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VOL. XIII., No. 15

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Race Record of the English People and those of the British Isles—Not Anglo-Saxons but Anglo-Celts—Professor Giddings, of Columbia University, says the English are Celts—Not so, but Largely so—The Ancient Britons were Celts—The Welsh are Pure Celts—So are the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland—Irish Saints Before St. Patrick—Places Named After Irish Saints

In the "Telegram" of this city was recently published an outline of a lecture by Professor Giddings, of Columbia College, designed to show that the English race is not Teutonic but Celtic in its origin. This was an admission that astonished Old-Timer, because it is so rarely that it is made, no matter how great its truth in history. Neither is it true in fact. The English race is a mixed one, and very much mixed. It is true that in what place would be found the Anglo-Saxon, that much vaunted gentleman, who of late years has been claiming the world's superiority, although in the days of his youth the Irish taught him his letters.

Prof. Giddings says: "The original ethnic basis of this population was not Saxon nor Anglian. It was physically a small, black-haired, black-eyed, olive-skinned folk, not unlike the Basques that still inhabit some of the valleys and foot-hills of the Pyrenees. This population was over-run by two successive waves of people called Celts, the first invasion of whom, the Gaelic Celts, commingling with the older, darker aborigines, became the ancestors of the so-called Scots of Caesar's time, and later known as Irish. The latter invading Celts were the so-called Brythonic Celts, Brythons or Britons. These were the people that Caesar found in the southern and eastern part of the island of Britain."

"The same people, living on the other side of the British Channel, were known as the Belgae or Belgians. These were not the only original elements in the population of the British Isles. Long before the Saxon conquest, Scandinavian and other northern people of Teutonic blood had swept forth bands of pitiless sea-rovers, many of whom had found new homes along the coasts of England, Scotland and Ireland. These were the red-haired, blue-eyed Caledonians mentioned by Tacitus; and from them were derived the red-haired, freckled elements that are found so-mingled with the black-haired strains in the Scotch and Irish people of to-day."

In considering the population of the British Isles it must be remembered that the Celts were the original inhabitants of whom we have any correct knowledge. They are said to have come from India, probably Messopotamia. There is no doubt, however, that there were aborigines in Europe that they overran, and they were themselves over-run in turn by Latins, Teutons and other races that came out of Asia. The Celts formed many divisions of races, for instance, the Gaels, Brythons or Britons, Belgians, Cimbrians, etc.

It was the Celtic Celts who made the most stubborn resistance to the Romans, and with the aid of the Irish, who were then known as Scots, were the first to throw off the yoke of the Roman Empire. The Romans called them Scutum Cimbricum or Irish Cambrians, evidently of Cambria or North Britain. The Irish were called Scotto-Ireni; the people between Stafford and Scotland were called Scotto-Brigante, or Irish Britons. Their capital was Eborac, pronounced York; hence Yorkshire, New York, etc. In Latin Eberdsvici meant descendants of Heber (son of Milesius) or Clan Heber. So it will be seen the Milesians are thus given some claim on the North of England. It may strike some Irishmen dumb to be told that after all, they and the

Yorkshire men are Celts. All of Southern Britain were led Scoto-Ireni vobis or Fir-Sigs. There were also Brun-Albian Scots, Caledonians, or Gael-dunia, Masniba or Menapie, descendants of Carausius, a native of Menapie in Ireland. He had been admiral in the Roman navy, and with the assistance of his countrymen defied the power of Rome. He was king of Britain and part of Gaul for seven years.

Other Celtic or Irish tribes were the Lughini, the Caucci or Chersucci, the Lueili (O'Nails), the Aed-Maur (Aodh-Mor) or Eadin, from whom Dun Eadan or Edinburgh gets its name. Also Bon Arvenne and many more. Those are Irish names Latinized. The latter fought against Rome with Hasdru Calthe, the Carthaginian; but they all spoke the Gaelic language. In St. Patrick's time many of those nations and tribes spoke a Romanized Gaelic.

Following are some of the most important nations occupying Gaul during the Roman invasion, or A.D. 46: Gandians, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alans, Gepidians, Heralians, Saxons, Burgundians, Alamanians, Pomeranians, Assyrians, Hunns, Visigoths. According to M. Guizot, the Germans, Teutons and other tribes spoke Gaelic and wore plaids like the Scots, in the time of Hannibal. Before Gaul was divided it included France, Spain and Italy. The Herulians and Miletians were called after Hercules, Galah or Miles Espain. Galeon was also a son of Hercules, according to Nennius, Literay and O'Dwyer. Hence Fir-Galeon, Fin-Gall is the origin of the names Farrell, Virgil, Bergeleos, etc.

The time the Teutonic tribes—the Angles and Saxons—began to pour into Britain was after the withdrawal of the Roman army in the middle of the fifth century. It is claimed by some historians that the Britons or Celts were as completely subdued and exterminated by them as were the Saxons centuries afterwards by the Danes, but this is mere boasting. There is no doubt but what a solid substratum was left, and that British Celtic blood mingled to-day with Saxon and other bloods in the formation of the English people. But the Angles, who were a Teutonic people, gave it the name.

The writer, however, believes that the term Anglo-Saxon is a misnomer. The proper designation of the English people is Anglo-Celtic. The Angles and Saxons were simply Teutonic tribes, down the low lands of Germany, and made no proper mixture for a national designation. That Celtic blood largely permeates them is beyond a doubt. In the year 1381, the year of Wat Tyler's rebellion, the population of England alone comprised nearly all the people who spoke the English language, and were only about 2,000,000 of people. There was then as there is to-day a large element of old British blood as well as Scandinavian blood in the country, the Scandinavians having come numerous enough to conquer it in the ninth century. The Welsh were pure Celts, and always adhered to their own language. When the Normans conquered England they had in their van a large number of soldiers from Brittany, that remained, and they were Celts. There was also always a large dropping-in of Celtic blooded people from other parts of Europe, as well as from the "Celtic fringe" from Wales, from Scotland, from Ireland, from the Isles of Man, Cornwall, etc.

Once upon a time, not very long since, the Pall Mall "Gazette" published the names of fifty children most numerous in the birth annals of London every day. Finding that a Welsh name was more numerous than any other in that list, I sent it to a Celtic scholar for analysis, and he reported that there were more Celtic names than Saxon or Teutonic in that list. Conan Doyle, in his history of the South African war, described the English as Anglo-Celts, and that is what they really are.

It is not generally known that there were a number of saints in Ireland before St. Patrick's time. The richness of the harvest that awaits the laborers in the fields of genealogy, philology, and Gaelic antiquarian research connected with the lives of the Irish saints, is beyond belief. The following are the names of a few of the most generally known: before St. Patrick landed in Ireland: St. Ibar, Ibur or Ives; St. Declan, founder of the See of Ardmore; St. Ailbhe, Oibhe, Albain or Elbe, founder of the See of Emely; St. Albans and St. Albains in Hertfordshire; St. Palladius, (bique) who landed in Wicklow, was driven out of Ireland and was buried in Fordoun; St. Eruan or Fernau, was a disciple of St. Sedulius, Tarvautius; in Irish, Tearmhaantun, or in Italy, Sane-tuary. About the middle of the fourth century he was a pupil of St. Aidebert. This name when Latinized was Heidbertus, Heihertus, etc.

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PAPAL DELEGATE'S STATEMENT

He Never Met Mr. Rogers—Federal Government Knew Nothing of His Conversation With Hon. Colin Campbell

Ottawa, April 6.—Monsignor Sharrett has handed out for publication the following statement:—"I think it my duty to declare that I've press report of a conference with the Manitoba delegates is not altogether exact, and that it is given in such a way as to make a false impression on the minds of the people. There are the facts: Taking occasion of the presence in Ottawa of the Hon. Mr. Campbell, the Attorney-General of Manitoba, whom I had met in a friendly way more than a year ago, I invited him to come to see me. "I never met Hon. Mr. Rogers, nor did I have any communication with him. On the evening before his departure for the west, Feb. 23rd, Mr. Campbell came, and I asked him if something could not be done to improve the condition of the Catholics of his Province with respect to education. I pointed out that in the cities of Winnipeg and Brandon, for instance, the Catholics were paying double taxes. I urged my request on the ground of fairness and justice, and referring to his mission to Ottawa, I remarked that from the point of view of the Manitoba Government some action on these lines would be politically expedient, and tend to facilitate the accomplishment of his object, inasmuch as Catholics in any territory which might be annexed to Manitoba would naturally object to losing the right they had to separate schools, and to be subjected to the educational conditions which existed in Manitoba.

SCHOOLS

"Mr. Campbell then asked me what would be my desire in this respect. I then gave him the memorandum which has already appeared in the press. This is the sum and substance of my interview with Mr. Campbell. The Federal Government had absolutely no knowledge of it. It was a private conversation, and simply intended to express a suggestion and a desire that the condition of the Catholics in the respects mentioned would be improved. Any other assumption or interpretation is altogether unfounded. I think my right of speaking to Mr. Campbell in a private way and on my own responsibility cannot be disputed."

HONOR ROLL, ST. PETER'S SCHOOL FOR MARCH

Senior IV, Excellent—Katie Ennis, Mary Bradley, Good—Austin Malone, Gladys Deegan.
 Junior IV, Excellent—Paul Warde, D'Arcy Leonard, Margaret Hanley, Good—LynDon Devaney, Marj Williams.
 Senior III, Excellent—Blair Leonard, Nora Warde, Edith McPhee, Good—Ida Meyer, Marshall Brady, Donald Gordon.
 Junior III, Excellent—Gertrude Bradley, Frances Redican, Jno. Leonard, Good—Francis Kavanagh, Eva Kavanagh.
 Senior II, Excellent—Irene Williams, Loretto Meyer, Barbara Kavanagh, Good—Leo Mouglen, Willie Mullin.
 Junior II, Excellent—Norman Bradley, Joseph O'Connor, Marion Krizbaum, Good—Dan Flanagan, Percy Dowell.
 Senior II, Excellent—N. Fahey, G. Vandemark, Good—M. Lemoine, G. Quinn, H. Schilling.
 Junior Part II, Excellent—G. Meade, L. Baird, R. Warde, Good—M. Walzmann, D. O'Connor, K. Monahan.
 Senior Part I, Excellent—W. Meade, B. Bradley, M. Coffey, Good—E. Corcoran, G. Keena, M. Mullin.
 Primary: Excellent—J. McDonnell, L. Walzmann, B. Mizent, Good—M. Donohue, T. Enright, W. O'Reilly.

SPECIAL TRAINING

Special preparation for doing some things, and doing them well, should be included in the training of every young man and woman.
 No preparatory work is better designed or more effective in enabling young people to make a successful start in life than that given from term to term in that peer of training schools, The Central Business College of Toronto. It is a well equipped, well organized, thoroughly manned and efficient school, and gives the uplift to more than twelve hundred young people every year, by providing just such courses as every one should pursue.
 The Spring Term began on April 3rd, and students may now enter any day, and continue work to end of any course selected.
 There are no vacations. A very handsome catalogue is sent by the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, on receipt of a postal request.

