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# The Catholic Register

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905

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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Elmsley Controversy and some of the Mem Who Took Part in it—The Very Rev. W. P. Macdonald, Vicar-General of Kingston and Hamilton—Right Rev. Bishop Strachan, First Protestant Bishop of Toronto—An Outline of Their Lives and Labors—Scotchmen Both.

The controversy over Captain Elmsley's conversion as narrated in my last, was for a time warm and irritating, and for several years a matter of discussion. Many Protestants were of the belief that the captain was out of his mind and were in the habit of expressing themselves when told that he was a gentleman of intelligence and sincerity and made great temporal sacrifices when he changed his faith from the rich man's church to the poor man's church.

There were two leading theologians who took a public part in that controversy. Those were the Protestant Bishop of Toronto, John Strachan, and the Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, the Vicar-General of Upper Canada. The former I saw quite frequently in Toronto, when formerly residing here, and the latter I knew well when a boy in Hamilton. Both were Scotchmen, and if I am not mistaken, Dr. Strachan had left the Presbyterian for the Episcopal church.

It will be remembered that Captain Elmsley gave publicly in a pamphlet his reasons for abandoning the Church of England, and that Bishop Strachan controverted those reasons, and then the Vicar-General replied to Bishop Strachan's line of argument.

The Vicar-General was a very learned man and a great controversialist, and his memory should not be forgotten. I propose to here give a short sketch of his life and labors so far as the few materials at my hands will allow me. For several years his face and voice were familiar to me as a boy and I approached him with much reverence. This was between the years 1812 and 1815, in Hamilton.

There were no less than twenty priests of the name of Macdonald and Macdonald in Canada before there was a diocese erected in Upper Canada. The first Bishop was the Rev. Alex. Macdonell, and for more than thirty years his life was devoted to the Catholic missions of Upper Canada. He travelled from the province line at Coteau du Lac to Lake Superior. In the year 1826 the Rev. William Peter Macdonald came to Canada from Scotland, to take charge of the Catholic Seminary at St. Raphael's in Glengarry County. He was born in the parish of Eberlow, Banffshire, on the 25th of March, 1771. He was sent at an early age by Bishop Hay to the College of Donay, but at the outbreak of the French revolution he was compelled to leave that institution, and he finished his studies at the Scotch College of Valladolid in Spain. He was ordained there on the 29th of November, 1790, and returned to Scotland, where for twelve years he performed the laborious duties of a missionary priest. About the year 1801 the British Cabinet having formed the project of conveying the remains of Ferdinand VII. from Bayonne, Rev. Mr. Macdonald was recommended as a fit person to be employed in that enterprise, particularly as he had perfect mastery of the French and Spanish languages. He accordingly proceeded on his mission and cruised off Quebec for some time, but in consequence of some information received by the French Directory, this project of the British Government was abandoned. Father Macdonald was afterwards employed on the British embassy in Spain for four years, after which he was appointed a chaplain in the regular army.

In 1826 he came to Canada on the invitation of Bishop Macdonell to take charge of the Seminary at St. Raphael's, which was known as the College of Iona. It was a very modest institution, but it produced some of the most efficient missionaries of the time, among whom may be mentioned Rev. Geo. Hay of St.

Andrew's (afterwards secretary of Bishop Power), Rev. Michael Brennan of Belleville, and Very Rev. Gordon of Hamilton, all of whom the writer has seen.

He afterwards was removed to Kingston, where among his other duties he edited the first Catholic newspaper in Ontario, "The Catholic." This was in 1830. After the death of Bishop Macdonell and after Father Power from Nova Scotia was made the first Bishop of Toronto, he was located at Hamilton, then rapidly increasing in population. Here he resumed the publication of "The Catholic," which was kept up from 1841 to 1844. It was an eight-page sheet, the size of the pages being small and only four columns to the page. It was largely taken up with controversial matter and original poetry of the Vicar's own writing. One of those poems on "The Power of Money," was continued from week to week.

The Vicar lived in a one-story and basement stone cottage, situated a little west of the rough-cast church which was located on the site of the present cathedral. The burying ground was the church yard, where many bodies were interred, including that of the writer's father.

When old age had afflicted "the old Vicar" he was removed to St. Michael's Palace in Toronto, where he died on Good Friday, April 2nd, 1847, and was buried on the Gospel side of the choir. I remember well the news of his death coming to Hamilton, when many of his old parishioners were in tears.

I remember his jubilee celebration in Hamilton, when he was fifty years a priest and received a second ordination. The ceremony was not a very imposing one, but I do not remember now who the celebrants were, but think Bishop Power was present. Bishop Macdonell had a second consecration too, after being fifty years a priest, and his funeral oration when the news of his death in Scotland was received, was pronounced by Very Rev. W. P. Macdonald in the Kingston Cathedral. At the time of his death the latter was 76 years of age.

Those Scotchmen were remarkable men and Bishop Strachan surely was. John Strachan was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, April 12, 1778. At the age of 19 he began his career as a teacher at Kettle. With the execution of Governor Simcoe's scheme to have a grammar school in every district in Upper Canada, and a university at the seat of government, young Strachan was chosen as a teacher and sailed from Greenock in August, 1799. He first went to Kingston, where he studied divinity under Rev. J. O'Kill Stuart, the rector of the town, and in the spring of 1803 he was admitted deacon. In the early summer of the next year he was consecrated priest and appointed to the mission of Cornwall, where he built up a famous school. It was not long until he took to himself a wife in the person of a widow named Mrs. McGill, who was considered a fair prize. In the year 1812, through the efforts of General Brock, he was transferred to York, to succeed Dr. Stuart. In 1813 by his remonstrances with General Dearborn of the American army, he saved York from being burned. At York he established the famous District Grammar School. In 1818 he was appointed member of the Executive and Legislative Council, remaining in the former from 1838 and in the latter until 1811. To his exertions were due the establishment of the University of Toronto and of Upper Canada College. He was afterwards instrumental in the establishment of Trinity College, of which he laid the corner stone.

When the Diocese of Quebec was divided in 1839 Rev. John Strachan, D.D., and LL.D., was made the first Bishop of the See of Toronto, and was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He built St. James' Cathedral and rebuilt it in 1850, after the big fire of 1849 on Good Friday. He died at his front street palace November 1st, 1867. He lies buried in the chancel of St. James' Cathedral, which is a monument to his memory.

The writer saw him many a time as he walked briskly along the streets whistling, dressed in his peculiar costume of cocked hat, black knee breeches, black ecclesiastical coat with big buttons, leather apron and silk stockings. He was a small-sized man but well and roundly formed.

Many anecdotes used to be told of Bishop Strachan, one of which was about a brother's visit to him from Scotland. He occupied the finest house in the town and the brother was astonished at the magnificence of its furnishings. He is reported to have said: "John, you have a fine house and fine furniture, I hope you came by them honestly."

## A Great School

An educational institution which can show an actual daily attendance of 468 students gathered from all parts of the Dominion, and whose graduates are eagerly sought for by business firms, may reasonably be termed a great school. The one business training school in Canada which enjoys this standing is the Central Business College of Toronto. The catalogue issued by this well known school is an interesting production and may be had on application to the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw.

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## Trinity College, Dublin

To the Editor of The Register:

Sir,—Will you allow a word from a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin—an institution in the minds of your readers just now.

Trinity College has been the one college of the University of Dublin, since its foundation, 394 years ago. It was founded as part of the policy for Anglicizing and Protestantizing Ireland.

In 1873 it was thrown open to all religions; not only for students, but for all positions of emolument and authority.

Still, Trinity College has remained Protestant—some 85 per cent of its pupils being Episcopalians; not because of any law, but because Catholics naturally had not gone to it. "Would you," said Mr. Balfour to a Protestant, "send your sons to a university as Catholic (though no more so), as the University of Dublin is Protestant?" And he answered for himself and for his hearers: "I would not; and you know you generally would not."

The result is the present crisis. Irish Catholic youths are getting more and more high school training, but there is no university for them to go to, or to which they will or can go to. All they can do is to prepare in colleges or schools for the Royal University, or Examining Board, and by passing its examinations, thus to get degrees.

Trinity College is anxious for Catholics to go to it. Formerly Catholics had to sacrifice faith to get degrees there; later they had to sacrifice it to get certain honors. Catholics have equal rights there now, and have no such sacrifice to make. Further, Trinity College now offers to build within the college grounds a Catholic chapel, to match the Protestant one, and to endow the office of a dean of residence, a priest, to look after Catholic students. And a Catholic Faculty of Theology is proposed to match the Protestant one.

Thus, Trinity College would be more like a German university, to which Catholics and Protestants go together, including Catholic students for the priesthood. But the Irish bishops still reject the offers made by Trinity College. And as the Irish Catholic of Dublin says, while still holding out hopes that Trinity College may be further transformed, and made acceptable to Catholics, and it says something more must be done. A Catholic school of philosophy must be established, if not of history. The Bishop of Limerick said he would not, in the university he contemplated, claim a Catholic professorship of history, as he would one of philosophy, because history dealt with facts, while philosophy dealt with opinions. And besides a Catholic school of philosophy provision for Catholics on the governing board must be made without waiting till Catholics now entering take future places by right of seniority.

What Catholic critics in Canada, however, should keep clearly in mind is that Trinity College is governed from within, by those the Fellows, who are "elected" after a test purely by examination. One is "elected" yearly. The successful candidate last year was a Catholic. There is nothing to prevent a Catholic being the successful candidate every year except lack of ability to pass their extraordinarily heavy examinations. Against Catholics taking Trinity College by storm, "swamping" it, there is no legal obstacle now. It may not be the best policy that they should do so; and the bishops declare against it, as things are. But the question—or a question—remains, will it be the most possible, or the only possibly successful policy, with a Trinity College still further transformed?

The opinions of Canadian priests seem very largely in favor of this policy including (in my opinion) that of priests from Ireland. At least it is well there should be no misunderstanding of facts in this unhappy business, which is my excuse for writing.

Yours truly,  
 W. F. B. STOCKLEY.

He who appreciates great minds or noble characters does himself, not them, honor and service.

## Crimeless Ireland

In an article dealing with the official statistics of juvenile crime in England and Scotland, the "Daily Chronicle," of London, says:

"Perhaps the most remarkable paragraph in the report is the following: 'Ireland has a population almost equal to that of Scotland, but in Scotland the imprisonments are nearly double those inflicted in Ireland.' 'To a great extent this disparity may be due, as the report conjectures, to the fact that the penalties inflicted are as a rule heavier in Scotland than in Ireland, and that in consequence fines are more frequently paid in the latter country; but it is not suggested that this explanation covers the whole case. Politically Paddy may be the most troublesome boy of the three in Dame Britannia's school, but from the point of view of the criminal statistician he is emphatically the good boy.'

## Lincoln a Catholic

Father John W. Moore of Philadelphia, mentions a fact not generally known, viz., that Lincoln was a Catholic, but owing no doubt to the secrecy of priests in Illinois, where Lincoln lived, and to his environment, he drifted away from the faith of his fathers.

Father Moore says that Father St. Cyr, an old pioneer priest of Illinois who afterwards died at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Carondelet, St. Louis, Mo., told Fathers James McGill, C.M., of Germantown, and Thomas J. Smith, C.M., of Perryville, Mo., who paid Father St. Cyr a visit one day for the express purpose of finding out something about Lincoln, that Lincoln was a Catholic.

Father St. Cyr said that he often celebrated Mass in Abraham Lincoln's father's house, and that young Abraham Lincoln, who was a boy then of some 10 or 13 years of age, frequently served his mass.

A certain Bishop was once asked: "What is the simplest way to heaven?" He replied: "Turn to the right and go straight on."—Light.

## Resolution of Condolence

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 19, I.C.B.U., the following resolution was passed:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death Mrs. Peter Haffey, the mother of our past Financial and Recording Secretaries, Misses W. and M. Haffey.

Resolved that we, the officers and members of said branch, do hereby tender our sincere sympathy to our bereaved sister, members and family in this their hour of affliction.

Be it further resolved that this resolution be entered in the minutes of the meeting and a copy be sent to bereaved family and also to the Catholic Register.

