personal feelings to injure or embitter some one else's happiness, that is a crime against humanity in general, and such a person sins, not only against herself, but against every one else.

KNOWLEDGE OF HOUSEWORK.
In this country there is no excuse for girls being brought up in absolute ignorance of the kitchen and its uses. Sewing, cooking and housework generally should enter into the training of every girl, but not to be left to the teachings of any school. The girl should learn the beginnings of sewing with the making of her doll's clothes. She should learn housework, beginning with the little things any child can do in a home, and cooking. Such teaching is best done under the mother's eye and tuition, and may be taught the child in school vacations or at free moments, to be followed by more advanced training and greater responsibility as she grows older. Naturally there are educated women who will never learn home-making but by the saddest experience, if they ever learn. The ability has not been given to them. Such women are found in the ranks of the uneducated also, so that education cannot be held responsible for such failures. Rather has higher mental training been found to improve the great majority. She has learned that details are important in every study, that nothing is too insignificant to be overlooked, and how to apply this learning to home-making. So long, however, as mothers are interested only in a daughter's appearance when grown up, just so long will the young woman know and think only of what gives pleasure and luxury.

SAFE RULE FOR CHILDREN.
It seems to me an excellent rule that children should never put any leaf, berry or flower in their mouths, writes Alice Morse Earle in Good Housekeeping. I would not even let them put the harmless rose leaves, lest they make some mistake at a later day and get a petal that is not from a rose. Last spring I saw a lovely child in his carriage holding five or six sprays of lily of the valley, a flower with some hidden charm which makes all children love it; he had thrust them in his mouth and was sucking them. I said in great alarm to his mother, who walked by the side of his carriage: "Do you know that those flowers are most poisonous?" She glanced at me with surprise. "Why, they are not poisonous flowers," she answered; "don't you see they are lily of the valley?" I answered earnestly: "They are one of the most harmful plants in our gardens. Any part is dangerous, and the flowers are most so. Please take your boy home and wash his mouth and hands carefully, and I would send for your physician." I do not know the result; the child may not have had the flowers long enough to acquire much poison. In England, where the lily of the valley grows wild, many cases of acute poisoning have come from it, many deaths.

A BOLD LADY.
Mam's curiosity suggests to an irrepressible the question, "Did the woman propose it?" But one seldom finds actual historic proof that she did. A recent delightful book on Scotland has an interesting and apparently authentic story of a case where the woman not only took the initiative, but took it in a high-handed fashion. The young Countess of Carrick was left a widow by the death of her husband while on one of the crusades. The king became her guardian, and she had good reason to fear that he would force upon her a marriage of policy. She was a famous horse-woman, and often rode for a day through her own forest, attended only by a small mounted guard. One day she encountered a young man to whom she was at once much attracted. She asked him to return with her to her castle, but he had some gallant adventure already in hand, and ungraciously declined the invitation. At a word from her, her men-at-arms made him a prisoner, and bore him off to Turnberry Castle. Two weeks' imprisonment brought him to a proper sense of the charms of his fair hostess, and knight and lady were wedded, with the reluctant consent of the king. The son of this romantic marriage was Robert Bruce, whose splendid patriotism and brave deeds are well fitted to justify his mother's courageous audacity.

THE BATH.
Taken properly and hygienically, the daily bath is not only a beautifier, but it prolongs life and youth, stimulates all the secretions and energizes and soothes the tired nerves. All these good results spring from its primary office as a cleanser of the millions of pores all over the body. Every woman is a law unto herself, and her daily tubbing should be governed by her own feelings and the advice of her family physician, who presumably understands her peculiar functional habits and needs. Every sort of bath is followed by some sort of reaction, and the bath best suited to your particular case is the one which leaves you feeling strongest and best. A few trials of various temperatures will be the best test. Now is the time for testing one's

ability to endure the daily cold bath, but no woman should make the change too abruptly. Neither, after taking warm baths all winter, should she attempt to plunge into cold water, like the experienced cold water fiend. If she is accustomed to a daily tubbing in warm water, let her reduce the temperature of the water a few degrees each day until it drops to 65. If she cannot stand a cold plunge, let her try sponging with cold water. For this purpose she can use a foot-tub, filling it half or a third with tepid or warm water in which she stands, and then sponge of the body with water from the cold faucet. This sponging may be done with an ordinary sponge, a Turkish wash-rag or the bare hands. Another way to educate oneself up to the daily bath is to use the shower. Take a warm (not a hot) bath, lasting from six to ten minutes, and then turn on the cold shower for a quick finish. If you have no shower attached to your tub buy one of the rubber tubes with a nickel spray attached, of the sort most often used for rinsing the hair after a shampoo. Attach this to the cold water faucet and spray the body with it briskly. If you are extremely nervous, avoid the cold baths, and every night, before retiring take a warm bath, which will soothe the tired nerves. Because your best friend is a devotee of the cold bath, do not imagine that it may be just the thing for you. If after trying it a number of mornings you still find that your finger nails are a bit blue, your teeth chattering and that no glow spreads over your flesh, no matter how vigorously you rub, then be sure that the cold bath is not for you, and go back to the soothing warm or tepid bath. A warm bath should be taken at least once a week in the interest of cleanliness, for the daily cold water bath is more of a stimulant than a cleansing process.

THREE SISTERS.
One sang a song where the notes of the thrush,
The lark and the oriole blent in one gush
Of exquisite melody burst from her throat,
As though all the joy of her life in one note
Were prisoned and held there; as though all her pain,
Her grief and her sympathy dwelt in one strain
That sang itself into the world's wondering heart.
Till, enthralled, it would crown her—a creature apart.

One wrote a poem ere morning was done,
And sent a thought winging its way towards the sun,
As the voice of the sea from the echoing shell
Speaks—the infinite voice in its lines seemed to dwell,
And the world, again listening, breathing and breathless was stirred
By the power of a thought—by the breath of a word,
Till it knelt at her feet, at the voice of her speech,
And wrote her a poem and yearned toward her reach.

But one dwelt apart in a place she called home,
A place where, when wearied, her sisters might come;
Where the world was shut out, with its clamor and din;
Where applause was not heard, but where peace entered in.
The birds built their nests in the sheltering eaves,
The winds sang of peace through the whispering leaves.
The hands of her little ones built her a throne,
And the crown of her life was the love of her own.
The eyes of the wearied and suffering one
Turned to her as the daisy face turns to the sun;
And, methinks, though the world never heard of her name,
That it oft found a blessing, nor knew whence it came.
—The Delineator.

When You Get Biliousness
YOU MAY BE CERTAIN THE LIVER IS DERANGED AND THAT THERE IS CURE IN
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
"Bilious" is the word used by many people to describe the condition of ill-health into which they are thrown by derangement of the liver. Biliousness is caused by the failure of the liver to filter the bile and other poisonous impurities from the blood. The result is a clogging and poisoning of the whole system. Indigestion, headache, languid, melancholy feelings, irritability of temper, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, pains in the muscles and bones and a pale, sallow complexion are among the symptoms. Fortunately there is prompt and certain cure for biliousness and torpid liver in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They cure by thoroughly cleansing the filtering and excretory systems and awakening the action of the liver to renewed energy and activity. When you feel out of sorts and notice any of the symptoms of torpid liver and biliousness put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test, and you will then understand why this great medicine is considered indispensable in the great majority of homes. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

NO EFFECT.
Tommy—"You said I shouldn't eat those mince pies in the pantry, that they would make me ill."
Mother—"Yes, Tommy."
Tommy (convincingly)—"But, mamma, I don't feel ill."

Good-bye, papa, and don't forget The things I wanted you to do; And send a doll for my doll— Her cold has made her very blue. And if you think you haven't time, Why, please remember what I say: You needn't earn my bread for me— I'll get along on cake to-day.

A SHREWD HERO.
Bismarck had to confer the Iron Cross or a hero in the ranks one day and, thinking to try his humor, which was of the elephantine order, on the man, he said: "I am authorized to offer you, instead of the cross, a hundred thalers. What do you say?" "What is the cross worth?" quietly asked the man. "About three thalers." "Very well, then, your Highness, I'll take the cross and ninety-seven thalers."

A QUAIN ANATOMIST.
A school teacher tells this story: Recently I was teaching a spelling lesson to a class of little second graders. The word "each" occurred, was written on the board, and from it I expected to derive "peach," "reach," "teach," etc. Pointing to the word on the board, I said: "Can any child give a story using 'each'?" A hand was unhesitatingly thrust up and a little German girl replied: "Does your tack each?"

"BETTER THE DAY," ETC.
"Tommy," said the visitor, who was very properly endeavoring to impress a moral lesson on the lad's mind, "have you read the books in your Sunday school library?" "Some of 'em," he replied, rather doubtfully. "And can you tell me what happened to the boy who went fishing on Sunday?" "Yes, he caught three fishes and an eel." "How do you know that?" "Cos I was with him."

WHAT CAN A BOY DO?
This is what a boy can do, because boys have done it. He can write a great poem. Alexander Pope wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude," when he was only 12 years old. He can write a great book. Macaulay wrote his first volume, the "Primitiae," which took the literary world by storm, before he was in his teens. He can become famous. Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Boz," so well, that before he was twenty-two, his name was known to all the world. He can "make his mark" so well that it will open his career. Palmerston England's great statesman, was admired in school for his brilliant work and wrote letters home in English, French and Italian that are models of composition to-day. He can enter a great university before he is thirteen. William Pitt did it.

AR-TIS-STICK.
In a large boys' school in the North a fire recently made an excellent excuse for a new building. When the boys returned from their summer vacation they found a handsome Queen Anne structure with modern conveniences and decoration, in marked contrast to the old school structure. The walls were of artistic rough gray plaster, with a dado of burly four feet high, and such was the master's pride in their immaculate beauty that the fiat went forth that not a nail or tack must mar their surface. What was the disgust, then, of the head master, on passing the open door of a mischief-loving and law-defying pupil's room to behold a row of neckties hanging against the wall, apparently each on a separate tack. With black frown and angry stride the master entered the room, and summoned the delinquent to explain why he had so flagrantly disobeyed and to remove the offending tacks instantly. With hanging head, but twinkling eye, the rogue removed the ties, showing no tacks or fastenings whatever on the virgin surface of the wall. "What? How! How did you hang them there?" thundered the amazed head master. "Just this way, sir," said the boy, demurely, as he pressed a gaudy Ascot on the rough gray plaster. "They are silk ties and they stick, sir."

The master retired precipitately, amid a roar from a hidden audience who fully appreciated the success of their trap. **REALLY.** Little James Reece had a way of telling everything his family talked about. It became very amusing to his neighbors and very annoying to his own people. One day papa Reece said: "We will have to leave our beautiful home, I fear, if business does not brighten." "I don't know where we'd move to as a way to better ourselves," answered Mamma Reece. "James could hardly wait until he donned cap and coat to get out on the sidewalk. 'We're going to move,' he shouted to his best friend. 'Ah, sure?' doubted his friend. 'Yes, sure,' asserted James. 'Pa said so.' Before night one or two people called to see if the house was for rent and several neighbors came in with regrets that they were to lose such good neighbors. Another time the father and mother referred laughingly to the fact that they had been married twice, as they had. Once by a Protestant minister and once by a priest. "James," said the father solemnly, "Did you know your mother's been married twice?"

FATHER'S KIDNEY FREE
A VALID AND SAFE BOOK ON Diseases of the Kidneys. Poor get this medicine FREE! KOENIG MED. CO., 105 Lake St., Chicago. Sold by Dispensaries, per bottle, 1/10th.

