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VOL. XIV., No. 11

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Some Recollections of St. Patrick's Day Celebrations in Ireland, Canada and the United States.

Here we are again; once more face to face with the ever welcome anniversary of St. Patrick. It has been my fortune to celebrate the day in many places and I am not without my recollections of how it was kept. I recollect it in Ireland before I had reached my tenth year, when I made my Patrick's crosses at school, and when I was reading of and hearing tell of Daniel O'Connell, Father Matthew, Thomas Moore, Theig Gaelich and Donaghoe Roe. I remember it in Canada in the forties, when it was of general observation in our cities and larger towns, and was kept up with interest.

There was a St. Patrick's Society in Hamilton when I was yet a young boy, but I was never without my Irish enthusiasm and my bit of green favor of some kind. And I marched in the ranks from John Curran's hotel in the Court House Square, up Main street to James and along James north to St. Mary's church, and there heard Mass and listened to an eloquent sermon or panegyric from Very Rev. Father Gordon, the Vicar-General and second regular Catholic pastor of Hamilton. That was the time of those gallant pioneers, the Bricks, the Fitzpatricks, the McCurdys, the Nelligans and the Branigans. I don't remember the usual anniversary dinners in those days, but you may be sure they had them. Later came the Martins, the Stinsons, Magills, the Irwins, and the O'Reillys had been there before, and were remarkable only for their aloofness.

I spent a couple of years of my younger manhood in the city of Buffalo and it was there that this lad first asserted himself and unfolded his faith to his compatriots. There were two Irish societies in Buffalo when I first visited it in 1848. That was a time when Canada could not hold me. I sought expansion and wanted to join something. It was the year of the French revolution, the year of "Young Ireland," the close of the Mexican war, and of the discovery of gold in California, so that it was an exciting and a moving world that we had then. The Irish in Buffalo at that time had no aristocracy, no aristocracy of either birth, education or business; nothing but the delving and toiling masses; but they were brim full of patriotism. The Irish societies in Buffalo in 1848 were the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" and the "Sons of Erin." The latter were all young men and I enlisted with them. We marched from our hall on Main street to Ellicott street and along Ellicott street to St. Patrick's Church, where we heard Mass and Father O'Reilly, afterwards Bishop of Hartford, preached us a beautiful and inspiring sermon or rather delivered a panegyric. Our leading members at that time are now all passed away: Michael Bailey, Peter Walsh, Thomas Malloy and James Ryan. Thomas Malloy was the most important man among the lot, because he was foreman of "Little Red Jacket Fire Co. No. 6," the most popular fire company in Buffalo at that date. They were all volunteer companies then. St. Patrick's Day, 1849, we had a grand dinner at the Mansion House. I think it was the best public dinner I ever sat down to. And there was a grand company too. The invited guests included Hon. Geo. W. Clinton, ex-Governor of the State of New York, one of whose ancestors, Dewitt C. Clinton, had been Vice-President of the United States and promoter of the Erie Canal—a tall, majestic-looking gentleman. Well,

you know the Clintons were a revolutionary Irish family and we were very proud to have this one at our dinner; and you may be sure he praised the Irish, especially the Irish soldiers. Another guest of some note was Gen. E. A. Theller, who took some part in the Canadian rebellion of 1837. He was a doctor by profession and was considered the Irish leader at that time. He made no great speech, however. Another guest was Col. A. M. Clapp, editor of the Buffalo "Ex-

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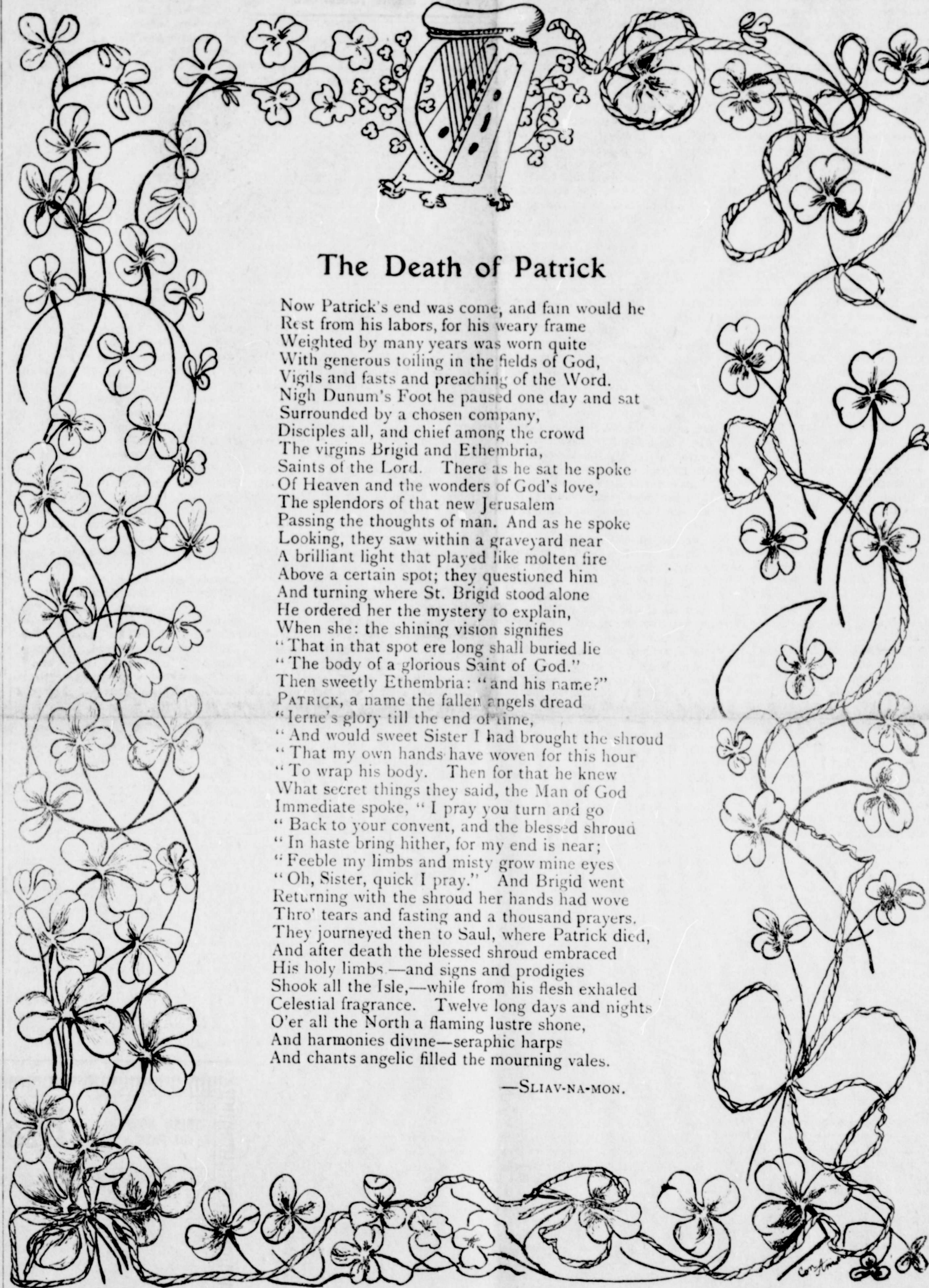
and the little Dorsheimers." Well, one of those little Dorsheimers has since filled the great and responsible position of Governor of the great State of New York. He, too, played his part and passed away. A recollection of those things is sometimes sad, but they are memory's compensation.

When I came to Toronto in 1849 there was little or no spirit pervading the Irish people here. They had

withstanding that this was the seat of the provincial government at the time. Let me mention just a few of the prominent Irishmen who resided in Toronto then. They were a bright galaxy of social and political stars. I recollect Robert Baldwin, Premier; R. B. Sullivan, afterwards Judge Sullivan; H. H. Killaly, Commissioner of Public Works; Francis Hincks, Inspector-General; Mathew Ryan, chief clerk of the Inspector-general's office; Doctor Connor, a prominent Queen's Counsel, and afterwards a cabinet minister; Judge Hagerty; Chancellor Blake, father of Edward Blake; Dr. King, medical professor in the University of Toronto; Dr. Gwynne, a medical professor in the University of Toronto. Mr. Gwynne, a Queen's Counsel, afterwards judge, Henry Eccles, Q.C., Toronto's leading criminal lawyer; Captain Eccles, a Waterloo officer and father of Henry Eccles; Mr. Boomer, a lawyer, and afterwards police magistrate; Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of the Toronto University; John Sheridan Hogan, lawyer and journalist; Moore Higgins, head of one of the government departments; Mr. Holmes, one of the editors of the "Colonist" newspaper; Charles Donley, proprietor of the "Mirror" newspaper; Dr. Workman, afterwards superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum; Dr. Ross, a prominent physician; Dr. Herrick, a prominent physician; William Kelly, first superintendent of the Penitentiary Reformatory. There were the big Duggan family of many professional members; the father, George Duggan, the county coroner. Those enumerated were mostly Protestant Irish, but not all. Then there were the O'Donohoes, three brothers, auctioneers and business men; the Hayes family, father and four sons; the O'Neills, Terence and Peter; John Shea, John Murphy and the elder O'Keefe, prominent men; and there was the Murphy family of the "Cooper's Arms"; the Cassidys and Mullins, all prominent and well known. Here I must cease my enumeration because I might go on and fill columns. Yet, notwithstanding the presence of all those good men and true, there was no St. Patrick's Day celebration in Toronto in 1850, beyond the religious services! That is something left to wonder at. There would not have been one either on the following St. Patrick's Day only for a young men's organization that was effected in the meantime, which got up a literary entertainment in the Lombard street (then Stanley street) school house. Perhaps Mr. Mathew O'Connor and myself are now the only survivors of that enterprise, and it is something to look back to with a little pride.

Shortly afterwards some of us got up a Young Men's St. Patrick's Society, of which the eloquent Jeremiah O'Neill, a young merchant from Hamilton, was made President. This society got up a parade in which the writer took part, having the late John McKeon, Q.C., for a comrade. Father Lynch, a very eloquent priest of those days of the fifties, preached us a very eloquent sermon in the Cathedral. The Young Men's St. Patrick's Society went out of existence for a while, but was reorganized. I think the new president was

(Continued on page 5.)