L. FAYLE, \* C. BALL,  
 President, Rec. Secretary.

## Karn-Warren Pipe Organ

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## An Appeal to Christian Charity

Editor of The Register:

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly insert the following lines in your paper where they might come to the knowledge of whomsoever has a warm heart for the suffering members of God's family here below:

"My Dear Friends,—Appeals of every kind and description are nothing new these days. They are of common occurrence in our daily and weekly newspapers; they depict in glowing colors the pitiable condition of this or that community, of such or another work of mercy threatened by imminent danger if Christian charity does not avert the danger. How often are such sad stories, telling the public of the life-work of some far-away servant of God and humanity works built up and cemented with their very heart-blood, how often, I say, are such dreary and heartrending tales not read with the same undisturbed spirit where with we glance over the columns reporting the daily railway accidents. They are read, but instead of stirring up some gentler feelings in hearts that claim to be human, they often produce but a smile of scorn on the lips of the reader, who, shrugging his shoulders will give vent to his feelings in words like these: 'After all it is nothing but nonsense, a made-up story whereof nine-tenths are at least the result of exaggeration. No doubt the writer would have done better, had he consecrated his leisure moments in finding out some branch of industry whereby to support his work, than in penning such a worthless article.'

The final result is that the cry of some distressed Brother in Christ remains unheeded, words intended to promote the honor and glory of God and Holy Mother the Church, works wherein the foundation for the welfare both spiritual and temporal of many a destitute member of humanity is to be laid—are left without assistance, their existence being but a painful lingering between life and death; whilst those in charge of such institutions are to live in continual anxiety. Repeatedly have I appealed to Christian charity, but the result obtained tells me that the effect produced by my appeals must have been as described above. The first part of the winter is now past—along so far with the help of last year's crops, we have even tried to save something up for the next summer; but alas! how is it possible when there is hardly enough for the present moment? In winter some kindhearted persons at least grant an occasional thought to the poor, whilst in summer such a thing is of the rarest occurrence. Then everyone seems to have set his heart on things of a different nature: sports, excursions, summer-resorts and thousands of other amenities of life demand the whole attention of the happy possessor of this world's goods, but the poor are forgotten. They see how money is simply thrown away, they sigh in grief and sorrow, saying: 'Why can't I have a tiny share in life's luxuries under the form of a loaf of bread to still the hunger that torments me now for so many days? Was this the intention of God in lavishing His material blessings on the world's favorites to see them squandered in such frivolities?'

Is he wrong in speaking thus? May every one judge for himself. But let me bring this chapter to a close. My dear readers, I hope you will not refuse a little assistance to a crowd of poor orphan children thrust into this wide and cold-hearted world without any one to love them or to care for them. The winter, especially when as cold as this year, is always hard on them, but the summer is sometimes harder still. Last year we have spent a few months in untold anxiety. Hardly anything came in, and when at the end of the month the baker handed in his bill, there was often not a cent wherewith to pay it. I dread the same thing again for this year and not without reason. For the love of God and the sake of your own immortal soul have pity with the poor children. Any contribution however so small shall be gratefully accepted, and you may rest assured that the kind donors will not be forgotten in the Orphans' prayers.

Wishing to all the blessings of Heaven, I remain,  
 Yours respectfully in Christ,  
 REV. W. BRUECK, O.M.I.  
 St. Patrick's Orphanage, Prince Albert, Sask., N.W.T., Canada.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., has announced that he will run candidates for at least nine seats in Ulster at the General Election. They will advocate a large reduction in the cost of the government of Ireland, chiefly with regard to law and police expenses.

## IRELAND'S MISGOVERNMENT

Lord Dunraven Leader of the Devolution Party Says things are Worse than in Russia

One of the most notable addresses of the past week in Ireland was delivered by the Earl of Dunraven before a distinguished audience under the auspices of the Irish Reform Association in Dublin. Col. Hutcheson-Poe moved Prof. Mahaffey of Trinity College to the chair.

The Earl of Dunraven, who was received with applause, in the course of his address, said that to show the necessity for reform in Irish affairs was practically the same thing as speaking in defence of the objects and principles of the Irish Reform Association, the object of which was to labor to bring about reforms, not only in the administration of the country, but also to labor to bring about a larger and truer conception of the needs and requirements of the country, and also a truer conception among Irishmen of their several duties towards their common country (applause). Ireland differentiates in a great many important respects from the Sister Kingdom. Some people seem to think that the Act of Union was the final phase in a long, gradual process of amalgamation that had been going on. By the Act of Union the two Legislatures were amalgamated, and shortly afterwards the two Exchequers.

A Voice—By bribery, by fraud. Lord Dunraven said that a real unification did not take place, had not taken place, and as far as he could see, never would take place in the same way and to the same extent that amalgamation took place, for instance, between the several independent and semi-independent States that at one time constituted what was now France or Great Britain. The peoples of the two islands had not become, and never would become, in his opinion, thoroughly amalgamated (hear, hear, and applause). Ireland had a peculiar Government of her own, a form of Government which, as far as he knew, was different from any form of Government that existed anywhere else, and which was interposed between the people of Ireland and the Imperial Parliament. He wanted to give his REASONS. WHY HE WAS PROFOUNDLY DISSATISFIED

with the system of government which Ireland did not enjoy, and also why he thought it essential that a truer and larger conception of the whole problem of Ireland should be entertained by Parliament and by the predominant partner, and why, if anything was to be done for Ireland it was, perhaps, above all things, essential that Irishmen should learn to help each other and to work together (applause). The system of Irish Government was a very peculiar system. It consisted of a Lord Lieutenant and Governor-General, who was, theoretically, supreme but who had practically no power whatever except over the police and the administration of justice. He wielded the policeman's baton, and very little else. He was powerful to punish, but he was powerless to help, to lead, and to encourage the people (hear, hear). The Lord Lieutenant was assisted by a Chief Secretary who represented him in Parliament. The Chief Secretary had control over some departments; over other departments he had a kind of partial control; and over other kinds he exercised no control at all. Though the appointments of the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary were political appointments, that had the great advantage that it ensured that the Irish Government was placed continuously in the hands of gentlemen who knew nothing whatever about Ireland or Ireland's needs (applause). The system also had this advantage that as soon as they began to know something about them they went away (laughter and applause). The affairs of the country were administered by 40 OR 41 DEPARTMENTS.

Some of these departments were fed by money on the votes in Parliament. Others were fed, partially at any rate, from the Consolidated Fund. In the first case it was just possible that the money voted might come under the criticism, and, to a very slight extent, under the influence of Irish members of Parliament. But in the other case, neither the Irish members of Parliament nor any other members of Parliament had any control.

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WHEN THE WHITE ROSE FADED

His scarlet uniform glowing against the dark green of the old oaks and beeches, through which streamed shafts of sunlight, a young officer came whistling down the avenue from Rosslee Castle. Brown cavalier curls hung over his neck and shoulders, but his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's, for he was a mere boy, and boyishly proud of his bright new coat, resplendent with gold lace, and his plumed military hat, jauntily turned up at one side, of his shining high boots and the long sword that clattered at his side.

had fought for James against his son-in-law, William of Orange, who was supported by England, Holland, Denmark, and the Huguenots of France. The Catholic gentry raised many regiments to serve the cause of the Stuart King, who cared little for them as Irish, but was glad to utilize them as Catholics. The regiment in which young Nicholas D'Arcy held commission was raised and commanded by Lord Bophin (John Burke) son of the Earl of Clanricarde. Pierce D'Arcy, with marked absence of fraternal feeling, took service in a different corps, that of Colonel Henry Dillon, son of Viscount Costello. Both sad and glad was the memorable day when Lieutenant Nicholas bade tender adieu to his father and Eileen Daly. Old Sir Gerald's face had a pained, yet proud look that had never worn before; his voice was husky as he gave his departing soldier son his blessing. Fair Eileen, her sweet eyes like bluebells wet with dew, bore white roses of which she pinned on the hat of the lieutenant—the White Rose of York being the emblem of King James.

"Wine, there, wine," cried old Sir Gerald. "My dear, brave boys, you have both fought well, and I thank the Lord that you have come back to me fairly safe—though, Nick, you look as if you had been dragged through all the furze of Slieve Bawn. But this of to-day is an awful blow. I fear me our cause is lost."

sat lightly on him. About once a year he heard Mass, when with his father and Eileen Daly and the servants he rode out on Christmas midnight to the lonely glen, where the candles twinkled on the prohibited altar and the bullets of the priest-bunters might any moment come singing through the darkness. But he did this mainly to conciliate Sir Gerald, to whom his demands for money wherewith to gratify his gambling habits became steadily more persistent and annoying and at length insupportable.

Table for the month of February 1905, showing days of the month, days of the week, and corresponding feast days such as St. Ignatius, Purification of B. V. Mary, etc.

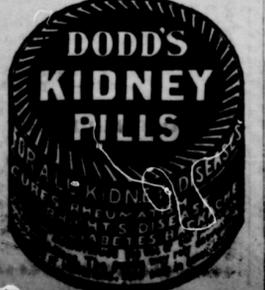
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despite vicious laws and lawyers, true gentlemen can live peaceably and honorably together in this beautiful country—although the White Rose has faded.

OIL CURE FOR CANCER. Dr. D. M. Bye has discovered a combination of oils that readily cure cancer, catarrh, tumors and malignant skin diseases. He has cured thousands of persons within the last ten years, over one hundred of whom were physicians.

The Spider's "Busy-body". Jamie was making good use of his eyes. It was his first visit to the city, and he was riding uptown with mamma in the trolley car. They were going to see grandma.

The Sorrowing Mother. Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said, "My little child, where have you been?"



Directly they came to a spot where a spider's web was stretched from a fence-post to a nearby rose bush. Uncle crouched down on the long dry grass a little distance away, whispering to Jamie not to move quickly or speak loud.

...The HOME CIRCLE

CURLED BACON
Curled bacon makes a more attractive breakfast dish than the plain fried or boiled bacon.

MUSTARD PLASTERS
A mustard plaster warranted not to blister is robbed of half its terrors.

A HOT MUSTARD FOOT BATH
If a hot mustard foot bath is in order to break up a cold or relieve a violent headache, don't drag the patient out of bed to take it.

VARIOUS KINDS OF CHEESE
The housekeeper of economical mind should not fail to make a thorough study of cheeses.

DON'TS FOR THE HOME
Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets.

TRY TO PLEASE
Do not think that when you are married you may rest from your efforts to please, encourage and sympathize.

THE ART OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT
This talent is a quality that lurks uncultivated in the most flower lovers.

man iris arranged in a huge bowl without any of their graceful sword leaves.

THE CHILD'S ALLOWANCE
The father may be of great assistance to his boy when he is old enough to have an allowance of spending money.

A father sometimes prefers the plan of giving money to the boy as he may feel disposed; sometimes the amount may be very liberal.

CHILDREN are Underfed
THE RESULT IS WEAKNESS, RICKETS, ST. VITUS' DANCE AND MANY ILLS OF CHILDHOOD—THE CURE IS

Children are Underfed

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD
"Nine-tenths of children are underfed," writes a great English scientist who made an exhaustive study of the subject.

Peing mild and gentle in action and powerful as a creator of new, rich blood and nerve force.

The man without an aim in life is generally the one you will find shooting off his mouth.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

WHAT SHE HAD
Sunday School Teacher—I'm sorry, Dottie, to see that you have such a bad cold.

NEW KIND OF CHEESE
Back in Minnesota, Maurice, aged three years, had relished cottage cheese.

ALWAYS FOUND HER SO
A story is told of a lady who complained to a shopkeeper that, in sending parcels to her, he would address her as "The Honorable."

MISLAID
He lay on the velvet sofa—the tiredest little lad! And the prettiest, too, that ever a loving mother had.

THE DIFFERENCE
A delegate from Boston to a recent educational conference in Philadelphia told of the answer given by a certain pupil in one of the public schools of the Hub in answer to a question put by a professor of natural history.

THE INDICATOR
A very little girl and a yellow dog wandered into one of the big department stores recently.

ALLITERATION
Here is a game that may be played by any number of boys and girls. It is a game in which you can have lots of laughter and fun.

THE FOUR PLANTS
An old teacher was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side.