MR. F. R. LATCHFORD HONORED

A Cabinet of Silver and a Flattering Address Presented

Renfrew, April 7.—The warmth of affection with which Hon. F. R. Latchford is regarded found vent to-night in the presentation of a cabinet of silver. In the cabinet of mahogany were 190 pieces of silver, and the inscription read: "Presented to Hon. F. R. Latchford, Attorney-General of Ontario, by the Reform Association of South Renfrew, as a mark of appreciation of his eminent services to the Province and constituency, 1899-1905." An artistically penned address in book form was read by Mr. D. W. Stewart, as follows:

"To the Hon. F. R. Latchford: "Honored and Dear Sir,—The Liberals of the South Riding of the County of Renfrew welcome your presence here to-night as an opportunity to express their appreciation of your labors on behalf of the Province, and the Liberal party during the years in which you represented this constituency in the Legislature of Ontario, occupying first the responsible portfolio of Public Works and then of Attorney-General. Entering the service of your Province in the happiest way that can come to any man, called by the Premier to leave your private interests to take a position of public responsibility, you ever did credit to his choice, and to the constituency which elected you. From the outset you entered upon the service of the people with all your heart; you were indefatigable and constant in your efforts to do for them all that lay within your power. Courtesy, promptness, thoroughness and high appreciation of the opportunity placed before you to be useful to your fellow-men ever marked your course in the performance of the many duties which devolved upon you as a representative of the riding's interest, while that high sense of honor so becoming to your position was a distinguishing characteristic of your occupancy of the two portfolios. Not even the suspicion of scandal tainted your record. Important public buildings arose under your guiding hand, and one of the greatest Provincial works ever undertaken, the first Provincial railway, the Government road to and through new Ontario, found birth in your department, and throughout you ever maintained the Liberal traditions of honorable and clean service. You can well carry within your heart that greatest satisfaction, the knowledge that you faithfully fulfilled the responsibilities imposed upon you. In addition we can assure you that you will ever carry with you the respect and admiration of the whole people of South Renfrew, and as well the deep and loyal affection of your fellow-workers in the Liberal party. While the people are sometimes apparently temporarily ungrateful to their faithful servants, we have no doubt that there are yet positions of high honor in our country's service that you will have opportunity to fill, if you desire, and we trust that you may long be spared in health and strength to give the same devoted, broad-minded, efficient service in an even wider sphere. As a slight measure of our appreciation we ask you and Mrs. Latchford to accept this cabinet of silver, with the hope that you will ever kindly regard it, and that your sons and the generations yet further on may find in it honest pride and incentive to emulate your worthy record in the service of their country."

"Signed on behalf of the Liberal Association of South Renfrew, B. G. Connolly, President; D. W. Stewart, Secretary."

SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD

More Playground for St. Basil's School—Easter Holidays.

Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., presided at Tuesday's meeting of the Separate School Board in the De La Salle Institute. The report of the Finance Committee, which recommended the payment of accounts amounting to \$1,500, was concurred in.

OUR NEW HOME

The question of obtaining more playground for St. Basil's school was referred to the Sites and Buildings Committee. It was also decided to install a new heating plant at St. Helen's school.

Local Inspector Bro. Odo Baldwin, in his report for the month of March showed the registered number of pupils to be 4,253, and the average attendance 3,710, or 308 more than for the same month last year. The schools will close for the Easter holidays on April 20 and re-open on May 1.

The members present at the meeting were Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Hand, Walsh and Lamarche, Messrs. M. Powers, J. L. Wood, T. F. Callaghan, J. J. O'Hearn, A. J. Cottam, and D. A. Carey.

THE AUTONOMY BILL

The Bill now before Parliament under the above heading drags its slow length along, and signs are not wanting that unless some unforeseen event should befall it, a division will have been reached some time before the "dog days." The unequalled length of the discussion which, it has occasioned is due to the fact that its educational features favor some right to the Catholic minority in the two provinces about to be created. Petitions against the educational clause are crowding in from Orange lodges; the Protestant pulpit, "filled" in every case by men of the non-conformist brand, thunders its protest in the name of religion, whilst clergymen of the same stamp, in meetings of twos and threes, and sometimes singly, rush into Ottawa, their Christian demand for a united people, accompanied by a Christian denunciation of any law conceding to a Catholic parent the right to educate his own child, with the aid of his own taxes, in any school, under Government control, which he may think proper. We need not marvel, then, if the Autonomy Bill makes but slow progress; nor need we look for a termination of the debate which it has aroused until all the Orange lodges, and all the preachers who lustily advocate civil and religious liberty, whilst strenuously endeavoring to deprive Catholics of their rights, are heard from.

The Orange lodges consistently maintain their traditions when flaunting the "yellow peril" in our faces. More than three-quarters of a century have passed since seven millions of British subjects, who professed the Catholic faith, sought for a slight relaxation of the penal code, that they might be able to discharge their duty to a King whose intolerance was the antithesis of the liberality displayed by the present ruler. Orangemen true to their hereditary instincts lashed themselves into fury in defence of civil and religious liberty, and loaded his Majesty's mails with petitions against Catholic emancipation. The measure became law, the yellow peril was relegated to its native purlieus, and the poor devils who were emancipated continued on shedding their blood in foreign fields and foreign fights in defence of the king who grudgingly gave it the royal assent. The anomalous position of the preacher who thunders his defence of civil and religious liberty from pulpit and from platform, in conference and in conclave, does appear strange and inconsistent, but encompassing him are circumstances of an extenuating character. He is in most cases a man of family, whose bread and butter are assured in the ratio in which he replenishes the fires of sectarian hate with a scuttie-full of fuel. To convert his pulpit into a rostrum for declaiming against injustice to Catholics meant an unceremonious and sudden order to vacate the premises at once, and start out through a cold world in search of more hospitable pastures. Let us be charitable to the poor preacher, more especially when a combination of unfortunate circumstances forces him to abuse us. It is religion, and the only religion he has on hand, which is negotiable.

I.C.F.U. Condolence

To Bro. J. Mulvaney.—Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take to Himself the sister of our esteemed brother, John Mulvaney, be it resolved that we the officers and members of Branch No. 1 I.C.F.U. of Canada, while bowing in humble submission to the supreme will of our Heavenly Father, beg to tender to our worthy brother our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this sad hour of bereavement. And we will pray that Almighty God will have mercy on the soul of deceased. W. P. Oster, Rec. Sec., R. Scollard, President.

constituency and the Province as the utmost an honest representative could do.

Hon. Thomas Greenway, who was on the platform, together with Mr. McPherson, made short speeches, owing to the lateness of the evening. The former contended that Manitoba and not the farther west was the better place for the aspiring young man. Valsestine's orchestra, of Ottawa, played at intervals, and with song and sentiment one of the most brilliant gatherings, politically speaking, ended in the singing of "God Save the King"

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THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. COMPANY
 97-105 WELLINGTON ST. WEST (near York) Factories Newmarket.

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GET POSTED
 If you want to know just what is new in the hat world you should call at our Spring Hat Opening. Every hat worth considering by English, American or Italian makers are here displayed. This Hat Opening will continue until Easter. It's up to you to call. Your old hat may be in good shape, but it won't do for you to spend Easter in an old style hat.
 Dineen's Derbys, Silks and Alpines. Store open Saturday night.
W. & D. DINEEN CO. Limited
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 That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the Heintzman & Co. PIANO
 MADE BY Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co.
 For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.
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WINGHESTER DAVE'S IRREGULARITY

Nobody had ever accused Winchester Dave of crankiness. He could shoot as straight and quick, drink as much "valley tan," and sit at "Deacon" Rafter's poker table with as commendable nerve as any man in the Lake Valley region of New Mexico.

In fact, Dave was a perfectly regular gentleman given to all the properties of life, as laid down by the laws of a frontier etiquette. But about once a year for a period of two weeks there was a curious lapse in his deportment.

For the first week his gun never spoke, and he rode determinedly by the enticing "refreshment parlors," and "Deacon" Rafter's chance establishment. The next week he would be gone—no one knew where.

Hard by the village of Haldale, in old Missouri, was a tiny cemetery, on a great bluff overlooking the nursery river that cut the State in half. There slept the gray-haired mother, who had given to the West one of its bold, bad men.

The pilgrim from bad-man's land had observed that on the adjoining lot there was always a fresh bunch of violets—a small and insignificant tribute when viewed across the riot of floral decorations erected by the citizens of Lake Valley.

He pitied the one driven to such a frugal display of grief, and sometimes took the liberty of evening up matters with the dead by besieging the violets with plants of more vibrant coloring from his superabundant store.

Some years before he became of age Edwin was managing the plantation with all the skill of a veteran agriculturist. Aside from the negroes, it was Tom Barnes, a sort of assistant overseer, who took care of the plantation.

Disasters to stock were numerous and far-reaching. The Ashtons' first thought was for the morose exile. As soon as it was light enough to see, Edwin and his men were out on the drifted highways and prairies.

Mrs. Ashton had ready at hand such restoratives as the pioneer women used on the distressed. Near midday Barnes was found wandering deliriously through the forest bordering the creek.

"Mother!" "A queer word from an outcast like Barnes, but it went deep down into the motherly heart of Mrs. Ashton, and she bent over, and pressed her lips to his brow.

There was no change in Barnes' demeanor when he recovered. Most of his converse was with the horses, and he preferred sleeping in the barn loft to the comfortable room the Ashtons offered him.

"Edwin's company went south, and joined General Price. Barnes remained upon the plantation for a year, doing well the part entrusted to him by his young employer.

"I'm getting old—very old," she said, pathetically, "and it's hard for me to stoop to fetch the water."

Winchester Dave took the cup, and strode through the tall grass down to the pond, and when he returned, she was sitting on the rustic bench.

"Your son, grandma?" he asked. She flushed just a shade. "No—not exactly," she said, as if in doubt whether she should assert such a relationship.

"If yer want ter give it away, grandma," responded Dave, in a tone meant to be gentle, "all well an' good, but yer don't need to rake over an ole sore jes' ter satisfy my outrageous curiosity."

"She looked dreamily across the river to the oceanlike stretch of bottom-land—so fertile and inviting to the agriculturist—under the invigoration of a summer sun, a sinister aspect, however, which has often resulted in the ruin of growing crops.

"I was thinking," said the woman, slowly, as if feeling her way over uneven ground, "that it might really be a relief to tell it. It's not so telling of that's wrong. It's the not telling at the right time which has nearly driven me crazy with remorse."

"Never mind, my friend," she said, as she raised her head, and dried her eyes with a handkerchief. "It's not your fault, I'm going to tell you, and I want you to tell me just how mean live been to—Tom there."

The narrative, as given by the woman with honest attention to detail, consumed about an hour. Stripped of its non-essentials, it appears in the following paragraphs.

In the early days of the Civil War, a company of Confederate volunteers was raised in the village of Haldale. Edwin Ashton, a tall lad from up the river a ways, was chosen first lieutenant.

The boy, who chose to accept a large share of this responsibility, himself, and not even by so much as a suggestion did he ever give his mother any real ground for apprehension. In regard to his conduct, the two lived for each other and the good they could do.

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and the bushwhackers stole nearly everything on the place that they could run off or carry with them. Mrs. Ashton was driven to the necessity of seeking refuge with a relative in town.

In the spring of 1863, Haldale was garrisoned by a formidable force of Federals, and it was reported that the Confederates were massing for attack. Couriers asking assistance were sent to all the headquarters by the Union commander, and various preparations were made for standing a siege.

"The night of May 11, Tom Barnes was sentry on the south road. A man slipped out of the bush, and approached him with both arms raised. The sentry pointed his gun at the other's breast. The man placed his finger on his lips, and whispered one word. The sentry grounded his gun, wrote a line on a slip of paper, and passed it to the man who had sprung from the shadows.