As before James rushed out to terrify his playmates by woful tales of his being scolded so much. "You see he's not my real father, my mother's been married twice," and he gained some sympathy from his associates. On Thanksgiving day though he outdone all other acts. His father attempted to kill the vestal turkey, but being overcome at the sight of the blood, he clapped his hand over his eyes and ran into the kitchen saying hoarsely, "Murder!" James took one look at the blood-stained face and hand and fled to the nearest policeman crying "My pa's killed a man!" The following investigation and summary punishment that came to James is supposed to effectually stop any more romancing.

HOW HERMAN SAVED THE TRAIN.
"Hermie!" How Herman did hate to go! He was setting up a little water-wheel in the ditch, and it was the greatest trial to leave it. "Hermie!" "Hermie!" "Hermie!" Hermie's face drew up into a scowl. Then he remembered what his father had said to him. "Take good care of your mother, Herman, for she is sick and nervous, and any excitement may upset her."

He dropped the water-wheel and ran to the porch where mother was calling. "Hermie," said mother, in a worried tone, "look off there toward the railroad track. Do you see that smoke. That ought not to be there." Herman looked. Mother was so apt to be worried. "It's only a little grass burning along the track. That's all right," he urged, eager to get back to the water-wheel. "Oh, but, Hermie, please go down and see that there isn't anything wrong," begged mother. "And Hermie, don't you get hurt," she added, in fresh terror. "All right, mother. I'll see to it," he answered, and started off toward the track.

First he ran to please mother. Then he walked, for really it was foolish to make such a fuss over a common thing. Then as the flames came in sight he began to run again. What was it? No grass fire along the track could look like that. The long wooden bridge was burning. And in five minutes the train would be due! "What shall I do?" panted poor Hermie, as he hurried up the steep railroad grade. "I must wave a red flag." But he had nothing to flag the train with, and it was too far to run home. He stood a moment helplessly. Then the boy who could make water wheels had ingenuity enough to think of a way out of worse difficulties. He pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigorously at the speck which approached in the distance. The engineer caught sight of the dancing little figure that waved the red blouse so frantically and brought the train to a standstill. The trainmen came clambering down to fight the fire. The passengers followed after, and the very first to come out of the coach was Hermie's father. "Oh, what would have happened if I had not come quick when mamma called!" thought Herman, with a shudder, as happy in the possession of enough money to buy a steam engine that would really run, he went back to his water-wheel.

They Cleanse the System Thoroughly.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

THE LION AT THE BARBER'S.
Once upon a time the lion decided that he should go to the barber's, and so he posted off to the shop kept by the monkeys. "I'm in a big hurry," said the lion as he climbed into the barber's chair. "Get through with me as quick as you can, for I want to catch a train." He threw himself back in the chair and closed his eyes, and before the monkeys had half recovered from their scare he had fallen asleep and was snoring. "What did he said he wanted—a hair cut or a shampoo?" asked the chief barber of his assistant. "He didn't say," answered Jimmy. "Well, I guess you had better wake him up and ask him." "Well, I guess I'll resign my job," replied Jimmy. "If I wake him up he'll eat me up." "Then I'll shave him," said the chief. "Maybe that isn't what he wants, and he'll eat you up," said Jimmy. "Then, suppose I cut his hair?" "He may not want his hair cut and he'll eat you up for that." "Then I guess I'll cut his hair and shave him both." "He'll eat us both up then." "The chief scratched his head and the assistant scratched his head, but presently Jimmy says: "Boss, I would like to get off today to go and see a sick friend." "All right," answered the chief, as the happy idea flitted through his brain, "and I'll take a day off too." So they took each other by the paw and tiptoed as easily as they could across the plain until they got out of earshot of the lion, and then they ran. And unless he went to another barber shop Mr. Lion hasn't had his shave or hair cut from that day to this.

CANCER
Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acids; no inconvenience. Write for book, Southern Cancer Sanatorium, 1200 E. Broadway St., Baltimore, Md.

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, 1908.
John O'Connor, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

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

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

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

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

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

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1903.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times in 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.

BLOOD POISONING
Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
Dear Sir,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE,
72 Wolseley street, City.
Toronto, April 16th, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE,
72 Wolseley street, City.
Toronto, July 21st, 1903.

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TORONTO JUNE 8, 1905.

person of a Catholic priest, Father .. His book, .. ought to be in the hands of every citizen of this republic, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Let edition after edition of that book come from the press. Let all our pastors aid in its circulation. A modern Savonarola has appeared upon the scene. Let us rally to his help and defence from ocean to ocean.

CHARLES C. McCABE,
 Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church.

As we have no desire to become participants in a clever and elaborate advertising scheme for the wretched publication hoisted by the Methodist bishop, we have cut the direct advertisement from the letter above. In order, however, to indicate the abhorrence with which Catholics regard these base designs against their faith and self-respect, we print the answer written by the lady who sent us the information to the author of the book:

"Sir,—I have always been a faithful adherent of that church against which Christ declared the gates of hell should not prevail; and it has always been my policy not to touch indecent literature with even a microscope forty-foot pole, therefore you will understand the futility of sending a prospectus of your book to me.

"But I must assure you of my regret that one who won from his co-workers in Christ's vineyard, the encomiums printed on the last page, should now degrade himself to the extent of eking out a livelihood by the working of a literary dung-hill."

We sincerely hope that by no form of imposition will Catholics allow filthy and venomous literature to be pawed upon them. There is no need to condemn or expose particular works. There are many being hawked around by agents and every approach to Catholic families by such parties should be spurned with indignation.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN HUMILIATION.

The expected has happened in the Japan Sea. The Russian and Japanese fleets met and the swift annihilation of the former followed. Pity goes out to the Russian admiral Rojstvensky, in a Japanese hospital. After a voyage that broke the record of naval exploits, he ran into the jaws of the lurking Japanese dragon and two score of his brave ships were sent to the bottom. At the time of writing no reliable information is at hand concerning the loss of life which must have been very great.

Russian sea power is effectually crippled. Another fleet can be sent out only to meet the same terrible destruction. It was a stupendous effort for Russia to send the Baltic ships to the Orient. Though their equipment was kept a secret, it was generally supposed that they carried superior guns and gunners in order to over-match the Japanese. They stood the gauntlet of battle for a shorter time, however, than the Port Arthur vessels. Whatever superiority the Japanese possess in naval warfare they can be relied upon to maintain as an absolute secret. If Rojstvensky carried the best European guns and gunners with him, then the conclusion suggests itself that as a sea-faring man the Caucasian is played out. Of course Russia is not a great naval power; but even Spain was not more completely outclassed by the United States than is Russia by Japan. On land and sea the yellow man has asserted his prowess and this momentous fact cannot fail to impress all the European nations.

Russia is beaten to a standstill, and peace is but a question of time. But after peace, it remains to be seen what effect the tremendous prestige will have upon the Japanese spirit, always spoiling for a fight.

Among the deaths announced in this week's news from England are those of Rev. Michael Maoney of Westminster Cathedral, who was actively identified with the improvement of sacred music, and Sir George G. Petrie, who had one of the longest records in the British diplomatic service.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Orange British Parliamentarians are annoyed because Lord Edmund Talbot, a Catholic, has been appointed one of the Junior Whips on the Tory side of the House.

The Osservatore Romano publishes an official communication from the Vatican stating that M. Jean de Bonnefon's latest sensation in a Parisian newspaper, rehearses of which have been published in Canada, to the effect that the Pope summoned the Archbishop of Avignon to Rome to receive the Papal censure is utterly devoid of foundation.

The motorist is perhaps the best hated of human beings. He is marked at once by popular prejudice and the law. His lot cannot be a happy one, unless some peculiar gratification he developed by the pursuit which renders him an object of such general fear and detestation. Because he has so few friends on earth, it is all the more essential that he should look to heaven. As a matter of information we may say that the patron saint of the automobile is St. Christopher. At least this fact is mentioned in connection with the motor.

tor tour through Italy undertaken by Queen Margaret. We are able to gather the additional particular that the chauffeurs chose their own saint. No doubt they realize their necessities; and it may mitigate the hostility of mankind towards them in some slight degree when it is known that they have enough of meekness in them to choose a patron saint.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE BISHOP MACDONELL

Alexandria, June 2.—Friday morning broke in a shower of tears. All nature seemed to weep for the loss of a great and good man. The spacious Cathedral of St. Finians was more than taxed. There was a great gathering of Catholic clergy and laymen. Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate, was present. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, represented the Dominion Government, and Hon. Dr. Reaume the Ontario Government.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, assisted by Rev. D. R. McDonald and Rev. D. Campbell. Bishop McEvay, of London, delivered the funeral sermon. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." St. Matt., 5-3.

I cannot refrain, he said during the course of his remarks, from recalling the last time I was here. It was then the joyful occasion of his consecration as bishop, when he was surrounded by the bishops and clergy.

The late bishop's kindness of heart was seen in an especial way, when we visited the school, his delight was to be with the children. He took a deep interest in all their affairs and they in return looked upon him as a friend and protector. To-day is a sad day. Expressions of joy have given place to those of grief and the mourning strains of De Profundis and the Miserere fill the vaulted Cathedral aisles. But he has gone and blessed are they that mourn. And so in the midst of this sadness and gloom there is the consolation that he was a friend of God and delighted to do His will.

Born, brought up and living all his life within these precincts, he knew the Gleggarray wants and troubles as perhaps no other man. His knowledge of Gaelic perhaps contributed much to his universal popularity.

A short reference was made to happy relations existing among all classes in Alexandria; to the trials and responsibilities of the new bishopric, and the building of the church and Sem.

"We could apply," continued the prelate, "the words of a noted writer, to him, when he said that an inspired missionary was a man, without a home, a race or a country equally at home everywhere, and under every condition of life. He sees only one thing, and that Christ. We all know how Bishop Macdonell detested all form of sham, how he loved and practised the holy offices of frugality, virtue, sobriety, chastity and charity, having all forms of vice and sin. May he rest in peace.

You can honor his memory by being faithful to the duties God has imposed upon you; by living a good, exemplary life, so that all virtues will spring up around your daily walks."

Emperor William and the Holy See

Rome, May 19.—The very notable event of the German Emperor's reception, at the hands of Cardinal Kopp, Archbishop of Breslau, of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, has made a profound impression here, as well as in France. It becomes more and more likely that the Protestant German Emperor will succeed to the influence in the East, which the protection of Catholic interests in these distant lands brings with it, and which France now abandons so recklessly. The anti-clericalism, says a leading French Protestant journal, which on various occasions during these latter years has produced in France the evils which everyone recognizes, has furnished German and Italian diplomacy with the occasion of this new political action.

Strange to say, the Paris "Figaro" of the 17th inst., publishes an article in which the religious spirit and the devotional tendencies of William II. are described with delicacy and a gentle enthusiasm. The writer, M. Eugene Lautier, relates that he himself beheld the incident in which these qualities were made evident. It was in the Garden of Olives, Jerusalem. The Emperor and Empress had gone there in a private way, accompanied by a few persons only. The Pastor Dryander related to them the associations attached to the spots on which they looked: there across the valley lay Jerusalem; further away, Bethlehem; and so on. Dryander's description soon attained an oratorical form, and this ended by an invocation to God. At the moment when the first words of the Lord's Prayer were pronounced, "I saw," says M. Lautier, "the Emperor and the Empress kneeling down and they responded to the prayer with the simplicity and the fervor of the humblest of their subjects."

Venerable Francis Gabriel

Rome, May 19.—On Sunday last, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Decree concerning the heroic character of the virtues of the Venerable Francis Gabriel dell'Addolorata, professed cleric of the Congregation of the Passionists, was promulgated in the Throne-room of the Vatican in presence of the Holy Father. The Decree relates that Francis Gabriel was born in Assisi in 1838, of the illustrious family Possenti; that he was educated first in Spoleto by the Brothers of the Christian Schools and afterwards by the Jesuits, and that he entered into the house of the Passionists at Montroville in 1857. He was distinguished for his strict observance of the rule of his Order, for his talents and his great piety. He died in 1867, in his 29th year. When the reading of the Decree was finished, the Pontiff congratulated a disconsolate, in which he congratulated the Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross on the glory of having a son so illustrious.