PRAYER
When earth's fairest flowers are shedding Their fragrance on our way.

EDITHE'S MANNERS
Edith Dale was a very polite little girl, so polite that her mother was the envy of all other mothers in the neighborhood.

Pe There a Will Wisdom Points the Way—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor which means bottles of drugs never consumed.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC
Diseases and a weak bottle to any address. Post free. The Nerve Tonic. KENNEDY MED. CO. 115 N. W. 1st St. St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Dale was anxious should admire Edith. It happened this way. Edith was dining at Aunt Margaret's house.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER
In a district school, in a little town in Maine, the teacher asked recently for a composition from her six-year-old children on the theme of "Mother."

My mother can wash. My mother is good. I help her wipe the dishes. My mother can iron.

A BRAVE DEED
Facing danger to save life is always heroic, says the Youth's Companion, but to save life as a certain brakeman lately did it requires not only bravery, but rapid and intelligent action.

The question was: "What is the difference between a biped and a quadruped?" The pupil's answer was: "A biped has two legs, a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

"It's a baby," groaned the engineer, as he shut off steam and called for brakes. But no power could stop that train in that short distance.

"When within a few yards of the little girl," says the brakeman, "I saw her lift her face and look at me. Her blue eyes were troubled; something was wrong, but she did not know what it was."

"My mamma wants me." At the same moment the mother rushed up and clasped the little girl to her heart.

When from some loved one parted, All darkened o'er our day, While for the absent, weeping Let us not cease to pray.

When the heart's treasures vanished That cheered life's summer day, Sad, lonely, what could soothe us If we should cease to pray.

Pe There a Will Wisdom Points the Way—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor which means bottles of drugs never consumed.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEAS 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 21. King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism.

715 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

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.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles.

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.

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.

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.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. 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.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1905.

reform now hope that the effect of the storm in the Commons will be to drive Sir Antony into retirement. But the Under Secretary has only begun his good work and is not made of the sort of stuff that takes the coward's refuge from calumny.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

Revolution has broken out in Russia. Its features are unmistakable. It is not the assassination of Grand Duke Sergius that is significant, because the cowardly bomb-thrower can never be a real revolutionary factor. The educated classes have planned the revolutionary banner in their midst and force alone can never pull it away from such a position. Some weeks ago it was announced that the lawyers practising at the capital and in the big cities had shown their sympathy with the industrial strike. Now the professors of the universities have joined their students in demonstrations against the autocracy.

These facts are all the more remarkable inasmuch as the wheel of reform had already begun to turn and every educated Russian must have known full well that some plan of representative government in the near future would be tried. The promised concessions have but spread the blaze of agitation. Real popular government is demanded, and it is only a question how long it may take the Czar to comprehend that his empire can never be great until his people are free. The success of the Japanese arms is an emphatic condemnation of the Russian official class. A bureaucracy has been nourished beneath the autocracy like some giant root growth under a pavement. The supposed adamant highway is already rent and the people whose only national way it is are meeting with disaster daily.

CANADA AND IRISH EMIGRATION.

The report of the Irish Anti-Emigration Society just issued contains the following clause:

"A memorandum was sent to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, setting forth the methods of Canadian emigration agents, and representing that it was not consistent for a friendly state like Canada to allow her agents to sweep this country for levies from the remnants of its population. The Canadian Government, in reply, disclaimed any intention of tempting Irish people from their homes, and the Society is making further representations to the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa."

So long as the tide of Irish emigration flows towards the United States and the statistics of the United States Government prove that Ireland is pre-eminently the one country out of which emigrants free, both from disease and crime, come to America, so long will Canada naturally wish to attract as many as possible of Irish settlers. But the Canadian Government, like the Irish in Canada, whilst appreciating the Irish at their true worth as desirable home-makers, can consistently deplore the depopulation of Ireland and sympathize with the patriotic efforts of the Anti-Emigration Society to keep the Irish people upon their native soil.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The reduction of the government majority to 50 on a straight Irish Home Rule motion proves to the full what we said the other day that Mr. John Redmond leads the most united party that ever sat in Westminster.

It is several months since the Associated Press despatches reported all over the country that a Bostonian Irishman was murdered by the agents of Irish societies because he did not believe in the methods of the Clann-Gael. He has been discovered hiding in Los Angeles, and the police have placed him in jail on peculiar charges. The original yarn will stand in the public memory for its fine ingenuity.

Brother Exuperien, a notable member of the Institute of the Christian Brothers, or Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes, has died in the chief house, Rue Oudinot, Paris, in the 76th year of his age, and the 59th of his religious profession. He had long been chief assistant to Rev. Brother Gabriel, the Superior-General. The deceased religious was also for many years on the Higher Educational Board or Council, where he had to hold his own with the godless educationists of the French State. Frere Exuperien was a great friend of Louis Venillot, of whose writings he made a volume of extracts for the schools.

The Globe, in a scare headline, asks the question, "Is corruption in elections the national Canadian vice?" Two columns of type are needed to answer the indictment. And the plea is "guilty." But we do not think that any court of justice in the land, not excluding the election courts, not even Judge Lynch or the process of trial by newspaper would accept the Globe's evidence offered in the affirmative. The first witness who swears that 40 per cent. of the electors in his own riding are corrupt is "Mr. —." The second witness to a "sale en bloc" but again this fellow guards himself

under a big dash—"Mr. —." And so on through the whole trial. The serious side of the business is that the Globe pledges its own reputation that its dashes and blank spaces conceal the names of elected representatives of the people. The honor of Parliament is thus involved. Cannot the Globe be compelled to divulge the names of its masked witnesses of wholesale electoral debauchery?

OBITUARY

DIED IN FLORIDA.

We clip the following from the "Miami, Fla., Daily Metropolis" of Jan. 10, 1905, with reference to the funeral of the late Mr. P. L. Fay, son-in-law of Sheriff Dawson, of St. Catharines:

"The funeral services over the body of the late Mr. P. L. Fay were held Monday at 11 o'clock in the Roman Catholic Church. In respect to his memory the business houses of the city were closed during the funeral hour and a large number of sorrowing friends gathered at the church. The Circuit Court was adjourned and the presiding judge and court officials attended the funeral in a body. The services in the church were conducted by the Rev. Fathers Kennedy and McCreary, and as the cortege entered the church Mr. Conklin sang in a most feeling manner and with a heart filled with grief for his dead friend, 'Pray for the Dead.' The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The choir, composed of Mrs. John B. Reilly, Miss Effie Welsh, Mr. Conklin, Mr. Garthside, Mr. McKinnon, Ray Shanahan and Joe McDonald sang sweetly. At the conclusion of the services, and as the casket was being removed from the church, Mrs. Reilly sang 'Rest for the Weary, Rest.'"

The following gentlemen officiated as pall-bearers: Chas. H. Garthside, J. B. Reilly, Kirk Monro, E. B. Thompson, S. L. Patterson."

MR. ANDREW CULLEN, MONTREAL.

This week it is our painful duty to chronicle the death of a well-known and respected citizen in the person of the late Andrew Cullen, for many years a member of the police and detective forces of Montreal.

Mr. Cullen was born in the County Clare, Ireland, and, as the land of his birth had little else to offer, he did what many of Ireland's staunchest sons were doing at that time, he emigrated to America. After spending two years in the neighborhood of Worcester, Mass., he came to Montreal at the age of twenty-two, and joined the police force. From a policeman he became a detective, and so well did he perform his duty, and such zeal did he bring to his work that he was appointed Chief of the Detective Department. He remained chief for fifteen years, and it was during this long period of service that he became so much in the public eye. He was a man whose utter fearlessness and great integrity won for him the admiration of the citizens of Montreal. His name was one of terror to the criminals of this province, and when, eight years ago, he retired through old age, the city lost one of its most faithful servants and the citizens at large one of their ablest protectors.

The life of ex-Chief Cullen was so full of incidents that we would furnish the foundation for many a stirring novel and he never lacked an audience when he chose to relate some of the happenings which made his name talked of in every household.

Deceased, who was seventy-two years of age, was suffering from enlargement of the heart. A short time ago pneumonia set in, and, although his wonderful vitality and robust constitution stood him in good stead for more than a month, nature at last asserted itself, and death, which had stared him in the face on many an occasion during his career, finally claimed him as its own.

Mr. Cullen was a prominent member of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, and was for years a member of the executive committee. He took a very active part in all the meetings, and shortly before his illness pleaded eloquently for the formation of a juvenile temperance society for St. Ann's Parish. The last temperance demonstration he attended was at St. Gabriel's Church on the Feast of the Epiphany, when he witnessed the inspiring sight of two hundred young boys pledge themselves to total abstinence.—Montreal True Witness.

Home Rule the Issue

London, Feb. 20.—In moving as an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne the declaration that "the present system of government of Ireland is opposed to the will of the Irish people" John E. Redmond led the Irish party in the House of Commons to-day in an attack that contained for the Conservative Ministry more of menace than lay in the fiscal debate precipitated by Mr. Asquith's amendment last week.

The Redmond amendment was carefully calculated, in fact, to undermine the Government's majority. Interest in the debate was intensified by a report that the Earl of Dudley had resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. Late to-night the Lord-Lieutenant's secretary reported the rumor to be unfounded.

Mr. Redmond's speech was an uncompromising demand for home rule. He directly and unsparingly charged individual members of the Irish administration with incompetency.

"Ireland," he added, "is governed by a bureaucracy more devoid of responsibility than the bureaucracy of Russia, which England is so fond of denouncing." Armed revolt would be justified if a chance of success existed.

A New Translation of "The Imitation."

Sir Francis Cruise, one of the most eminent physicians of Ireland, has rendered a splendid service to the cause of Catholic literature. In the midst of a busy life he has found time to devote to the study of "The Imitation of Christ" and of the author of that immortal work. The Irish Catholic layman has become an authority on the subject, and in his writings he has vindicated the claims of Thomas a Kempis to the authorship of "The Imitation." Eight years ago he wrote a learned and exhaustive "Life of Thomas a Kempis," which was soon translated into French and German. In gratitude for his services the people of Kempen, in Germany, the birthplace of Thomas, named a street in his honor.

Several monographs and sketches on his favorite subject have come from the pen of Sir Francis. Now he has concluded the more ambitious task of translating "The Imitation" into idiomatic English. With the exception of the Sacred Scriptures, no book has ever enjoyed greater popularity than "The Imitation." Fontenelle, a famous Frenchman, did not think the truth was: he said that it was the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man. It has been translated into over fifty languages, and it would be impossible to enumerate the number of editions it has passed through.

All our English versions are based on a translation made at Douai, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by a Jesuit, Rev. Anthony Hoskins. Bishop Challoner, whose translation is the one in general use amongst Catholics, followed Hoskins. Challoner's English is antiquated, and the arrangement of the books is not according to the plan of the author. Thomas a Kempis intended that the book on Holy Interior Consolation. Such is the logical order, but for centuries the other order has been followed.

Sir Francis Cruise, in his new translation, has not only corrected the antiquated English of Bishop Challoner, but he has rearranged the books according to the intention of Thomas a Kempis. His translation is pronounced the most correct yet made. It has been published by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco, at the popular price of twenty cents. It is bound in artistic cloth, and sells at cost price. The Truth Society wishes to give it the widest circulation possible, as it should be in the hands of every Catholic.

Remarkable Increase in Number of Converts

Nothing has been so apparent this winter than the remarkable increase in the number of converts who are coming to the Church to find the religious peace that is denied them in the churches in which they have been brought up. It was not many years ago when the reception of a single convert was so interesting a bit of news that a whole column with prominent headlines was given to the news. Now they are coming by the scores. Scarcely a non-Catholic mission but at least fifty or more are received. This notable increase is undoubtedly due to the impetus given to the convert making movement by the Apostolic Mission House in Washington. The movement that is stimulated by the training school at the university is assuming a country-wide organization. Formerly converts were made by the ordinary ministry one by one, but now the general appeal made by the non-Catholic missions brings hundreds to listen to the presentation of Catholic truth. At recent missions given at Elmira and Binghamton the average attendance of non-Catholics was over 900, and this number included many of the most prominent men in the town, such as the lawyers, doctors and school teachers. If they did not enter the church at once they went away with many of their old antagonistic notions dissipated and with greater admiration for the Church. A non-Catholic mission has come to be regarded as one of the greatest blessings to a parish.