"Five minutes later, Edwin Ashton, the Confederate soldier, disguised as a citizen, was in his mother's arms. He was also in the enemy's files at a time when his course would be determined by a swift and fatal penalty.

"The moonbeams flashed back from the bayonets of the relieving squad, and by their brilliancy seemed to sanction the proclamation of the federals. In their dazzling rays no foe could lurk unseen, no secret enemy menace the sleeping legions.

"In the afternoon of the next day a soldier wearing a captain's straus called at the house where Mrs. Ashton resided. He handed her a sheet torn from a small notebook. On it, this was written: "dere muthr god, bles yu good bit tom."

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THE EXPORT APPLE TRADE

In shipping Canadian apples to Great Britain, the following directions should be followed:

PACKING APPLES

- 1. Cool all fruit thoroughly before packing.
2. Handle as little as possible.
3. Grade fruit according to "Fruit Marks Act."
4. Pack fruit tightly in packages.
5. Pack no inferior fruit for export.
6. Pack a limited quantity of fancy apples of the best varieties in boxes holding not less than one bushel or forty pounds net of fruit.

Barrels should be well made, strongly nailed and should have eight hoops, two each at top and bottom, with four quarter hoops. Place at each end of barrel a circle of heavy cardboard, in order to prevent the fruit being bruised and becoming unsightly when exposed for sale.

Brand packages for export according to "Fruit Marks Act." Section 4. Use only new barrels or boxes for the export trade.

SHIPPING APPLES

- 1. Ship only very choice fruit of early varieties, as early apples have to compete with home grown fruit on the British markets.
2. Table varieties of choice quality, packed in crates, should be shipped in cold storage at a temperature ranging from 35 to 40 degrees.

The leading fruit markets in Great Britain are London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Cardiff and Hull. These ports are the distributing bases for the bulk of the fruit shipments as well as other food products sent to Great Britain from Canada.

Individual Canadian shippers may make good business connections with firms at inland British towns, and realize very satisfactory returns for their goods, but as a general rule it is not advisable to exploit new markets unless prepared to meet losses which are liable to be made in establishing new trade connections.

The highest bidder (in due time) shall be the purchaser, unless the lot shall be withdrawn; and if any dispute arise, the manner of settling such dispute shall be decided by the selling broker.

The goods shall be taken away at the purchaser's expense, as soon as possible after sale, and any goods not rejected by purchaser during the day following sale shall be considered as accepted by buyer, according to the resolution of selling broker's men, and shall afterwards remain on quay or warehouse at the buyer's risk and expense.

Each bidding not to be less than: 1d. under 3 shillings, 3d. under 2l., and 6d. over 2l.

Far nobler wilt thou find his strength Than that of wealth in garb unearned.

Who toils is pure; his love will stand; Give thou thy hand.

Thou, too, art builder of the world, O Woman-soul! then build with him Co-partner in its roof, O sweet! Your cottage in the twilight dim. Here, Toil and Love, ye shall command.

Out of its portals there shall walk The generations bearing Morn— The light of Faith, the flame of Hope, And deathless Purpose, struggling-born.

FOURTH MONTH 30 DAYS April THE RESURRECTION

Calendar for April 1905 showing days of the month, days of the week, and feast days such as Of the Feria, Fourth Sunday of Lent, Passion Sunday, Easter Sunday, and Low Sunday.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY BY MAIL. A thorough course by mail in this subject. Every man dealing with electrical machinery should master this subject. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN.

Tools. We are showing complete sets of tools in prices from \$3.00 to \$20.00 a set.

Scroll Saws and Lathes. Rice Lewis & Son Limited. Cor. King & Victoria St., Toronto.

Tools advertisement detailing how samples are taken from the dock, conditions of sale, and terms of payment.

Tools advertisement detailing terms of sale, including conditions for bidding and payment.

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Advertisement for Dodd's Kidney Pills, featuring a circular logo with the text "DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS" and "CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES".

Advertisement for Rheumatism treatment, titled "IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism" and including text about the benefits of the medicine.

...The HOME CIRCLE

BUTTERMILK SCONES.

Sift together one quart of sifted flour and one teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Rub in three tablespoonfuls of lard and butter (mixed), then mix to a soft dough with buttermilk.

GRAHAM GEMS.

Sift together one cupful each of white and graham flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a cupful of sugar.

CRUMPLETS.

Mix into a stiff batter one egg, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, one pint of milk, and one and one-half pints of flour with which two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder have been sifted, and bake on top of range in greased muffin rings on a hot, greased griddle.

CORN-MEAL POP-OVERS.

Sift four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with one pint of flour, and mix thoroughly with one pint of corn-meal. Beat four eggs very light, add two tablespoonfuls of lard, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and (alternately) the flour and meal, also sufficient milk to make a smooth batter, and pour into very hot gem tins.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.

Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one teaspoonful of salt with one quart of flour. Work in two level tablespoonfuls of lard, and mix to a soft dough with one, generous pint of thick buttermilk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Roll half an inch thick, cut in small rounds, handling as little as possible, and bake in a hot oven.

HOE-CAKE.

Take a very stiff batter of water and corn-meal, adding a pinch of salt. Grease a thick, iron griddle very sparingly, and when hot, put the batter on in a large cake about an inch thick. Smooth and cook slowly. When cooked on one side for about ten minutes, turn carefully, and cook on the other side. Serve whole, letting each one break off a portion.

VALUABLE FRIENDS.

Books represent the world of thought, the ideal world, for which all men are in some way continually striving. The great ideal of men is to find the ideal in the actual, to transform the actual into the ideal, to compass all things by thought, to make life the equivalent of thought.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

To keep young in mind is a great blessing, and we could do this by surrounding ourselves with interests, and especially the interests and pleasures of the young. We must have, indeed, the young of both sexes about us, those fresh, innocent lives who never look upon us as old as long as we love and care for them, but take us always on trust.

care must be taken not to allow them to come in contact with the fire while being melted. When entirely melted, apply to the floors, and polish, always rubbing according to the grain of the wood.

The cellar is an important part in house-cleaning, and really requires more care than any other part of the house, but as it is not under one's vision much of the time, it is apt to be neglected. Any waste material should be removed, and all decayed substances should be carefully looked after.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS WIFE

The suburbs and small towns offer special advantages to those who wish to live on narrow incomes, and who yet have a taste for the refinements of social converse, good books, and good pictures. These are the places to which other persons similarly situated have already gone, and in them one can find the perfection of neighborly life and mutual helpfulness.

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He-To-morrow is my birthday. She-I suppose you will take a day off? "I shall."

A School Teacher

ON WHOM TWO OTTAWA PHYSICIANS OPERATED IN VAIN FOR Bleeding Piles WAS AFTERWARDS COMPLETELY CURED BY USING TWO BOXES OF DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Bleeding Piles

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

The folly of risking a surgical operation, with its pain, expense and danger, is illustrated in the case of Mr. Lepine, who was cured of bleeding piles by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, after the surgeon's knife had failed.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"I am taking the liberty of informing you that for two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and lost each day about half a cup of blood. Last summer I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months I was better, but my old trouble returned, and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo another operation, but I would not consent."

"My father, proprietor of the Richelieu Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after beginning this treatment, and I have every reason to believe that the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only positive and guaranteed cure for every form of piles, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A MISHAP.

I made a little cake one day, For dollie and for me; And Nellie, she came to stay With her doll to our tea.

And puss was curled up in a chair, We didn't see her stir; We dressed our dollies, curled their hair, And never thought of her.

And then we set our table, too, With cloth and cups and all, As nice as mamma's ever do, When ladies make a call.

But, Oh, that cake! We had cut one, Just one slice, for a test, And what had naughtily pussy done? But eaten all the rest!

WHY AN ALIAS?

One afternoon, when the Duke of Lambourgh and Sir Arthur Sullivan, having amused a duet, were sitting down to a notably "usu de tea" provided by Mrs. Sullivan, the company's motor, it suddenly occurred to her to start the subject of family names and titles, which puzzled the good lady considerably.

"Sir," she said, "your family name is Guelph."

"My dear mother," began Arthur, "but it is, isn't it?" she persisted. "Certainly," replied the duke, much amused. "What's the matter with it, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"Oh, nothing," returned the excellent old lady musingly. "Only I can't understand why you don't call yourself by your proper name."

Arthur wanted to explain to her, but the duke would not allow him to. "There's nothing to be ashamed of in the name of Guelph," Mrs. Sullivan, he said, gravely.

"That's exactly what I say," persisted Arthur's mother; "nothing whatever as far as I know, and that being so, why should you not call yourself by your proper name?"

"Certainly," replied the duke, much amused. "What's the matter with it, Mrs. Sullivan?"

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FATHER-KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC

around in prayer-time, and the ninth column for tale-bearing."

Mary burst into tears, but let us hope she learned a more important lesson even than the two columns of the replication table.

And on must not think Joe Bell was to escape.

"Why were you talking in prayer-time, Joseph?" asked the teacher.

"I wasn't talkin', I was—I was—" "Well, Joseph, what were you doing?"

"I was asking God not to let them two boys tease me so bad," blurted out the new scholar, and instantly there were two boys with red, tell-tale faces in that school.

"He didn't say our names," whispered Henry, as the tide of the children poured out of the little school-house. "Come long; let's run and hide under the hedge."

But John hung back. His zest for the sport was gone.

"Come long I say," urged Henry; "nobody'll know where we are going."

"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly; "but you see he's done called God's attention to us!"

John is an old man now, but he has never forgotten how the feeling that God's attention had been called to him held him back, many times, from wrong-doing—Elizabeth Preston Allan in S. S. Times.

BOY WHO COULD DO NOTHING.

"There comes Lawrence, My, how he is running! I wish—" the boy with the crutch drew a long breath, and the little girl walking beside him came closer and slipped her mitted little hand into his. They went on without a word, the boy with the crutch limping a little, and the girl, alongside of him holding his hand.

The boy did not speak, but he was thinking: "Lawrence can do everything; he can run and jump and lift heavy things, while I can't do anything." This was not a pleasant thought.

Lawrence came up panting a little afterwards, and smiled upon his friend. "Hello, Phil, hello Popsy."

He caught the little girl up and placed her on his shoulder. She laughed with delight at finding herself above her brother's head.

"I'm going home for my skates," said Lawrence. "The ice is as smooth as glass. I wish you could come along."

"I can't do anything," said poor little Phil. "I'm no good, anyway."

"Phil did not meet his friend's eye, and he walked on fast."

Lawrence put down little Bess, whom he had nicknamed Popsy, and she ran after her brother, while Duke, the dog, followed, looking behind at Lawrence with sorrowful eyes.

But it was not long after that before Phil was ashamed of his mood, and of his short answer to his friend.

"Certainly it was ungrateful of him to forget how much better he was and grumble because he was not as strong as Lawrence."

"And even if I wasn't better," Phil was ashamed of what he had said, "what would be the use of making Lawrence feel bad about it?"

He made up his mind to go to the pond and enjoy Lawrence's sport, even if he could not share it. Bess had had enough of walking in the cold, so Duke and the crippled boy went together to the pond.

But as they came around Phil caught sight of a well-known figure all by itself at the further end of the pond. Phil's crutch fairly flew for the next few minutes. He was just going to hail Lawrence when something dreadful happened. All at once Lawrence threw up his hands and then went down out of sight.