The Death of Patrick

Now Patrick's end was come, and fain would he Rest from his labors, for his weary frame Weighted by many years was worn quite With generous toiling in the fields of God, Vigils and fasts and preaching of the Word. Nigh Dunum's Foot he paused one day and sat Surrounded by a chosen company, Disciples all, and chief among the crowd The virgins Brigid and Ethembria, Saints of the Lord. There as he sat he spoke Of Heaven and the wonders of God's love, The splendors of that new Jerusalem Passing the thoughts of man. And as he spoke Looking, they saw within a graveyard near A brilliant light that played like molten fire Above a certain spot; they questioned him And turning where St. Brigid stood alone He ordered her the mystery to explain, When she: the shining vision signifies "That in that spot ere long shall buried lie "The body of a glorious Saint of God." Then sweetly Ethembria: "and his name?" PATRICK, a name the fallen angels dread "Ierne's glory till the end of time, "And would sweet Sister I had brought the shroud "That my own hands have woven for this hour "To wrap his body. Then for that he knew What secret things they said, the Man of God Immediate spoke, "I pray you turn and go "Back to your convent, and the blessed shroud "In haste bring hither, for my end is near; "Feeble my limbs and misty grow mine eyes "Oh, Sister, quick I pray." And Brigid went Returning with the shroud her hands had wove Thro' tears and fasting and a thousand prayers. They journeyed then to Saul, where Patrick died, And after death the blessed shroud embraced His holy limbs—and signs and prodigies Shook all the Isle,—while from his flesh exhaled Celestial fragrance. Twelve long days and nights O'er all the North a flaming lustre shone, And harmonies divine—seraphic harps And chants angelic filled the mourning vales.

—SLIAY-NA-MON.

press" and a Whig politician, who was a very eloquent speaker, and dwelt on the wrongs of Ireland and her late mistresses because so many of her brightest and best sons, such as Mitchel, Meagher, McManus and O'Brien, had recently been transported or imprisoned. There was a cler-

gyman there named Dillon, I think a relation of John Dillon, who made an eloquent and impassioned speech; and another priest, whose name I forget but whose face I have not forgotten. Altogether it was a great occasion and one never to be forgotten by me. Alas! Not one of those men, then so joyful, so brilliant, so inspiring, is among the living in any capacity today. A new set, a new race, has taken their place. But I doubt if the same patriotism, the same ardor, the

same grand desire, animates them. I do not know if the "Sons of Erin," the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," have an existence in Buffalo now. The Mansion House was the leading hotel for such functions in those days. When I saw it a year ago it was a tenantless ruin. But it has left some glories behind it. It was kept by an old German gentleman named Dorsheimer. On the dinner occasion to which I refer some one proposed "the health of Mr. Dorsheimer, Mrs. Dorsheimer,

not yet recovered from the sadness of heart produced by the great famine in Ireland, the emigrant fever here, the exile and imprisonment of so many noble spirits a year or two previously for a rash attempt at revolution, and there was no celebration. There used to be a strong and influential St. Patrick's Society in Toronto in previous years, officered by such men as Robert Baldwin, Robert Sullivan and other men of eminence, but at this time all seemed to be despondent and spiritless, not-

Dineen's Furs . . .

AT END-OF-SEASON PRICES

It stands to reason that at this time of the year Dineen's must be prepared to accept a falling off in trade. And, of course, it is better to sell furs at greatly reduced prices than to carry them over to next season.

Natural Canadian Mink Ties, or Throw-overs, satin lined, regular \$30.00—for \$22.50.

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Grey Squirrel Imperial Shaped Muffs, regular price \$18.00—for \$15.00.

Extra large, very fine, Labrador Mink Stoles, with rolling collar attached, full length to bottom of dress, reg. price \$165—for \$125.00.

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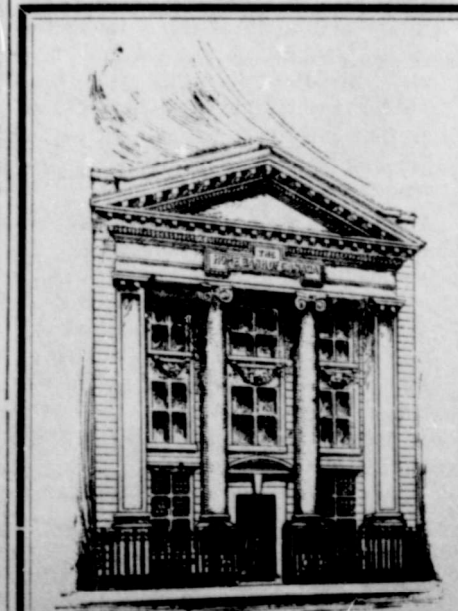
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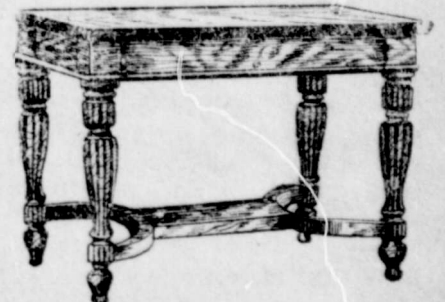
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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Finding himself at this supper, surrounded by faces with which he had been so well acquainted in old times...

not changed, unless it's for the better. They said you were, but I don't see it. You were—you were always very beautiful," said Joe...

"It's been took off!" "By George!" said the Black Lion, striking the table with his hand...

"Remember! But she said nothing. She raised her eyes for an instant. It was but a glance, a little, tearful, timid glance. It kept Joe silent though, for a long time."

CHAPTER XV.

By this Friday night—for it was on Friday in the riot week, that Emma and Dolly were rescued, by the timely aid of Joe and Edward Chester...

On the Thursday, both Houses had adjourned until the following Monday evening, declaring it impossible to pursue their deliberations with the necessary gravity and freedom...



Plain Tips 15c Per Box

lace, and many families, hitherto unable to procure the means of flight, now availed themselves of the calm, and withdrew into the country.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

strength to venture into the open ways, Barnaby sat in his dungeon, wondering at the silence, and listening in vain for the noise and outcry which had ushered in the night of late.

"You hope! Ay, but your hoping will not undo these chains. I hope, but they don't mind that. Grip hopes, but who cares for Grip?"

"The House of Commons, sitting on Tuesday with locked and guarded doors, had passed a resolution to the effect that, as soon as the tumults subsided, it would immediately proceed to consider the petitions presented from many of his majesty's Protestant subjects, and would take the same into its serious consideration."

"On the Thursday, both Houses had adjourned until the following Monday evening, declaring it impossible to pursue their deliberations with the necessary gravity and freedom, while they were surrounded by armed troops."

Yes. And every day. And they would never part again. He joyfully replied that this was well, and what he wished, and what he had felt quite certain she would tell him, and then he asked her where she had been so long, and why she had not come to see him when he was a great soldier, and ran through the wild schemes he had had for their being rich and living prosperously...

All remaining quiet, however, during the whole of this Friday, and on this Friday night, and no new discoveries being made, confidence began to be restored, and the most timid and desponding breathed again. In Southwark, no fewer than three thousand of the inhabitants formed themselves into a watch, and patrolled the streets every hour.

As day deepened into evening, and darkness crept into the nooks and corners of the town as if it were mustering in secret and gathering

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

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"Mother," he said, after a long silence, "how long—how many days and nights—shall I be kept here?"

"You hope! Ay, but your hoping will not undo these chains. I hope, but they don't mind that. Grip hopes, but who cares for Grip?"

"The raven gave a short, dull, melancholy croak. It said 'Nobody,' as plainly as a croak could speak."

"The raven croaked again—'Nobody.' 'And by the way,' said Barnaby, withdrawing his hand from the bird, and laying it upon his mother's arm, as he looked eagerly in her face; 'if they kill me—they may; I heard it said they would—what will become of Grip when I am dead?'"

"Will they take his life as well as mine?" said Barnaby. "I wish they would. If you and I and he could die together, there would be none to feel sorry, or to grieve for us. But do what they will, I don't fear them. They will not harm you."

"Oh! Don't you be too sure of that," cried Barnaby, with a strange pleasure in the belief that she was self-deceived, and in his own sagacity, from the first. I heard then say so to each other when they brought me to this place last night, and I believe them. Don't you cry for me. They said that I was bold, and so I am, and so I will be. You may think that I am silly, but I can die as well as another. I have done no harm, have I?" he added quickly.

"None before Heaven," she answered. "Why, then," said Barnaby, "let them do their worst. You told me once—you when I asked what death meant, that it was nothing to be feared if we did no harm. Ah! mother, you thought I had forgotten that!"

His merry laugh and playful manner smote her to the heart. She drew him closer to her, and besought him to talk to her in whispers, and to be very quiet, for it was getting dark, and their time was short, and she would soon have to leave him for the night.

"Do not ask any one where he is, or speak about him," she made answer. "Why not?" said Barnaby. "Because he is a stern man, and talks roughly? Well! I don't like him, or want to be with him by myself, but why not speak about him?"

"Because I am sorry that he is alive; sorry that he has come back; and sorry that he and you have ever met. Because, dear Barnaby, the endeavor of my life has been to keep you two asunder."

"Father and son asunder! Why?" "He has," she whispered in his ear, "he has shed blood. The time has come when you must know it. He has shed the blood of one who loved him well, and trusted him, and never did him wrong in word or deed."

Barnaby recoiled in horror, and glancing at his stained wrist for an instant, wrapped it, shuddering, in his dress. "But," she added hastily as the key turned in the lock, "and although we shun him, he is your father, dearest, and I am his wretched wife. They seek his life, and he will lose it. It must not be by our means; nay, if we could win him back to penitence, we should be bound to love him yet. Do not seem to know him, except as one who fled with you from the jail, and if they question you about him, do not answer them. God be with you through the night, dear boy! God be with you!"

She tore herself away, and in a few seconds Barnaby was alone. He stood for a long time rooted to the spot, with his face hidden in his hands, then flung himself, sobbing, upon his miserable bed.

But the moon came slowly up in all her gentle glory, and the stars looked out, and through the small compass of the grated window, as through the narrow crevice of one good deed in a murky life of guilt, the face of Heaven shone bright and merciful. He raised his head, gazed upward at the quiet sky, which seemed to smile upon the earth in sadness, as if the night, more thoughtful than the day, looked down in sorrow on the sufferings and evil deeds of men; and felt its peace sink deep into his heart. He, a poor idiot, caged in his narrow cell, was as much lifted up to God, while gazing on the mild light, as the freest and most favored man in all the spacious city; and in his ill-remembered prayer, and in the fragment of the childish hymn, with which he sung and crooned himself asleep, there breathed as true a spirit as ever studied homily expressed, or old cathedral arches echoed.

As his mother crossed a yard on her way out, she saw through a grated door which separated it from another court, her husband, walking round and round, with his hands folded on his breast, and his head hung down. She asked the man who conducted her, if she might speak a word with this prisoner. Yes, but she must be quick, for he was locking up for the night, and there was but a minute or so to spare. Saying this, he unlocked the door, and bade her go in.

He started backward, trembling from head to foot; but seeing who it was, he demanded why she came there. Before she could reply, he spoke again. "Am I to live or die? Do you do murder too, or spare?" "My son—our son," she answered, "is in this prison."

"What is that to me?" he cried, stamping impatiently on the stone pavement. "I know it. He can no more aid me than I can aid him. If you are come to talk of him, begone!"

As he spoke he resumed his walk, and hurried round the court as before. When he came again to where she stood, he stopped, and said: "Am I to live or die? Do you repent?" "Oh!—do you?" she answered. "Will you, while time remains? Do not believe that I could save you, if I dared."