Holy Communion

It is not the correct thing: To go to a party or to the theatre the evening before approaching Holy Communion.

To omit making a preparation before Mass begins.

To wear torn or soiled apparel.

To have paint or powder on the face or eyebrows.

To have soiled hands and long, dirty finger-nails.

To stalk heavily up to the railing, the arms at the side, the eyes wandering around the church.

To wait till everybody is already at the railing and then go marching up, causing useless disturbance.

To try to crowd in when the railing is already full, instead of waiting patiently for the next round.

To wait until the priest has already started up the altar steps, thinking that there are no more communicants and then to go up to the railing, causing needless delay.

To hold the communion cloth so carelessly that if a particle of the Sacred Host were to fall from the lips it would be in danger of dropping off the cloth.

To hold the head down so low that the priest has trouble in conveying the Sacred Host to the tongue.

To remain kneeling at the railing when others are waiting to approach.

To walk hurriedly back to the seat with hands unclasped and the eyes not cast down.

To clasp the hands with the fingers pointing downwards.

To rush out of church as soon as Mass is over without making any thanksgiving.

To have no regular time for approaching the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

To go but once a year, or even every few months.

To give vague and, worse still, erroneous explanations in regard to the Holy Eucharist when questioned by non-Catholics.

St. Patrick's Commandery

St. Patrick's Commandery Knights of St. John and Ladies' Auxiliaries will hold an "At Home" on Monday evening next at the Labor Temple, 167 Church street.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN THE WEST

Speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier Introducing the Autonomy Bill for the Territories.

Ottawa, Feb. 21.—In the House of Commons to-day Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced the North-West Autonomy Bill. His speech was one of the grandest of his career. Touching the question of minority rights in education he said:

"I now come to the question of education, and this question is, perhaps, the most important of all that we have to deal with. There are evidences not a few coming to us from all directions that the old passions which such a subject has always aroused are not, unfortunately, buried; indeed, already, before the policy of the Government has been known, before the subject is fairly before the people, the Government has been warned as to its duty in this matter, and not only warned, but threatened as well. (Hear, hear.) The Government has been warned and threatened from both sides of this question, from those who believe in separate schools and from those who oppose separate schools. These violent appeals are not a surprise to me, at all events, nor do I believe they are a surprise to anybody. We have known by the experience of the past, within the short life of this confederation, that public opinion is always inflammable whenever and wherever questions arise which ever so remotely touch upon the religious convictions of the people.

WHAT ARE SEPARATE SCHOOLS?

"It behooves us, therefore, all the more at this solemn moment to approach this subject with care, with calmness and deliberation, and with the firm purpose of dealing with it not only in accordance with the inherent principles of abstract justice, but in accordance with the spirit—the Canadian spirit of toleration and charity—this Canadian spirit of toleration and charity of which confederation is the essence and of which in practice it is the expression and embodiment—(hear, hear)—and before I proceed further, before I pass the threshold of this question, I put at once this inquiry to the House: What are separate schools? What is the meaning of the term? Whence does it come, what was its origin and what was its object? Perhaps somebody will say, 'What is the use of discussing such a question?' The term separate schools ought to be familiar to everybody. Sir, if anyone were to make such an observation and to interpose such an objection I would tell him that never was objection taken with less ground. (Hear, hear.)

PASSIONS, PREJUDICES AND SELFISHNESS.

"Mankind is ever the same. New problems and new complications will always arise, but these problems and complications when they do arise always revolve within the same well-beaten circle of man's passions, man's prejudices and man's selfishness. (Cheers.) History, therefore, should be a safeguard, and it is generally by appealing to the history of the past that we find out the problems that our fathers had to deal with and the solution of the problems we have to deal with. If we look back to the history of our own country, if we find what is the origin of the school question, what is the origin of separate schools, perhaps that history may afford the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to show us the way and give us the light. (Hear, hear.)

Having dealt with the education question in constitutional history from 1841 to 1875, Sir Wilfrid continued, quoting George Brown, who said the moment the Act of 1875 passed the territories came under the Union Act with regard to separate schools for ever.

Dr. Sproule—Mr. Brown was advocating not doing it then, and he gives the following as his reasons: "He spoke in the interest of good feeling and harmony in the national councils. What else was the clause constituted empowering the Provinces to settle the school question themselves inserted for but to get rid of controversies like this in the Dominion, and to leave the schools to be managed according to the view of each locality?" By this bill they might raise very serious issues in the Northwest which had proved so troublesome to Quebec and Ontario. No one would regret this more than he, and for this reason he would support the motion of the hon. member for Peel. Which was that this clause should be dropped, thus leaving it to the Provinces.

Sir Wilfrid—"It is ever the old story, none so deaf as those who will not hear. (Applause.) I repeat again that Mr. Brown on the floor of the senate did not want this clause providing for separate schools to be introduced in the act. He stated that it would be a mistake to introduce separate schools. He said that he was opposed to separate schools, but that if at that time separate schools were introduced they came under the act of union, and they were there for all time. I do not want to be offensive, but if my hon. friend (Dr. Sproule) is not blind he will understand the reasoning of Mr. Brown. That is the position that we have before us to-day.

THE LAW TO-DAY.

"I am not here to advocate separate schools as an abstract proposition, but we have introduced into this bill the two propositions that the minority shall have the power to establish their own schools, and that they shall have the right to share in the public moneys. It is the law to-day. It is in accordance with the constitution, with the British North America Act, and I commend it even to the biased judgment of my hon. friend. However, let me put a question to my hon. friend: If we were in the year 1867 and not in the year 1905, and if we had to introduce into this Dominion the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, would my hon. friend not have the same rights and privileges in regard to separate schools as are granted to Ontario and Quebec? Would he tell me that when you say to Ontario and

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Quebec you shall have your separate schools, Alberta and Saskatchewan shall be denied that privilege? The thing is preposterous.

PATRIOTISM THE HIGHER DUTY

"Let us rise above such considerations as these. In every thing that I have said I have refrained from saying a single word upon the abstract principle of the separate schools. I approach the question on another and broader ground; I approach the question, not from the view of separate schools, but I approach it upon the higher ground of Canadian duty and Canadian patriotism. Having obtained the consent of the minority to this form of government, having obtained their consent to the giving up of valued privileges and their valuable position of strength, are we to tell them, now that confederation is established, that the principle upon which they consented to the arrangement is to be laid aside, and that we are to ride roughshod over them? I do not think that is a proposition which will be maintained in this House, nor do I believe it is the intention of the House.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

"I offer at this moment no opinion at all upon separate schools as an abstract proposition, but I have no hesitation to say that if I were to speak my mind upon separate schools I would say that I never could understand what objection there could be to a system of schools wherein, after secular matters have been attended to, the tenets of the religion of Christ—even with the divisions which allowed to be taught. We live in the confederation of the seven Provinces and that constitute our nation to-day, and by the tolerance of the people in every school Christian morals and Christian dogmas are taught to the youth of the country. We live by the side of a country, a great nation—a nation for which I have the greatest admiration—but whose example I do not take in everything, in the schools of which these morals and these dogmas are not taught for fear that dogmas might be taught in which all do not believe. When I compare these two countries, when I compare Canada with the United States, when I compare the status of the two nations, when I think upon their future, when I observe the social condition of the civil society in each of them, and when I observe in this country of ours a total absence of lynchings and almost total absence of divorces and murders, for my part I thank heaven that we are living in a country where the young children of the land are taught Christian dogmas. Either the American system is right or the Canadian system is right. They cannot both be right. For my part, I say, and I say it without any hesitation, I know that we are in the right, and in this instance, as in many others, I have an abiding faith in the institutions of my own country."

How Long to Sleep

A year or two ago people in Sweden became very much interested in the question as to how much sleep school-children should have. The doctors had discovered that those young folk who did not have enough sleep were far more liable to different kinds of sickness than were the rest. A regular investigation was accordingly held, and here is the conclusion at which the learned men all arrived: Children four years of age require twelve hours of sleep; children of seven require eleven hours of sleep; children of nine need ten hours; boys and girls from twelve to fourteen years old should have from nine to ten hours; and, finally, youths and maidens from fourteen to twenty-one ought to take from eight to nine hours. Less than this average is pretty sure to result in poverty of blood, general weakness, etc. And now, as all our young readers know how old they are, they can tell just how long they ought to sleep. Let us add that, if they are sensible young folk, they will take at least one-third, if not one-half, the requisite amount of slumber before midnight.—Ave Maria.

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**LORD DUNRAVEN**

(Continued from page 1.)

control over them whatever. There was no sort of co-ordination amongst these various departments. They did not know themselves where their functions begin and where they end.

**THEY OVERLAP EACH OTHER IN ALL DIRECTIONS.**

It was the duty of one department to clean the outside of the window, and the duty of another department to clean the inside, with the not improbable result that the window did not get cleaned at all. A great spending department like the Board of Works was practically under the control of the Treasury—a lot of little Treasury clerks in London, most estimable little people, who know nothing about Ireland, and who occupy themselves in writing folios about the wages of a charwoman or the price of a pot of paint, or little details of that kind (laughter). As regards large expenditures, the Department in Ireland was entirely under the control and

**AT THE MERCY OF THE TREASURY.**

The Board of Works and other departments in a similar case did not come, of course, in any way under the direct influence of the Irish people in Ireland; nor did they come under the influence, the control, and the criticism of the representatives in the British Parliament of Irish constituencies. They were solely and practically responsible to the Treasury; that was to say, their affairs were conducted and money voted for their purposes was spent here by departments in Dublin that were responsible only to another department in London (applause). That appeared to him to be an absolute farce, and contrary to the very essence and principles of democratic and representative government (applause). For this very singular form of government they had to pay very dearly. It was the most expensive Government that existed on the face of the earth (hear, hear).

A Voice—Get us Home Rule, and we will have our own Government then. Go for that. That is the only way.

**NO SECURITY AGAINST DIRECT EXTRAVAGANCE.**

and indirect extravagance. It had been said that economies to the extent of one to three millions could easily be made in Irish administration. Take the lowest figure. Suppose that a million a year could be saved. A great deal could be done in Ireland and for Ireland that was urgently needed for that money. Economies were practical, were possible, and ought to be made. But economies could only be made one way, and that way was by making the people of Ireland interested in making these economies (hear, hear). Economies could only be made, in his opinion, by applying local knowledge, local experience, local intellects to the expenditure of the money voted for Irish services. They never would have the money voted for Irish purposes devoted to the best purposes until the Irish people should have some voice as to how that money should be applied, upon what it should be spent, until they had some direct interest and voice in seeing that it was spent in the wisest and most economical manner; and the only way to do that was to ensure that

**THE SAVINGS THEY MADE BE USED FOR IRISH PURPOSES.**

(applause). He should greatly like to see what was suggested by the Irish Reform Association carried out, and an inquiry made into the Castle government. He should like to see a Royal Commission of the best men that could be found to hold such an inquiry, for he believed that the result of such an inquiry would be to open the eyes of a great many people on the other side of the Channel and in Ireland, and to expose the state of things, which could not be suffered to endure (applause), which must be reformed, and which could and would be reformed if the Irish people would only apply themselves to the doing of it (applause). But then, he wanted reform not only in financial administration. There was a grievance to many bodies in this country—to municipalities, to commercial and trading interests—in the fact that at present we had to go to Westminster for private Bill legislation (applause). It caused an al-

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together unnecessary expense. It was worse than that, because the matters to be dealt with could be sifted a good deal better here in Dublin. The Irish Reform Association proposed that this change should be made. It proposed also that certain

**LEGISLATIVE FUNCTIONS SHOULD BE DELEGATED BY THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.**

It had no doubt been said that the Imperial Parliament was capable of doing all that was needed for Ireland. In the sense that it was willing to do it, it was capable. But it had not the power (applause). It could not do anything that was needful for Ireland through the present system of government, because that system was altogether impracticable and unworkable. In the second place it could not do all that was necessary, because it had not got the time. Consider what Parliament was. The circumstances had greatly changed since the Act of Union was passed. It had now tons of work to do, compared with ounces. Their Parliament could only expect to do its duty to Ireland by a system of devolution—by the devolution of such legislative functions as would ensure that Irish business, which was now utterly neglected, should be delegated. So, he was in favor of both administrative and legislative reforms. But he wanted more as well.