That remained was his blue cap, floating on a path of black water.

It was only for a second that Phil stood staring with open eyes. Then the crutch and the boy were hurrying over the smooth ice. Lawrence's head had come to the surface and gone down again. Phil felt the ice give under him as he advanced towards the hole where Lawrence had broken through. So he lay down and crawled nearer and nearer to where Lawrence had fallen, pushing the crutch before him. It seemed a long time before Lawrence's head came up again. Then Phil put out his crutch and called out:

"Catch hold, I'll pull you out!"

But Phil could not keep his promise, though he did his very best—the weight was too much for him.

Now it was Duke's turn. Throwing back his head he uttered long, piercing howls. No one could hear without understanding that they were cries for help.

From the other end of the pond the skaters came hurrying to the spot. They formed a living life line. The strongest boy got in the lead. His feet were held by the next one. And so, boy after boy, they crawled to the rescue. They caught Phil who still held on to the crutch, at the other end of which was Lawrence.

With a steady pull they raised the boy out of the water.

But Lawrence was not out of danger. He had been chilled in the water and was numb from the cold. They carried him from the shore to a house nearby, where they soon had him dry and warm.

As soon as he opened his eyes, Lawrence smiled up at the small face that was bending over him. "If it hadn't been for you, I would not be here, and only for your crutch I would have been drowned."

And Phil took the crutch and thought of the unpleasant feeling the crutch had brought him, and now how proud he was of it. He hugged it to his heart. He and the crutch had saved Lawrence's life, and he would not have changed places with any body in the world.

—Jennie Doyle.

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, 1900.

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

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

256½ King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five years in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy 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 in a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

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

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, ESQ., TORONTO: 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. 10, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, ESQ., TORONTO: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, ESQ., TORONTO: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough 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.

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, ESQ., TORONTO: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

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

Toronto, July 21st, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, ESQ.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 31 Queen street East.

BLOOD POISONING

100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

JOHN O'CONNOR

WM. J. NICHOL, Drummer, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON, Esq., 171 King St. E.

PRICE 51.00 PER BOX.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN: Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

THE ADMITTED FACTS.

We wrote last week that we did not believe the statement of Hon. Robert Rogers, Manitoba Minister of Public Works, imputing to Mr. Sbarretti's interference in political matters.

Mr. Campbell never invited Mr. Rogers to come and see him, and Mr. Rogers did not see him. Remembering that he had met Mr. Campbell in a friendly way, Mr. Sbarretti invited the Attorney-General alone.

Here is the reasonable and obviously trustworthy version of the interview, on account of which some wild and ridiculous demagogues have demanded that Mr. Sbarretti be summoned to the Bar of the House, or deported from Canada.

"I NEVER SAID I WAS." In these childish words Mr. Robert Rogers of the Manitoba Government, attempts to evade responsibility for deliberately misinforming the country in connection with his resolute attempt to draw the name and position of Mr. Sbarretti into the political concerns of the Governments at Winnipeg and Ottawa.

The Toronto World, which has been in the confidence of or rather in the conspiracy with Mr. Rogers from the first, in all its references to the alleged interview spoke of a meeting between the Papal delegate and the Manitoba Minister of Public Works, together with Mr. Campbell, Attorney-General.

But let us go back to the text of Mr. Rogers' own statement. "Sir Wilfrid said that if we would be good enough to remain in Ottawa for three or four days he would again be in a position to give us an answer."

position to give us an answer. In three days' time, on Feb. 20th, a letter was received from His Excellency, Mr. Sbarretti, asking for a conference.

Was there room in the foregoing statement for the least doubt that Mr. Rogers was doing otherwise than giving a version of something he had heard with his own ears.

Attorney-General Campbell seems to have been somewhat ashamed of his confere all along. He did not put his name to the statement Mr. Rogers issued, and he faltered badly when called upon later to help Mr. Rogers out of his shameful predicament.

THEY WOULD BE TRUSTED. The News, the World, Leighton McCarthy, Hon. Robert Rogers, and their kindred in the Orange lodges are the vociferous shouters in connection with the school question that Catholics should trust the people of the Territories.

ILLNESS OF BISHOP SWEATMAN. It cannot be out of place to express a word of sympathy on account of the sudden illness of the Anglican Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Sweatman.

EDITORIAL NOTES. The local troubles of Curran, near L'Original, school section have been exploited by the anti-Catholic press of Toronto.

Catholic Mayors of Chicago. Toronto, April 6. Dear Mr. Editor, I am inclined to think that your correspondent, W. H., is mistaken when he says that Judge Bunne is the first Catholic Mayor of Chicago.

Church's great good will to Catholics; for had he not voted for a Catholic teacher in one of the Toronto High schools in the face of the aroused Protestantism of his conferees.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY UNION has for some weeks been advertising quite a fine line of quails of conscience. John D. Rockefeller offered \$100,000 to the Union; and the Union took the public into its confidence while it deliberated on the possibility of Uncle John having earned the \$100,000 dishonestly.

Dr. Peattie Nesbitt has announced that he would introduce in the Legislature a resolution against the separate school clauses in the autonomy bills.

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Catholic Mayors of Chicago. Toronto, April 6. Dear Mr. Editor, I am inclined to think that your correspondent, W. H., is mistaken when he says that Judge Bunne is the first Catholic Mayor of Chicago.

Church's great good will to Catholics; for had he not voted for a Catholic teacher in one of the Toronto High schools in the face of the aroused Protestantism of his conferees.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY UNION has for some weeks been advertising quite a fine line of quails of conscience. John D. Rockefeller offered \$100,000 to the Union; and the Union took the public into its confidence while it deliberated on the possibility of Uncle John having earned the \$100,000 dishonestly.

THEY WOULD BE TRUSTED. The News, the World, Leighton McCarthy, Hon. Robert Rogers, and their kindred in the Orange lodges are the vociferous shouters in connection with the school question that Catholics should trust the people of the Territories.

Dr. Peattie Nesbitt has announced that he would introduce in the Legislature a resolution against the separate school clauses in the autonomy bills.

OBITUARY

MR. B. STUART. On Wednesday, April 5th, the death of Mr. Ben. Stuart occurred, in his twenty-third year. The funeral took place on Friday morning in the home of his sister, Mrs. Howarth, 30 Brooklyn avenue, to St. Joseph's Church, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery.—R.I.P.

HUGH McCAFFREY'S FATHER DEAD. On March 20th last Mr. James McCaffrey, of Kiltred, County Fermanagh, Ireland, passed away in the 70th year of his age.

MRS. JOHN CAHILL. Death has removed the name from St. Pius' parish role, Osceola, of another valued and much esteemed parishioner. After an illness of about a year, Mrs. John Cahill died at the Pembroke Hospital the 24th day of March.

THE CHOICE OF MR. FRANK OLIVER, member for Edmonton, as Hon. Clifford Sifton's successor, reflects the Government's appreciation of the man and the place. Edmonton has before it a great and certain development as the chief railway distributing centre between Winnipeg and the coast.

A Toronto Protestant congregation that doubtless believes implicitly in its own patriotism, listens in servile silence to an American preacher who comes here babbling impertinences against our educational system.

North West Review.—"The Morning Telegram, of the 4th inst., published a special despatch from Toronto, stating that when the delegates from Manitoba came to Ottawa they were sent for by the Papal delegate and told that if the Hon. R. P. Roblin would change the school system or practice in the province, Manitoba's boundaries would be enlarged.

Archbishop Bourne's Birthday. Archbishop Bourne celebrated his forty-fourth birthday March 23. His Grace having been born at Clapham on March 23rd, 1861.

THE LOCAL TROUBLES OF CURRAN, near L'Original, school section have been exploited by the anti-Catholic press of Toronto. The Catholic school supporters of Curran have made a generous arrangement with their Protestant neighbors, and in this have set a good example, which is the only feature of the case ignored by the Toronto press.

ALDERMAN CHURCH is something of a judge of cheap advertising. His call to the Council to protest against Catholic influence in the civil government of Canada impresses us with the catholicity of Ald. Church's views on advertising. When the slim young alderman was running for the Council, he called up a certain priest on the telephone and poured into his sympathetic ear a story of his (Mr.

THE TENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Monday evening, April 10th. A large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the work were present. The report of the Board of Management was as follows:

Meeting of Children's Aid Society

The tenth annual meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Monday evening, April 10th. A large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the work were present. The report of the Board of Management was as follows:

The Board of Management beg to submit its 10th annual report for the year ending March 31st, 1905. They are pleased to be able to state that their work of rescuing neglected children from their evil surroundings has been under a kind Providence successfully carried on, and that the finances necessary for the maintenance and welfare of our wards, provided by donations kindly tendered by the City Council, the several city Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and kind friends and well-wishers have enabled them, with the free use of the shelters offered by our institutions to show a clean sheet with all debts paid, and a small balance left to continue the work.

During the year 259 cases affecting the interest of 332 children were brought to the notice of the Society. Of these 143 cases were from the children's court, and 116 cases privately reported to the agent. The Police Court cases were disposed of as follows:

Made wards of the Society 8 Committed to St. John's Industrial School 21 Committed to St. Mary's Industrial School 7 Fined 30 Remanded till called on 26 Discharged on suspended sentence 21 Discharged after short confinement in Blantyre Shelter 33 Withdrawn 4

The Treasurer's report will show that all liabilities have been paid up to the 31st December, 1904, and that sufficient funds to meet all accounts to March 31st, 1905, are in hand, and that a balance will still remain to the credit of the Society.

Through the work of this Society about 130 boys and girls have been committed to the Industrial schools with the best results morally and otherwise under the guidance of the Sisters of the "Good Shepherd" and Brother Orbanus of the Christian Brothers.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, who was present, spoke approvingly of the work of the Society. He considered the work of the Society very helpful to parish priests in that it afforded a legal means of taking children from parents who were unfit to care for them.

The following officers were elected to carry on the work during the ensuing year: Patron—His Grace Archbishop O'Connor. President—Mr. M. O'Connor. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. E. O'Keefe, J. J. Murphy, Thomas Long, and M. J. Haney.

Secretary—Mr. W. T. Kernahan. Treasurer—Mr. D. Miller. Solicitor—Mr. H. T. Kelly. Physicians—Drs. Wallace, McKenna and McKeown. Board of Management—Messrs. J. Seitz, John T. Ryan, L. V. McBrady, A. Cottam, L. J. Cosgrave, Thomas Winterberry, James B. Wright, J. J. Hanratty, T. J. Ford, Frank P. Lee, Mrs. Remy Elmsley, Mrs. P. Hynes, Mrs. T. French, Mrs. Troman, Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Mrs. Falconbridge, Miss Foy, Miss Walsh, Miss Macdonell, Miss Miller.

Archbishop Bourne's Birthday. Archbishop Bourne celebrated his forty-fourth birthday March 23. His Grace having been born at Clapham on March 23rd, 1861.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

Translation By J. P. O'Neill

Below is another fine translation from the Irish by Mr. J. P. O'Neill. The Catholic Register published several others on former occasions.

THE LAST WORDS OF THE EARL OF DESMOND.

A translation from Father Dineen's great work in the Irish language, treating of the uprising and beheading of that splendid Irishman, the Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1579-1583. In answer to a question by his devoted lieutenant, Cormac O'Connell, the Earl of Desmond said: "If the truth must be told, I will admit that our cause is lost, and that our country is about to enter upon a period of persecution and misery more galling and bitter than that perpetrated in the Roman Empire in its darkest days."