"Say if you would," he answered with an oath, as he tried to disengage himself and pass on. "Say if you would."

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"Listen to me for one moment," she returned; "for but a moment. I am but newly risen from a sick-bed, from which I never hoped to rise again. The best among us think, at such a time, of good intentions half performed and duties left undone. If I have ever since that fatal night, omitted to pray for your repentance before death—if I omitted, even then, anything which might tend to urge it on you when the horror of your crime was fresh—in our later meeting; I yielded to the dread that was upon me, and forgot to fall upon my knees and solemnly adjure you, in the name of him you sent to his account with Heaven, to prepare for the retribution which must come, and which is stealing on you now—I humbly kneel before you, and in the agony of supplication in which you see me, beseech that you will let me make atonement."

"What is the meaning of your entreating words?" he answered roughly. "Speak so that I may understand you."

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The Demon Dyspepsia.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

WHEN THE THUNDER ROLLS.

Excellent authorities agree that in a thunderstorm the middle of a room is much the safest place in a house. A carpeted floor or one covered by a heavy thick rug is better to stand on than bare wood. It is well to keep away from chimneys and out of cellars. In the open air tall trees are dangerous. A person sheltered under a low tree or shrub thirty or forty feet from a large and lofty tree is quite safe. If lightning strikes in the immediate vicinity it will hit the high tree as a rule, with few exceptions. Water is a very good conductor, and it is well to avoid the banks of streams in a violent thunder storm.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Extirpator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Calendar for the month of March 1906, showing days of the month, weeks, and corresponding feast days such as Our Lady of Lourdes, First Sunday of Lent, etc.

VESTMENTS FOR EASTER—LARGEST STOCK IN ONTARIO. W. E. BLAKE, Write for prices. Altar Furnishings 123 Church St., Toronto

.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE PRESS AS A PULPIT.

There is a pulpit existing to-day which did not exist in St. Paul's time. It is not set up in our churches. There is one, it is true, in our churches from which the pastor explains truth and condemns error before some hundreds of pious persons. But outside the church there is another pulpit, from which the layman may make himself heard by a hundred thousand—aye, five hundred thousand—men. This pulpit is the newspaper. I say, then, that St. Paul, were he to return to earth, would certainly occupy it. And I say also that for too long a time we Catholics have been in the wrong by not endeavoring to take possession of it. We have left it to the Socialist, the freethinker and the Freemason. The newspaper has the further advantage that it is an arm of which the enemy cannot deprive us. Suppose you build ten schools, and at the same time found ten journals; what will happen? A Combes will come who will close your schools, but he will not dare to touch your newspapers. Is it not Combes who one day said: "I have swept away 17,000 religious establishments whose dark silhouette was cast on the town halls of our communities?" Ah, if we had 17,000 journals, or even less, well edited and widely read, Combes would not have swept them away; it is they would have swept away Combes and his hand.—Pere Coube, S.J., at the Catholic Congress of Lille.

GROWING OLD.

If one of the objects of our life on earth is that we may gain experience, as some teach nowadays, there is every reason why we should hail advancing age. For with years experience surely comes, and we are that much ahead. When we count our wrinkles and say how d' do to our grey hairs, instead of bemoaning our lessening days, we should rejoice; for have we not had experience? If we have our work to do and have not done it "in the forenoon," we may have to live on and on until our strength is but labor and sorrow. But as growing in years is inevitable, why should we make so vain a moan against it? Our bodies wear out and are cast aside when the Creator wills. And we cannot help ourselves.

But there are alleviations to all unpleasant conditions. We may count our years in middle life or even in old age, and still be young enough to do the work the Creator planned for us, still be young enough to be agreeable and attractive, to make a happy home and retain love and the affection of friends. That part of growing old depends upon ourselves. It is so easy to be lazy. So easy to look upon age and feebleness as synonymous and both as inevitable. And that is surely all in our hands. We can be ninety at that age or we can be sixty. We can be sixty, and look it, too, at sixty, or we can be fifty. I saw a woman of ninety the other day, feeble from being an invalid for at least twenty years, but taking sufficient interest in life to be out shopping. She was buying for herself an embroidered white muslin "robe" dress, and she knew exactly what she wanted and secured it, too. And on the same day I met my old friend and teacher, Miss Susan B. Anthony, who is eighty-six years old. She was walking along Main street as brisk as any other woman and looked years and years younger than her years add up, and all because she has kept

To Enliven the Liver

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Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

There's a need in every home of a medicine that will promptly cure biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. A medicine that by cleansing the filtering and excretory organs will remove all poisonous waste matter, and by so doing prevent fevers, colds and such deadly diseases as dropsy, diabetes and Bright's Disease. No medicine satisfies this need so well as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This is no idle boast, but an absolute fact that is backed up by the testimony of a hundred thousand homes. The reputation of Dr. A. W. Chase as author and physician is the guarantee which first made this great medicine popular. Now it stands on its record of cures—a record which has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the history of medicine. As a treatment for backaches, headaches, indigestion, aching limbs, liver derangements, kidney disorders and constipation, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prompt, thorough and effective. Once their merit is tested they are kept in the house and relied on in cases of emergency. By keeping the liver active and the bowels regular they positively prevent serious disease. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster promptly eradicates pain and may be used on any part of the body.

too busy to grow old. She makes plans and carries them out as though she were fifty, and therefore to-day she is a power. If we all sat down and moaned over our age and failed to plant for the next year because of it, or refuse to do the work allotted us because we might reasonably expect to be dead before any result from our labors could be looked for, the business of the world would be disorganized. We must remember that oft times babies die before their grandmothers.

Many women become middle aged and old, even, simply because they yield to little without discerning their downward tendency. They allow these habits to steal upon them and relapse into a state of physical indolence just when they should fight against this tendency. The best preventives against growing old are exercise, care and cleanliness.

Every woman should be a law unto herself in the matter of exercise. What agrees with one might injure another. Every woman should have good instruction in physical culture, and then she can regulate the amount and kind of exercise well for her. Because I can walk five miles without undue fatigue is no rule for a neighbor who has never done that much in her life. I walked one mile the other day with a well woman some years younger than I, and as a matter of course it was nothing but a pleasure to me, while she puffed and panted and did not get over the exertion for a long time. Go slowly. Take a little exercise each day and be sure and take it correctly. A man showed the strenuous exercises which he takes every morning and night before a party of us the other day. He said that he had increased his height a half inch; but he took the wrong pose and had increased his girth several inches and hardened the muscles of the abdomen until his appearance was injured. Had he done the same work under a little good instruction, he would have been much improved. He was persistent, however, and meant well.

Care is a woman's birthright. The government ought to pension women, just because they are women. Every woman should have good care. If she has no one to bestow it upon her, she will do well to take care of herself. Let her find out what exercise agrees with her, what toilet soap, what system of brushing and washing of her hair, whether hot or cold water is best for her daily bath, how many hours' sleep she needs and then see that she has her rightful care. Let her keep her teeth in order, her skin smooth and attractive, her glossy hair, her muscles well covered with flesh, and she will find that she is not growing old.—Catholic Union and Times.

THE SALT BATH.

An article much used in the bathroom just now is salt. Nearly all physicians recommend its use in some form, with either hot, tepid or cold water, and, in many instances, without any water at all, except just enough to moisten the salt. With some the coarsest salt possible to get, sea salt, preferably, is thrown into the bath water and used as a sort of weak brine; the temperature of the water should be such as is ordinarily used for the bath, and only the best, if any, soap should be used. Another form of use is to complete the scrubbing process, then, taking large handfuls of moist salt, rub the whole body and limbs with this, following the scour with a rinsing off in cool, clear water. This is said to be very strengthening.

Another process is to take a small Turkish towel and dip it into a strong solution of salt and water, wring out and hang in the sunshine until dry; then at night, in your room give your whole body and limbs a "dry-rub" with this dry, salty towel. The same towel may be used several times, then washed out, resalted and dried, and used again.

This is an excellent tonic for the skin, and certainly brings the blood to the surface. These applications of salt are just as good for a well person as for a sick one, and is claimed to be the most refreshing of all baths and rubs ever tried. Its effect upon the skin and complexion is magical. The application is so simple and easy that any one can take these baths at home by simply putting a few pounds of coarse salt into a jar, pour just enough water on it to moisten it well and then, standing in a bath tub, or even on a piece of oilcloth, take up a handful and briskly rub, but not so hard as to "scrape" the skin, over all parts of the body and limbs; then, take a thorough douching, or rinsing off with as cold water as can be comfortably borne, following this with a brisk rubbing.—Exchange.

APPLES A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

"For ten years," said a physician, "I have advocated apples as a cure for drunkenness. In that time I have tried the apple cure on some forty or fifty drunkards, and my success has been most gratifying. "Let any man afflicted with the love of drink eat three or more apples daily and the horrible craving will gradually leave him. The cure will be greatly helped along if he smokes as little as possible. "I know a woman who cured a drunken husband without his knowledge by keeping always a plentiful supply of apples on the dining-room table. The man ate these apples and finally stopped drinking altogether."

CHILDREN'S CORNER

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

Who's afraid in the dark? "Oh, not I," said the owl. And he gave a great scowl, And he wiped his eye And fluffed his jaw—"To whoo!" Said the dog, "I bark Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!" Said the cat, Mew! I'll scratch any one who Dares to say that I do Feel afraid—Mew!" "Afraid," said the mouse, "Of dark in the house? Hear me scatter, Whatever's the matter—Squawk!"

Then the toad in the hole, And the bug in the ground, They both shook their heads And passed the word 'round. And the bird in the tree, And the fish and the bee, They declared, all three, That you never did see One of them afraid In the dark!

But the little boy Who had gone to bed Just raised the bedclothes And covered his head!

RUNAWAY RALPH.

"I won't stay here another minute, so there!" pouted little Ralph Perkins. "There's always something horrid to do next. In the morning I must get up if ever so sleepy, comb my hair, and bother with shoe strings and neckties that are 'most sure to get into knots. It's just the same all day; if grandfather doesn't ask me to do an errand, mother is sure to want the chickens fed, or a basket of apples, or some wood, or something. I'll go where a boy can have a little fun, and I guess every one will miss me." So filling his pockets with ginger cookies and some doughnuts that grandmother was frying, he said: "Good-by, grandmother; I'm going away to find a real jolly place; I'm tired of living on a stupid old farm."

"Good-by, dearie," smiled grandmother, "come back to Thanksgiving dinner and eat some of my pumpkin pie and turkey." "Why-ee!" thought Ralph; "grandmother doesn't care at all; but I guess my mother will be sorry that she made me work so hard." Mother looked surprised when the eager little boy told his story; "Very well, Ralph," she said, as she kept on sewing; "only look out for snakes and spiders and cross dogs; when it gets dark be sure and find a dry place to sleep. Good-by."

"She never even kissed me!" thought Ralph, dolefully. "Better take along some of these apples, my boy," called grandfather from the orchard. "You'll get hungry by and by."