**A Voice—"Home Rule" (cheers).**

Lord Dunraven said he wanted the Imperial Parliament to form a just conception of what the needs of Ireland really were. Of all civilized communities, Ireland was the one sad example of a people who for the last fifty years had been going steadily back. Every other country had been progressing in population and wealth.

**WHAT WERE THE CAUSES OF IRELAND'S DECAY?**

To his mind, they were not far to seek. They all knew that the industries of this country were ruthlessly destroyed by England. Everyone admitted it. He alluded to that to show that during the last 100 years Ireland had been heavily handicapped. A good deal had happened since the Union. Some of the causes which had operated against her were natural causes—some of them were unnatural. Amongst the latter was the overtaxation of Ireland. Taxation, no doubt, had also increased in England, but not in the same proportion as here, because whilst the population of England had greatly increased that of Ireland had in the period he mentioned decreased by half. The people of this country were taxed very much more heavily than the people of Great Britain in proportion to their taxable capacity. He did not think that what was called Free Trade had been peculiarly beneficial to Ireland (hear, hear). It might have suited England very well. But, at any rate, they would not discuss that at present. That was an essential factor to be considered in this matter. Then there was the question of indirect taxation, the duties on tea and tobacco, which told much heavier on the poor in Ireland than they did on the poor in Great Britain. Ireland was

**THE ONLY CIVILIZED COUNTRY IN EUROPE THAT WAS ON THE DOWNWARD GRADE.**

The present conditions handicapped the people of the country very heavily. They seemed to account largely for the fact that an intelligent and industrious people—a people that in every quarter of the globe under different circumstances and under different conditions succeeded in life—seemed to be doomed to fail in life in the cradle of their race in Ireland. He was looking at this matter from a practical point of view, and he looked at it from an Irish as well as an English point of view. From an Irish point of view he protested vehemently against the Irish race being wiped off the face of the soil of Ireland. From an English point of view he was also profoundly dissatisfied to have a discontented and decaying Ireland. It was not good business. He might not unreasonably be asked why remedial action was not taken long ago. Remedial action was taken, but it was not taken in a manner sufficiently comprehensive to grasp the whole situation in Ireland. They talked about killing Home Rule with kindness, but it was not kindness the people asked for—it was justice (applause). What the country wanted was—

**A Voice—"Home Rule" (applause and laughter).**

Lord Dunraven—The development of the country (hear, hear). As in Egypt and in South Africa and other places, public money should be employed for the development of the country. One other point to which he wished to refer was the necessity for Irishmen to take a broader view of their duty to the country. They should try as far as in them lay to help the common country, to reconcile the differences as far as they could be reconciled, and if they could not be reconciled to agree to differ. They had an example in the Land Conference.

**A GOOD DEAL WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY THE LAND CONFERENCE.**

It helped to pass a great Land Act by no means a perfect Act, with one defect, a serious one at present, that they had not money to finance it. It was preposterous to put a flotation of the money on the Development Grant. Personally he was very anxious to have a conference on the laborers' question, and they had been taken to task in the Reform Association because they responded to the invitation of the Cork Land and Labor League to send delegates to such a conference, because the United Irish League was also invited. The United Irish League had refused the

invitation, why he did not understand. He was sorry the United Irish League threw cold water on the proposal. He welcomed a conference of that kind very much and he did not care two straws who composed it, provided they were serious and practical, honestly anxious to bring about a settlement (applause). He thought it was a pity they could not combine in Ireland a little more. Why waste so much time in hating each other and in hating their neighbors across the Channel? He supposed Ireland would never learn a lesson. Their history was a history of internecine strife. What was it now? Class animosities, sectarian animosities, personal jealousies, and little or nothing was being accomplished for the development of the country. He wished he could persuade their countrymen to

**PUT ASIDE THEIR DIFFERENCES AND COMBINE**

on one particular point at a time, and work together for that. The animating principles of the Irish Reform Association were to inculcate the power of combination to produce a stronger and more living spirit of real Nationality, to make the predominant partner take a broader view of the interests of Ireland, to reform the Castle Government, to relieve the Imperial Parliament of a great mass of business to which it could not possibly attend at present and to delegate to an Irish body legislative functions that would ensure that business peculiar to Ireland should not be neglected, but would be attended to by people who understood the needs and requirements of the country (applause). This might not satisfy the deals of a great many Irishmen, but they dealt with practical matters, and practical matters must be dealt with if the country was to be saved from destruction. If Irishmen leave the Irish soil, and that sad consummation must take place if nothing was done to help the country, because the people in practical matters could not agree to work together if that was to be the sad fate of their country, then the blame must rest upon Irishmen themselves.

**The Teaching of Irish History**

In the course of some recent remarks on the place of Irish History in the schools, Rev. Father Dineen, of Dublin, said the whole educational system in which the child is trained should be charged with the lesson of all that is inspiring in the history of the country. There was still much to be gained before Irish history obtained a proper footing in the National Schools.

From the true study of Irish history would flow self-respect for the mother country among those who emigrated to other lands; but a more important effect still, it was calculated to diminish the number of those who emigrated, inasmuch as it would put heart into every true Irishman to labor for the land he loved so well, and to do his own part to restore her to her due place amongst the nations; it would make Irishmen of means and talent ashamed to squander those gifts or acquisitions in the service of foreign lands, while their own pined in sore need of them.

**Papal Honor for Sir Francis Cruise**

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has presented to Sir Francis Cruise, M.D., D.L., Honorary Physician in Ordinary to His Majesty King Edward VII. in Ireland, the brief of his Holiness Pope Pius X. appointing him a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and the star or decoration of that high Order.

This honor is a graceful recognition of the lifelong labors of Sir Francis Cruise in connection with the "Imitation of Christ," and its literature, including his last recent works, the new translation of the great book itself, and an outline of the life of its author.

Sir Francis' earlier work, concerning the authorship of "The Imitation," has been translated into French and German; and the latter version has led the municipality of Kempen to name a new street in their town after him, as the champion of their great townsman.

**Herbert McCartney**

An anniversary mass of requiem was celebrated in St. Helen's church last Wednesday morning, 15th inst., for the repose of the soul of Master Herbert McCartney. The same was recommended by his former associates of the St. Helen's Sanctuary Society, of which he was a most devoted member. The members of the Society assisted in a body, as did also many of the friends of the deceased. R.I.P.

**Canonization of Irish Martyrs**

The Archbishop of Dublin has issued the following letter to his clergy: 5th February, 1905.

I am happy to be able at length to announce to you that the process for the Beatification and Canonization of our Irish Martyrs has now entered upon its second stage. I learn by a telegram from Rome that the record of the proceedings before the Dublin Diocesan Court, with the accompanying books and documents, were yesterday handed over by my official representative to the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

The prayer at Mass by which we have been invoking the assistance of the Holy Ghost during the continuance of the diocesan proceedings may now be discontinued. That prayer, offered up as it has been, at so many hundreds and hundreds of Masses during the past twelve months, cannot but have obtained help in abundance for all of us who were engaged in the arduous work. Let us trust that the work has not been marred by any want either of technical knowledge or of care on the part of any of us who were engaged in it.

I feel that it is due to the priests who, as officials of the Diocesan Court, were charged throughout with a most weighty responsibility in connection with the proceedings, that I should take this opportunity of bearing testimony to the untiring fidelity and zeal with which they discharged their various duties, and to the extent to which the progress of the case was facilitated by the minutely-accurate knowledge, which they had spared no pains to acquire, of every detail of the long and complicated procedure.

We must not be neglectful of the higher duty of giving thanks to God for the help which, as we may confidently trust, we have received from Him in answer to our prayers. In discharge of this duty, the Collect of Thanksgiving (Deus, cibus, misericordiam non est numerus) is to be said at Mass each day this week, and on next Sunday.

I have now to ask from each parish in the diocese a small contribution towards the expenses of the Process. Now that the case has entered upon its second stage, these, naturally, will be somewhat more considerable than they have been up to this point. Documents will have to be translated and transcribed. A good deal of printing also will have to be done. And we must secure the professional services of a competent ecclesiastical lawyer to watch the progress of the case and be prepared to deal with difficulties, whether of substance or of form, that can hardly fail to arise in the course of the long and searching historical investigation that will now be entered upon by the Holy See.

This, however, is a part of the work that concerns not this diocese only, but the other dioceses of Ireland as well. I have gone into the matter as closely as is possible in the circumstances, and I am satisfied that even a small contribution of £1 or £2 from each of our parishes will adequately represent our diocesan share of the not very onerous burden.

It is a case in which large contributions are not needed, and would indeed be out of place. It occurs to me to suggest that in many places the small amount that is needed could best be made up by the tiny offerings of the children of the parish. This would give them a special interest in the work, and would doubtless help to secure their prayers for its success. As to those of them who may live to see the day when the great work will at length be brought to a close, when they hear of the splendid ceremonial of the canonization in St. Peter's, or, possibly, are present at it, as some amongst them may be, it will be a source of pride to them that in their childhood they were afforded an opportunity of helping, in their own small way, towards a result that, in its accomplishment, will bring glory to the heart of every Irish Catholic.

I have only to add one other statement which I know will be received with universal gratification. It is necessary that some Cardinal of Rome should take special charge of any such important matter as that which we have now sent forward to the Holy See and, in this instance His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who was so recently amongst us, has willingly consented to charge himself with this important duty.

I remain, Very Rev. and Dear Father, Your faithful servant in Christ, WILLIAM ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

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ON THE NINTH DAY

The very wish of her dress as she passed him on the stairs, set his heart throbbing and his knees trembling...

"Hark! By the bird's song ye may learn the nest," he murmured, involuntarily holding the door ajar till the sound of ascending footsteps made him realize his attitude of listener.

"He remained a long time considering the question in all its phases, and at last burst out, passionately: 'Heavens, why should it come now—now, at the turning-point of my career, when my whole future is at stake, and every power should be concentrated in obtaining a brilliant pass?'"

"Give me strength—give me strength, O Mother!" he whispered. "Remove her image from my mind. I don't want to love her!"

"Where shall I find courage to bear it, if she sends me away?" he thought. "Does she feel that she holds me in every fold of her gown?"

"I'll tell you what," he said resolutely. "I'll come to your diggings every day for the rest of the time, and we'll cram together. There is too much to do here. There is a piano and—lots of things. I want to keep away all day, and come back only at night. Will you agree?"

"That was a good action of yours, Hugh," said Father Arthur Darrell to his brother a few weeks later. "And it has brought you luck. Poor Burke would never have pulled through but for your help."

"How was that?" asked Father Arthur with a puzzled look. "Well," said Hugh, after some hesitation, "I wanted to keep clear of Mrs. Moore's. There was a disturbing element."



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student using her private means to follow a hobby. She is a clever, well-informed woman, and our views chime on every topic before I discovered that her personal attractions affected me.

"I am still dazed," he said. "So this is no sudden fancy?" "Not at all! It is a matter of months. I thought I'd never get a pass, owing to that girl. She haunts me. There's no fighting against it, and after all, why should I?"

"Do not affect to doubt it," he said severely. "That is not worthy of you. I dare say, with your woman's wit, you were aware of my feelings long before I myself discovered them."

"I suppose it is providential," he reflected. "Nobody has his life cut out for him just as he planned it. And, after all, hers is not an evil, if a distributing, influence. Our talk is only on serious topics, and she is always touching on religious matters. She seems to have drifted somewhat among unbelievers and to long to get back to the stanch elementary faith of her childhood."

"I have enough to maintain a wife, and once my diploma secured—most doctors marry—and if she will have me—his pulses began to beat rapidly—"if she will have me—"

"Do not refuse me, Mary!" he said almost in a whisper. "But he had abandoned her for the attainment of a more precious goal—his success as a candidate for medical degrees—and she must show that she, too, had a character."

"I do not deny that I, too, have a great sympathy with you," she said, in such calm and measured tones that they took away all value from the declaration.