Someone has said that if you look deep enough into life, you will find that it shares itself into an interminable point.

OBITUARY

In the death of the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, which occurred at Montreal on Monday last, the 29th of May, the County of Gleggarray has never parted of a more widespread sorrow, of a more grieving tone of sad and regret, than from the removal by death, from amongst them of one of those grand, noble and most lovable characters. In harmony with the dreadful suddenness of the bereavement of the people, have flashed the electricity of love and thought and power to record their grief, their gratitude and their mourning affection to the great and good Bishop, and their sense of that exaltation of character which leaves behind it the luminous track of its virtues.

The death of this holy Bishop does not merely deprive the diocese of which he was the head of one of its greatest priests, but it also removes one of the most beloved, honored and highly respected prelates of the Catholic Church in Ontario. There never was a man who made more sacrifices for the good of his Church, to which he was so devoted and of which he was such an ornament, or for the benefit of his diocese, to which he was so attached. He sacrificed willingly, and I believe he would have sacrificed everything but that which he regarded as the permanent interest of his holy church and well loved country. Under any circumstances, the decrease of the dear bishop who has just expired in the midst of such universal sympathy would have been a calamity to the diocese, depriving them of an administrator of good sound judgment and ability, and one who had been the means of procuring great and everlasting benefits. I can scarcely realize the fact that this holy and distinguished divine now lying dead at his palace at Alexandria has closed his earthly career. A career that began in 1832 and ended in 1905. In the profound solicitude which was betrayed by all ranks, classes and creeds, from the time of the beginning of his last illness until the moment of his death, showing earnest and spontaneous anxiety on the part of the population, is perhaps the noblest eulogium that can be pronounced over his memory. It was a touching and eloquent testimony that the good prelate was dear to the hearts of all his people. That his popularity was as genuine as it was universal. That his name was revered and cherished as much in the hovel as in the palace, by the poor as well as the rich, in a word the grief for his loss is universal and his end so unforeseen and lamentable, unites affection to the admiration which he inspired. A great and good man is removed from amongst us. The hopes and anxieties of a long life-time spent in the service of his Divine Master, the holiness and austerity of his life, a close watching and attention to his flock shows that he has proven himself a "good shepherd," and has now gone to receive his eternal reward. With his heart-broken relatives and sorrowing people the writer extends deep and sincere sympathy.

ISABEL MACDONELL,
 Sherwood.

Brockville, May 30th.

June

Fresh as the roses' bloom,
 Rich as their loved perfume,
 Bringing a joy that aye borders on pain,
 Cometh the month of June,
 (May our lives attune),
 Cometh the month of God's dear Heart again!
 March, as the infant spring,
 Waits and rare smiles doth bring.
 March has life's gray mists suffused with its guide,
 Well that its guide should be
 Human sympathy—
 Joseph, the leal, prudent father of old,
 April's the growing child,
 Sunshine and showers mild
 Call forth the beauties that dormant have lain,
 Earth's resurrection morn!
 Blossom that hides the thorn,
 Glorious season of joy after pain!
 May is the maiden fair,
 Lo, in her flowing hair,
 Pure woodland lilies and windflowers wild!
 Free as the brooks that run
 Neath the yet tempered sun,
 Mother of Purity, she is thy child.
 June, and the woman stands,
 Roses within her hands,
 (Do the thorns hurt her? She knew they were there.)
 Brilliantly beams the sun,
 Life is at last begun!
 June has its thorns, but its roses are fair.
 'Tis love's fulfilling time,
 Poetry's perfect rhyme,
 Rose of the year as 'tis month of the rose.
 'Tis when God's Heart in love
 Stoops from His home above,
 Drawing us closer, our joys and our woes.

June 1st, '05. —Rose Ferguson.

Don and the Barberini

The following has appeared in The Press: "Don," in the current issue of Saturday Night, addresses an open letter to the Prime Minister of Canada. This letter makes a great display of learning. There is talk of the gladiators and the Roman Emperors, of the Barberini and the Colosseum. A scrap of Latin is quoted in an unusual form. But the most interesting remark is about the Barberini, who were, "Don" tells his readers, the family of "one of the most aggressive of early Popes."

Urban VIII. was the only member of the Barberini who became Pope, and he died in 1644. Does "Don" call a Pope who died in the middle of the seventeenth century an "early" one? If so, he might as well call Edward VII. an early Saxon King. And of what "aggressive" action was poor Urban VIII. guilty? He was indeed, the first to direct that Cardinals should receive the title of "Eminence." But, as Carlyle might have said, I have heard of dreadful things. "Don" should not pretend to know what he doesn't know. He begins his letter with the quotation: "Consider well to whom you speak, of whom you speak, how, where and when." That is good advice. "Don" should act upon it.

J. M. Cruise.

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, June 3rd.

Author of "The Lives of the Irish Saints."

Dublin, May 18.—Peacefully as a child going to rest has just passed away the great Irish hagiologist, John Canon O'Hanlon, parish priest of Sandymount, County Dublin. Thousands of clerics and laymen all over the world will learn with almost personal sorrow of the demise of the gentle and gifted pastor of the Star of the Sea Church, whose literary labors for fifty-six years have compelled the highest encomiums even from the cautious Bollandists. To others it is given to recount the saintly life and labors of a hard-working Irish priest in his sacerdotal capacity; our duty is merely to outline his literary career. No more zealous minister of religion ever labored in the cure of souls committed to his charge than did the venerable Canon O'Hanlon, who has now entered into his reward.

Lying now before us, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, is the prescriptive of "The Lives of the Irish Saints," issued from the Presbytery of SS. Michael and John on the feast of St. Columille (June 9th), 1872, wherein the fellow-curate of the late Father Charles P. Meehan announced the publication of a work, the compilation of which will for ever hand his name down from generation to generation, to be bracketed with Fitzsimon, White, Messingham, Lombard, Fleming, Wadding, Ward, and Colgan. For twenty-six years Father O'Hanlon had been preparing the material for his subscribers that he would "faithfully and honorably endeavor to fulfil every engagement specified in the prospectus." And right faithfully and honorably did the erudite author redeem his promise. Ever since the year 1873 "The Lives of the Irish Saints" has been appearing in parts of 64 pages each, and one can only stand amazed at the indomitable perseverance of one single man even attempting a sketchy account of the 3,500 Irish saints whose lives have been written by Canon O'Hanlon with a wealth of learning and conscientious research that few could equal. Let us briefly state the actual mechanical work of this colossal literary undertaking. The first volume contained 624 closely printed Royal octavo pages; the second had 736 pages; the third, 1036 pages; the fourth 576 pages; while the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes contained 624, 832 and 520 pages. Succeeding volumes were of about the same character, and November was completed last Christmas. Each volume has been profusely illustrated, and full references are given. It is of interest to the Irish scholar to learn that the beautiful Irish font of type used throughout had been designed by Dr. Petrie for the Catholic University. Of the Bishops who originally became subscribers in 1872 only two survive, namely, Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The late Brother Grace sent a list of over 100 subscribers, adding: "You have done your duty nobly—it remains for us to do ours." Especially pleased was the author with the letters and subscriptions from Archbishop MacHale, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, Aubrey de Vere, Denis Florence McCarthy, Rev. James Graves, Rev. Dr. Todd, Bishop (the late Cardinal) Vaughan, and Father Victor de Buck, S.J., the Bollandist.

Born over eighty years ago, Canon O'Hanlon was a veritable storehouse of archaeological lore, especially of everything appertaining to the history of Queen's County. As a boy he listened with rapture to Daniel O'Connell speaking at the Great Heath, Maryborough, in 1836, and he was present at the public banquet given to the Liberator at Straubally, in the large mill of Mr. Richard Leadbetter, on the evening of that memorable day. He loved to recall the political ballads of 1836-1840, written apropos of Sir Henry Brooke Parnell (author of the "History of the Penal Laws"), who was created Lord Congleton in 1841; and he often spoke of the fast disappearing folk-tunes sung and played in the Queen's County in the pre-famine period.

From 1845 to 1852 Canon O'Hanlon labored on the American Mission at St. Louis, under Archbishop Kenrick, but his thoughts were ever with the old land, and in 1849 he published, through Patrick Donoghue, of Boston, an "Abridgement of the History of Ireland," followed by "The Irish Emigrant's Guide to the United States," in 1851. His first work after his return to Ireland in 1855 was a "Life of St. Laurence O'Toole," published by John Mullany, of Dublin, chiefly remarkable as the first contribution towards a promised series of volumes containing an account of all the Irish Saints—a volume which was followed by a "Life of St. Malachy O'Morgair," and a "Life of St. Dymphna."

On May 14th, 1856, on the proposal of the Rev. James Graves, Canon O'Hanlon (then described as "R. C.C., 40 Parkgate street, Dublin") was elected a member of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, to the Journal of which he was for forty years a valued contributor. In particular, his minute description of the Ordnance Survey Letters showed painstaking research of a very high order. Some years ago he was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy. During the summer of 1860 he made a tour of Connaught, and accompanied Croagh Patrick, accompanied by the late Canon O'Grave Bourke. He also visited O'Carroll's grave at Kilonan, which suggested to him "The Buried Lady: A Legend of Kilonan." His publications in the years 1864-1868 included a "Catechism of Greek Grammar," "Devotions for Confession and Holy Communion," and "The Life of St. Aengus the Culdee." This last quoted work was dedicated to the "Very Rev. Monsignor Moran, D.D., Professor of Irish History in the Catholic University," subsequently Bishop of Ossory, and now Cardinal Primate of Australia.

THE PASSIONIST ORDER.

At the General Chapter of the Passionist Order, which has just concluded in the Retreat of SS. John and Paul, Rome. Most Rev. Bernard Silvestrelli, C.P., was re-elected Father-General of the Order. Subsequently the Capitular Fathers were received in special audience by His Holiness Pope Pius X. The fathers were also present when His Holiness declared that Venerable Gabriel Possenti, Passionist student, had practised the virtues in a heroic degree.

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Tobacco Grown in Ireland

The first tobacco grown and manufactured in Ireland for over a century and placed on the market under ordinary conditions will be on sale in Dublin and elsewhere throughout Ireland in six weeks' time. It has been grown by Col. Everard, of Randlestown, in Meath, who last year visited America and submitted some samples of it to connoisseurs, who warmly commended it. The tobacco and the success of Col. Everard in its culture and cure confirms the opinion one held by a section of Irish agriculturists that Ireland, especially the eastern portion of the country, is perfectly fitted for tobacco culture.

Col. Everard has raised a crop of 1,000 pounds to the acre at Randlestown, and is absolutely confident that the results he has attained in Meath can equally be attained in the majority of the Irish counties. But there is a cloud on this bright sky for Irish agriculturists. The Government looks coldly upon its project to turn Ireland into one of the tobacco-growing countries, and has up to the present refused any rebate on Irish grown tobacco. If it persists in its refusal tobacco growing can scarcely become profitable; but Col. Everard, who is a Unionist, is still hopeful of inducing the Government not to dash the bright prospect.

The industrial development movement forges ahead steadily. Last week the newly formed Dublin Industrial Development Association elected its officers and began its operations. George Perry, an extensive manufacturer, was elected president, John Mulligan, chairman of the Hibernian Bank, and Hugh Wallace, one of the leading coal merchants of the metropolis, were elected vice-presidents; John Brown, a wealthy miller, and John Calligan, a leading merchant, were elected treasurers, and Joseph Ryan, a commercial man, secretary.