"Ralph's going to run away!" cried his sister Amy. "Oh, goody! Now I can have all the cup custards." "Amy is really glad I'm going," thought Ralph, slamming the gate. "And nobody seems to care much." Running away did not seem such a grand frolic after all.

Just at dusk a tired little fellow crept softly through the hedge of lilacs around the grapevine to the piazza, and made a wild rush for mother's arms.

"I couldn't find a good place to sleep, mother," he sobbed. "There wasn't any fun; folks were cross that lived where I went."

A GOOD REASON.

A little girl of five years went out to a tea party, and during the evening her sash became untied. "Tie my sash, please," she said to her hostess. "Can't you tie it yourself?" asked the lady. "Of course I can't." "Why not?" "Because I'm in front," said the child, surprised at the elder's stupidity.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Nellie," said a mother to her little daughter, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is; she has been quite ill." In a few minutes Nellie came running back and reported:

GIVES TWO REAL GOOD REASONS FOR BELIEVING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY AILMENTS.

Cured his Backache of Twenty-five Years Standing and Satisfied Everyone he Recommended them to

Economy Point, N.S., March 12 (Special).—George S. McLaughlin, of this place, gives two splendid reasons for his belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one remedy for kidney ailments. Here are the two reasons in his own words: "I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more, sometimes so severe that I could not turn myself in bed. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have had no return of the trouble since. "I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to a number of persons who had Kidney Trouble. All who have used them have been benefited or cured." "Dodd's Kidney Pills not only relieve all Kidney Diseases, but Backache to Bright's Disease, but they absolutely cure them. But sometimes where one or two boxes relieve, it takes more to make a complete cure."

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. "Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Consumption, Catarrh and the most deadly of all the 'White Plagues,' Consumption. Many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all these very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. G. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25¢ a bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

"She said to tell you that it was none of your business." "Why, Nellie," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?" "Just what you told me to," replied the little innocent; "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."—M.E.M.

IN BUSINESS.

"Mom," said a little nine-year-old boy, "me an' Billy has started in business. I'm goin' to help pop pay the grocery bills." "What are you and Billy doing?" asked his mother. "We're in the pin business." "Pin business?" came from the puzzled mother. "Yep. We look for pins. When we find enough for a paper of 'em we sell 'em." "How many have you found?" his mother asked. "We just started in business this morning, an' we've found seven already," said the boy.—Kansas City Times.

PETS IN CHINA.

The Chinese children are very fond of pets and are universally kind to them. Birds of various kinds are kept as pets, and it is a common sight to see fine looking, elegant gentlemen taking their birds out for an airing either in cages or perched upon the fingers of their masters. These gentlemen will go to the greatest trouble to catch insects with which to feed them. No family of any position would think of leaving their pets in the city during the hot weather. They accompany the family to the mountains, every one of them, down to the tiniest cricket. Crows are regarded with much favor in China. They are taught cunning tricks and show a great deal of intelligence. Pigeons have bamboo whistles fastened to their feathers so they make mysterious noises as they fly. Cats are taught to live in bird houses to protect the birds from rats.

What seems the queerest pet to us is the cricket. The insect belongs to boys, although many grown-ups keep them as well. They are carefully fed, provided with water and kept in pretty bamboo cages. The ladies like them for their cheerful chirps, and it is not pleasant to tell that the boys and men keep them for fighting. Cricket fights take place in tubs. The insects when victorious in several fights are regarded with great honor. They have special names, and when at last they die they are buried with solemn rites in coffins of solid silver.

THE CITY'S GUEST.

Though he's nothing but a fellow With an empty little head, Yet the bravest shake and shiver When his simple name is read.

He's so delicate and shrinking That they keep him under glass, Yet he gives cold feet and trembles To the folks who chance to pass.

Every paper gives him notice When he comes here, in a trice; Greater names may go unmentioned, He's the one who cuts the ice.

All the old folks, growing jealous, Join to kick him when he's down, While the young ones half the visit Mr. Zero pays to town. —McLanburg Wilson.

A PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

The happiest home I know is one that is comfortable and tastefully but not luxuriously furnished, where the boys have their corner and plenty of places to put things, and where they can invite their friends. A part of their bedroom is fitted up in winter as a shop, where they can enjoy themselves without fear of spoiling or breaking things. They are the envy and their mother is the admiration of their boy friends, all of whom say they like to visit here better than any place else. The home is not as showy as many another, but from its door will issue men that will be nobler, gentler, better men for the kindly interest and thoughtfulness of the mother's love that could make "a place for the boys."

RAGGLES.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself. He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said: "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in just as if it were his home. Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long, tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His lustrous brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the schoolhouse, which was two miles away, then tie up his bride and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the schoolhouse.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.—J. E. Stephens.

SHAKESPEARE IN A HURRY

The following good story has been told of Edwin Booth: Once, during the days of his early struggles, Booth was "barn storming" down in Virginia, at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice" and they were just going on for the trial scene when

they heard a whistle, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived, and would leave again in ten minutes. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away they were in a terrible quandary.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up some sort of natural-like impromptu ending for the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here," and he hurried away to get the luggage aboard.

"Ned, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through all right. So, when old George Ruggles—who was doing Shylock—began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him and solemnly said:

"You are bound to have the flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life!" said Ruggles. "Now, I'll make you one more offer," continues Booth. "In addition to this big bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun and two of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blarmed if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco raisers and coon hunters to a man.

"And to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginian reel."

When they got on board the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked: "I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blarmed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."

AN ASSISTANT NURSE.

Along the sunny children's ward Sweet Gretchen wheels her chair; A little maid with eyes of blue And braided flaxen hair. The doctors say she cannot walk For many a weary day, But Gretchen's face is like the sun For driving clouds away.

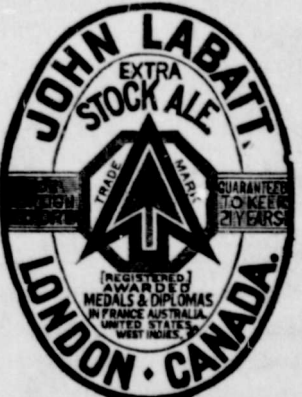
She knows a hundred funny rhymes, And games, and scraps of song, To help the children through the days When hours are dull and long. She takes the lame ones in her lap And wheels them down the hall; The doctors smile to see her face, And Gretchen loves them all.

She waits at evening by the beds Where homesick babies lie, And hears them when they say their prayers And tells them not to cry. She tucks the sheets about them close, With kisses for them all, Wiping her own eyes bravely lest The homesick tears should fall.

Day after day, along the rows Of little cots all white Sweet Gretchen sings and wheels her chair, And makes the whole room bright With living sunshine, dearer far Than gold from any purse, And so the doctors call her now Their First Assistant Nurse. —Charity Leader.

APPRECIATION OF THE JAPANESE.

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



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TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1906.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

On Saturday next the entire Christian world will honor the day devoted by custom and tradition to commemorating the works, life and death of Saint Patrick, Patron of Ireland and Apostle of Christianity to the nation.

Each wind that passed me whispered, "Lo, that race which trod thee down, "Requite with good their ill!"

And how well he obeyed that whisper is known to even the most illiterate child of the little Isle which now claims him for her own, and his care and love are repaid by the undying gratitude of a people who through sunshine, yea, and through many tears have ever clung to St. Patrick and his teachings, even as the mariner clings to the anchor upon which all his hopes are cast.

Be true; for God hath graved on thee His name. God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee; God on a throne divine hath established thee— Light of a darkling world! Lamp of the North!

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

It came as a great surprise in despatches from Paris, dated March 7th, that the French Cabinet was defeated and had resigned. The question upon which the adverse vote was given was the Government's application regarding the taking of the inventories of Church property.

many places with active organized prevention. What is more gratifying and hopeful about the situation is that the clergy have not been in any way connected with this stand.

Mr. Sarrien has formed a government with little change of policy and no increase of strength. In the meantime the European neighbors have made for peace by plainly giving the German Emperor to understand that he must leave France alone.

HON. R. LEMIEUX HONORED.

Hon. R. Lemieux, Solicitor-General, has just been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. This, the highest order of merit in the gift of the French Government, is never bestowed except for undoubted and exceptional services of a civil or military order.

CATHOLIC COURAGE.

The battle in England thickens. Catholics are rallying with all the force possible from their numbers, the justice of their cause and the determined energies of conviction. It is no mere clerical standard unfurled, it is the stern demand of earnest Catholic parents.

It came as a great surprise in despatches from Paris, dated March 7th, that the French Cabinet was defeated and had resigned. The question upon which the adverse vote was given was the Government's application regarding the taking of the inventories of Church property.

break a bone of it. Mr. Watts, in order to convince the government that this is the view of the Catholic laity throughout the country, suggests that each Catholic write to the President of the Board of Education that he wishes his children to attend a school recognized by his Bishop as a Catholic school and no other.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

A dark cloud of mourning rose suddenly and settled upon the land as the wires flashed the news on Saturday that Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax had died the night before.

Surrounded by his companions in religion, who intoned the prayers for the dying, while the plaintive sighing of the restless wind seemed like the chanting of a sad, sweet solemn miserere, Rev. Father John J. Costello, a member of the Community of St. Basil of this city, died this morning at Providence sanitarium, dissolution occurring at 7.05 o'clock.

Characterized by the solemnity with which every ceremonial of the Catholic church is invested, the funeral of Rev. Father J. J. Costello, announcement of whose death was recorded in the Times-Herald yesterday, took place from the Church of the Assumption this morning.

Every vestige of decoration had been removed from the altar, and the sable trappings of mourning were entwined around the candlesticks containing the gleaming tapers.

At the appointed time, the local and visiting clergy entered the sanctuary, after which began the recitation of the office for the dead. Those taking part in this ceremony were: Rev. P. J. Clancy, hebdomadarius; Revs. P. Bienemann, J. M. Hayes, P. J. Clancy, lecturers; Revs. P. J. Clancy, J. Pelnar, P. Bienemann, J. Sullivan and R. Drohan, cantors.

Immediately after the mass, the clergy took their places on either side of the casket. When the customary prayers were concluded, holy water was sprinkled over the body, after which the absolution was pronounced by the celebrant, Rev. M. J. Ryan.

Private services for the students and faculty were given in the college chapel at 6.30 a.m. The remains were then brought to the Church of the Assumption, where they lay in state for one hour.

Watching out for the hallowed shore, all other attractions scoring, Oh, Ireland, can't you hear me shout? I bid you the top of the morning.

See, see, upon Clema's shelving strand the surges are grandly heaving, And Kerry is pushing her headlands out to give us a kindly greeting.

Now fuller and truer the coast line shows; was ever a scene more splendid? I feel the breath of the Munster breeze; thank God that my exile's ended!

The Waco Press on Rev. Father Costello

Accounts of the last days of Rev. Father Costello, and testimony to the affection and high esteem in which he was held amongst the people with whom those last days were spent, will doubtless prove matter of deep interest for many of our readers.