There is a large reward offered for my head. I am not far from my grave, and there is none of my people ready to take my place. All Desmond is ruined, almost all our men are killed by famine or the sword, and the few that are left have neither spirit nor energy. I feel that we need not look for any assistance from abroad. I am no longer the powerful chieftain, but a "rebel" against the Queen of England, without soldiers except a few faithful followers, who are powerless against our enemies. I have neither lands nor castles, town nor habitation, nothing but God above and this right arm to protect me. Yet despite my hardship and misfortune, I feel consoled by the consciousness of having done my duty. I struck a blow for God and my country. I did my best to avert this struggle—to keep the peace, but it was not peace that the English wanted; they fain would rob me of my castles and lands, and I would be unworthy of my race had I turned my back to them, and old as I am, I will never relinquish the sword, while I have life and strength to wield it.

And after all, what is the life of one man to a nation, though I feel that I am nearing my grave, let no one imagine that the cause of my country will die with me, for sooner or later, other and stronger men will take it up. My friends are all gone, they died fighting for faith and freedom. I would prefer—and so saying he stood erect and walked to the opposite side of the room with the activity of a young man—I would prefer to fall fighting for my country than live without an honorable victory. I went into this struggle to protect my faith and native land from the English. I am not tired of the fight, but as to victory—well, it is in the hands of God. It may not come for a while, but I bequeath the unsullied cause of my country to you, and all others who love truth, justice and freedom.

Translated from the Irish by J. P. O'Neill, 520 Queen St. West.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Death has visited the homes of many of our parishioners lately, and caused a sad void in place of the dear ones it claimed. Mr. Peter Cuff, a parishioner of St. Mary's Church, and formerly of Lansay, died March 31st. His age was 76.

Mr. James Marrin, after a few days' illness, died April 5th, at his home. He was in the 59th year of his age. Mr. Marrin was for a long time one of Barrie's trusted police officers.

The death occurred on April 6th of Mrs. Nicholas Balle. Mrs. King, of Buffalo, widow of the late P. King, barrister, Barrie, was in town, attending the funeral of her brother, Mr. James Marrin.

Rev. Father Hayes, Principal of St. Andrew's College, was in town, attending the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. N. Balle, whose funeral Mass he celebrated.

New Minister of Interior

Ottawa, April 9.—Edmonton's member, Mr. Frank Oliver, succeeds Mr. Clifford Sifton as Minister of the Interior. He was sworn into that office at 10 o'clock on Saturday at Rideau Hall, in the presence of the Governor-General and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

E. A. ENGLISH Real Estate

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IMPERIAL COAL THE IMPERIAL COAL CO. Dress Well. Fountain, 'My Valet'.

DRESS WELL. First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Fountain, 'My Valet'.

Church and State in France

In the Chamber last week, the debate on the Separation of Church and State Bill was resumed.

Cardinal Gibbons on the Divorce Evil

Although the views of the highest dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church in America on divorce and its consequent evils can cause no surprise to those who know the attitude preserved by that Church through the ages, the personality and broadmindedness of James Cardinal Gibbons, cannot help but invest them with unusual interest and authority.

In many writings and sermons he has opposed to all sociological arguments the incontrovertible dictum that what the Lord had ordained man could not alter.

'The first reason,' said he, 'upon which the rejection of divorce by all Catholics is based, is that the Church, acting upon the word of God, does not recognize its existence. The Lord has decreed that the marriage bonds shall be indissoluble, and He alone can sever it by taking from this life one or the other of the contracting parties.'

'With the advent of Christ, the beautiful truth that the one woman was made for the one man, was again re-asserted. Polygamy and divorce had already entered the social system, and the Son of God raised His voice against them.'

'No matter in what light men look upon marriage and its attributes and obligations, all must admit that in the last analysis it is upon this institution that the entire structure of society rests. Statistics recently compiled show what inroads into the family have already been made by divorce in this country.'

'The Queen street branch of the business will be retained and under the management of one of his experienced employees. All retail orders will receive the same careful and prompt attention which has always characterized this business.'

'And yet with all this, we err out in virtuous indignation against Mormonism. The press and pulpit denounce it as a national disgrace and demand its suppression. But is Christian polygamy less reprehensible than Mormon polygamy? Is simultaneous polygamy worse than successive polygamy? Why then is the one tolerated and the other denounced? We know that as a class the Mormons care for their wives and children, while Christian polygamists but too often leave wretched wives to starve, slave or sin, and abandon miserable children to the care of the State.'

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Photographing the Pope

Mr. Histed, the well known photographer of Dublin, has just returned from Rome, where he was summoned to take a special series of portraits of the Pope at his Holiness' own request.

The review work was of an interesting and valuable nature. It was devoted to the latest work of Louise Imogene Guiney, whose book on Hurrell Froude was reviewed. This was of timely significance, as Froude was one of the Oxford movement men to be considered at this meeting.

A Progressive Catholic House

It has always been a source of gratification to the Catholic Register to note the success of any of our Catholic business institutions, and we have from time to time in the columns of this paper noted the different forward steps made by the well known house of W. E. Blake, dealers in Catholic Church ornaments.

The Queen street branch of the business will be retained and under the management of one of his experienced employees. All retail orders will receive the same careful and prompt attention which has always characterized this business.'

'These are mean artifices,' says the 'Observer,' 'which do not, besides, avail to weaken the reiterated and authoritative declaration of the Holy See, of not wishing on its side for separation, and of doing nothing whatsoever to provoke it; miserable expedients, we repeat, which reveal in those who employ them a large allowance of bad faith, the only quality which, in this new publication of the 'Journal,' deserves mention.'

There are few spectacles more repulsive at the present time than to see French legislators made slaves of by secret societies, and going recklessly forward to the destruction of their country, and conscious of the shameful parts they are condemned to play, hunt about for falsehoods of any kind to excuse their act.

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Pair of Prayer Beads, in St. Mary's Church, on Suncoy, March 27th, enclosed in leather case. Reward for their return to J. Dolan, St. Charles Hotel, Toronto.

Distinguished Hungarian

Ottawa, April 13.—Right Rev. Monsignor Count Vay de Bava, who has come here to investigate the conditions of the Catholic Hungarian immigrants, is at the Archbishop's Palace. He is a son of the Hungarian Lord Chamberlain, and is a Prothonotary Apostolic. He goes from here to the Northwest, where he will look into the conditions of the Hungarian immigrants who have settled in that part of Canada.

The Italian Premier and the Clericals. During the course of the resumed debate in the Italian Chamber on a statement of Signor Tittoni, explaining the position of the interim Ministry, the Acting Premier absolutely denied that the participation of Catholics in the elections was the result of any pact or bargain, and produced a statement by a Deputy who had presented himself to his constituents as a Clerical candidate, showing that he recognized the national institutions and the integrity of the country.

D'Youville Reading Circle

D'Youville Circle held its fortnightly meeting on the 4th inst., with the usual large and earnest attendance. Instead of discussing the current events, they were briefly enumerated, and the members advised to consult the chronicles in the current magazines, especially the Messenger (N.Y.) and the Catholic World. Canadian affairs, however, were dwelt upon, to the conclusion that a very interesting chapter of our history is in the process of making.

Comparative notes were made as to the great powers being, to-day, by stress of circumstances "military states."

The Oxford study, for the rest of the term, is to be confined to character sketches, as the Tractarian Movement proper will be the subject of a lecture in the next season. At this meeting Herrol Froude and John Keeble were shown as a poet through his beautiful "Christian Fear" from which the hymn for the fourth Sunday of Lent was read. Then Keeble, the man, as shown through his most intimate letters to Newman at the time of the great agitation, was considered. Some very pleasant things were said of this man whom Cardinal Newman loved, and to whom he so conscientiously submitted his serious work, so long as Newman believed that the dream of a new Anglican Church, a living branch of the Mother Church, could come true.

At the next meeting, Mrs. Moseley, Miss Gilberne, and Augusta Theodosia Drain will be considered because of their intimate relations to the most prominent actors in this great movement.

The second part of the evening was given to the oriental study. The fifth book of "Light of Asia" was read by selections, Mrs. W. Adams, reader, and as usual Rev. Dr. Aiken was quoted. Before the close of the meeting a letter was communicated from Rev. W. F. McGinnis, President of the I.C.T.S., giving a very cheery account of the sixth annual meeting, held at the Catholic Club, New York, on the 30th ult. The Circle enjoys corporate membership, and each member will receive a printed pamphlet, containing the year's reports, and the rousing addresses made by the President and by the Rev. Dr. Edmund Shanahan. Another interesting letter was communicated from R. W. Shannon, now at Saskatoon, N.W.T. He is an honorary and practical member of the Literary Association. His comments on the great Northwest were singularly interesting, intimating that if only the Chelsea Hills were in view the landscape would not seem so monotonous.

At this meeting, the announcement was made of the recent death of Wm. Paine Neville, "Father William," as he was known at the Oratory. His close and long connection made of him a precious witness, and it is now known that he has left to Wilfrid Ward, the notes by which we may at last have a full history of Newman, and of his enormous share in the Oxford Movement.

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A Word of Hope

The winter days are nearly done. So lift your voice and sing. And in discomforts round perceive The auguries of spring. Though cold your radiator now, The Linc is growing ripe. The robin soon will put on steam, And whistle through his pipe. So never mind the slush and mire; We'll somehow worry through; The horse slips on the icy street, But cowslips soon are due. —New York Sun.

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A COMPLICATED ENGAGEMENT

By H. Adriance Banker.

The Hon. Curtis Lee found himself deluged with letters and marked newspapers. He looked upon the immense pile in wonderment, but curiosity drew him to the attack. The first letter he opened was from his former partner, and he read it in bewilderment.

"Dear Curt.—You can imagine my amazement and surprise when I saw the name of you got your courage up to the sticking point. I had set you down for a confirmed old bachelor, and here you go and engage yourself. I am disappointed that you did not write me, but let me learn it from the newspapers. Under the happy circumstances, however, I'll tell you of for this time. Congratulations.

"As ever, your friend, CLINT WHEELER."

The letter dropped from his hands, and he appeared dazed and perplexed.

"Well, I never! Clint must be crazy, or it may be one of his practical jokes."

He picked up another letter from the heap on the table, and almost collapsed as his eyes were glued to the lines before him.

"Friend Curtis.—Your engagement astonished me; it nearly took me off my feet. But I'm glad, old fellow, that you are going to be married, for I think you need a good woman to take care of you. Wife and I am wondering how you came to propose, as you were always so shy with the ladies. But, then, Cupid does embolden a man to make the leap. We wish you as much happiness as can fall to the lot of mortal."

Your friend, CHARLES MINTON."

"Well, this is certainly getting interesting," he finally gasped. "I'll read these other letters, and find out how many more of my friends have lost their wits."

Near the bottom of the pile was a letter from his sister Mabel. It was full of complaint because her brother had not confided in her, instead of allowing her to hear of his engagement through strangers. She requested him to write soon and tell her all about the bride-to-be. Mechanically he glanced at the contents of every letter. There were many from his constituents wishing him life-long happiness; and one from a dear friend who had not left bachelordom far behind, wishing him nothing greater than "happiness like mine."