The officers represent all creeds and all political sections in the community. The president is a Protestant Home Ruler, the first vice-president a Catholic Home Ruler, and the second a Protestant Unionist. One of the treasurers is a Quaker Home Ruler and the other a Presbyterian Unionist, while the secretary is a Catholic Nationalist. The co-operation of all creeds and sections in the industrial association assures its success. The formation of the association has intensified the feeling in favor of supporting home industries in the giving of contracts by local boards. To-day the North Dublin Board of Guardians unanimously decided to in future accept no tenders for supplies save those of bona fide Irish manufacturers. As the Boards of Guardians throughout Ireland expend nearly \$5,000,000 annually on supplies, most of which has hitherto gone to English manufacturers, a general decision on their part to retain the expenditure of that sum in Ireland will be extremely beneficial to the country.

The Electro-Peak Coal Company is at present erecting works and stock-sheds at the bog of Kibberly, near Altry, in Kildare. The company intends by treating the peat electrically, to place on the market a perfect substitute for coal. The process employed is a private patent, and it is believed the peat bogs of Ireland will become as Sir Richard Sankey, the eminent geologist, declared they would become, "veritable gold mines."

Ancient Order of Hibernians

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 3 the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: While deeply deploring the loss Div. No. 3 has sustained in the death of our beloved brother, John O'Brien, be it resolved that we, the officers and members in session assembled, tender to his bereaved relatives our sincere sorrow and sympathy with them, in this their sad hour of trial and while bowing with submission to the Divine Will, we humbly pray Almighty God to console them and grant them grace and strength to bear with Christian fortitude the irreparable loss they have sustained, and be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be entered on the minutes of this Division, one sent to the relatives, and one to the Catholic Register for publication.

ED. MOORE, Pres.
 WM. DONNELLY, Rec.-Secy.

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Advertisement for a book or publication, partially obscured and difficult to read.



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D'Youville Reading Circle

On the evening of Tuesday, May 30, D'Youville Circle held its closing meeting, the programme, both literary and musical, being such as to fully justify the term "spring festival." The convocation hall of the Rideau street Convent had been converted into a bower of greenery, here and there, further enhanced by clusters of spring blossoms.

A clever paper on Canadian Poets, by Miss E. Marshall, was read by Miss Agnes Baskerville, who also read "The Songsters," by Pauline Johnson. Miss A. O'Connor played Mendelssohn's beautiful little "Spring Song." The vocal numbers were: "The Swallows," sung by Miss Gwendolyn Smart, accompanist, Miss Audrey Jones; Celia Thaxter's "Good-bye, Sweet Day," by Miss May Weir, accompanist, Miss Florence Goodwin. Mrs. A. Fraser and some of her elocution class read selections of Lampman's "The Eve of June," by Mrs. Fraser, "The Frogs," Miss Topley-Thomas, "April on the Hills," Miss M. Meahery.

Chas. G. B. Roberts was represented in "The Maple," by Miss M. E. O'Meara. Miss J. MacCormac read Bliss Carman's "The Magic of the Woods."

The Rev. Lucian Johnston, a practical honorary member of D'Youville Circle, sent two exquisite short poems: "Maryland Skies" and "The Sea Gipsy." The latter poem was suggested to Father Johnston by the reading of Richard Haney's poem of the same title. Miss Anna McCullough was the reader.

The second part of the evening was given to some general remarks by the chairman, who was pleased to review the four years' work of the Circle with that secure feeling which is only determined by success. The summer months were spoken of as demanding nature's studies, in poems, pictures and the beautiful and countless sermons in stones and shells, flowers and trees, making, of all the world the most sublime, most complete library and art gallery and museum.

A few books were mentioned as good interpreters of creation: Saint Francis of Assisi in "The Legends"; Father Faber's, Wordsworth's and Christine Rossetti's poems; "The Little Rivers," by Van Dyke; "Elizabeth's Garden" and "The Solitary summer" and Newman's sermon, "The New Spring."

Pamphlets containing the report of the sixth annual meeting of the International Catholic Truth Society, were distributed, a careful reading of the same being recommended. The attention of the members was called to a compliment paid by the Rev. President, William F. McGinnis, D.D. in his closing address on the occasion of that annual gathering in New York when he said: "I wish to express my admiration of the work done by various affiliated societies, and if I might single out those which have been particularly active along our lines, permit me to commend the D'Youville Alumnae Association of Ottawa, the Councils of the Knights of Columbus and the San Antonio Branch of the International Catholic Truth Society."

The special subject of next year's work was announced as the History of Education. Some of the lectures will be in touch with this subject, the object of which will be to make quite sure that all our so-called gains should not lead us to forget our very real losses. Besides the acceptable authorities on this subject of study, the attention of the Circle will be called to the results of education, as shown in the literatures of ancient, mediæval and modern times. The method will be largely comparative, with a special endeavor to draw the line of difference between pagan and Christian, and also between instruction and education.

The next meeting will be held on the first First Tuesday of October, while the full gathering will be as usual, on Saint Theresa's Day, Oct. 15th.

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SS. NEREUS AND ACHILLEUS

Anniversary Feast Celebrated in the Catacomb of St. Domitilla

Rome, May 19.—In spite of the heavy rain of Sunday last, a considerable crowd of persons went from the city to the Church and Catacomb of St. Domitilla, where the anniversary feast of SS. Nereus and Achilleus was celebrated. Mass at the Catacombs has always a certain impressiveness special to itself, originating in the associations which are awakened by the historical memories of the place. On this present occasion that was emphasised when one of the Homilies of St. Gregory the Great was read after the first Gospel. This Homily was delivered by that Pontiff, in that same church and on that same feast, thirteen hundred years ago! The music, which was quite in keeping with these associations, was the Gregorian chant, rendered by the students of the French Seminary in Rome, under the direction of the illustrious Dom Andre Mocquereau, Prior of the Abbey of Solesmes.

Comendatore Orazio Marucchi delivered a lecture in which he described the historical memories of the place, and commented in a special manner on the inscription which Pope St. Damasus, who reigned from 366 to 384, placed here in honor of SS. Nereus and Achilleus. The church was discovered by De Rossi, and rendered available for service in 1874. It stands on the second floor of a catacomb, somewhat in the manner of St. Agnes Outside the Walls; and the date of its construction was most ingeniously discovered by that illustrious archaeologist. The earliest dated inscription found in the church was of the year 395, the latest dated inscription in the catacomb immediately beneath it was of the year 390; it was natural to conclude that between 390 and 395 the church was constructed here. A fragment of an inscription in marble, written in the well-known characters employed by Pope Damasus, was recognized by De Rossi as part of the metrical inscription drawn up by this Pope and placed at their sepulchre, "on the Apian Way," as the Eusebiens manuscript somewhat inaccurately puts it. This inscription is a copy of the original inscription made by a pilgrim who came to Rome in the seventh century, and who was greatly enamoured of the beauty of language of these inscriptions, which he gathered as examples to be imitated.

The finding of a fragment of the original inscription in this spot made known the nature of the building and its name—that is to say the Saints whose name it bore. The inscription relates that the two martyrs, Nereus and Achilleus, were soldiers, probably Pretorians, and may have taken part in the persecution of Nero. Thus the memory is brought back to the very infancy of Christianity in Rome, when St. Peter and St. Paul were preaching to the people and gathering thousands to the faith of Christ. The discovery of a portion of a marble column on which was represented in relief a prisoner with his hands tied behind his back, and close by him an executioner striking with a heavy sword at the neck of the prisoner, was an event that shed additional light on the history of this place. It was evident that on this column, which is supposed to have been one of the four pillars which supported the canopy that rose above the altar, a martyrdom was represented, and all doubt was removed when the name Achilleus was read above the group of the prisoner and the executioner. A tiny fragment of one of the other columns of the canopy has the lower part of a second similar group, and it is not very rash to conclude that this represented the martyrdom of Nereus.

In this, as in the other Catacombs of Rome, the great wonder and supreme satisfaction is the mode in which they each relate to him, who has lovingly and thoroughly studied them, their own special story. The longer and more eagerly one contemplates them the more they reveal. One strange or unusual word in an inscription, an unexpected figure in a fresco, a break in the continuity of a staircase, or a piece of broken glass or an unusual gem set into the mortar around the slabs that close a grave, tell each their own tale, and throw light upon a period not clearly illumined and especially on the manners and customs and modes of thought prevailing at the time these things were made.

C.O.F. NOTES

St. Peter's Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters held their twelfth regular meeting in Douglas Hall, corner Bloor and Bathurst streets, at 8 o'clock on the evening of June 1st. After the regular business of the Court was disposed of, Rev. Father Minehan delivered an eloquent address setting forth the benefits to be derived from the independence of the Catholic press.

A lively discussion then arose as to the ideal method of educating our Catholic children. The speeches were excellent and many good points were made.

On Thursday evening, 15th inst., at 8 o'clock, the next meeting, which promises to be a most interesting one, will be held in the same hall.

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Orangeism and Catholic Teachers

The loud profession of the Orange politicians who are opposing the school clauses of the Northwest autonomy bills is that Catholics would receive fair play from them under a common school system. The Orange propaganda is the same in Canada and in Ireland; and let the following facts as related by the Dublin Freeman's Journal, tell the tolerance of Orangemen to Catholics and Catholic teachers in national schools. The Freeman says:

Mr. Justice Barton gave judgment in a peculiarly wanton and cruel case of conspiracy. The conspirators were certain Orangemen in the district of Carnthal, County Tyrone, who were headed by the local "Master," Mr. William Coote. About the case there was not a single palliating feature. It was a brutal and disgusting exhibition of bigotry against a poor young sewing teacher whose only offence was that she was a "Papist." This young girl, Miss Rose Sweeney, was appointed as a manual instructress to the National School by the manager, the Rev. Mr. Bailey, the Presbyterian clergyman of the parish. This school, let us say, in the first instance, was not even in the practical sense, a denominational school such as we are familiar with, in fact, in most places. Each denomination, in practice, provides its own school, and while nominally open to all classes, these schools are, in practice, only attended by pupils of the denomination of those who erected the school. But the Carnthal school was what is called a "vested" school. It was erected at the expense of all denominations. It was attended by Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Catholics, and the only flavor of sectarianism about it was that the Rev. Mr. Bailey, the Presbyterian minister, was the manager. Such was the state of affairs when Miss Rose Sweeney was appointed at a salary which was to range according to the number of pupils—the maximum to be £24 a year—to teach the little girls of Carnthal how to sew.

For the first few days after the appointment the children attended the school as usual. Even the local Orangemen did not at first see any great danger to liberty of conscience in a Catholic sewing mistress. But at the end of the week the Presbyterian church was daubed with big black crosses, and Mr. William Coote, the defendant in the action yesterday, denounced the Presbyterian minister to his face as guilty of "scandalous" conduct. This Orange bravo, in fact, regarded it as scandalous that a Catholic teacher should be appointed in a school provided by Catholic as well as Protestant money. He called a meeting of the parishioners, he organized a "boycott" of the school, and he indicted before one of the "Lodges" the Episcopal minister, Canon Hare Forester, because he dissuaded the people from joining in the boycott. The object of the conspiracy was, of course, clear. This poor Catholic girl was to be dismissed from her position to please Mr. Coote and the rest of the bigots; she was to be ruined for the gross offence of being a "Papist," and, in default of her dismissal, the school was to be destroyed and the emoluments of the teacher reduced to vanishing point. This blackguard scheme partly succeeded. Every credit is due to the Rev. Mr. Bailey and to the Episcopalian clergyman, Canon Hare Forester, who acted as a Christian gentleman should, and declined to be coerced by the Orange drummer, "ruling elder" though he was of the church to which Mr. Bailey belonged. But the children were withdrawn from the school, and the girl has lost her emoluments. It yet remains to be seen whether the machinery of the Chancery Division will result in compensating her upon the same lavish scale as Mr. O'Keefe, of Tallow, whose verdict of £5,000 has been warmly approved of as not excessive by the judges in banco of two of our Irish Courts, headed by that eminent and dignified person, Lord O'Brien of Killeenora.