Visiting and local clergy were chosen for the pall-bearers as follows: Rev. Father Roche, C.S.B., Houston; Rev. J. Pelnar, West; Rev. P. J. Clancy, Waco; Rev. J. Sullivan, C.S.B., Waco; Rev. R. Drohan, C.S.B., La Porte.

When the Catholic burying grounds were reached the prayers used or such an occasion were intoned by the visiting clergy, the last absolution being given by Very Rev. J. M. Hayes of Dallas.

The priests taking part in the obsequies this morning were: Very Rev. J. M. Hayes, rector of the Sacred Heart cathedral, Dallas; Rev. P. Bienemann, Taylor; Rev. J. Pelnar, West; Rev. Father Roche, C.S.B., president of St. Thomas' College, Houston; Rev. Father Pickett, C.S.B., La Porte, and Revs. P. J. Clancy, F. Forster, J. Sullivan, M. J. Ryan, Burke and R. Drohan, the last five named being connected with St. Basil's College, this city.

Most touching, indeed, was the instrumental rendition of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which echoed softly through the church as the body was being carried out of the edifice.

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May he rest in peace.

Dawn on the Coast of Ireland

Oh ma' anam Le'Dia, but there it is, the dawn on the coast of Ireland; God's angels lifting the night's black veil from the fair, sweet face of my Sire Land.

Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look, like a bride in your rich adorning? And with all the pent-up love of my heart I bid you the top of the morning.

Oh, kindly generous, Irish land, so leal, so fair, so loving, No wonder the wandering Celt should pause and dream of thee in his roving!

The Western home may have gems and gold; shadows may never have gloomed it, But the heart will fly to that absent land, where the lovelight first illumined it.

For 'tis many a year since I began the life of a Western rover.

For thirty years, ashore machree, those hills I now feast my eyes on, Ne'er met my vision save when they rose o'er memory's a, a horizon; Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed in the landscape spread before me;

But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would open to find Texas skies still o'er me.

Now fuller and truer the coast line shows; was ever a scene more splendid? I feel the breath of the Munster breeze; thank God that my exile's ended!

Old scenes, old homes, old friends again!

Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts, I bid you the top of the morning!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, commenting once upon the trials of Job, remarked that the only proper place to have a boil was between "John" and "O'Reilly."

During the week many visitors have enjoyed the wonderful exhibition of skill by the champion lady typist of the world, Miss Rose Fritz, who was sent from New York to our school for special instructions in preparation for the world's championship contest.

9 Adelaide Street East TORONTO

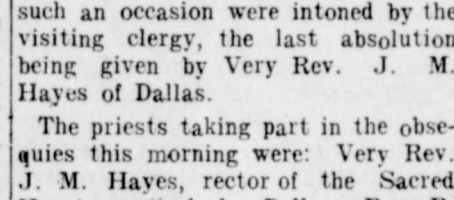
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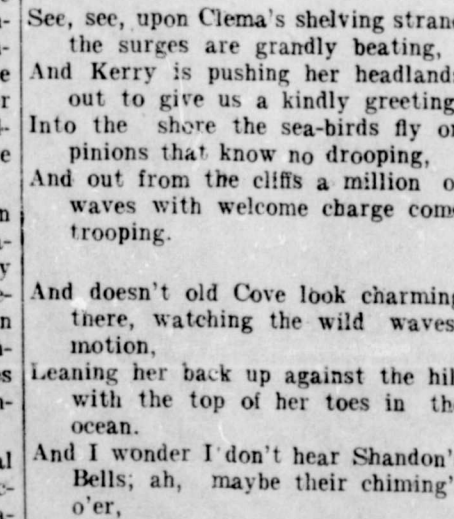
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MARRIED

WHEELAN—McCUSKER—At Regina On Feb. 21, 1906, in St. Mary's church, by the Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., James Edward Wheelan, formerly of Toronto, to Annetta McCusker, formerly of Ottawa.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMES

(Continued from page 1.)

the late Senator Donahoe. It met in a hotel on Colborne street until the hall in the east wing of St. Lawrence Hall was leased and emblazoned with a sign in gold and green, "Young Men's St. Patrick's Society," and I believe is now utilized by "The Ancient Order of Hibernians." The "Hibernian Benevolent Society" was organized after this, but the two were somewhat antagonistic. They paraded on St. Patrick's Day, 1859, and made a fine turn-out. It was on this occasion that a young man named Matthew Sheedy was killed with a pitchfork in a lane north of Colborne street by a man in the employ of one Lennox, who kept a tavern, his only offence being the wearing of a green badge. The funeral cortege that followed young Sheedy's remains to the grave the following Sunday was the largest I ever saw. The people met at old St. Paul's church, in the afternoon and proceeded ten wide up King street and Church street to the Cathedral, where religious services were held, and thence to St. Michael's cemetery. Unfortunately the condition of the times were such that the people were prepared for an attack from a hostile quarter, but none was made.

This was the time of Thomas McGee's first parliamentary session in Toronto, and he was one of our celebrants. A banquet was given at Mrs. Malachy O'Donahoe's hotel that night on Colborne street, at which he was present, and made a grand address suitable for the occasion. But about 9 o'clock there was a show of Orange hostility, and before long bricks began to tumble in at the windows and the guests had to crowd to quarters where they would find protection; but no one was seriously injured.

Early in the sixties the old St. Patrick's Society, with Protestants and Catholics united, was reorganized with Col. D. K. Feehan, a Catholic, chosen as president. It gave a banquet in George Platt's Hotel, east market square, and good results were expected from it. Among the members were John George Bowes, former mayor; George L. Allan, the jailor; John Blewins, James Hallinan and others, who were anxious to conciliate and unite orange, green and neutral. Mr. Feehan was my personal friend, and I attended the banquet. At the president's right sat Rev. Dr. John McCaul, the President of the University, and at his left I think was Geo. Boomer, a leading attorney and a popular Irish Protestant in those days, who was not an Orangeman. My own name was down for a response to a toast, which was "The Irish Race at Home and Abroad." Allen was there with an Orange following. Dr. McCaul spoke and spoke beautifully, for he was a master of rhetoric; others also spoke. At last my turn came. I had taken a good deal of pains to prepare my speech and I took a little pride in it. I made the mistake, however, of undertaking to read my speech from the manuscript. I soon saw this was used as a pretext to interrupt me, and the interruption soon grew to a suppression. In consequence it did not take long to break up that conciliatory dinner party, and I guess that was what Allen and his crowd of young Orangemen were there for. Adam Wilson, afterwards chief justice, was then mayor of the city, and a man named Robinson, a giant in size and a Samson in strength, was chief of police. While I was arguing the interruption with one of the diners, but peaceably and orderly, this man Robinson put his arm around my body, carried me out and planted me on the sidewalk, the same as if I were a baby instead of a man weighing nearly two hundred pounds. Why he did this I do not know, unless it was to please the other crowd. Mayor Wilson was my friend and I went to his office next day and related the circumstance to him, but I don't think he ever said anything to Robinson about it. There is one thing I am sure of; I was not under the influence of liquor, because I was a teetotaler. I think Mr. D. K. Feehan saw by that matter that it was useless to endeavor to work harmoniously with that kind of people, and it was the last of the efforts. I then got my speech printed and circulated in pamphlet form and I had the satisfaction of seeing every one that was printed sold, and there are people who yet talk to me about it, or did quite recently, but I have not had a copy of that remarkable brochure by me for many a day. I did not see Allen the jailor again until one day I walked into his hospitable house of detention and confinement at the head of a grand jury to make the usual inspection, and when the Grand Master, as he was, behaved as politely and agreeably as such a functionary could behave himself.

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

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J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West, Toronto

Death of Archbishop O'Brien

His Grace Archbishop Cornelius O'Brien of Halifax died suddenly on Friday, the 9th inst. For the past few years the late prelate had suffered from a severe bodily affliction, but none thought that the disease would prove fatal so quickly. Apoplexy, and not the affection of the kidneys which had of late troubled him, in the end proved fatal.

At eleven o'clock His Grace was found dead in bed by his niece whom he had asked to go for a glass of water. Some little time before he retired after his physician had prescribed for what was diagnosed as a slight attack of indigestion. The end came suddenly and apparently without a pang.

Archbishop O'Brien was the son of a Wexford County father, and a mother, whose birth-place was Cork, Ireland. He was born near New Glasgow, P.E. Island, May 9, 1843. He commenced his school education under Robert Laird, an elder brother of Hon. David Laird. He afterwards attended school at Rustico, P. E. Island, principally to learn French, and began the battle of life as a clerk in a mercantile establishment at Summerside. When 19 years of age he realized what had long been his strongest desire of entering St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, to study for the priesthood. After two years he became a student at the College of the Propaganda, Rome. There he carried off the gold medal for excellence and graduated Doctor of Divinity and Philosophy. In 1871 he was ordained to the priesthood and returning to Prince Edward Island, was for two years a professor and prefect of studies in St. Dunstan's. In October, 1873, he was appointed principal priest at the cathedral in Charlottetown, but his health giving way, he was sent to Indian River, where he remained for eight years. In 1880 he accompanied the late Bishop McIntyre to Rome, as secretary, and in the following year paid a second visit to the Eternal City with the late Archbishop Hannan, at his special request.

On the demise of the latter prelate Dr. O'Brien was appointed to succeed him as fourth archbishop of Halifax. He was nominated December 2, 1882, and his consecration took place at St. Mary's cathedral January 21, 1882. After his appointment he showed the greatest activity in the work of the diocese, a large number of churches, schools and glebe houses having arisen through his instrumentality. During his first year of office he commenced the erection of St. Patrick's church, which was completed at a cost of \$75,000.

Subsequently he revived St. Patrick's Home, founded the Victoria Infirmary and the Catholic Orphanage, purchased an archiepiscopal residence, established several colonies of nuns, and carried out certain costly and needed repairs on St. Mary's cathedral. The same signs of activity and improvement were observable everywhere throughout his extensive diocese.

In 1897 he took steps for the establishment of a Catholic university in Halifax, under the management of the Jesuits or the Benedictines. His Grace's literary efforts kept pace with his other work. To many fugitive poems, essays and articles contributed from time to time to the periodical press, he added works of lasting interest and merit. Of these the principal are:

- Philosophy and the Bible Vindicated (1876). Mater Admirabiles (1882). After Weary Years, a novel. Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr (1887). Aminta, a modern life drama (1890). Memories of Bishop Burke (1894).

The archbishop was an office bearer in the Imperial Federation League, and later a president of Nova Scotia of the British Empire League in Canada. He was a man who thought much and deeply, and above all, independently, upon a great variety of subjects. He had one of the most lovable, kindly, and refined personalities.