"I'll tell you what," he said resolutely. "I'll come to your diggings every day for the rest of the time, and we'll cram together. There is too much to do here. There is a piano and—lots of things. I want to keep away all day, and come back only at night. Will you agree?"

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heart. But she could not in justice resent that he had taken her at her word. In this, as in all else, she was forced to admire the conscientious man acting according to his code. He would never let himself be led by impulse; nor did he wish his future wife to be swayed by aught but reason guiding inclination. If he considered her as unworthy, he would know how to tear her from his mind and heart; but she—alas! if he had taken her hand at that last interview she would not have resisted. Was it because he felt this that he hastened away? He wished to shield her from herself—would he owe her consent only to the ripened reflection. He did not understand coquetry; he was too frank himself to think that she was simulating indecision, to suspect that she really belonged to him heart and soul long since.

It was his openly professed religious convictions that first drew Mary's attention to this strange man. It was a unique experience to hear him assuring her hostess that she could count on his escort returning from a sermon and late Benediction, as he himself would be present, and that his homeward way was identical, and the perfectly natural way, in which he alluded to his religious obligations, neither hiding them nor putting them forward, was a source of constant astonishment to her. She blushed for him and kept her eyes on the cloth when, after many combinations, he ended up before a tableful by declaring that he could not manage to be in for the first of the football match, "since I have to go to Mass, you see." But she soon saw that this explanation was taken just as well as any other by his comrades of all sects.

She also divined that it was a point of honor with him not to slur over any of the practices of his creed; and, with a sense of shame, she tried to awaken in her own tepid soul the childhood's fervor which intercourse with the votaries of "art for art's sake" had chilled and stifled. It did her good to meet this honest, earnest man, and watch him keep in hand the impetuous, ardent spirit always threatening to break forth. She loved him for his perseverance, his devotion to the task of the hour—his determination to do all things right, at all costs. In their conversations she had been struck above all with his living faith and his perfect confidence in the Hand that guides the lives.

"He would know," she thought, "how to console himself if I said 'No.' He thought, 'Not that I mean to say it. Looking at the matter from a higher standpoint, as he would have me do, I believe indeed that it would be for my good in both worlds to live in daily contact with such a man.'"

On the morning of the ninth day Mary rose early and dressed herself with more than usual care. She put on a white rose at her throat and adjusted the dainty hat at a becoming angle. She carried her gloves down with her, for she had planned that they would walk out together after breakfast. Surely he would be lingering in the hall even now, to get a hasty word with her before the others appeared.

She heard a step on the dalled flooring, and leaning over the balustrade, saw with dismay and disturbance Hugh Darrell with hat and cane preparing to go out. A wave of anger swept over her. So he would not find time for her until the late or second breakfast! Decidedly her answer was of secondary importance. For the past week he had gone out early every morning, thus missing the few minutes he left for her morning's work at the studio.

"Mr. Darrell!" she called as he had his hand on the door. "If you have forgotten I have not, that we were to decide to-day whether we could be anything to each other. I decidedly think not."

Her heart smote her as she heard his heavily-drawn breath. She did not dare to lift her eyes to his face. "It is not your last word," he said almost fiercely. "The day is not yet over, and I shall come again for an answer."

She watched him cross the street, and by an uncontrollable impulse, followed him. He walked so rapidly that she had difficulty in keeping in sight of him, but finally he entered a neighboring church and was lost to view in a side aisle. Her heart throbbing with emotion and remorse, she endeavored to assist devoutly at the morning worship.

"O God, make me good—and pious, less unworthy of this good man," she prayed.

When Mass was over she waited near the door of St. Donatus's church, but she saw no sign of him.

ty and still as she waited. At last she walked slowly toward the spot where she had seen him disappear. He was kneeling before the statue where she had also sometimes knelt; and, feeling himself comparatively alone, was pouring forth his entreaties in earnest whispers before the altar of his Patroness.

Mary now understood his demand for a respite of nine days. This devotion, like many others, had become unfamiliar to her. But it would be so no longer. Ah, what a revival it would be, with God's grace! Softly she approached, knelt beside him and put her hand between his two clasped ones. Again the feeling that she was not the first object in his life was borne in upon her. He did not start nor turn around. He pressed her hand close between his own, and bowed his head upon it in mute thanksgiving. Neither her presence nor her consent was a surprise. Outside the portal he turned to greet her with a radiant smile.

YOUNG AGAIN AT SEVENTY-TWO

How Calixte Richard, J.P., Feels After Using Dodd's Kidney Pills

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"Yes," says Mr. Richard, "I had Kidney Trouble over forty years, with the result that I was a worn-out man at seventy-two. Then I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the result is that the pain is gone from my back, and I am able to work again."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the old feel young again. They make the Kidneys sound, and sound Kidneys strain out of the blood the seeds of the diseases to which the old are subject, such as Backache, Rheumatism, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, etc.

School and the Child

As I watch the procession of children on their way to school, these bright mornings, I seem to see that line of other boys and girls whose path led them past its portal. A few of these have completed the course of studies, have finished their education, as we say; but many have been driven from their desks by the necessity of earning their bread. Their books are closed, with half their lessons unlearned. For them, knowledge has veiled her light; the stairs leading to her sanctuary have disappeared in the darkness of ignorance, and they are left to grope their way upward, or remain forever lost in this intellectual twilight. In view of the sad condition that deprives at least two-thirds of our youth of their share of education, one may well question the reason for our perfect satisfaction with our school system.

Yet we point to it and challenge the world to bring forward its superior. As institutions of learning, doubtless, our schools are all that we claim for them; but as the schools for the children of the people—and that is what they are supposed to be, since the children of the classes have no need of a state or church supported system of instruction—they fail fully to benefit those for whom they are intended. At the very least, ten years in the school should be the allowance of every child and twelve years would be better. As it is, the selfishness of irresponsible parents, in part and in part the inactivity of the social arrangement, gives scarcely half that time, necessarily for mental growth and physical development, and he is flung into life to pit his feeble strength against the inexorable law that declares in favor of the survival of the fittest.

Sometimes, of course, this evil will be remedied, and future generations will reap the full advantages of an improved system of public education. In the meanwhile, a determined effort on the part of ardent minds shut off from the means of attaining knowledge, will, in a measure, make good their loss. There is no day without its unemployed minutes. The wise hoard such; the foolish disregard them, being spendthrifts of time as well as health and money. One hour given daily to study for a year will count you over fifty school days; twelve the hours, and you have gained several months. Let no difficulty on the part of ardent minds shut off from the means of attaining knowledge, will, in a measure, make good their loss.

The first transfer of Lambay from the Church to laymen was marked by a circumstance which makes the notices of warning to trespassers on the pier of the island grimly ironical. The entire island was alienated and let to fee-farm in 1551 to John Challoner and his heirs at a specified term on a pay of six pence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil, in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of a fire, and only my eyes at that time. As I I made such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? He had no time that he could call his own and had to read and write in the midst of his laughing, talking companions, and the purchase of great privations. And he is only one example of those and that could be shown to prove that a determined will triumphs in the end.

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An Historic Isle Mr. Cecil Baring, who has become proprietor of Lambay Island, not far from Dublin, insists on his rights of ownership to the exclusion of the public therefrom. This island has a history. Prince (afterwards king) John bestowed it on his Sic of Dublin in 1181, an endowment which Pope Clement III. confirmed in 1188. In the island there is a curious well of fine water dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and a yearly pattern used to be held at this well until the beginning of the last century on every Trinity Sunday. Although at the time of the Reformation Lambay became "secularized," passing into the hands of lay proprietors and by purchase to the Lords Talbot of Malahide, till the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the original character of the island as Church property was recognized by the payment of a small annual head rent to the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

Escaped in Time Little Raymond, five years old, was a devotee of the theatre, and at every opportunity attended the Saturday afternoon children's matinees. The last play he attended was "The Johnstown Flood," a stage melodrama founded upon the great Pennsylvania disaster. Deeply interested, he sat through three acts, at the conclusion of which the modern "Paul Revere," mounted upon a horse, galloped down the Co-nemaugh Valley, warning the endangered people to take to the hills to escape the oncoming flood from the broken reservoir above the city. Without a moment's hesitation, little Raymond arose from his seat and hurried home. "Why, Raymond," said his mother, "the matinee can't be over yet; it's only 4 o'clock!" "Well, mamma," the youngster explained, "the next act was the flood, and I know if I stayed I'd be drowned!"

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The Beneficent Blunderer

"Hang that brute!" muttered the tall, clean shaven young man in the smoking carriage, while he shook his fist at a glaring advertisement which had mocked him from every platform and almost from every field on his journey down to Hampshire; "it ought to be made a criminal offence to annoy the public in this way!"

Perhaps it ought, still, upon the face of it, Muir's Marvellous Mixture did not look so very much more offensive than the surrounding soaps and Pills as to justify special condemnation. George Lawrence, being happily exempt from physical maladies, had no quarrel with the insistent Muir on that account. What he did very naturally object to was being confronted at every turn with the name of a base born and abominably wealthy rival.

Under any circumstances it would have been a saddening thing to think of Sir Peter Wrey throwing his daughter at the head of the son and successor of the original Marvellous Mixture man; but such a spectacle was rendered additionally abhorrent to that rising barrister, George Lawrence, by the fact that he himself happened to be over head and ears in love with Amy Wrey. And he was only a rising barrister, not yet a risen one, and he could not venture to make a formal offer of marriage to Amy, although he had reason to believe that she did not altogether dislike him; and he was a perfect fool to be going to Sheldon Park at all. Or so, at all events, he morosely said to himself.

Not that he could very well have declined the written invitation which Amy had dispatched to him on her mother's behalf. Another day he wanted it appeared, and Sir Peter and Lady Wrey hoped that Mr. Lawrence might be disengaged for a day or two. "Mr. Muir also is coming at the same time," the writer had added—perhaps not without some intention of suggesting a vague appeal for protection. Such an appeal was not in any case to be disregarded, notwithstanding the inability under which George Lawrence, who was due at a distant assize town on the following morning, found himself to spend more than a single night at Sheldon Park. He would have, of course, to explain why he had not brought his gun with him; what would be a little more difficult to explain satisfactorily to his host and hostess was the precipitation with which, in that unarmed condition, he had agreed to join a shooting party.

"But really, I don't care what they think," was the reflection with which he soled himself as he climbed into the dogcart which had been sent to meet him. "Say what they may, they'll know well enough what has brought me down here, and they are very welcome to know. I dare say they know, too, that though they can lead Amy to the mixture they can't make her drink it."

That was not so certain. The brown-haired, brown-eyed and charmingly pretty young lady who chanced to be strolling across the park at the moment when his vehicle passed the lodge, and whom he lost no time in greeting, hinted, if she did not say it in so many words, that parental urgency was likely to triumph over her personal disinclination.

Sir Peter Wrey's income had been seriously reduced; he had sons to provide for and a daughter for whom it was most desirable that some well-to-do husband should be secured. This was the question submitted to Mr. Lawrence, who was too modest and too stupid to make the reply which he ought to have made. What he did say was that he had rushed down to Hampshire upon false pretences, that he must absolutely depart the next morning before the lazy covert shooters were out of their beds, and that he hoped Miss Wrey would be kind enough to concoct some plausible sort of excuse for him should her parents require any.

As might have been anticipated, Miss Wrey declined to oblige him. "After all," she remarked, "Mr. Muir is not so very much more offensive than other people, and I must say for him that he has always been kinder to me."

So it was that a crestfallen and dejected young barrister who presently stammered out lame excuses to Lady Wrey, a stout, matronly personage, who politely assured him that his absence on the morrow would not matter a bit. Rosy, gray-bearded Sir Peter, standing with his back to the fire and his coat tails gathered up under his arms, did, to be sure, on receiving a similar intimation and apology, exclaim: "Oh, hang it all! this is really too bad of you, my dear fellow!" But he did not look inconsolable nor did he offer further remonstrance.

"I can't think why the deuce you asked the man," he remarked subsequently to his wife, "still less can I understand his having thought it worth while to accept the invitation. However, that's his affair, and I'm not sorry that Amy won't be able to draw comparisons to-morrow between him and Muir, who is as miserable a shot as ever I have had the misfortune to meet—besides an arrant cad."