Mr. Justice Barton felt bound by the facts of the case to give an injunction against the conspirators. But that injunction will not bring back the pupils, whose parents have been intimidated to withdraw them. If we were to say more on this point, we should probably be accused of attempting to prejudice the forthcoming inquiry in Chambers into the question of damages. But while applauding the judgment of the learned judge, we could have wished, too, that he had not made any statement in advance as to what he was about to do. At the close of the case he is reported to have said that he would not be disposed to give more than a quarter's salary in any case, but in-

decated that no evidence had yet been taken on the question of damages. We think it would have been wiser if the judge had indicated no maximum until evidence was actually taken. As the Chief Justice would say, "We say no more."

Recent Books

Three books from the publishing house of Benziger Bros., New York, are to hand: "Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," Rev. H. Holden, S.J., \$1.25. "Socialism and Christianity," Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D., \$1.00. "The Transplanting of Tessie," Mary T. Waggerman, 60c.

From Benziger Bros. we always look for pure and healthy literature of cultured phrase, intellectual depth, and education of the highest phase of sound morality. And these three volumes each in each in no ways fall short of our expectations. The first, though devoted specially to pastors, still provides to the lay mind a fund of historical information and ecclesiastical exhortation upon this chief devotion in the Church. As one reads one wonders, and, enthusing, one reaches to spiritual resolution to promote and practise this spirit-blessing devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And dull indeed must be the reader who under the spell of the gifted author does not rise to the intention of fulfilling the aims to promote which the book is written.

In "Socialism and Christianity" the Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D., with a master hand exposes and traces to its cause that modern phase of "improved economical conditions" known as socialism. He points out the pitfalls with which it brews the path of the honest worker, and the traps it erects to destroy the ordinary happiness of human lives, by exchanging with revolutionary vigor the old and well tried systems of Christian charity and fellowship, of the natural fullness of life of human relationships for a system which levels all personal endeavor to a mean of state appropriations, making individuals of none, nonentities of all. In the latter part of the author's work are many exquisite paragraphs descriptive of and inculcating the true happiness and the greatest prosperity to be obtained in human life, the reading of which in themselves alone will repay the small cost of a volume filled from first to last with immense stores of food for thought.

"The Transplanting of Tessie." In these days of glaring novels, and unwholesome "bon mouches" with which the enquiring mind of childhood is surrounded as food for recreation, the sweet and well-told story of fair and lovable Tessie comes with a welcome zest. The vigorous picture of a vivacious little girl, trained in all the naturalness of childhood and modest demeanor of convent upbringing is an unflinching delight. Yet the story is not without those touches of pathos that bring strictures to the throat of the reader and a sympathetic tear to the eye, and the humorous situations call forth also the ready smile of enjoyment, while mostly the reader enjoys the heroism of the little heroine, and feels that while one naturally expects deeds of "high emprise" from such an one, there would be decided disappointment if such were not realized in the usual course of the ordinary story book. Mary T. Waggerman has provided recreation in this volume that should induce parents to willingly pay the small price of the book and debar from their children's minds the highly seasoned stuff which is frequently devoured with pitiable gusto.

Sympathy in Stratford

Stratford, May 29.—The death of Major Henry A. Gray, M. Inst., C. E., engineer in charge of the public works of Canada, at Toronto, on Tuesday, May 23rd, was learned with deep regret by his many staunch friends in Stratford, where the late major was well and favorably known, having formerly resided here. He was at one time a member of the Separate School Board and St. Joseph's church choir. He was also an active member of the Branch No. 13, C.M.B.A., in which branch he became a member of the association. Major Gray was widely known throughout Canada and his sudden and unexpected death will be a severe shock to his many friends everywhere. He was born in Edgbaston, near Birmingham, England, Nov. 21, 1843.

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Bigamy and the English Bar

The London Catholic Herald states that at Gray's Inn, Earl Russell was called to the Bar. The question as to whether he should be called last term was referred to the Judges, but the latter declined to settle it, saying that it was a matter for the Benchers of the Inn. The difficulty has arisen through the conviction of Earl Russell on a bigamy charge, and, of course, such a conviction, in the ordinary way, has hitherto precluded anyone being called to the Bar.

PROVIDENCE

"Now don't yo' cry, honey," the old ranchman said, laying his big hand over the girl's, where it rested, clenched, on her knee.

He had known her all her life long and had loved her from the moment her father took her, a brown, blinking baby, out of her mother's arms and put her proudly into his, saying, "Providence—that's what we've agreed to call her, my girl and me. It's a name we put monstrous faith in, Neighbor Sherr."

It seemed just the other day, and yet here was the brown baby become a brown girl, with eyes almost on a level with his, and strong young shoulders brave to bear such burdens as life laid upon them. The little prairie mother had died, and after some restless, unproductive years the man, who had lost the best part of his life in losing her, was buried beside her. They said the climate killed her.

At the last he talked much of his old home in the North, and one day he wrote a letter back to some of his own people, asking them to take Providence when he was gone.

Providence read the answer to him when it came, and Neighbor Sherr stood by to listen. Yes, they would take her, these unknown Northern cousins, and do by her as well as their means would permit. The careful phrases were religiously dutiful and cold, even to Providence, but her father's joy lent them the needed grace.

"Yo'll go, won't yo'?" he asked, eagerly.

"If yo' say so, pa," Providence sobbed, with her head beside his on the pillow. He died that night. It seemed as if he had only been waiting for the letter.

When the funeral was over the girl went home with Neighbor Sherr to make ready for her journey. There was little to do to make ready, only to lock the old black valise where she had already packed an extra dress of her own and some valueless things that had belonged to her father and mother.

When the wagon was brought to the door Neighbor Sherr helped Providence up to the high spring seat and put the valise at her feet.

As they drove off across the prairie toward the railway town the old ranchman looked ahead prophetically, but Providence looked backward.

The two ranches lay side by side. She saw Neighbor Sherr's corral and sheds, his old ranch-house, and Jose standing in the stoop, waving his sombrero, which glistened in the sun with all its tarnish of bells and beads.

She saw the dim, dark spot which was her father's new grave and the white stone that marked her mother's, and behind them the house, squatting lifeless and gray as a shadow, with blank windows staring after her like piteous eyes. Then she felt Neighbor Sherr's hand fall over hers and heard him say, "Now don't yo' cry, honey."

"I won't look any mo'," she said, convulsively. She turned and stared unwinkingly between the ears of the horse in front of her. But the tears kept rolling down and dropping off her quivering chin into her lap.

Neighbor Sherr swallowed hard at something in his throat.

"I say as yo' pa did," he said, steadily, "that it's the best thing yo' yo' to go. Yo'll see sights yo' never dreamed of, Providence. Build-ings to which the old ranch-house won't compare mo' n' a chaparral-cock's nest, and mountains and rivers and railroads. His spirits rose with his imagination, and then sank suddenly. "But when it's night and all sort of still and quietlike, yo'll be remembering how things was down hyar, honey, gat?"

"Oh, I wish yo' was goin', too!" she burst out.

He shook his head. "Wa-al, no, I consider that's out of the question. Yo' know Neighbor Sherr makes a considerable figger on his reservation, but he wouldn't be worth a two-bit piece what that's real folks."

She stared at him, dimly understanding. "I'll write to you regular—every week," she promised.

He looked uncomfortably down at the reins in his hands.

"I couldn't read a word of it, honey," he said, very low. "And so I writin' back again—wa-l, me n' a pen never could get a lg together, anyhow."

He looked up at her tear-stained face. "Yo' send the letters long just the same!" he exclaimed. "I can always tell what's in the beginning and ending, anyhow. An' now an' then maybe the post-office man will oblige me by reading of a line or two. An', anyway, it will be a heap o' comfort just to handle the things and look at 'em."

Providence frowned.

"No, that won't do nowadays," she said. "I tell yo'. That's all that nice colored paper yo' gave me so long ago, yo' recollect? I'll write on that, and when yo' get a pink sheet, that'll be first-class news, and a blue one will be middle-class, and if yo' get a green one, Neighbor Sherr, that'll mean that things are a-goin' just nobow at all."

The ranch buildings were sinking on one side of the prairie as the little railroad town rose on the other, a seasaw fashion. Neighbor Sherr gave the horses their heads and the light wagon spun forward over the level. Along one of the two black lines of track that attached themselves to opposite sides of the town a train crawled like a caterpillar on a grass-stalk.

Neighbor Sherr helped her aboard and swung his hat as the coaches clanked by. He saw her face at the window, and he still saw it after the train was gone and he stood, dazed and alone, on the platform. And his old head guessed how Providence had sunk forward with her head in the back of the next seat in a perfect apathy of despair.

On the fourth day the girl came to the end of her journey. She stumbled out upon the platform of the smart new station, gripping her valise, her amazed eyes vainly seeking for some one who should be there to meet her.

It was raining and cold, and she shivered as she had never shivered before. She went into the waiting room and sat down in the farthest corner, away from everybody. It was warm there. Her hat tipped forward, tangled wisps of her neglected hair brushed her cheeks, and her bare hands were shoved far into her sleeves.

A man came to the door and took her. She was a small, gray-haired woman, and she had looked in at the

door at this time every day for a week. She was getting cross with disappointment, and above the steel bows of her spectacles her brows met in an impatient frown.

The room was so dim that she did not see the girl in the corner at first, but when she did she jerked the glasses up and down her sharp little nose, and exclaimed, softly, "For the land's sake!"

She crossed the room briskly. "Are yo' Asa More's girl?" she demanded. "Ya-as," drawled Providence.

"Then I guess we're looking for each other. I'm his cousin Sophia. Well, well!" Her breath came out in a little sudden gust that seemed to leave her exhausted. "Tired out?" she asked, as Providence still stared.

"Pretty nigh," the girl sighed.

"That's your valise, isn't it? We haven't so very far to go. Come on, now. We'll get right out of here."

They trudged along in silence down the sidewalk, which was slippery with fallen leaves. Providence shivered more and more. She paid no heed to the way she was taking, and was neither glad nor sorry when Miss Sophia opened the gate in a length of picket fence and led the way through it up on the verandah of a small, white house with plants in the windows. She took off her rubbers and set her umbrella up to drip.

"Getter shake your skirts good and wipe your feet on that mat," she suggested, and Providence obeyed. "That valise will do just as well out here for the present. Come in," and Providence went in.

The room was sitting-room and kitchen in one. There was a rag carpet on the floor, a shining cook-stove and a plump cushion in every chair. A stout woman with crimped hair came out through a door.

"Well," Sophia said to her, "here she is, Polly."

Polly kissed her, and Providence's heart went out to her in gratitude.

"Tired out and most frozen, aren't you?" she said. "Let me hang away your things, and yo' sit right down here by the fire and warm yourself."

Providence did as she was told. Miss Sophia tied on an apron and came and sat down in front of her.

"So your father's dead," she said, "and your mother, too. Poor Asa!" Back in her young days Asa More had been his cousin's romance, and she had never forgiven the woman he married. "Did he leave any property?"

Providence thought of the barren ranch and the house, with its dull, staring windows.

"That's the ranch," she explained. "We sold off most everything to pay the doctor an'—an' like that. It ain't worth much."

"For the land's sake, child!" Miss Sophia said. "What makes you draw your words so?"

"I don't know no other way," Providence answered humbly.

"Haven't you ever been to school?" "No."

"Well, I declare! And you a great girl. How old?"

"Comin' fifteen. I can read and write," Providence hurried out, eagerly.

"Read and write and fifteen years old!" The words were emphatically show. "I suppose your father taught you that. Well, I guess the sooner you get started in school the better."