I remember attending another St. Patrick's Day banquet held in McConeky's, but what society gave it passes my recollection. It was during the last session of parliament in Toronto, and among those present I remember the Hon. Louis H. Drummond of Montreal, an Irish Roman Catholic; Hon. Dr. Connor of Toronto, I believe then in the Government too, and Hon. Michael Hamilton Foley, also a cabinet minister. There was also present that I recollect, Mr. John Donahoe of Toronto, afterwards an M.P., and subsequently a Dominion Senator. I remember some of the things those gentlemen said, but I have not room for them here. There was also present an Irish Methodist clergyman named Donaldson who made a speech full of interesting statistics about what Irishmen had done and were doing. A son of this minister was some years ago employed by me in Chicago as a reporter, and became my successor in business.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada.

36th Annual Statement for the Year 1905.

Table with columns for INCOME, DISBURSEMENTS, ASSETS, and LIABILITIES. Includes figures for Premiums, Interest and Rents, Profit from Sale of Real Estate, and various asset and liability categories.

Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, \$1,261,906.00. GAINS IN 1905. In Income \$231,210 01. In Assets 1,075,561 70. In Surplus (Company's Standard) \$179,928 25. Insurance in force 3,720,984 00.

Audited and found correct. Waterloo, Feb. 1st, 1906. J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor. GEO. WEGENAST, Manager.

In moving the adoption of the report the President, Mr. Robert Melvin, said:— The amount of new business written in 1905, viz., \$6,014,576, is the largest in our history, and this, it must be remembered, is all Canadian business except \$65,000 written in Newfoundland. We are more strongly of the opinion now than ever before that good Canadian business is vastly preferable to foreign, and that it can be secured at much less cost. The recent investigation in New York disclosed sufficient evidence of this, and one of the reforms now being introduced is the discontinuance of such business in many countries. We are gratified at the amount of business that our Agents were able to secure in spite of public criticism of life insurance, and we are justified in believing this to be an evidence of the fact that the Mutual Life of Canada continues to merit the confidence of the Canadian insuring public. It is noteworthy also to mention that our lapses are less than in the previous year, and the amount of insurance gained is the largest in our history.

Our Income last year approached closely to Two Million dollars. Perhaps the Company's growth can best be judged by comparing its income of last year with those of the preceding decennial years.

Table showing income for 1875, 1885, 1895, and 1905. 1875 total income was \$29,593. 1885 total income was 270,897. 1895 total income was 736,079. 1905 total income was 1,955,068.

With regard to the payments to policy-holders, I might say that the mortality for the year was again exceedingly favorable, being only 40 per cent. of the amount expected. We have been able to continue the distribution of surplus to policy-holders upon the same scale as in past years. The amount paid last year was \$87,927, and the amount that we have added to our general surplus was \$179,928. The ratio of expense to income was 17.8 per cent. as compared with 17.4 per cent. in 1904. This additional expenditure arose primarily from the increased amount of new business, as well as from Government taxation. The last mentioned item of expenditure is becoming a serious one, for not only do several of the provinces in Canada impose a tax of 1 per cent. upon the premium income, but certain cities and towns levy a special tax. These taxes are becoming very burdensome, and we consider it our duty to call the attention of our policy-holders to it. As the premium income increases, this tax also increases, and over this, of course, we have no control. It would afford me much pleasure if I were able to tell you that it is within our power to reduce the Company's general expenses to any material extent. I regret, however, that this is not possible under present conditions. There can be no doubt that the expense of conducting the business of life insurance is higher than it should be, but until the present intense competition ceases there is little hope of making any improvement in this respect. Excessive competition leads to rebating, and herein lies the greatest abuse in regard to securing new business. If measures can be enforced to abolish rebating I am firmly convinced that the cost of new business will be very largely reduced.

I desire on this occasion to refer especially to our Assets, and to the policy of the Company with regard to the investment of its funds. As will be seen from our Financial Statement, our Assets consist almost entirely of Mortgages on Real Estate, Municipal Debentures and Bonds, and Loans on Our Own Policies. We have not now, and have never had any investment of a speculative nature. Within the past year there are no losses made on investments, and so far as we are aware, there are none anticipated. We have never suffered the loss of one cent on our Bonds, and we have not a single investment of this kind to-day that is not worth all that it cost, while the majority of them have appreciated considerably in value. We have no difficulty whatever in finding investments for our income, and during the past year the demand for money has been more than usually active, both on municipal bonds and for mortgage loans. We have not found it either necessary or thought it wise to invest any of our funds outside of the Dominion, and we see no reason why under present conditions, we should not be able to continue to find safe and remunerative employment of our funds at home. Attractive propositions are frequently made to us for the purchase of bonds of enterprises in Mexico, Central America, Cuba and elsewhere, in connection with which large bonuses are offered in the form of paid-up stock. Such enterprises may possibly realize the expectations of the promoters and prove to be profitable to the investor, but in my opinion they should not form a part of life companies' assets. Life insurance funds are essentially trust funds, and I venture to say that if an expression of opinion could be secured from our policy-holders, the course which we have pursued would meet with unanimous approval. Any bond or debenture that is made attractive by or that can be sold only with a bonus in the form of paid-up stock is not in my judgment of a sufficiently high standard to qualify as a trust fund investment. I wish also to point out that we have never bought any securities with the object of selling them and making a profit upon them. Such transactions seem to me to be outside of the legitimate sphere of life insurance. If securities are good and command an increased price in the market, they are on that account more attractive for us to hold. No security that I am aware of has ever been purchased in which any member of the Board had a direct or indirect interest, and moreover, we have no special Finance Committee on which the duty of investing the funds devolves. All investments are made with the approval of the Board and Executive, which meet alternately on the second and fourth Thursday of every month. At these meetings all new investments are submitted and are carefully scrutinized by myself and the manager, and they are accepted or rejected on their merits, with the unanimous approval of the Board. Any investment offered, to which objection is made by any member of the Board is refused.

In seconding the adoption of the report Mr. Alfred Hoskin, K.C., Vice-President, said:— Life insurance companies at present occupy a prominent position before the public, and some efforts have been made towards discrediting their management. We can only speak of our own Company, and have no desire to express an opinion as to any other.

Cost of management and the nature of investments have been the principal objects of attack. In both respects I think we can take credit to ourselves. Our expenses for the past year have been about 17 per cent. upon the gross income. I have made enquiries and find that the ratio of expense of loan companies is from 15 to 20 per cent. upon the gross income. Included in our expenditure is a large amount paid to the several Provincial Governments of the Dominion, and to certain of the several municipalities as a tax. On nearly every loan made on mortgage the usual commission (which is paid by all investment companies) of one per cent. upon the principal lent has to be paid. Doctors' fees for examination, rents of offices where the Company carries on business, advertising and other similar charges of necessity have every year to be met.

Table showing the report of the Government Inspector showing the percentage each bears to the whole. Mortgages 45.88 per cent. of Assets. Debentures and First Mortgage Bonds 34.91 per cent. of Assets. Loans on Policies 10.94 per cent. of Assets. Deferred Premiums 2.93 per cent. of Assets. Interest Accrued 1.91 per cent. of Assets. Cash on Hand and in Banks 2.82 per cent. of Assets. Real Estate .61 per cent. of Asset.

Total Assets \$9,296,092 15 100.00 per cent. I venture to say that no policy-holder can take exception to the class of securities in which his money is invested. I call attention to the several real estate—61-100 of one per cent. Considerable portion of this is held for sale, and all is income-producing. The item of interest and rents, 17.1 per cent., was not all due at the end of the year, but the portion of the interest which has accrued up to the end of the year is included in the above item, although it may not be payable for months afterwards. This shows that the Income from the Company's investments is well met.

The above details show, I venture to say, that this Company need have no fear as to the result of the investigation which it has been deemed advisable to have of life companies. At this juncture it may be interesting to

the policy-holders, and particularly those who are not present to-day, if a short statement is made of the manner in which your Directors invest the funds of the Company. Every security, whether a mortgage or a debenture, is submitted to the Board of the Executive Committee, which meet alternately, and is gone into fully, upon its merits. Every year each and every security is handled and inspected by the Auditor, and each year the Executive Committee handles and inspects every security, and compares the same with the entries thereof made in the books of the Company, and thus every year is prominently brought to the notice and knowledge of the Board how the Company's money is invested.

As to the expenditure, every item paid out is checked by the Executive Committee, and thus track is kept of the expenditure, and of the several items forming the same.

I think this shows that a careful scrutiny over the affairs of the Company is kept by your Directors.

The various reports having been adopted, the retiring directors, Robert Melvin, Sir P. W. Borden, W. J. Kidd, B.A., and Wm. Snider, were unanimously re-elected. After a number of able and thoughtful addresses had been made by members of the Board, prominent policy-holders and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. Robert Melvin, President; Mr. Alfred Hoskin, K.C., First Vice-President, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, Second Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year. (Books containing full report, comprising lists of death and endowment claims paid, of securities held, and other interesting and instructive particulars, are being issued, and will in due course be distributed among policy-holders and intending insureds.)

Waterloo, March 1st, 1906. W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

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DRUGS At Wholesale Prices REG. PRICE OUR PRICE Doan's Kidney Pills 50c. 35c. Little Liver Pills 50c. 35c. Belladonna Porous Plaster 25c. 15c. Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills 25c. 15c. 4 qt. Fountain Syringe 1.25 75c. N. Y. Elastic Truss 1.50 95c. Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills 1.00 50c.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Special One-Way Rates To Billings, Mont., Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Nelson, Rossland, Vancouver, Portland, Ore., San Francisco. The Short Line to Cuba Leave home Thursday p.m., arriving in Havana, Cuba, early Monday morning. Direct connection. Tourist rates in effect.

Mantels, Grates and Fire Place Fittings also Floor and Wall Tiles

THE O'KEEFE Mantel & Tile Co. 97 Yonge St. Gerhard Heintzman Building.

Luxfer Prisms For more light. Ornamental Windows For beautifying the Home. Memorial Windows For decorating the Church.

Catholic Boarding House For spring and summer holidays nice rooms and good board. Daniel J. Cunningham, Gravenhurst, Ont.

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

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION 59 Yonge St., Toronto

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

CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE THIS IS THE TIME TO ORGANIZE A BRASS BAND LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED. EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND. Write us for anything in either music or musical instruments. WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd. 386 MAIN ST. 128 YONGE ST. Toronto, Ont.

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a cold. Cure the cold and the cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the cold won't come back is to use

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

"Chilly Con Carney"

His surname was Carney and his Christian name Cornelius, shortened to Con, and he was the most unpopular man in that part of the country, and he didn't care who knew it.

It was a local wit returned from America—a "Yankee," as they call that class of people—who first termed him Chilly Con Carney, and then he was sorry for having done so, not so much on Mr. Carney's account as for the time and trouble he had to take in explaining. For his explanation was usually considered lame and impotent and his sense of humor gravely defective. Glenree learned for the first time that chile con carne was a popular Mexican dish, consisting of meat garnished with hot and peppery condiments. But how could anything be chilly and hot at the same time? Con Carney was chilly enough to be sure, and cold blooded and miserly, but what has that got to do with hot Mexican dishes? It was a foolish joke entirely. Bah, umyah ommadhahn!