Lady Wrey replied with a placid smile that she was not quite the goose that Sir Peter gave her credit for being. She had in reality invited Lawrence because she was aware that her daughter had had a sentimental fancy for the young man, which might have been increased by a refusal to let him into the house, and also because she did not dread the result of comparisons between him and his rival. An arrant cad Mr. Muir might be, and probably was; but Eton and Christchurch had polished the outer surface of him sufficiently for all ordinary social purposes, and he was, without doubt, in love. The impetuous Lawrence might go or stay for all that; but that she experienced hostess cared.

That he must go Lawrence had already made up his mind, and he had not been seated many minutes at the dinner table before he wished with all his angry and wounded heart that he had never come. Almost opposite to him he could see the odious Muir, who had just arrived—a big, florid youth with reddish hair and a bulging shirt front, in the centre of which blazed a single diamond of portentous size. The brute—a man capable of wearing such a gem could reasonably complain of being called a brute—was casting amorous glances at and talking impudently into the face of his neigh-

bor, and his neighbor, alas! was no other than the fair daughter of the house. Moreover, as far as could be discerned, she was giving him every possible encouragement. No wonder the poor lady to whom Mr. Lawrence had been instructed to give his arm declared afterwards that she had never in her life met with a man so silent, so dull and so boorish.

At 11 o'clock or thereabouts that luckless individual was privileged to take leave of Miss Wrey, who through-out the evening had been so ostentatiously monopolized by Mr. Muir that it had been impossible to approach her.

"Good-night and good-bye," she said, smilingly, as she prepared with a bed-room candlestick in her hand to follow the procession of ladies up the broad staircase. "I suppose you can't be induced to change your mind?"

Mr. Lawrence rather stiffly regretted that it was not in his power to do so. He watched his faithless Amy out of sight, threw one baleful glance at the rubicund Muir, and excused himself to Sir Peter by joining the male section of the party in the smoking room. His vindictive feelings towards the enemy might have been to some extent softened had he been aware that a formal offer of marriage had been made to Miss Wrey during the evening and had been met at first by a point blank refusal, and afterward by a plea for time; but it is not certain that such information would have reassured him.

He knew well enough that Amy was not in love with the red-headed ass; that she would end by doing what her parents wished her to do was the only reasonable deduction that could be drawn from her conduct, and the only reasonable course for her true lover to adopt was to take good care that he did not oversleep himself and miss his train in the morning.

"Half past six, mind, not one minute later," Mr. Lawrence told the young footman who had been instructed to look after him. "I daresay you'll have to haul me out of bed, for I'm rather a heavy sleeper, and the chances are that I shall curse you. Here's half a sovereign, now, please bear in mind that resistance or bad language on my part will mean nothing; it may be entirely disregarded."

It would have been more romantic and more suitable, no doubt, for one in George Lawrence's forlorn plight to toss sleeplessly all the night through, but he happened to be so physically constituted that he always lost consciousness of his sorrows and anxieties the moment his head touched the pillow, and his unfeeling capacity for prompt slumber did not desert him on his melancholy occasion.

Oddly enough, his next door neighbor, with far less excuse for wakefulness, was not similarly blessed. Mr. Muir might have known, and, indeed, had the best reasons for knowing, that such wealth as his rendered him practically irresistible, yet he was sufficiently enamored of Amy Wrey to find the reply which she had given him seriously disquieting. The girl had said that she must consult her parents, which was of course ridiculous, but she had added, "Anyhow, please understand that I shall never love or even like you"—which, besides being extremely rude, seemed to point to an inclination on her part to shirk her manifest destiny. Mr. Muir, whose nature was of a somewhat coarse fibre, would not have minded espousing a woman who neither loved nor liked him; what he was afraid of was that she would yet discover some means of dismissing him, and even of making him look foolish.

Now, there was nothing in the world that he dreaded quite so much as being made to look like a fool, and that was why he could not manage to close an eye before 4 o'clock in the morning.

Consequently he was a very angry man when, two hours and a half later, he was roughly and unceremoniously dragged from his couch.

"Who the devil are you, and what do you mean by this?" he inquired of the stalwart young man who had thus dared to lay violent hands upon him. "Half past six, sir?" "Carriage at the door in three-quarters of an hour and no time to lose," was the reply that he received.

No man who has been abruptly roused from profound slumber can be expected to have all his wits about him. The irate Muir raged at once to the conclusion that Miss Wrey had requested her father to turn him out of the house. He did not pause to reflect how impossible it would have been for any father to comply with such a request.

"Whose orders?" he inquired, hoarsely.

"Your own, sir, if you please," answered the footman.

"Oh, my own, eh? I see. Thank you, very much. My compliments to Sir Peter, and tell him that he has anticipated my wishes with a delicacy for which I can't thank him enough. Do you understand?"

The sleepy footman did not understand at all, but he replied, "Very good, sir." And as this occurred, the man placed a sovereign in his hand before leaving; he quite thought that he had been treated in a manner which might fairly be described as "very good."

"Thirty bob for one night is what I call handsome," he said to himself. But what was neither good nor handsome was the language employed two hours later by Mr. Lawrence when he was serenely informed that it was time for him to rise.

"You infernal idiot!" shouted the injured man after a hasty glance at his watch. "Didn't I tell you that that should be called at half past six? Didn't you promise to drag me out of bed whether I resisted or not, whether I swore at you or thanked you? Didn't you—may I take the liberty of inquiring what the devil you are laughing at?"

"I am afraid, sir," answered the footman, whose hand was raised to his mouth in the futile endeavor to smooth away an irrepressible smile. "I have made a little mistake. Not having seen either of you two gentlemen before, I got confused between you, and I believe I've sent away Mr. Muir in the carriage that was ordered for you."

ing of that, having been prepared for it, what you said to me last night. I hope I haven't done very wrong, sir?"

"H'm! You have made it impossible for me to appear in a rather important case, and I must send off a telegram at once with excuses which are not likely to be accepted. Of course, I don't know what Mr. Muir's engagements may have been or what excuse he may make."

"I was to thank Sir Peter, sir, for his wishes. That was the message I was told to give."

A second outburst of hilarity gave evidence of Lawrence's restored good humor. "Then," said he, "you can't do better than deliver your message. I won't betray you. You have played the very dickens with my professional prospects by your stupidity, and I should be sorry to get you into trouble."

"Gross insolence!" was Sir Peter Wrey's comment upon a message which he received just before he went downstairs to breakfast. "This comes of asking a cad to the house and imploring him to marry one's daughter. I hope you're satisfied now that you have made Amy a public laughing stock!"

The disappointed and crestfallen Lady Wrey had no answer ready. It was terribly true that Amy was in danger of being ridiculed by her friends, most of whom must have known only too well why they had been invited to meet the proprietor of a notorious patent medicine, and perhaps the humiliating and inexplicable rebuff which had been inflicted upon her rendered George Lawrence's hostess more gracious in manner than she would otherwise have been when he explained that as he had missed the train he could now stay another twenty-four hours at Sheldon Park if he might be permitted to do so.

"Oh, never mind about your gun," said Sir Peter, who overheard the young man's diffident plea for an extension of hospitality. "I'll lend you a gun, but sure you'll use it to better purpose than that beggar, Muir, would have done. Muir has taken himself off, I hear—called away or something—and a very good job, too!"

George Lawrence was a nice shot. He distinguished himself so much that day that he quite won the heart of a country gentleman who, after all, in spite of the hopeless condition of agriculture, retained the instincts of his class. He had already won somebody else's heart, and before the dinner hour she was wise or foolish enough to tell him so.

"I hate money," I prefer being poor," she declared, which was no doubt a foolish thing to say. But, indeed, Mrs. George Lawrence is not so very poor, her husband having by this time reached a position of eminence at the bar which satisfies even his mother-in-law. Mr. Muir, as all the world knows, hastened to espouse a widowed marchioness, and is consequently able to look down with complacent patronage upon his former flame. Probably, however, she does not know—Mrs. Lawrence herself only learned it after her marriage—to whom he is indebted for what he has not scrupled to call an uncommon lucky escape. In the employment of George Lawrence, K.C., there is a butler who is wont in moments of confidence and conviviality to remark that certain blunders may pay a man better than a strict and stupid obedience to orders. He speaks, he says, from personal experience, and like many other officials of greater authority and exaltation, he has long ago persuaded himself that success in life has been the reward not of luck, but of his phenomenal sagacity.—W. E. Norris in The Tatler.

A Diver's Heroism

Perhaps one of the most thrilling and dangerous expeditions ever undertaken by a diver was that of Alexander Lambert, in connection with Severn Tunnel. It was a deed of tremendous pluck, and deserves to rank with the most valorous acts ever performed in the blood heat of battle. The waterings of the Severn are flooded, and there was sixty feet of water in the 200-foot shaft. The flood was tearing through a doorway, the iron door of which was open, from the main tunnel into a smaller tunnel about eight feet wide and the same height. This tunnel was distant about a quarter of a mile from the bottom of the shaft, and was nearly full of water and debris. The task that had to be performed was for somebody to make his way to the iron door and close it, thus stopping the rushing water. It was a task that many a stout-hearted man might be excused for refusing to attempt. But Lambert volunteered to do it.

He was equipped with an ordinary diving dress, except that he had neither air tube nor life line; the latter, in fact, would have been quite useless. In place of the former he carried with him a supply of oxygen in a small reservoir and a crow-bar. He descended the 200-foot shaft, through the sixty feet of water, and then made his way along the eight-foot tunnel for a quarter of a mile, the whole time battling with all kinds of obstructions, but finally reaching the doorway in safety. Lambert found that the door was held fast by some stout iron rails, which called for pretty hard work to release them. He attacked the task with considerable energy, being anxious to complete it and return victorious.

The diver became so absorbed in what he was doing that he quite forgot for the time being the exceptional conditions under which he was working, and gave no thought to his supply of oxygen. Then suddenly it flashed across his mind that the precious gas must be getting pretty low, and, as it would have to last him during the journey back, he decided to return at once and leave his work for the present unfinished. So he set off as quickly as he could, now stooping over a pile of debris, now battling with a swirling eddy, and now hoping against hope all the time that the water would not give out and leave him to perish miserably in that flooded tunnel.

He succeeded in reaching the top of the shaft in safety, but when his air tank came to be examined it was discovered that there was only sufficient left to have lasted for another two or three minutes. Thus, almost by a miracle, his life had been preserved. One would suppose that such a narrow escape would have

daunted a man from making a further attempt, but Lambert knew no fear. Again he descended the shaft, journeying through the sixty feet of water and along that perilous quarter mile of tunnel to the doorway, where he completed his task and returned triumphant.

Many stories concerning divers' fights with sea monsters—the majority of them apocryphal—have been told, but the following account of Diver Lambert's combat with a shark is absolutely authentic. While engaged on some repairs to a ship's bottom, the diver became conscious that some large body was moving near him. Gazing into the shadowy depths, he thought he could make out the grayish form of some formidable creature, but was unable to define clearly what it was. He therefore proceeded with his work, throwing an occasional glance in the direction of his intangible foe. It was not long before he was able to make out clearly what it was that menaced him, as the mysterious creature ventured in closer and revealed its identity in the shape of a big shark. Nothing particular happened that day, the shark merely contenting itself with watching the diver. The next day he came again and simply watched, but nothing more. The third day saw him at his post again, eternally watching, and apparently endeavoring to make up his mind whether this strange biped was worth attacking. At last this continual espionage got too much for the diver, and he determined to bring matters to a head. The fourth day arrived, and so did the shark. Thereupon Lambert signaled for a large knife and a looped rope to be sent down. Upon the arrival of these the diver adopted a daring ruse. He baited the shark with his bare hand—an invitation which was promptly accepted. On came the great brute straight for the hand, and having arrived within striking distance he turned over on his back, as is the custom with sharks when attacking, and shot forward. But at that moment the diver's knife plunged into the creature's side, crimsoning the surrounding water. Like a flash the shark turned and came at him again, but Lambert dodged the onslaught and once more sheathed the knife in the brute's side. So this strange fight to a finish went on, till finally the diver triumphed and a few minutes later the carcass of the shark was being drawn to the surface in the looped rope. Lambert keeps the creature's backbone as a memento of the deed.