"She sat a moment, thinking. "Are all your clothes in that valise?" "Yes," said Providence.

"Who made that dress you've got on?"

"I made it," Providence flushed. She had been very proud of her dress-making hitherto. Miss Sophia jerked the glasses up and down on her nose.

"Aren't there any women folks down where you live?" she exploded. Providence looked startled.

"Oh, yes, but I never see them. Only pa an' Neighbor Sherr an' Jose an'—an'—Choctaw Pete."

Miss Sophia was speechless.

"Heathen!" she said, at last, and got up to set the table. At bedtime Providence followed Miss Polly up the carpeted stairs to the warm, plain little room that had been made ready for her. Polly set down the light and opened the bed. Then she patted the girl on the back, smiled a good night and went out.

Providence undressed hurriedly, blew out the light and crept into bed. The bed teetered and bounded and the darkness whirled round her. Strange faces looked into hers, strange voices sounded in her ears. It was the after-effect of her journey, but she did not know it, and feared she was going to be ill.

"Providence, indeed! A doubtful Providence I call her."

It was a real voice this time, Miss Sophia's, speaking in the next room.

"Do you know, she hasn't a thing fit to wear and no money to speak of? Neighbor Sherr paid her passage, she says, so it seems Asa didn't have money for that, even. There won't be a cent coming to her from anywhere, as I can see."

"She isn't to blame," Polly maintained. "And I don't suppose Asa knew what else to do. We're the nearest folks he had anywhere. I shouldn't wonder if we'd be surprised in her. I mean to do the best I can by her, anyhow."

"So do I!" groaned Miss Sophia. "But how we're going to manage beats me. What's just enough for two people skips three dreadfully. And I don't believe I'll ever be able, to like her one particle. She's her mother right over and that's kind of set me against her."

"It'll all come out right, Sophia," said her sister. "We did our duty to say we'd take her, and now we've got her we're going to make the best of it. My heart fairly warms to the child."

Providence heard to the last word, sitting up in bed, with her hands to her ears and her eyes big and wild in the darkness. When the voices ceased she collapsed, and the pillow smothered her wail. "O pa! O ma!" reaching out after the sweet divinity she had scarcely known. "O Neighbor Sherr!"

Hope and resolve came with the morning. Providence was very womanly in some ways, and as she dressed in the warm room, where the sunlight was dancing, she pondered reasonably on what she had heard the night before. She had been adored and sheltered all her life long, and she had never known any strangers. She had come ready to love these women, and they had not loved her.

"I'll use 'em fair, anyway, an' I won't lay nothin' up against 'em," she thought. "Pa set a heap of store by 'em, and he wouldn't want me to be mean an' sassy. It's goin' to be powerful hard, but I'll do my best, and if I can't stand it, I'll—"

She clasped her hands under her chin and above them her face was wistful

—I'll mosey long back to Neighbor Sherr," she ended, with determination.

Providence could not go to school until she had something more fitting to wear than the old brown dress in which she had travelled northward.

But one morning Miss Sophia took her down to the Westford Academy. Providence knew more than merely to read and write, but she had to take her place among pupils much younger than herself. She was laughed at and whispered about and watched. The boys imitated her drawl and caricatured her and gave her nicknames. It was a cruel ordeal for Providence. The letters that went to Neighbor Sherr in those first trying days were steadily blue.

"If I sent him pink ones they'd make him feel easier, but they would not be true," she decided.

The sisters made over more clothing for her and bought her one new dress, a dull red cashmere. The day she wore it for the first time she sent a glowing pink messenger of happiness across the States to Neighbor Sherr. That same day a gilt of something warm came into Miss Sophia's eyes, and she called Providence "a good child."

Winter sped away and the pink writing paper dwindled. Providence worked hard in school and earned two promotions, which brought her up with pupils nearer her own age. No one laughed at her now, and every one was kind to her. She was learning her way into books, and they opened for her the alluring vistas of a new, wonderful world.

At home Miss Polly taught her to sew and darn and Miss Sophia taught her housekeeping. Providence was eager to learn. She was beginning to love Northern ways for their own sake, and because they had been her father's ways.

A spirit breathed upon the North and it woke. Spring had come, languid and frail, but, oh, so lovely!

It was a long time since Providence had sent any but pink letters to Neighbor Sherr, and she was beginning to think they were the only kind she would ever need to send, when suddenly her fair skies came tumbling down about her in utter wrack of desolation.

One Saturday morning she was going downtown with Miss Sophia, who had to do some buying for the house. It seemed to Providence as she looked at her cousin that the springtime had quickened a new life in her, as well as in the lilacs and elms. There was a flush in her thin cheeks and her eyes shone behind their glasses.

As for the girl, she could hardly keep her feet following after each other in decorous order.

They were entering Main street when a man brushed by them, running. At the corner another man joined them. Others were hurrying up from every direction. The whole street seemed alive with excitement.

Before the bank a little crowd was gathering. Miss Sophia quickened her steps.

"Let's go over there," she said, and they went. Others joined the crowd before they did. One man was shaking his fists and screaming.

"It's a fraud. They're thieves and liars! They're taking money up to within twenty minutes of the time that notice was put there!"

"What notice? What notice?" Miss Sophia clutched the arm of the nearest man. He turned and looked at her dully.

"Can't you see for yourself?" he asked, pointing at the bank door.

"I can, Cousin Sophia," Providence said, clearly. "It says the bank is closed for the liquidation of its debts."

Miss Sophia tipped over against the girl, and her face was almost as white as the curtains in the bank windows.

"Closed!" she repeated. "And all our money is in there."

"Mine is, too," said the man who had spoken to her.

Providence led Miss Sophia home, and they broke the news to Miss Polly.

The neighbors came in to talk with them. They said a good many people in Westford were just as badly off, but that was cold comfort. And then the neighbors went away and they sat down in their misery, two suddenly old, helpless women, to contemplate the future.

Providence made tea and coaxed them to drink it. She cared for them and soothed them in a way they had not known, since they were children and had a mother. And all the time her head was busy with her own plans.

"There's the ranch—I'll sell the ranch," she thought. "It must be worth something to somebody, and even a little money will help them, so now, poor dears!"

When she could, she writing to her room and opened her writing-box. There was one sheet of pink paper, several of blue, and every one of the green left. The time had come when she must use the green.

She drew the sheet toward her with trembling fingers and dipped her pen. A moment she stared at the treetops swaying beyond her window, then she wrote hurriedly:

"Dear Neighbor Sherr: You must sell the ranch. My cousins have lost their money and will have to leave their house unless they get help somehow. I am going to work just as soon as I can, but I probably shall not be able to earn much. They have been very good to me. I want to do something for them now. Sell the ranch somehow. With love,

"Providence."

She knew that Neighbor Sherr would get someone to read the letter when he saw the green paper.

That night, as she lay wide-eyed and sleepless on her bed, the door opened and some one stole in. Providence saw the gleam of a white nightgown through the gloom and felt two cold, shaking hands fall upon her as she started up.

"Don't make any noise," Miss Sophia whispered. "Polly has just got to sleep."

Providence drew the old woman down beside her, and held her in her strong arms as if she were a child.

"I had to come, Sophia said. "I could not sleep. There are things to be done. We can't do anything for you now as we'd planned. I don't know, but seems to me I'm thinking more of you than I am of ourselves. You're everything in the world to me, Providence."

It was out at last. Providence's heart gave a bound. "I've tried to be grateful, Cousin Sophia," she answered, simply.

Sophia kissed her.

The bank's affairs were really in worse shape than had at first been

feared. Miss Sophia put a sign, "To Rent," over the front door and began to look about for rooms. Miss Polly made an inventory of their household stuff, and set apart a portion to be sold at auction.

Providence left school. She felt her place just now was with her cousins, who needed her constantly. Besides, she wanted to find something to do.

Even if Neighbor Sherr sold the ranch, it would probably not bring much. She had not heard from him, although she went expectantly to the post-office every day. Surely he must have had her letter, and the post-master at McKinley City would write a few lines for him in reply at any time. What did it mean? Was he sick?

Providence was growing very anxious. One cool, gray May afternoon, when she started for the post-office as usual, she opened the door right in the face of a big, roughly dressed man, who stood before it trying to ring the bell. She gave one look at him and tumbled into his arms.

"Neighbor Sherr!" she cried.

"I reckon. How's my money gal?" He lifted her face by the chin and studied it closely. Providence wanted to cry, but she laughed instead.

"Did you get the green letter?" she asked.

"That's what I did, if I gal, an' I was never so scared in all my life as when I saw that letter. The sheriff drew a bead on me, thinking I was that boss-thiefin', no-count coyote, Jim Perley."

The old lazy drawl was the sweetest sound Providence had heard for months. She drew Neighbor Sherr into the house and shut the door on him, and fell to hugging him again in her excitement. For a moment the keen recall to the old life made her forget the new; then all her trouble came rushing back upon her seven-fold.

"Oh, Neighbor Sherr! Have you sold the ranch?" she broke out, anxiously.

"No," he said; then, as he saw her disappointment, he hastened on, "and mebbe yo' won't care when yo' hear what I've got to tell yo'." He held his arms and leaned against the wall, his face sparkle with pent-up news.

"Way back, long ago as yo' pa bought that ranch, he loved that was mo' to it than just common clay. Yo've heard him say so. Honey, it's just one big lie bubble. The experts as have been nosing round McKinley all winter say so. That's thousands o' barrels of lie that; an' that means mo' dollars for 'twixt Dallas an' Houston. M' Tony Walsh is working it up for yo'. I left it all to him, knowin' yo'd be willin'. He's got the longest head of any lawyer in Texas. I wouldn't let him write yo' a word till I saw yo' myself. But I reckon that's a letter on the way now explainin' the hull process. No, I reckon yo' won't sell the ranch, honey. Yo'll keep it till the las' gallon o' lies run out, an' long ago then yo'll be a rich woman. Honey, it's his gospel truth 'I'm tellin' yo', Neighbor Sherr ain't ever lied to yo' yet, an' he ain't a-doin' it now."

In the silence that followed, while Providence was trying to realize a little of it all he said, more to himself than her, looking down at his great right hand:

"I'd give that twice over if he could have lived to see this day, poor feller!" And Providence knew he was speaking of her father.—Etta Webb in the Youth's Companion.

They Advertise Themselves.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves.

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Early Rising Birds

A student of bird life, who has been investigating the question as to the hour in summer when the commonest small birds wake up and begin to sing, says that the green finch is the earliest riser, as it sings about 1.30 o'clock in the morning. The black cap begins at 2.30, and the quail half an hour later.

It is nearly 4 o'clock, and the sun is well up, before the first real songster appears—the merry blackbird. Then comes the thrush, followed by the robin and the wren, and last the house sparrow and the tom-tit.

Thus it will be seen that the lark's reputation as an early riser is not deserved. In fact, he is a very sluggard, for he does not rise until long after many hedgerow birds have been after for some time.

No one can do more than his best, but a great many could do no more than they think their best.

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The Man Who Saved Brown

Daniel Holman was planting peas in his garden. A fine large village garden it was; its soil a dark sandy loam that gave promise of fruitfulness.

"Daniel! Daniel Holman! Come right here!" "Yes, mother."

"He gathered up his tools and the tin bucket that held his seeds and plodded toward the house, gazing wistfully back in the direction of the vegetable patch."

"Why, you see, mother," he said meekly, "you wasn't quite ready and I've been so late getting in those peas and the shower last night made the ground just nice and moist."

"Here I am, spick and span and handsome as the day you married me, mother!"

"You've never made anything of yourself, and you never will, Daniel Holman. The idea of your joking and planting garden seeds when your old friend and comrade, Eben Miller, lies dying! A hero like him, too!"