The punster, fresh from the States, fearfully and scathingly berated the obtuseness or assumed obtuseness of the natives of Glenree. He was drifting from despondency into melancholia, when to his rescue came an angel in the shape of an American tourist, whom, after some conversation in the presence of a few of the obtuse ones, he directed to where he might obtain that pleasant New World viand, chile con carne.

"Say, old man, that's a mighty good local joke of yours," said the tourist, when he came back, flushed and laughing nervously, from Mr. Carney's house, "but it's a kind of dangerous one. When I told him what I wanted, the old guy looked as if he'd eat me up; but when he told me his name I saw the josh I was up against. So that's the kind of chile con carne you have in these parts! It's a prime joke, by thunder—ba, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the group, their appreciation at length aroused.

Thenceforth for a time it was hazardous for any American tourist, particularly one with a home banking for chile con carne, to visit Glenree; for it became not only a local joke, but a local act of vengeance to direct him on that particular quest to the dwelling of Con Carney, and then to witness the angry altercation and sometimes even the personal encounter that ensued, when everybody hoped that the amazed and assaulted "Yankee" would give the irate old hand-clubber the trouncing of his life. For Chilly Con waxed hot and fiery under this unique form of boycotting which the police were unable to stop and even the parish priest protested against in vain.

"Travelin' gintlemin with a taste for that furn food, chile con carne—that's the kind, long life to them! That's always welcome in Glenree," was the prevailing local sentiment.

Ambitious, persevering, unremembered of scurvy, Mr. Carney had a knack of getting anything upon which he had laid the eye of desire. The amalgamated farms which he held betokened that the farms from which tenants had been evicted for non-payment of rack rents, and that he had taken in scornful, silent defiance of Land League and National League and United League, who variously boycotted, denounced, and burned him in effigy. He had long been a grim and retiring bachelor, keeping a cheerless and inhospitable bachelor's hall. But now a new and strange longing glowed in his rugged bosom. He wanted a wife to tend him and his home, and maybe help with the stock. She would have

to be young and good and pretty, and she would need to have money—the more the better. With his usual judgment and tenacity of purpose, and adamant confidence in himself, he started out to find a girl to suit his domestic programme. And he had found her, and everything was arranged to his satisfaction, at least, one fine Saturday night.

That was the very night Charlie Tierney came to Glenree, his native place, on a vacation trip from the States.

To catch his folks napping, to burst in upon them unexpectedly and enjoy their surprise and delight at his coming, that was his darling plan. And that was why, leaving his traps at the post office, he slipped across the fields and slyly opened the back door of the ancestral cottage. A pleasant culinary aroma greeted him.

"God save all here! My, what a smell of spices! Eh—a turkey, and a goose, and chickens galore, and beef and bacon, and Sibbie Hefferon feeding a currant loaf big enough to feed a company of the Black Militia! Come now, this is too bad. I thought to take you by surprise, and somebody has given me clean away. Who told you I was coming home this evening?"

"Why, nobody told us, Charlie," replied his mother, when the first warm greetings were over.

"But why those preparations for a big banquet, then?" he asked, in affected chagrin; "I thought it was a fatted calf for myself, being the only son, prodigal or otherwise, in the family."

"It's not a fatted calf for a returning son, Charlie," sadly said his sister Annie, who was busy ironing table linen; "it's funeral baked meats for a departing daughter."

"Lord save us!" exclaimed the young man tentatively, becoming suddenly conscious of an atmosphere of domestic depression.

Then Sibbie Hefferon, the ancient retainer, impressively raised a robust arm covered with adhering dough and looking like a piece of sculptor's work in the rough.

"Master Charlie, your father has turned his old iron hand to match-making, and he's going to make a marriage of a kind that was never made in heaven. Your brother-in-law is to be Chilly Con Carney."

The young man started in amazement and anger.

"That fishy-eyed miser, that yellow-fanged wolf down the river, that hypocritical, hatchet-faced, slab-sided incarnation of everything mean, a greedy landgrabber and gombeen man—or loan shark, as we call him in the States. In heaven's name Annie, my girl, whatever tempted you to accept that parchment-covered rascal old enough to be your father, ay, or your grandfather? I thought my friend Fred Beamish, who owns the farm next ours, was—"

"Your friend Fred Beamish was insulted and ordered out of this house a week ago because his holding is less than half as big as that of Chilly Con Carney, my destined husband," said Annie bitterly, between her tears. "As for me, I have been according to the ancient custom, the unwritten law, allowed no voice at all in the transaction. I am as a Circassian slave girl in the Turkish slave market—and the bargain has been made."

"Don't talk that way, avourneen," pleaded her mother.

"Ay, don't talk that way, avourneen," sarcastically echoed the privileged old servant, "sure, there's no use or sense in your frettin' yourself now, with everything ready for the wedding! The piper is engaged, and the fiddlers. Father Pat is noticed for the marriage. All your far and near relations that aren't gone to America will be here to-morrow, and big and hearty is the dinner we're gettin' ready for them. The Durkaad are coming from Ballysokeery, and the Gallaghers from Killala, and the Planagans from Crossmolina, and we will have great doin's entirely. Och, 'twill be a fine weddin'—lots of kind and lovin' friends to eat and drink and dance and wish you joy, and then off you go with that fluke-eyed old fellow."

"Don't be discouraging her, Sibbie," said Mrs. Tierney severely. "Things are bad enough without making them worse."

"'Tis sorry I'd be to discourage her, ma'am," replied the equivocal Sibbie. "Many is the girl who would like to be a Miss Annie's shoes to-morrow, for Mr. Carney has money, and Mr. Carney has land—not sayin' how he got it—and Mr. Carney is purty cold, and in course of nature, not wishin' anybody any harm, Miss Annie ought to soon bury Mr. Carney."

"Sure, it's a woman of my age he had a right to take," she continued reflectively; "and if it was me, I'd very soon bury him!"

Charlie Tierney had been doing some thinking and planning. "When you don't like this fellow, Annie—and it would be unnatural if you did—why don't you refuse to marry him?"

"You know very well, Charlie," replied his sister, "that there would then be no living for me in the same house with my father."

"Well, you don't have to stay here if you don't like. Just put down your foot, pack up your things, and come away with me to America, where those ancient, fossilized, mildewed ideas of matchmaking and parental power don't go."

But Annie shook her head. She was an old-fashioned Irish country girl, with old-fashioned Irish country notions of filial obedience. The long inherited instinct of submission with regard to the selection of a life partner was strong within her, and though her nature protested, it feared to revolt. She tried to console herself with the thought that matches made by the "old people" seldom proved unhappy.

Besides, in marrying Mr. Carney, she would remain in her parents' holdings, adjoining theirs further down the right bank of the river Glenree—

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

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

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

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

climbed to his knees, and looking forth he saw what seemed a black, glistening sea of tar, menacing and terrible!

Great was the alarm and commotion that Sunday morning along the banks of the Glenree. At first streak of dawn a shouting horseman galloped, like Paul Revere, from house to house, giving warning that the bog of Monamore, above the village, had again burst its trammels and was coming down the stream. From the threatened lowlands people hurried half dressed to the hill slopes, where groups stood watching the strange and appalling spectacle revealed by the light of day.

It was like the upsetting of a huge cask of treacle. A dark moving mass choked the current of the Glenree, here clogging and clotting a bridge and there brimming over the banks into nooks and angles, defiling everything and every place it polluted with its black and viscid touch. And wherever Brother Bog came, he came to stay.

Amid the awe caused by the solemn mourning badge of inundation a stalwart young farmer suddenly shouted in fierce delight and flung his hat high in the air. It was bad taste, some thought, but nobody blamed him; he was Fred Beamish, the lover of Annie Tierney.

"Hurroo, boys," he cried, "the bog has fallen in particular love with the holding of Chilly Con!"

Sure enough a semi-liquid inky sea was slowly spreading over the flat and fertile fields of Mr. Carney, seeping foot by foot and perch by perch on the amalgamated holdings acquired by him through dint of rapacious land hunger.

"Ha, the grabbed farms have the widows' curses," exultingly yelled an old woman. "And there, begorra, goes the naygur himself!"

Looking toward the Carney home they saw a wild, lanky being dart from the back door and flounder into the encircling bog, making for the nearest rising ground. His legs, as he laboriously waded along, were soon clogged and shapeless with mud. Every few yards, in his haste, and terror, he stumbled and fell, till he was soon caked, blackened and befouled from head to foot. It was like a dirty living log that at length drew itself out of the black sea and lay on the hillside, where Chilly Con, now chilly indeed, panted with fright and exhaustion.

The Tierney holding was left almost intact by the black inundation; so was that of Fred Beamish; the bog seemed to exhibit special attachment for the low-lying, billiard-table land of Mr. Carney.

While startled and marveling groups still lined the green hillsides, and the Sunday morning bells began to ring, strings of side cars laden with smiling country folk in happy anticipation of pleasure, began to arrive from various directions and to pull up at the Tierney cottage. They were guests "bidden" to the wedding nuptials of Miss Annie Tierney and Mr. Cornelius Carney, and grave grew their faces when they found Brother Bog in the role of Ancient Mariner.

"The match is broke off," declared that shrewd and practical man, Tierney senior, "Seem' that now Mr. Carney has hardly as much land left as would sod a lark, it would be unreasonable for him to expect me to give him my daughter and her fortune."

"And, faith," he added, in gratified afterthought, "it was rale lucky for me I didn't hand him over them three hundred good sovereigns last night, as I intended doin'. Very safe and fortunate, indeed! I must have got the prayer of some good old woman."

"It wasn't mine, then" snapped Sibbie Hefferon.

"I said some good old woman," retorted Mr. Tierney.

A look of joy and relief shone on the sweet face of Annie Tierney. The visiting women and girls flocked round her, few of them knowing whether better to condole with or congratulate her.

As for her brother Charlie he busied himself actively among the male visitors, as alert as a worker at an American political convention. There were many whispered communings and approving nods and smiles, and by and by a large deputation filed into the room where sat Mr. Tierney.

"All of us are of one opinion, Mr. Tierney," said a white-haired patriarch who acted as spokesman, "and that is that a fortunate thing has happened. You can generally trust a decent Irish bog to do the right thing and that's what the bog of Monamore done this blessed morning. It prevented what would surely be an unnatural and an unhappy marriage. What happened was for the best. Howsoever, being as we're all here, friends, and well wishers, and a beautiful smell of cookin' in the air, and the fiddlers and pipers waitin' out there in the kitchen, and Father Pat within aisy call, we don't see why we can't have a rousin' good weddin' after all. Chilly Con is out of the question, the saints be praised, but there's young Fred Beamish, a dacent father and mother's child, able and willin' and—"

Mr. Tierney jumped up and protested. He was a hard and obstinate man, but he was taken at a grave disadvantage, and the ramparts of his objections and arguments crumbled away before the ardent assaults of the Durkans of Ballysokeery, and the Gallaghers of Killala, and the Planagans of Crossmolina and other far and near connections. After surrendering he genially opened and shared with them a jar of poteen—pure barley poteen, the genuine native article—and he actually laughed as, glancing out the window, he saw his hopeful son, Charlie Tierney, late of Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., frantically shaking hands with the just accepted bridegroom, Fred Beamish.