His brain was in a whirl of perplexity. He took two or three strides across the room, muttering disjointed sentences, then he threw himself in the chair and picked up the last Weekly Bulletin. At the top of the first page was the following:

"The Bulletin takes great pleasure in announcing the engagement of the Hon. Curtis Lee, congressman from this district, to Miss Beryl Williams, of Washington, D.C. The Bulletin extends its heartfelt congratulations, and we feel safe in saying, the good wishes of every one of our readers. The Bulletin hopes to be in a position to furnish further information in an early issue."

The paper dropped from his hands. "The devil!" he muttered, and taking up his hat, and rushing out of his room, and down to the office of the Weekly Bulletin. Being shown into the editor's room, he found that personage enjoying a cigar with his feet on a desk and absorbed in an exchange.

"I demand to know, Mr. Bright, by what right you have dared to take liberties with my name," began Curtis. "What do you mean by printing such a lie?"

The editor looked up at the congressman with a perplexed face. "Do you mean the item announcing your engagement?" he asked. "Is that a lie?"

"Certainly it is," replied Curtis, "a monstrous one."

The editor's face relaxed into an inscrutable smile. He put his hand into a pigeon hole of his desk and strove forth a letter, saying, as he extended it to Curtis: "That contains my authority." Curtis read the following written in a sprawling hand: "Editor The Weekly Bulletin, Leesville, Ky."

"Dear Sir.—Please publish in your excellent paper notice of the engagement of Miss Beryl Williams, of Washington, D.C., to Mr. Curtis Lee. Thanking you in advance, I am, Yours truly, MRS. C. V. WILLIAMS."

"Who is this Miss Beryl Williams?" queried Curtis, lifting his eyes from the letter, as if he had received a distinct shock.

"Don't you know the lady?" questioned the editor incredulously, "eyeing Curtis as if he considered him unbalanced."

"She is unknown to me. I think it was most officious of you to print this notice without consulting me. I'm very sorry, but under the circumstances you cannot blame me. I often receive news in this way, but if I had suspected that the source of information was not reliable, I should not have published it."

What to say, how to set about repairing the mischief, in which fate seemed to be chief conspirator, Curtis did not know. His best plan would be to have the newspaper retract the statement, but his chivalrous regard for women made him hesitate to place even the writer of this letter in an unfavorable light before the public. He decided not to commit himself to any course of action. The ridiculous side of the affair now appeared to him. "To be engaged without his knowledge or consent to an unknown lady appeared very humorous, and he determined to let matters take their course. In the meantime fact was the thing to be employed. He turned to the editor.

"There has been a mistake, but I think it better to defer explanations. I shall see you again about the matter." With these words Curtis left the office, feeling that he was making a most inglorious exit. As the door closed the editor muttered: "He must be crazy! He must be! No man in his senses would act as he did."

Curtis bolted back to his room, wondering at the strange prank fate was playing him. But who was Beryl Williams? He asked himself the question again and again, but with no further enlightenment.

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"Pandora" grates are composed of three bars, with short bulld-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

The two outer bars work on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates. You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it.

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to have the public believe I'm engaged, in fact I may relieve me from a great many embarrassing situations in Washington society where managing mammas are looking out for the main chance for their darling daughters. I'll keep up the subterfuge; it will be fun fooling people, also."

Curtis walked up and down with the air of a man who was preoccupied and the more he considered the idea of letting the engagement stand the more it caught his fancy. "It will certainly be a ridiculous farce, and I can not be so ungallant as to jilt this unknown woman. It will be rather funny deceiving people, if it does take an immense amount of deceit. Yes, and a good deal of clever acting, too. I'll see what developments as time goes on."

But his troubles, it seemed, had scarcely begun. From all sides he was subjected to congratulations. Letters and marked newspapers continued to pour in upon him. The newspapers devoted much space and large type to heralding the engagement. There were times when he half expected to awake and find that his odd engagement was part of a pretty, humorous dream. Under the impression that the topic could not fail to be interesting to him, his friends talked about little but his fiancée, apparently expecting to hear lovers' rhapsodies and plainly disappointed because none were forthcoming. One day as he was descending the capitol steps at Washington, the Hon. Jones Bernard approached him with a beaming face, and giving his hand a hearty shake, said:

"Curtis, my dear fellow, how are you? And so you're caught at last. I'm simply dying to see the fair one. So am I." Curtis was about to reply, but checked himself as Jones went rambling on.

"Well, I hope she will lead you a merry dance. You have always been so superior to the rest of us, so above all flirtation and love affairs, that I would be pleased if she turned out to be a shrew or something equally interesting. It may be wicked of me, but I've cherished a sort of hope that when you found your ideal woman she would prove to have faults just as other women have." There was mirth in his eyes, as he slapped Curtis on the shoulder.

So many things were happening every day that despite his decision to regard it as a delicious bit of comedy, it jarred upon him. He did not feel the enjoyment that he had anticipated in using his wit to extricate himself from difficult situations, and the knowledge that he was fooling people lost its early charm. The feeling that he was dealing lightly with things meant to be held sacred rendered Curtis more and more uncomfortable. His friends persisted in treating the matter so seriously that he began to feel like a hypocrite. He would never have had the courage to pretend such a thing if he had known beforehand the false positions it would place him in. At the time of its strange inception it seemed so humorous. He had not counted on the awkward predicaments that were confronting him every day. For the present, since it would be more awkward to tell the truth, he felt that he must leave matters in the hands of fate.

"What is she like, this woman you are to marry, Curtis?" spoke another friend. "You want me to describe her?" he queried, and paused, the question repeating itself in his mind. "What is she like? Ah, he did not know that, he told himself. But he must answer, so he ventured, "She is very beautiful and young."

The friend burst into a roar of laughter. "What a description for a lover!" he cried. "Come, Curtis, tell me about her. Remember I'm your best friend."

Curtis was at a loss for words. What could he say? How best to describe, as a lover should, the woman he was to marry and had never seen was a puzzle to him. "I can't describe her, but she is not like other women," he blurted out in a confused manner.

"Ah, that sounds a little better," said the friend in a tone of seeming satisfaction.

when he met her. Bertha Jewett was the one woman in the world for him. He sought her acquaintance, and soon a fine friendship was the result. So absorbed did he become that his pre-terminated engagement left his mind. But there came an hour when all the past came surging back, bringing a feeling of horror and dismay. Miss Jewett had heard of his engagement and congratulated him, concluding with the information that Miss Williams was a very dear friend of hers, and that she was expecting her to return from abroad in a few weeks. "Which event, no doubt, you are anticipating with delight," she added, as the corners of her mouth drooped mischievously.

For a moment Curtis was on the verge of telling the whole story of his involuntary engagement, but he realized that he could not place Miss Williams in an unfavorable position in the eyes of her friend. What could he do? Was there no immediate way to vindicate himself, and speak of his love to this woman? But none presented itself to his tortured brain.

Curtis suffered intensely. This engagement that he had at first considered a delicious bit of comedy had now assumed the proportions of a tragedy. The woman he loved with all his heart was about to slip from his grasp. In his dream of love he had shown more devotion to Miss Jewett than was pardonable for an engaged man, and she had seemingly warned him by broaching the subject of his engagement. She must hate him. Would she ever forgive him for this piece of unpardonable folly? Curtis felt that things were going very much against him. His one consolation lay in the hope that something would soon release him from this forced engagement.

"If I could only get out of this tangle I have an idea that my sham engagement would lead to a real one," he muttered. This possibility caused his whole being to tingle with happiness, but it was short-lived. The realities of stern facts confronted him. His efforts to banish from his thoughts the matter that was troubling him resulted in its rushing back to his mind, with renewed force, whenever he found himself alone. He spent the nights sleepless, staring with wide-open eyes into the darkness. He struggled to forget by engaging energetically in his duties.

His only consolation lay in the fact that Miss Williams was expected to return from Europe soon, and he was sure that she could make everything right. He was a blind fool to fret over the affair! His creed was that all things work together unto good, and yet at the first test in his own experience he had cut a pitiable figure with his blind railings at fate. With this hopefulness in his heart he arrived at Leesville, and there in the midst of his constituents and an active political fight he resolved to forget until such an hour came when he could declare himself to Miss Jewett and win her love.

On the evening of his arrival, however, his nerves were completely shattered by reading in the Weekly Bulletin the following:

"It is announced in the Washington papers that the Hon. Curtis Lee and Miss Beryl Williams were quietly married at the bride's home in Washington. It is presumed that Congressman Lee and his charming bride will make their home in our midst during the Congressional recesses. It would be highly proper to accord our distinguished newswoman and her beautiful wife a royal reception when they arrive. The Bulletin extends congratulations to the happy pair, and wishes them a long lease of life and much happiness."

His astonishment knew no bounds, and he sat limp and lifeless glancing at the paper. It was bad enough to be engaged without his consent, but to be married in this oil-bath fashion was simply unendurable. What a strange prank fate had again played him! His mind was in a tumult of conjectures and questions. He fell to planning how he might extricate himself from this new dilemma. Miss Williams, or Mrs. Lee, now, according to the papers, was a real person, there was no doubt of that. Miss Jewett had proven to his satisfaction that she was myth, but a personal reality that stood between him and his right to win the woman he loved.

Why not see this woman and have the matter settled once for all? She no doubt could put a stop to this farce. Putting his thoughts into action the early morning train found him aboard. On arriving in the city he hastened to locate the woman that had been a thorn in his path for the past six months. On the way to her residence he had to pass the palatial home of Miss Jewett, and he could not resist the temptation to call. He was ushered into her presence and was received with unusual cordiality. After a general conversation they lapsed into silence. She gazed fixedly into the fire, while he, with half-closed eyes, studied her features, de-

lating within himself how best to reveal his plight, and thus secure her aid in the untangling of the twisted matrimonial affair.

"I believe," he said to himself, "that she has committed a flagrant breach of etiquette by falling in love with a supposed married man." The thought pleased him. A smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. He could never tell how he began, but he told his story; his astonishment and perplexity when the engagement was announced, and all the subsequent embarrassment and annoyance. He concluded by an allusion to the recent publication of her fixed gaze at the glowing coals.

"Meantime," he concluded, "I met a young lady who stole my heart, and I was very glad that she committed the largeness. But I could not as honor tell her what I believed she would rejoice to hear, as I had made this entangling alliance with an unknown."

"Mr. Lee," she spoke softly, "your story has been of deep interest to me, for I believe I hold the key to its solution. Your village editor has labored under the impression that there is only one Curtis Lee in America, and that one the young congressman from his district. He was mistaken. A few hours before you arrived I met the other Curtis Lee, who had wedded my dear friend, Beryl Williams. So I now declare your engagement and marriage to an unknown lady at an end."

She met his glance of surprise and joy, then she colored and once more resumed her gaze into the fire. He moved to her side with a throb of love in his heart, and took her unsuspecting hand as he questioned quickly: "Can not my supposed engagement and wedding become a reality with one whom I know and love?"

Faintly, smothered against his shoulder, came the answer, "Yes."

MUFFINS, GEMS, AND WAFFLES.