"Had she been looking at him, Mrs. Holman might have seen a quiver of pain that shot for an instant over his placid face; but she straightened her bonnet before the little glass on the kitchen wall, then passed out into the sunshine, herself waiting to lock the door and hide the key under the doormat outside."

"As they passed along the village street, lined with tall trees just coming into leaf, the sunshine, filtering through the half-clad branches, made a dancing firework on road and sidewalk."

"I remember the day you marched away," continued the wife, softening at the memory. "Daniel, I never told you before, but I was so proud of you! You were the handsomest man in all the company—handsomer than the Colonel. You know," she added shyly, "I could have had Brown."

rheumatism a chance at it; and you re-enlisted and fought the whole four years and came out the same high private you went in and nobody's cared. You wouldn't so much as ask a pension; and here you've grubbed and toiled all your life, and I've slaved, and our children—"

"Don't, Maria!" protested Daniel. "I'll say my say," insisted the woman. "Tisn't often I speak. Our children have never had a rightful chance. They're nobodies," she went on drearily, "with just the same miserable outlook. And you know as well as I, Daniel, we'll never be able to meet the next interest on the mortgage, and our home—"

There was no need to speak further. The threatened loss of their comfortable little home, where they had dwelt during all the years of their union and where their children had been born and reared, was the heaviest shadow that overhung their lives.

They had come up with some of their neighbors and were included in the slow procession. A carriage dashed up the street and a portly gentleman threw the lines to the man in livery beside him and descended to the pavement, walking with a slight limp. Meanwhile glances were exchanged. It was fitting that the village magnate should honor with his presence the deathbed of the man who had saved his life.

At the gate Daniel Holman, who had been singularly reluctant to join his wife in the proposed visit, held back. "I think I won't go in, Maria. You tell Eben I'll come in after a while, when the people are gone. You know it ain't as if I hadn't been going to see him pretty much every day since he was taken sick."

"Daniel Holman, you come right along with me!" said his better half in a fierce whisper. The room in which Eben Miller lay was a large apartment on the first floor. Even with the curtains drawn, the light filtered in so that the face of the veteran, with its lines of pain and age, was plainly visible to the friends who stood about the bed or gathered about the open doors leading into the adjoining rooms. As they drew near they heard his voice, in the piping tones of extreme weakness, ask: "Where's Daniel Holman? Hasn't Dan Holman come yet?"

"Here's Mr. Holman, father," said his eldest daughter, a matronly woman of middle age. Col. Brown, sitting at the head of the bed, moved aside to let Holman approach. His recognition of the new-comer was not a cordial one. Like the rest of his fellowtownsmen, he held Daniel Holman in light esteem, regarding him as a man of little force of character, harmless and well-meaning but somewhat of a failure in life. Few men are kindly to failures among their kind.

But Eben Miller caught at Holman's hand with the first sign of animation he had shown that day and conversed with him in whispers. Those who looked on were surprised to see the eagerness in the sick man's face, and more surprised still to see Daniel Holman shake his head and frown, in sullen denial or refusal of his request.

"I've just got to, Daniel!" persisted Miller raising his voice. "I've lived with it. I can't die with it." Holman turned abruptly away. The circle about the bed opened to let him pass, then closed again. His wife, witnessing the incident, wished she might sink through the floor. Obstinate and self-willed as she knew Daniel to be, how could he have the heart to refuse anything to a dying man, and with so many people looking on?

Eben Miller himself did not seem to be in the least dispirited or surprised. Always a man of eccentric humor, a queer smile hovered around his lips as he spoke to his daughter: "Prop me up on the pillows, Jean, and give me a taste of that stuff the doctor left."

eyes, unseeing, turned toward the street. Again the tonic was offered the dying man, but he refused it. His voice was failing; however, he held steadily on: "Lately we've had it hot and heavy. He's argued it didn't matter now for him, and it'd be a bad example for the children, destroying their faith and upsetting the fine example I've been to them. But I believe it'll teach them a lesson worth more—to know the truth. Besides, it matters to me. I've been a thief the better part of my life. I've stolen another man's reputation and I'm not going to die with it on me. Colonel, Decoration Day comes next week. Promise me—you'll have him in your carriage—Daniel Holman—the man who saved your life!"

There was a stir in the room—a movement toward the lonely man at the window, whose head had dropped on his folded arms. The Colonel rose from his chair and limped across the room, but the first to reach the lonely figure was a woman, who put her arm around his shoulders and pressed her wrinkled cheek, with tears, against his own.

On Memorial Day Daniel Holman rode in the Colonel's carriage. But at the head of the procession rode Eben Miller in a carriage with nodding plumes, and the kind hands of those who had forgiven and loved heaped his last resting place with flowers.—Flora Haines Loughhead in The Ave Maria.

The Way of the Cross I opened the Blessed Book In the hush of a sylvan spot. And I read: "Whoever followeth Me, In darkness walketh not."

Cried my soul: "When shadows flee, O Lover, more than friend! In the glow of the light I will follow Thee, Rejoicing to the end!"

But a wind the woodland fann'd, And the leaves of the forest shook, Turning, as if with a viewless hand, The leaves of that precious Book.

And lo! on another page I read again with a sigh: "If any man will come after Me, Let him, himself, deny."

"Let him, himself, deny"—it said, (And I trembled shudderingly)— "And take up his cross"—it sternly read, "And follow, follow Me!"

O truth of truths! On the moss, I knelt in the greenwood lone, And pondered the secret of the cross, In the living World made known.

Who wills to walk in the light That flows from a Source divine, Lord, in the path to Calvary's height, Must plant his steps in Thine.

For none that path can tread, Can walk that royal road, Save those that suffer, toil and sweat, And carry the cross of God!

The way is narrow and rough, Sharp stones the footpath strewn, And after the bleeding, burden'd Christ, The suffering Christians go.

But a glow and a glory bright On those pilgrims ever beam; For the way of the cross is the way of light, Of light and love supreme! —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

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Cervantes in Rome Rome, May 19.—On Tuesday last, 16th inst., the commemoration of the 3rd centenary of Cervantes, or more strictly speaking, that of the publication of "Don Quixote," was held in Rome at the Roman College. It was under the auspices of the Dante Alighieri Society. An interest was attached to the proceedings on account of the presence of King Victor Emmanuel III., as well as of the Premier, Signor Fortis. The representative of the Argentine Republic, the Secretary of the Spanish Embassy, the Mexican Minister, and others interested in the language of Cervantes, besides a group of literary and official personages, gathered here to listen to the praises bestowed by special orators on the author of "Don Quixote." One of the speakers expressed the hope that his Latin brethren should not forget the glories and traditions of the common motherland, Italy. "In Spain the children study Italian in the commercial schools and in the two Universities of the Argentine Republic. These are the attestations of gratitude which we have for the Spanish people." Thus, while Cervantes was the nominal theme, the glorification of the Dante Alighieri was the actual subject of some of the speeches.

Something of the true inwardness of the erection of a statue to Victor Hugo in the Villa Borghese at Rome may be deduced from the speeches made by the "democrats" of Rome who gathered around his base on Sunday last, and in spite of the chilling rain poured forth floods of Socialist and Radical oratory. One individual declared that the official commemoration, which, of course, included the King of Italy was an outrage rather than an act of homage to the memory of the poet. The statue of Victor Hugo, he continued, has been placed here also in front of the statue of another great man—his brother in the struggle, Joseph Garibaldi, eternal sentinel on the Janiculum Hill—and the two monuments may well be compared to two light-houses, made to dissipate the darkness which arises in their midst: St. Peter's! That is the great obstacle to the spread of anarchical doctrines, and the "democrats" know it and declare it, while official Italy, in its best clothes, delivers its feeble platitudes about literature, and hearty love of peoples, and brotherly love at the inauguration of this additional "light-house."

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In and Around Toronto

FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

So many of our parishes had First Communion on Sunday last that it might almost receive a special appellation and be termed First Communion Day. And surely no day in the whole year is more appropriate for this great work than is the first Sunday in June, the month of the Sacred Heart. Seemingly imbued with the sentiment the parishes of St. Patrick's, St. Helen's, St. Francis and St. Peter's chose the day and each parish church had its presentation of beautiful children, whose appearance evinced the care and attention with which they had been prepared for this great event of their lives, and whose exterior was but indicative of the interior spirituality and loveliness with which they were permeated. Despite the rain which came down unceasingly during the hours of the early masses, the little ones were all in place, and every church was filled with the parents and others interested. Nowhere in the whole world except in the Catholic Church, is so simple and beautiful a sight seen as that presented by a First Communion class of children, nowhere else in the world is it possible, because in no other place does there exist the same grand cause for its presence and the same grand belief in the cause itself. A few outsiders profess to believe in the Real Presence. Catholics do not doubt the well-meaning of those people, but we doubt their understanding of what they profess to believe, and this doubt is strengthened by the little preparation that is seemingly deemed sufficient. First Communion is the great event in the life of the Catholic child; it is the point to which all the education of his earlier years seems to focus. The particular preparation embraces months of hard work on the part of pastors, teachers, parents and the children themselves. And the great culmination is only permitted when each child has passed through an examination of no mean ordeal, and when each little child's heart and soul has, as it were, been tried in the crucible and refined to the spirituality of the angels. Who then can doubt but that the pride and pleasure felt by all concerned in bringing about the great event are justifiable sentiments, and what Catholic does not share in the relation of the moment, for to witness the First Communion of a class of children is to share in the moment when angelic choirs join in jubilant accord with the hymns and canticles of the children of men.

AT ST. HELEN'S.

Sunday was a day of more than ordinary activity at St. Helen's. At the 9 o'clock mass seventy-four of the children of the parish received First Communion. The mass was said by Rev. Father McGrand, who was assisted at the Communion by Rev. Father Walsh. The singing of the girl's choir was very devotional and the hymns appropriate. The children looked beautiful, the girls in pure white with wreaths of natural flowers encircling their spotless veils, and the boys in dark suits, each one bearing on his arm the white ribbon emblem of purity. Rev. Father Walsh congratulated the little ones on the happiness that had come to them that morning, and charged the parents from that time forth to have even more solicitude than before that the children receive no bad, example or evil influences for on their surroundings depended much of their future, both for this world and the next. In the afternoon the children of the First Communion class were invested in the Scapular. At vesper a large congregation filled the church. Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., preached an impressive sermon, taking for his text the words of Our Divine Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, "Believe this heart that has loved man too much." In warm and forceful language Father Doyle described the many attributes of our Lord and showed that though each was perfect, that none appealed so to humanity as that of his loving Sacred Heart. Father Doyle concluded by a eulogistic reference to the League of the Sacred Heart and by words of praise for all within its ranks, but especially for the promoters, those "missionaries who are doing so much towards spreading the work of our Divine Lord upon earth." A reception of promoters then took place. Nine were received into the men's branch and twelve into that of the women. A hymn to the Sacred Heart was very effectively sung by the combined women and children of the League, after which the Act of Consecration was read and the crosses and diplomas presented by Rev. Father Walsh, assisted by Rev. Father McGrand. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed a beautiful day at St. Helen's.

HIBERNIANS DECORATE GRAVES.