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"My wife and myself and twelve children," said the man. "Ah!" said the agent. "I'm afraid that would hardly do, as Mrs. Crocker is old and something of an invalid, and lives next door. She is not particularly fond of children."

"Well," and the man looked indignant, "I shouldn't think she's mind; there are only five little ones."

"It's all right, anyway," said the man, with a quick change of base. "I don't believe there's laud enough around that house, and it's too near the city. What I really want is a place farther out, with an acre or so of ground, and a barn, and chance to keep a cow and chickens, and room to grow some vegetables, so my wife will have something to take up her spare time."—The Companion.

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In and Around Toronto

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Seeing the purple on the altar on Sunday and hearing the gospel read for Septuagesima Sunday awakened a thought as to the origin of the name. One would naturally suppose that it implied seventy days before something, perhaps Easter, but this supposition it seems would be wrong, as the day actually occurs sixty days before that date.

VERY REV. DEAN EGAN AT ST. HELEN'S.

At St. Helen's on Sunday the Very Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie assisted, preaching very practical and instructive sermons during the day. At the High Mass the gospel furnished the text for the discourse and at Vespers "sins of the tongue" was the subject.

MISS MORTON WINS.

In the contest conducted last week by the management of the Majestic Theatre, Miss Morton of the glove department of the T. Eaton Co. was voted the most popular saleslady in Toronto. As a result the winner was presented with a handsome gold watch by Miss Lottie Williams at the theatre on Saturday evening.

DEATH OF MRS. W. L. McARTHUR.

Among recent deaths is that of Mr. W. L. McArthur, one of the best known travellers in Canada. For forty-five years Mr. McArthur was connected with the Cleveland Stone Co., for which firm he transacted all the Canadian business, and for the past fifteen years had also a connection with the Claus Shear Co. of Fremont, Ohio.

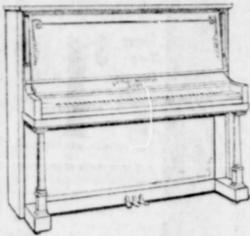
DEATH OF MRS. O'NEIL OF THE MINTO HOUSE.

On Wednesday of last week the somewhat sudden death of Mrs. O'Neil of the Minto House, at Toronto Junction, took place. Mrs. O'Neil, who was formerly Mrs. Archibald Smith, was well known in Toronto Junction, where for some years she was proprietress of the Avenue Hotel.

A FEAST OF MUSIC.

Musical Toronto is still living in the delightful atmosphere of artistic and melodious sounds produced by the harmonious combination of the Mendelssohn Choir under Mr. A. S. Vogt and the Pittsburgh Orchestra led by the baton of Emil Paur.

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of Wagner or Gounod for example, is in itself a study, and it would seem that to get the amount of pleasure possible, it is necessary for the listener as well as the performer to be a musician and a student. Of all who listened last week how many understood would be an interesting question to answer. Feeling a little curious on this point several musicians were interrogated. One declared that no one present fully appreciated; another said that it would probably be surprising, but at the same time true, to learn that a great number were in a position to understand and appreciate even the most intricate details of the oft times difficult orchestrations.

SOCIAL GATHERING.

On Monday the Knights of Columbus had a most pleasant evening at McConkey's, when the city members and their lady friends, together with a number of representatives from outside districts, partook of a banquet, made and listened to toasts and witty speeches and otherwise enjoyed themselves. An excellent programme of music was provided. Amongst those from outside places were Messrs. Dan O'Connell, Peterboro; R. D. Gunn, Orillia, and Messrs. Dolan and Dilmage, Niagara Falls.

DEBATE ON MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

At the regular meeting of the Catholic Temperance and Athletic Union, held in St. Peter's Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, a debate on a subject of much interest to the country, that of "Municipal Ownership," afforded much enjoyment and instruction to the large audience present. Mr. W. O'Brien led the affirmative and Mr. Hay the negative. The pros and cons were well brought out and it was decided that the system under discussion is for the best interests of the country.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

About two hundred and fifty of the members and friends of the united commandaries of the above society, held one of their pleasant gatherings at the Temple Building on Wednesday the 15th inst. Wainwright's fine orchestra of six pieces furnished the music and Webb was the caterer. The affair was one of the enjoyable events for which the society is noted.

INTERESTING GATHERING.

The regular monthly meeting of the C.C.M. was held at the King Edward on Monday evening. In addition to the members, a number of ladies were present. Dinner, a musical programme and an address formed the entertainment. Rev. Father Canning lectured on the "Wyclif Bible" showing that attributing the translation to John Wyclif is an error, modern research having proved this to be so. Mr. Leitzeur added very much to the pleasure of the evening by his fine rendition of several patriotic songs.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES J. HERBERT.

On Sunday, 19th inst., the death occurred of Mr. Chas. J. Herbert at his late residence, corner Dundas and Union streets, Toronto Junction. Deceased was the eldest son of Mr. John Herbert of 23 Robinson street, Toronto, and was a member of a well known family of the West End, in which part of the city he had lived all his life until he took up his residence in Toronto Junction about five years ago. Mr. Herbert had been ill for over a year, and at the end near-failure was the cause of death. He was always very much liked both in Toronto and at the Junction and his early death in the prime of his manhood is very much regretted by his many friends. He leaves a widow and four young children—one son and three daughters—to mourn the loss of their band and father. He is also

lived by his father, two brothers, Alfred and Joseph, and two sisters, Mrs. Sullivan of Winnipeg and Florance at home. The funeral took place from St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto Junction, on Tuesday morning, when the mass of requiem was said by Rev. Father Gallagher, assisted by Rev. Father Doherty. The funeral was largely attended and representatives of the Catholic Order of Foresters and the C.M.B.A., of which societies the deceased was a member, were amongst those present. The interment took place at St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FERGUSON.

The death of Mr. John Ferguson, which occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Bennett of Maitland street, Toronto, will be heard of with regret by a large circle of acquaintances in different parts of Ontario. For some years past the deceased had lived near St. Catharines and was on a visit to Toronto when the last call came. Mr. Ferguson was a man of many virtues, a good neighbor, a staunch friend and a practical and fervent Catholic, one of whom too much could neither be written nor said. He was one of a family who have given its members generously both to the church and to prominence in literary and other fields. The funeral took place from St. Basil's Church on Monday, the 13th inst., Rev. Father James Ferguson of New York, a son of deceased, being the celebrant of the mass, assisted by Rev. Father Ferguson of Sandwich, a cousin, and deacon, and Rev. Father T. Ferguson of Hamilton as sub-deacon. The ceremonies were very impressive, and a large number of friends assisted at the mass. Besides those mentioned Mr. Ferguson is survived by a son, Mr. William Ferguson of Cleveland, and by a daughter, Miss Minnie, organist at St. Catharines. R.I.P.

THE LATE MR. JOHN BURNS.

Among the deaths of last week is that of Mr. John Burns of St. Mary's Parish. An injury received in a tripe accident two years ago, supplemented by a severe cold, was the cause of death. For many years the name of Mr. Burns stood foremost amongst those of the prominent business men of Toronto. He was known as one of the finest carriage builders in Canada and was one of the firm of Hutchinson & Burns. At the Chicago World's Fair Mr. Burns was the only Canadian exhibitor of carriages and he succeeded in carrying off a medal and diploma. Deceased was a native of Sligo, Ireland, where he was born 72 years ago. He came to this country when a boy and had lived in Toronto for a period of sixty years with the exception of a short period while working in Hall's carriage shops in Markham. Mr. Burns is survived by three sons and two daughters. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

The Outlook for Seed Corn

The difficulty of getting reliable seed corn of desirable types and varieties during the last two years and the expensive lessons learned by many corn growers who used seed of unknown vitality make the question of reliable seed for 1905 of more than ordinary interest. A survey of the available supply of northern grown seed of this important fodder crop indicates that the difficulties of getting good seed will be even greater this year than during the two previous years. The best varieties for fodder or ensilage purposes along the northern limit of the corn belt in Canada are undoubtedly of the "Flint" type. In the latitude of Ottawa only a few special strains of the "Dent" varieties give good results for ensilage in the average year.

Unfortunately for progress in corn raising in Canada our supplies of seed have been drawn largely from the country to the south and have been of types and varieties that require a longer season to mature than is afforded in some of our best dairy districts, where the corn crop is most needed and most valuable. We have a number of very good men who are making a specialty of growing corn for the purpose of seed along Lake Erie, and who have a limited quantity of good seed for sale this year. The Canadian Seed Growers' Association has taken up

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in a business-like way the matter of creating a supply of reliable seed corn, and it may be said that the future promises for a permanent basis of supply of a high-class article and of varieties that are exceptionally well suited for ensilage and fodder purposes in all parts of Canada where corn can be grown with success.

The severe frost during the early part of last autumn rendered the bulk of the corn crop in Ontario absolutely useless for the purpose of seed. A belt about a mile in width along the northern shore of Lake Erie was affected only slightly, and from some sections in this district there is a supply of very good seed.

The cost of the small quantity of seed corn that is required to plant an acre, in comparison with the cost for labor in cultivating and handling and the ultimate value per acre of a good crop, would seem to make it clear that the best available seed of the most satisfactory type and variety should be obtained at any reasonable cost. It would be much better for Canadian farmers if they were able to obtain their supplies of seed corn in the ear, they would then have a fair idea of what they were getting. While in the ear the danger of injury to the vitality of the seed from damp and its after effects is reduced to a minimum. Corn that is shelled by a machine and left in sacks for six weeks or more will seldom germinate more than 75 per cent, unless the conditions for storage have been exceptionally good. The average vitality of seed corn, tested in the Seed Laboratory last year, were for corn received in the ear 95 per cent., and for shelled corn 68 per cent.

It is much to be recommended then, that wherever possible, farmers obtain their supplies of seed corn in the ear only. To meet the demand for seed corn in this condition growers would do well to adopt the style of shipping crate that is used for this purpose in the states of Iowa and Illinois. This crate is two feet nine inches long, one foot wide, and one foot deep, and is made of half inch lumber three inches in width. Its capacity is one bushel, or between one hundred and one hundred and twenty ears. If the corn can be planted in hills this crate will hold sufficient seed for five acres. While it is true that there may be some additional cost for freight, on account of the weight of the cob and of the ear, and that extra work is required in shelling the corn, these become insignificant when the difference in value between an acre of good matured corn and an acre of unsatisfactory crop is considered.

SEED TESTING ON THE FARM.

To find out whether seeds are capable of producing plants requires neither expert knowledge nor special apparatus. Satisfactory material is to be found in every farm home, for making germination tests of practically any kind of seed used on the farm. The simplest and most convenient way to test seed of corn and other cereal grains and most of the root crop and larger vegetable seeds is to place a number of them—say one hundred—between pieces of moistened blotting paper. Canton flannel or cloth, set them in an ordinary dinner plate and invert another plate to cover them. The seed should be kept moist but not wet. The temperature of the average farm house living room would be quite suitable, but some care should be taken to guard against excessive heat or cold. All good strong seed of corn, cereal grains, clovers, or timothy, thus treated, will have germinated at the end of five days. Very small seeds of the finer grasses, or of some of the garden vegetables and of beets or mangels may be germinated to better advantage by scattering them in a saucer (belonging to a flower pot) that has been soaked in water, and set on a cloth that should be kept damp, or in a pan containing not more than one-eighth of an inch of water, the object being to keep the saucer moist, but not wet. If such a saucer is not available, a brick will answer the purpose as well. In germinating seeds in an earthen saucer they may be exposed to the light but not to the direct rays of the sun.

W. A. CLEMONS.

The Consecration in Peterboro

Peterborough, Feb. 21.—On Friday next, for the first time in the history of the Diocese of Peterborough, the consecration of a Bishop of the Catholic Church will be witnessed in St. Peter's cathedral. It was on May 1st, 1889, that His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, was elevated to the Episcopal seat, and on that occasion the gathering of clergy was one of the largest ever seen in Peterborough, there being ten Archbishops and Bishops present.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 4 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry 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.

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 Land 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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