When soda is used in making gems, biscuits, or batter cakes, it should be thoroughly dissolved in a little warm water, or twice sifted with the flour. The proportion of soda for gems is one-half a teaspoonful of soda to one cupful of sour cream or milk. If one has no cream, use three quarters of a cupful of milk and one-quarter of a cupful of melted butter to make the muffins more tender. A general rule for muffins is one egg to two cupfuls of flour, two level teaspoonsful of baking powder, and about three-quarters of a cupful of milk. One tablespoonful of sugar may be added if desired. The ideal biscuit is small, scarcely over an inch in thickness, and glazed over the top with milk to prevent any floury appearance. Gem pans should be heated on the top of the range, brushed thoroughly with lard or half each of butter and lard, and be very warm when the batter is turned in. From a quarter to a scant teaspoonful of salt is used in all gems and muffins, proportionate to the amount of flour. In mixing muffins, beat the butter to a cream, add gradually the sugar, then the eggs well beaten, then alternate the milk and flour with which the salt and leavening have been sifted. Muffins require about twenty-five minutes for baking. Rice muffins are prepared according to the recipe given for rice griddle-cakes, having a smooth top and a little firmer batter. For berry muffins, sift half a cupful of sugar with the dry ingredients, and stir in lightly one cupful of berries, dusted with flour. For date muffins, add one cupful of chopped dates.

Banana griddle-cakes require simply the addition of three bananas sliced in very thin rounds sprinkled with a tablespoonful each of lemon-juice and sugar, and allowed to stand while the batter is being prepared. To compound waffles, the yolks of the eggs are beaten, the milk added, then the dry ingredients, and lastly the thickly whipped whites of the eggs are folded in. Scones are a little larger than biscuits, and are served at luncheons especially with cocoa or chocolate. Fruit and nut rolls are used for breakfast. To prepare them, follow the directions for biscuits, using less salt; add fruit to the flour, brush the top with melted butter, and sprinkle with half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon mixed with quarter of a cupful of granulated sugar.

A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs should be, Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers.

"At what age does the average man's usefulness cease?" "That isn't the question," answered the misanthrope. "The main thing is to discover an age at which the average man's usefulness begins."—Washington Star.

Von Blumer (looking at his wife's cheque-book)—You don't mean to say you have given out a cheque for one hundred dollars? Why, you've only fifty dollars in the bank to meet it!

His Wife.—That's all right, dear! If the cashier says anything about it I'll tell him to cha ge it.

HAS BEEN ALL RIGHT EVER SINCE

T. H. Belyea, P.M., Proves That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Permanently

Some Years Since He Used Them Now and He Has Had Good Health Ever Since—Story of Well-Known New Brunswick Man.

Lower Windsor, Carleton Co., N.B., April 10.—(Special).—"Yes, I have good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills." The speaker was Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, and one of the most highly respected men in this part of the country. Asked to give his experience with the great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Mr. Belyea continued:

"I had been troubled with my kidneys for a number of years. I tried several kinds of plasters and other kinds of medicines, but did not seem to get any lasting benefit. Hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills so highly recommended I decided to try them, and they made a complete cure of me. That is two years ago now, and as I said before, I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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JOHN LABATT STOCK ALE LONDON-CANADA PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS BRANDS

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO. SPECIAL O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. LIMITED TORONTO

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO ONTARIO

TOMLIN'S BREAD HAS NO COMPETITOR It stands in class A, and while other claimants may keep hustling for a position in this class, it goes without saying that nothing will be left undone by the proprietor of "THE TORONTO BAKERY" to maintain his position as leader in the Toronto bread market.

Does a Baby Pay "Does a three-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age?" asked an author whose works are among the "best sellers."

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

Easter in Russia Both time and environment have had their influence upon the observance of Easter. The Russian Easter, with its festival joy, coincides with the beginning of spring. It is so very early for that latitude that on the preceding Sunday, Palm Sunday, pussy-willows are used instead of palms in every Russian dwelling from the Emperor's palace to the hut of the poorest peasant; for only the pussy-willow shows signs of life in that land of the far North. Occasionally Easter in Europe corresponds with the Easter of the Western World, generally it falls a week later, but more often the interval is much longer. Russia still uses the Julian calendar which is now thirteen days out of reckoning with the Georgian calendar used by the nations of the West.

Easter is the grand festival of the Russian year; so for weeks beforehand every one is busy with the sort of preparations which people in America make before Christmas. A gift, be it only a gaily colored egg, is almost obligatory, though all gifts are known as "eggs." The grand feature of the day is, of course, the church service. In fact, the church festivals are also the national festivals of Russia, and almost every "function," in court or private life, begins with a religious service of some sort. About the only exception to the rule are balls and theatrical spectacles. The matin begins at midnight, and is followed by the liturgy. The usual service in the middle of the morning is omitted, and most people are in their beds recovering from the open-eyed night. Naturally the most magnificent celebration is at the cathedral of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, where the presence of the Emperor, Empress, and all the court in full dress and uniforms adds to the magnificence of the service as a spectacle. There the beginning of the service is the passing of the procession of priests through the long suits of rooms in the Palace in their ceremonial search for the dead Christ. On their return from their fruitless search they find the doors closed and fastened, but they open swiftly at the announcement, "Christ is risen!"

Young Feather-top—If your parents still oppose our marrying why can't we elope? Miss Sharp-Chinn—It would never do in the world. Everybody who knows as both would say at once that I suggest it.—Chicago Tribune.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF CAROL

Christopher, Chris for short, looked eagerly out as the speeding train passed familiar places. It was not the fresh beauty of early summer in its multitudinous greens that chiefly held his eager attention...

"Yes," Chris said to himself, and smiled, "there is Martin's old, tumble-down barn, not a whit changed..."

He thought of that summer day when he took Carol Linton to drive. He remembered the least detail. It began to rain and Martin's old barn that day proved a haven to her and a heaven to him...

From that day each had understood. And although Chris had not told her she was the very nicest girl in the world, and he wanted her to promise to wait for him...

Then he had left for England to live with his uncle, and go to classic Oxford, expecting to spend his long vacations on this side. Instead, either mother or sister came to him, or his uncle took him on the continent...

He wondered—his thoughts swift as the flying train—if Carol had changed much. She had been such a pretty, timid little thing. "Just the kind," he thought, "that needs a man to take care of her..."

As he came nearer and nearer to her, he began to recognize that Carol's personality, after the lapse of five years, was over-velled defined to him. At first they had written frequently—not love letters, rather boy-and-girl epistles...

Then, in spite of his protest, Carol also had entered college. It was to her graduation that Chris, cutting short his post-graduate travel, was now speeding. And it was with some dismay that now in the clear recognition of familiar objects he recognized that she was largely impersonal...

Clang went the bell as they began to cross city streets. How slowly the train crept along! It seemed half-hours before the creaking brakes announced the home station...

As he entered the waiting-room, the end of his suit-case brushed a tall young lady standing in the door, evidently expecting some one. "I beg your pardon," Chris started on...

"Why, Chris Van Neal, aren't you going to speak to me—Carol?" Chris turned, and looked at the speaker in surprise. Then with glowing face, "This is awfully good of you, Carol!" and he grasped her proffered hand...

"You are to come home to dinner with me," she said. "Mother sent you a special invitation. No, let me drive; I'm used to Nancy Brown." They passed familiar houses; he asked after old-time friends—all the while keenly serving this new woman at his side...

"Yes, in every way." But he felt like adding that he was not sure if in all ways for the better. He felt somehow as if he had received a blow. In far-off England he had chafed at the fact that circumstances were keeping him from caring for her. But this woman needed no man to look

after her. Self-confidence she had in plenty, and self-confidence is a sharp weapon to carry in the battle with the world; it is a necessary weapon. The dinner talk, and the talk in the drawing-room was desultory, incidents of college life, numerous and revealing, chat about friends, but never an indication that these two stood in relation other than the mother supposed. The good-bye at the door was friendly only. He was to go and come when he pleased.

Alone in his hotel, he felt as if in a dream. Carol Linton was a mystery. She had discussed with him, in almost the same breath, ethics and golf; she had met him with an air of comradeship; she was poised in manner. In England, the few young ladies he had met had carried out his idea of the diffident young woman—his type—of whom the former Carol had been the model. But the frank, easy manner of this young woman, to whom he had been secretly engaged for five years, to whom he had not been able to say one word of love after his long absence, and who did not look up to him appealingly—all this put him entirely adrift.

Going to his trunk he took out a small packet of her letters, the earliest: "My dear Chris,—

"How lonesome I feel without you, so far away. I just sat down and cried the other night. There was a fierce thunderstorm, and it made me think of you."

"Mother is thinking of sending me to boarding school. I dread it. Think of my leaving mother for a whole year."

"I know you will be pleased that I won the prize for the best sewing at the sewing class."

"Ever, your little 'CAROL.'"

Then he turned to a later packet:—"Dear Chris,—

"Just time to dash a line to you before I'm off to play in a tennis tournament in which I'm trying for a prize; wish me success. Am studying hard for exams, especially in math. Glad you are coming home. Com. comes on the 20th. Be sure to be here."

"Yours, 'CAROL.'"

Chris contemplated the two letters,—the girlish handwriting of the former with its girlish interests, and the dashing script of the latter with its college interests. Fool! why had he not been prepared for the change. The evolution had been as gradual as a bud opens into a flower, but in his English atmosphere and his own crowding interests he had failed to take it seriously. On the promise given by a child he had expected to come back and claim the woman. The other Carol, a timid little creature, he had carried tenderly in his heart. Would he continue to love her in her new character? Would she be the kind of wife he wanted, content with the homely duties of the home-keeper?

If the first day was a surprise and a puzzle to Chris, the days that followed were a revelation. In many things he found her a leader—she who had been wont to follow. It was "Carol, come see how this looks"; and "Carol, I want my brother to meet you. He so wants a game of tennis with you, since he heard you won the cup." Even her father and mother had fallen into the habit of waiting to get her advice. Not that she seemed to seek leadership, but her abounding spirit of good fellowship and heartiness made her sought for.

Her escort during part of the commencement festivities, with only opportunity for snatches of conversation, they came no nearer an understanding. Strong in the independent spirit that had come to her from her college training, Carol would not show toward him a warmth of feeling she was not sure he felt for her.

With mingled feelings of regret and pride, Chris saw her receive her degree. The roll of parchment seemed like a huge rock between them, which he could never roll away. Her trained power and what it represented of knowledge and resources told him plainly that he was not a necessity in her life. Yet, when Carol went back to her seat, with diploma in hand, in that supreme moment she flashed on him a look recognizing his presence. He had won from the girl in cap and gown as winsome a smile as ever she gave him in the old days.

As time went on, Chris could trace more and more the elements of character he had once known. His own training had made him fair minded—granted time to adjust himself, so far from starting Carol's womanly qualities, had developed them.

He reflected that a man's college training really changes him little except to strengthen him intellectually, give him resources, makes him more manly. But in the world, you can not surely tell a college-bred man from many men who have achieved success without that training. He remembered Mrs. Linton's greeting—"You are the same old Chris who used to play with Carol."

But he saw that college education changes a girl's whole being, that out in the world, it is an easy task to pick out the college-bred woman. Assured speech, self-possession, tolerance,—these mark the college-bred woman. The four college years, which had stamped him with an air of maturity only, had done wonders for Carol. At every point she met with him as a companion, and he found himself admiring her. That he no longer seemed necessary to her happiness was the only drawback.

Meanwhile, Carol, disappointed and failing to realize the change in herself, was at a loss to understand Chris. Her environment had not changed her loyalty to him. Her hero when a child, he was still her hero. He it was who had inspired her college course. In spite of his protest, she had grown to realize that by higher training for herself she would become a better companion for him. And now this strange reticence on his part hurt her.

After the excitement of commencement, Carol fell into the home groove of an only daughter, tender and loving to her mother, companionable to her father, satisfied to fill the home niche. Young people gathered around her, and Chris saw with alarm that young men sought her company. Competition invigorates in all things. Chris came out of his dreaming.