Despite the threatening rain, which however held off quite generously Sunday afternoon, the Hibernians assembled at St. Michael's Cemetery for the purpose of decorating the graves of their deceased members. Wearing their badges and presenting a fine appearance, they marched first to the grave of Very Rev. Father Rooney,

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V.G., first chaplain in Toronto of the organization. Here County President Owens in a few words explained the object of the ceremony about to be performed. Prayers would be said at this grave for all the deceased brethren, after which flowers would be laid on the individual graves as a token of the memory of the living for the dead. The prayers were then said, the members kneeling and the crowd being augmented by many visitors who had come to witness the ceremony. Headed by Mr. Green, carrying a green flag, the procession wended its way hither and thither over the consecrated ground to the spots previously marked out by a small green flag. As each silent occupant was named and the flowers laid upon the tender green grass that covered him his personality was in many instances recalled and the plot in which rest the remains of Mr. Patrick Boyle called forth more than ordinary comment. "It is a disgrace to the Hibernians to have that grave that way," said one of the members as he looked upon the spot, where there was nothing to indicate that beneath the wildly growing grass there lay buried a man of sterling worth and with a heart so loyal to Ireland and its cause, that nothing—neither opposition nor offers of emolument, nor the prospects of an undisturbed old age, nor prospective poverty itself could cause to swerve for a moment from the object to which he had devoted his life, the benefitting of Ireland and the Irish people. Thinking of the virtues of this staunch patriot was probably the cause of the warm remarks quoted above, but it is surely not the Hibernians alone who are responsible for the neglected grave. Irishmen throughout Canada benefitted either directly or indirectly by the work of Mr. Boyle in his paper, the Irish Canadian, and therefore Irishmen everywhere partake in the blame if blame there be. However, I shall record another statement made by another member and that is, that a monument of some kind is soon to be placed over this grave by this association, and without being authorized in any way to say so, it seems to the writer that outside assistance would be accepted and appreciated. This, however, is a digression. From St. Michael's a party consisting of Messrs. Geo. J. Owens, H. McCaffrey, F. Walsh, H. McCarthy, J. J. McCauley, A. T. Herson, J. Leonard, C. Innis, J. Hurst, J. Mohan, J. Little, D'Arcy Hinds, Geo. Clarke and Peter Ryan proceeded to Mount Pleasant Cemetery to decorate the grave of Rev. Mr. Burns, who, though not a Hibernian, had often stood on their platform and had identified himself with them on many occasions during life and in death was not forgotten. The brother and two sons of Rev. Dr. Burns were on the spot, and after greetings had been exchanged flowers were laid upon the green mound and the little groups gathered round its tall and handsome shaft that reared loftily upwards and Mr. John Mohan read a poem, showing the warm and affectionate remembrance in which the late Doctor Burns was held. The members then dispersed with many memories of the dear dead whose last resting place had just been visited.

UNINTENTIONALLY OMITTED.
In last week's issue the names of Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Watson, who had charge of the table of St. Paul's parish, were unintentionally omitted.

AT ST. FRANCIS'.
At St. Francis' forty-two children, twenty-five girls and seventeen boys, made their First Communion on Sunday. In the evening the children were invested in the Scapular and renewed their Baptismal vows.

AT ST. PAUL'S.
Thirty-one girls and thirty-eight boys received First Communion at St. Paul's on Sunday. Here, as elsewhere throughout the city, the appearance of the children, indicated the care bestowed upon their preparation. A pretty little incident in connection with the event was the occasion of much comment during the day. Just as the procession of white veiled girls and neatly dressed boys entered the church a beautiful dove flew past them and lighted above the altar in the sanctuary, where it remained during mass, and it was only when the children formed into procession and left the sacred edifice that the dove left its resting place, and soaring over the heads of the little ones, preceded them out of the church, and was soon lost in the eternal blue, when apparently it had come. This, of course, was but a mere happening, but we are so accustomed to associate the dove with things holy and beautiful, that its appearance was hailed as an omen of happiness and all good things for the children of St. Paul's.

BELIEF IN OMENS.
It seems almost a pity to mar by any practical comment the pleasure that the appearance of the dove on Sunday last seems to have given to many in the East End and especially to the children. At the same time the absurd lengths to which many amongst us go—unconsciously perhaps—in the importance we attach to "signs" and "omens," is, to say the least, bordering upon the ridiculous. Who amongst us cannot recall a friend who daily recites the dreams of the night previous and points out the things that are sure to come to pass because, so and so, or such a one was seen in the dream. Others again would begin no work on Friday, or would never willingly be one of a company of thirteen, or would never go between a friend and a lamp-post for fear of a quarrel or would not for the world walk over a ladder because "bad luck" would be sure to follow. With others again the unexpected passage of a bird through the window is pregnant with happenings. Still others carry about with them certain bones of certain fish as "charms" though they do not give them the name, and in one case an apparently intelligent Catholic kept a Good Friday "hot-cross-bun" to be given to the children in case of crop or kindred affliction. Going to fortune-tellers "for fun" is quite common, and all this despite all we have been taught and told to the contrary. None of us would care to be called pagans, and yet the attention we give omens is just a little of what remains in us from our pagan ancestors. From the days when every wind that blew, and every bird and beast that crossed the path was watched to see whether or not the

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"gods" were propitious. The illustrations just mentioned are but a mere fraction of the many that might be cited. In the incident at St. Paul's the subject being a beautiful bird, the dove so often mentioned both in the Old and New Testament as symbolic of things divine and beneficent, the associations are all of an elevating nature, and to note the incident is doubtless a help to the aesthetic taste, but the importance we attach to some of the things mentioned will perhaps appeal to some when seen in hard and uncompromising type.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OUTING.

The fifth annual moonlight excursion of the Uniformed Rank, Knights of St. John, takes place on Friday evening, July 31st, 1905. Arrangements are already being made to make this yearly outing a most successful affair. The steamer Chippewa has been procured for the occasion. The officers who have arrangements in hand are Jno. Heffner, chairman; Jos. Allen, secretary; M. K. McGuinn, treasurer.

VISITED MOUNT HOPE.

The members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians paid a visit to Mount Hope Cemetery and decorated the graves of deceased members. The members met at the Yonge street crossing and took the Metropolitan cars. On arriving at the cemetery they were courteously received by Mr. Murphy, superintendent of the cemetery, who pointed out the graves in a very satisfactory manner. It was also a pleasure to the members to meet there Mr. O'Connor, Esq., the well-known painter and decorator and one of the cemetery committee of management, who specially interested himself in explaining the boundaries of the cemetery and the manner in which it is kept all of which reflects great credit upon those in charge.

DEATH OF MR. MICHAEL J. CORCORAN.

A sad and sudden call came to Mr. Michael J. Corcoran, conductor of the G.T.R., on Tuesday of last week, at Belleville, where he received injuries which proved fatal and to which he succumbed on the following day. Some change had been made in a switch, of which the deceased was either unaware or had forgotten, and as he stood reading his orders to his brakeman while waiting for his train, it came suddenly upon the track where he was standing, and dashing against him, caused injuries from which it was impossible for him to recover. His action, however, at the moment was heroic. He saw the advancing train just as it was upon him, and putting out his arm he threw his companion clear from the track. Mr. Corcoran himself was taken up unconscious. A priest and doctor were at once called, and the wounded man taken to the Belleville Hospital, where he received every attention. In the ambulance he was accompanied by Rev. Father Hanley of Belleville, who announced him on the road, and afterwards remained with him for hours. The exceeding kindness of Father Hanley to Mr. Corcoran and to the members of the bereaved family who went to Belleville on receiving news of the accident, was the one bright spot in the darkness that had come upon them. Mrs. Corcoran, Mr. J. Corcoran, a son, and Miss Nellie, a daughter, had the sad happiness of being with the deceased in his last hours, during which he was perfectly conscious, and though suffering acutely, was perfectly resigned and arranged all matters both spiritual and temporal in as far as the time and conditions would allow. Mr. Corcoran was fifty-five years of age and had been on the road nearly forty hours. The accident which caused his death was his first and last. The remains were brought to Toronto on Wednesday night, and at the family residence, 51 Markham street, many hundreds called to express sympathy with the bereaved family and to say a prayer for their old friend. Floral tributes many and beautiful also testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The funeral, which was under the direction of Conductor Grey, took place on Friday morning from St. Francis' Church, where Rev. Father McCann said the Mass of Requiem, which was served by Charlie and Frank, two little sons, and John Cronin, a nephew of deceased. The funeral was perhaps the largest that has taken place from the church. The pall-bearers were Conductors Lavelle, P. McMahon, Chas. Mitchell, J. Devitt, J. Stibbard and D. White. The interment took place in the family plot at St. Michael's Cemetery. Mr. Corcoran is survived by his widow and by four sons, James of the firm of Kelly & Corcoran, Queen street west, Joseph M. Charles and Francis and five daughters, Mrs. J. C. Howard, of Ottawa, and Kathleen, Nellie, Anna and Teresa at home. Mr. P. Corcoran and Mrs. Chas. Gage of St. Paul, Minn., are brother and sister of deceased. R.I.P.

AT ST. PETER'S.

Thirty-five of the children of St. Peter's were confirmed on Ascension Thursday by His Grace the Archbishop. On the afternoon before the conferring of the Sacrament His Grace visited the school and remained with the children nearly two hours, instructing and catechizing, and at the termination of his visit the Archbishop expressed himself as highly pleased. On the morning of the feast the church and the children presented a very pleasing appearance. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ward were sponsors for those confirmed. On Sunday last a class of twenty received their first Holy Communion, two of these being adults lately received into the church.

HONORS FOR CATHOLIC STUDENTS.

Amongst the results of the law examinations just published, are the names of Mr. Fred Day as gold medalist at Trinity, and Mr. J. Ferguson, who has taken the degree of B.C.L. Mr. Day has been a student with the firm of Lee & O'Donoghue, and Mr. Ferguson is a member of the firm of Day and Ferguson. Both young gentlemen are to be congratulated on the honors they have won.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated

Phelpston

The usual large congregation that attends St. Patrick's church here, was larger than ever on Sunday last, many strangers from a distance being present to witness the opening of the Forty Hours Devotion which took place after high mass. The celebrant was the pastor, Rev. Father Gearin. At the conclusion of the mass a procession of the most Blessed Sacrament took place, headed by the altar boys carrying lighted candles, and followed by the Blessed Sacrament carried by Father Gearin, who after the chanting of the Litany of the Saints, addressed the congregation, explaining the meaning of the devotion and impressing on them the necessity of every member availing themselves of the many graces offered at such a holy time.

The altar, in its profusion of flowers and roses being the offering of the young girls of the parish, along with the number of lighted candles, and artistic effects had the effect of making the surroundings as befitting as possible for the presence of God exposed in the Blessed Sacrament.

In the evening a large congregation were present to listen to a sermon given by the curate, Rev. Father Hayes, who in his usual eloquent style delivered a very instructive sermon, taking for his text the words, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The Rev. Father, in explaining the above words, told how true God had been to his promise to remain with his people, and the fact that God was really present on the altar during the Forty Hours Devotion was a fulfillment of the promise.

On Monday evening a lecture was given by Rev. Father Kidd of Penetang, who very ably expressed himself, encouraging his hearers to establish friendship with God by receiving the Blessed Sacrament during the devotions. The devotions were brought to a close Tuesday evening by a very impressive sermon by Father Sheridan of Pickering, after which the Te Deum was sung as a thanksgiving for the great success of the devotions which were attended by large numbers, both morning and evening.

The priests, who came from a distance to assist at the devotions, were Fathers Grant of Midland, Cruise of Grimsby, Finnian of Barrie, Kidd of Penetang, and Father Sheridan of Pickering.

OLD MEN AND WOMEN DO BLESS HIM.

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. T. M. Pve for his Balm to cure them of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, send for home treatment. A free book is sent, telling what they say of the treatment. Address Dr. T. M. Pve Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind. (If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.)

at St. Patrick's at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning and thirty of the children received First Communion. The impressive ceremonies of the parish usual to the occasion were all observed. In the evening the children renewed their Baptismal vows and Rev. Father Stuhle, who had charge of the children, gave them a most touching address. In the unavoidable absence of the organist Mr. Holmes, who had met with a slight accident, Miss Costello presided at the organ.

NOVENA IN HONOR OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The novena in honor of the Holy Ghost in anticipation of the Feast of Pentecost, is now going on in the churches. It will end on Saturday, the vigil of the Feast.

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The Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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