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"Carol," he asked one day, as they were driving beneath the gray sky, "have you ambitions now that you have graduated?"

Carol looked across the fields, brilliant with goldenrod and purple wildflowers. In the woods beyond, summer had begun to yield her greens to the

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Excelsior Life Insurance Company. Head Office—TORONTO. Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

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PASSION SUNDAY.

Passion Sunday was observed in all our churches on Sunday last. The day evidently originated from a desire on the part of the Church to draw our attention directly to the time set apart for the particular contemplation of the sufferings which immediately preceded the death of our Divine Saviour. The previous four weeks of Lent have been in preparation for this and the succeeding week, and the Church now reminds us in every possible way of the mournful and penitential season upon which we have entered. On Passion Sunday the "Gloria" is omitted from the Mass and the statues are concealed under coverings of penitential purple. It is said by some that the concealment of the pictures and statuary is typical of Our Lord hiding himself from the Jews when they attempted to stone him. The time of the origin of the name "Passion Sunday" seems to be lost in the obscurity of the past, and also the positive significance of the covering of the statues, but it seems most probable that from the very origin of the Lenten season, the last two weeks have been looked upon as the particular Passion-tide of Our Lord. The Gloria and all joyful canticles are eliminated and all beautiful statuary and pictures obscured, while in their stead only the prayer of penitence and the purple betokening penance are heard and seen; all this to show that during the time of Our Lord's passion and death joy and glory had departed from the earth and naught save sorrow and penitence remained.

ORDINATION AT ST. BASIL'S.

At St. Basil's church, on Saturday morning, the 8th inst. Mr. John W. Byrne received sub-deaconship from the hands of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, assisted by Very Rev. Father Marion, C.S.B., and Very Rev. Father Cushing, C.S.B. There were also in the Sanctuary, Rev. Fathers Welsh, Gignac and Roache and Rev. Messrs. Carr and Pickett and Mr. McGrath. Mr. Byrne is from Ansonia, Conn., and is intended for the diocese of Columbia, Ohio. Before entering upon his five year course of philosophy and theology at St. Michael's, Mr. Byrne had taken classics at Niagara University. He is now engaged in teaching and studying, and will probably be ordained during the approaching summer.

UNDERGOING REPAIRS.

The chapel attached to St. Michael's has just undergone some much needed repairs. The plastering of the ceiling had given way, and it has been partially replaced by metallic roofing. For the past few years the chapel has been strengthened by iron supports placed along the centre of the ceiling, and the late repairs have helped to the general improvements. Before further work is needed, it is hoped that someone may be inspired to build a new chapel in connection with the institution. The cost would not be an impossibility for some amongst our wealthy citizens, and an opportunity for connecting one's name with a building set aside for the service of God under such favorable conditions does not occur every day. The builder of such a chapel would be looked upon as a benefactor by the sick and afflicted, by those whose convalescing hours would be spent in the precincts of a building erected by his generosity, and the hundredfold reward would undoubtedly be his. Here then is a chance. Who will embrace it?

EASTER MUSIC.

The "Regina Coeli," sung throughout Easter-tide, is amongst the most glorious of our hymns, and yet it is one that has not given us a great deal in the way of variety in musical arrangement. Doubtless many compositions are in existence, but if we go over the repertoire of our city choirs we find that they as a general thing have only two or at most three arrangements. A Regina Coeli which would help to extend our musical category has just reached the Catholic Register. It is by Brother Sixtus, and is altogether pleasing and appropriately set. It is a four part composition, duet in part, and like all the music of this composer, it is musical, not too difficult, and always devotional. Some of our churches sang this Regina Coeli last year, amongst them being St. Paul's, St. Francis, and St. Francis, but it is only of being in every choir, and its choir would be materially enriched by its acquisition. Regarding the work of Brother Sixtus in connection with that of another Canadian composer, the Bee, of Berlin, has been mentioned in the Catholic Register.

As to our ad-... examples of... enriched... person... Brother... The for-... ever an... whose... all... pres-... na-... those... ate... re... As... the members and friends of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association met on Monday evening at the home of the Mrs. O'Donoghue, 95 D'Arcy Street, where the splendid feature of the evening was a lecture on South Africa by Mr. Hugh Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson had gone to Africa on a special mission in connection with the Toronto Globe and his address was a digest of his experience

of the man is made to appear. His "Regina Coeli" and "Memorare" once heard cannot well be forgotten. There is that subtle softness and true delicacy of expression which, whilst soothing, at the same time exalts us. Mr. Fowler's "Mass of the Sacred Heart" and "Ave Maria" are a sufficient evidence of his musical abilities. He fully understands and appreciates the outraged feelings of the Holy Father with regard to the innovations in Church music and would fain instill into the prescribed compositions some of his own personal magnetism. If one would know him as a man he must hear him as a musician and become familiar with his writings. Canada may justly feel proud of two such talented sons.

D. M.
The music of Brother Sixtus may be obtained at Blake's Catholic Book Store.

MRS. THOS. J. RIORDAN.

On Monday, the 10th inst., Mrs. Thomas Riordan died at her late residence, 807 Queen street west. The funeral took place to St. Mary's Church, on Wednesday morning, and the interment at St. Michael's Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MISS ELIZABETH MAHAR.

After an illness of about a week, the death occurred on Monday, 10th inst., of Miss Elizabeth Mahar, of 16 Fenning street. The deceased was a daughter of the late Matthew Mahar, and is survived by her mother and two brothers, Frank and William, both of this city. The funeral took place on Wednesday to St. Francis Church, thence to Port Credit for interment.—R.I.P.

AT ST. PATRICK'S

The Forty Hours, as conducted at St. Patrick's Church, shared in the general success of the devotion throughout the city, and perhaps unrivalled in the way of numbers anything before experienced in the parish. During the closing exercises the crowd filled the church, and surged out even to the outside steps, where they remained until the close. The devotion opened on Friday morning, and the solemn ending took place on Sunday. Sermons were preached by Rev. Fathers Urban, Stuhl and the Very Rev. Rector, who at the close of an eloquent sermon, complimented the people on their fine attendance and general compliance with the spirit of the devotion. The altar as usual of festive occasions at St. Patrick's, was a brilliant and tasteful centre for the eye to rest upon, and the singing of the Mass on Sunday by the choir under the new constitution, was magnanimously praised by old members as something very fine. It is customary for things at St. Patrick's to be done in a dignified and splendid way, and the present accomplishment was every way in keeping with past traditions.

AT ST. HELEN'S

At St. Helen's the Forty Hours opened on Sunday morning, when solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kelly and McGrand. The usual sermon was omitted, but the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, explained the nature of the devotion about to be inaugurated, and urged upon his people to come out in their numbers, and thus to do honor to the occasion and to themselves. The ceremonies were very impressive, the beautifully arranged altar and sanctuary, the handsome vestments of the celebrant and his assistants, the dalmatics of purple and gold being especially attractive, all tending to the enhancement of the occasion. In the evening the request of the pastor was abundantly complied with, the church being far from adequate to accommodate all who sought admission. An earnest and touching sermon from the text, "It is I, be not afraid," was preached by Rev. Father Doherty, of St. Cecilia's.

On Monday evening Rev. Father Canning preached an appropriate and choicely worded sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, and the closing sermon on Tuesday was by Rev. Father Williams, who took for his text, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, I have drawn thee because I have pity on thee." The sermon was a masterly exposition of the love of God, existing even before the beginning and accompanying us down through the ages, until a correspondence with it will bring us at last "home, to rest in the bosom of God's love."

The singing on Sunday evening was the best yet done by the choir of men and boys. The trio in praise of the Blessed Sacrament, the O Salutaris as a duet, and the chorus were all given in good time and voice, and showed excellent progress. During the days on which the exercises continued so many approached Holy Communion that it would seem as if there were not even one "but had put on the wedding garment," that all had availed themselves of the opportunities of the time. On Tuesday morning the solemn closing took place, Rev. Father Walsh being the celebrant of the Mass, and Revs. Fathers Doherty and McGrand, deacon and sub-deacon. The Litany of the Saints was chanted by Rev. Father McGrand, assisted by the boys of the Sanctuary. If externals may be regarded as proof, no people in the city surpassed St. Helen's in the fervor with which they entered upon the work of the Forty Hours.

LECTURE BY MR. J. T. LOFTUS.

The last lecture before the Literary Society of St. Francis parish, was given by Mr. J. T. Loftus and is described by one amongst the audience as "a magnificent lecture." The subject was "water" and before his advent of the address it was thought by some that contrary to all logical conclusions on the matter his subject would prove a very "dry" one. This theory however was fully exploded when Mr. Loftus developed many new phases of the therapeutic qualities of his life sustaining fluid. The address throughout proved highly entertaining.

LECTURE BY MR. HUGH FERGUSON

The members and friends of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association met on Monday evening at the home of the Mrs. O'Donoghue, 95 D'Arcy Street, where the splendid feature of the evening was a lecture on South Africa by Mr. Hugh Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson had gone to Africa on a special mission in connection with the Toronto Globe and his address was a digest of his experience

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Walsh and Vaschalde conducted the exercises throughout.

MR. JOHN ANGUS McKINNON.

Among recent deaths is that of Mr. John Angus McKinnon, who at the age of twenty-two years, died at his home, 36 Regent avenue, on Tuesday, the 4th inst. The funeral took place from St. Paul's Church on Thursday morning to Mount Hope Cemetery.—R.I.P.

DEATH OF MR. SAMUEL HARRIS

After a long and painful illness the death occurred on April 6th of Mr. Samuel Harris, late proprietor of East Toronto Hotel. A short time before the end Mr. Harris received grace to enter the church, being received and attended by Rev. Father Dodsworth, C.S.S.R. Though scarcely arrived at life's prime, being but his thirty-eighth year, Mr. Harris died reconciled and contented. He leaves a widow and three children, besides four brothers and two sisters to mourn his loss. The funeral took place from St. John's Church Saturday morning to Mount Hope Cemetery.—R.I.P.

Prisoner—"It is difficult to see how I can be a forger, your worship. Why, I can't sign my own name."
Judge—"You are not charged with signing your own name."

A SATISFACTORY RETREAT.

The retreat given for the young men of St. Basil's parish came to a successful close on Sunday afternoon, when those taking part were addressed in words of commendation and encouragement by his Grace the Archbishop. This is the fifth annual retreat given to the Student's Union and St. Basil's Society, and a point of attendance and in the number of those who approached the Sacraments it was very satisfactory. Rev. Father

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A diminutive and mournful messenger boy answered a call from the Midland Hotel cafe yesterday, and as he entered the building there sneaked at his heels an apologetic, emaciated dog. A guest, who is fond of boys and dogs, stroled up and eyed the pair.

"Is that your pup, boy?" he asked.
"Ya-as," replied the boy, sadly.
The man leaned over, snapped his fingers, smiled engagingly and coaxed, "Doggie, doggie! Nice doggie! Here doggie!"

But the canine slunk back and tucked his tail tighter between his legs, his weak eyes shedding tears, indicative of a comprehensive knowledge of man's perfidy. His sorrow-wrapt little master eyed him with melancholy approval.

"Your dog doesn't seem to be very friendly, boy," commented the man.
"Don't want him ter be friendly," was the reply. "Want 'm to be a-rr-ee!"—Kansas City Star.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting a 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 or 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, 1899.

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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