In that part of Ireland, when both the contracting parties are known to the pastor, matrimony—alas! a fast vanishing quantity in Ireland

FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

24th Annual Report and Financial Statement for the Year Ending December 31st, 1905.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Head Office of the Company, at Hamilton, yesterday Mr. David Dexter, President, in the chair, Mr. W. H. Davis, Acting Secretary, when the following Report was submitted:

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your Directors have the honor to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1905, duly vouched for by the Auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand four hundred and fifteen applications for insurance, aggregating \$3,532,579, of which two thousand three hundred and twenty-eight applications for \$3,329,537.06 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by \$275,140.56, and have now reached \$2,423,913.93, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for Policy-holders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$1,293,913.23, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$2,129,825.75, showing a surplus of \$1,094,087.48. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policy-holders was \$210,215.23.

Policies on seventy-eight lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$156,886.00, of which \$8,911 was reinsured in other companies.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premium, with annuities, the total payment to Policy-holders amounted to \$236,425.35.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities and loans on the Company's policies, amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly thirteen per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to \$17,294,136.11, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the past two months of the current year has been better than in the corresponding months of last year, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1905.

RECEIPTS.	
Premium and Annuity Income	\$582,279.13
Interest, Rents and Profit on Sales of Securities	121,197.07
	\$703,476.20
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid to Policy-holders	236,425.35
All other Payments	213,213.47
Balance	252,737.88
	\$702,476.70
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1905.	
Debitures and Bonds	747,790.37
Mortgages	834,937.59
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	487,234.25
All other Assets	353,961.42
	\$2,423,913.93
LIABILITIES.	
Reserve Fund	\$2,170,425.45
Death Losses awaiting Proofs	31,886.90
Other Liabilities	11,587.30
Surplus on Policy-holders' Account	210,215.18
	\$2,423,913.93
Assets	\$2,423,913.93
Guarantee Capital	\$70,000.00
Total Security	\$3,293,913.93
Policies were Issued Assuring	\$3,329,537.06
Total Insurance in Force	\$17,294,136.11

Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director, in moving the adoption of the report, said:—I beg leave to submit for your consideration and approval the report of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1905. In doing so I am pleased to say that it is the most satisfactory year Directors have had the privilege of placing before you. As compared with the preceding year it shows a gain of seven per cent. in premium income, thirteen per cent. in interest earned, twelve per cent. in total income, ten per cent. (\$319,988) in amount of new assurances placed, 7 per cent. in amount of assurances in force, 12 per cent. in assets, 14 per cent. in reserves held to provide for the payment of Policy contracts now in force, and 13 per cent. in the surplus over all liabilities.

The profits paid to policy-holders also show an increase of 15 per cent. and the payments made to policy-holders 13 per cent. in excess of the previous year.

The reserves now held to meet Assurance obligations as they mature are in excess of the present requirements of the Insurance Act, additions being made from year to year to meet the higher standard of reserves on account of the assurance policy, the same becoming non-forfeitable after three years, until the reserve thereon is exhausted in payment of premiums. It will be readily understood that some of the causes which I have mentioned have tended to increase the cost of assurance, and others to impair the sources from which profits formerly accrued.

The shareholdings who provided the paid-up and additional guarantee capital for security to policy-holders when such a provision was necessary have in no way encroached upon the profits to policy-holders, but have much less in return for their cash investment than the average rate of interest earned by the Company on investments.

Your Directors have always endeavored to the best of their ability to select safe as well as profitable investments for the funds entrusted to their care and the securities held will bear the most rigid inspection.

Your Directors decided to erect a first-class office building on the very desirable site owned by the Company and situated on the north-west corner of James and Main Streets, to meet the Company's requirements. Competitive plans were obtained for a steel frame fireproof building of eight stories, to be completed in August next. We are confident that the building will prove to be a satisfactory investment, affording a reasonable return in office rentals as well as desirable offices for the headquarters of the Company.

Lieut.-Col. Kerns seconded the motion, which was unanimously carried. Directors Mr. David Dexter was re-elected President and Managing Director, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts were re-elected Vice-Presidents.

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT.

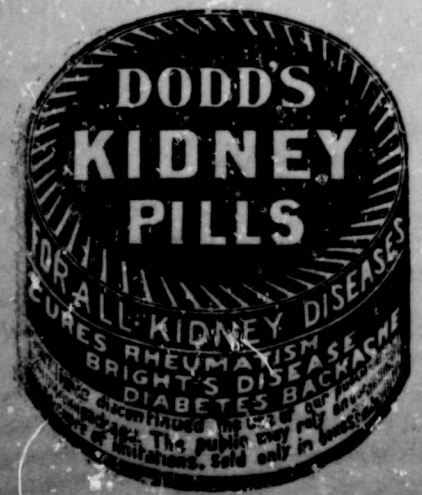
DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT

TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

nowadays—is utterly free of trammels or red tape. No marriage license is necessary, and no publishing of banns. Therefore, an hour or so after old Tierney had given his consent, the exulting lovers drove to the parish chapel, where Father Pat met them and performed his sacred function.

On their way back, accompanied by the long line of merrily crowed jaunting cars, they passed a tall man whom nobody recognized on account of his thick coating of bog mud. He might have been as spruce as any of them were he arranged in his wedding outfit, but it lay under several feet of mire covering in a house far out in the recently formed black sea. Although he needed a suit, however, he had now no special desire for nuptial garments. A man made suddenly and strangely landless, his mind was deeply occupied with anything but matrimony.—P. G. Smyth.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.



A Magic Pill—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

Besides, in marrying Mr. Carney, she would remain in her parents' holdings, adjoining theirs further down the right bank of the river Glenree—

Your Teapot Will Demonstrate WHY "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea Has No Equal. Lead packets only. Black. Mixed or Green. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

DESIGNING UNCLE JOHN

We were a thriftless family; we were always in debt; we were badly clothed, badly housed, badly fed, and we children were badly educated...

slatternly girl, as she flung the door open, and I followed her to the first floor front, my uncle's bedroom. As I entered the room, I detected a strong odor of spirits. The Venetian blinds were drawn down, and, in addition, there were heavy curtains to the window, which made the room unpleasantly dark.

"I ain't long for this world, Joseph. Please to take a chair." Now, for the last ten years I knew perfectly well that my Uncle John had been in the habit of replying to my father's inquiries after his health in these very words. At first I had not been able to see my Uncle John, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the dim religious light of my uncle's bed-room, I perceived that my uncle John was as my father had described him, a venerable old man, with white hair and spectacles, wearing a flapped cap.

"My sisters sent their duty and respects, sir," I said. "And then my uncle gave a short grunt." "Don't you find the room a little dark, Uncle John," I remarked. "It's on account of my poor eyes," replied my Uncle John in the hoarse whisper that seemed natural with him, "that's why I'm forced to wear these green spectacles," he said.

And so in due course my father died and I was left an orphan. On his deathbed he gave me my Uncle John's address. "It's all I can do for you, Joseph, my boy," he said, "and it isn't much." And as soon as the breath was out of my father's body the landlord came in and seized the furniture, and I, having no other home in the world, proceeded to seek out my only living relative, Uncle John. I had never seen my Uncle John. He received my father once a year, as has been stated, but though I had never seen him, I knew all about him. "He's all hair and spectacles," my father had said, "and he wears a cap with flaps to it."

"How stupid I was to have forgotten Uncle John's weakness of vision. Then there was a long silence, which was broken by my Uncle John. "You ain't thinking of marrying, Joseph, are you?" said my uncle. "Why, bless me, no, uncle," I replied. "I've only 30 shillings a week, and there are four of us."

Now, some six or seven years prior to my father's death, Uncle John had married his cook. When my father heard of that event, he was overjoyed. "That's the last straw, Joseph, my boy," my father said to me; "that'll settle him. Why, she's a regular horse grenadier." My father was out in his calculations. On his next visit to my Uncle John, he declared that the old man was "gaining flesh"; and then he quarrelled with the horse grenadier. Of course, it was over the annual £5 note, which was over the annual £5 note, which was all that my father ever succeeded in extracting from his relative. The fact is that it was to the cook's interest to keep Uncle John alive; for besides the £8,000 that was to come to us on his death there was nothing but his furniture and his savings. As Uncle John's widow, the cook's position would be a precarious one; but, with one bed-ridden old man to keep out of £350 a year, as Uncle John's wife, the cook, had a very good bargain.

"I didn't quite see myself how the slatternly girl was calculated to make any young man happy, but I remembered that she was my uncle's stepdaughter; so I remarked inately, "She's a spanking young woman, sir." "She's all that, nephew," croaked out my uncle. "She's the very image of her blessed mother, and look how happy that woman has made me. Don't you think you'd like to walk out with her, Nephew Joseph? Don't you think you'd like to take her to the Crystal Palace?" said the tempter, my uncle.

It was a fine morning in June when I screwed my courage up to the sticking point, and in the interest of my three sisters, whom I had to keep on 30 shillings a week, I determined to call on my Uncle John and try and extract the annual "five." My Uncle John's house was in Araminta terrace, Hoxton. I knocked gently at the door, lest I should disturb my bed-ridden uncle; a slatternly girl opened it on the chain and asked my business.

"That likely girl that's a-dressing herself up for you, Nephew, in the next room, 'll have 300 golden shillings the day she marries, and I've been saving her up for you, Nephew Joseph, ever since my wedding day. There's a £5 note on the mantel for you, Joseph, and there's a sulfering inside. Take her to the palace, nephew, and let me hear you've squared it between you when you bring her home. Don't you spare expense, Joseph; treat her to swings and merry-go-rounds, take her on the switch-back railway; and mind you travel first class, Joseph, there's nothing fetches a young girl like traveling first-class. I was young once myself, Joseph," added my uncle with a sigh. "She's a real high-stepper is Polly."

"If you don't mind, I think I'd like to come in and see my aunt," I replied. "Mother's out," said the slatternly girl, "but I'll step up and ask the old gentleman." She didn't let me in, though; she left me waiting on the door-step, and she left the door upon the chain. She wasn't gone long, and when she returned she opened the door slowly enough, and ushered me into a little front parlor, she said: "Will you please take a chair, and Mr. Worleybone will see you in a minute or two."

There was nothing else for it, I had to express my delight; and as I did so the real high-stepper entered the room. I shouldn't have known her. She was appalling—that's the only word for it. "She's a blessed angel," said my uncle with enthusiasm, "and the very image of her dear mother. Heaven bless you, my children! Don't be later than 9, Joseph. Good-bye, children!" he said. And then I and the real high-stepper started for the Crystal Palace.

I did as I was told. I sat down and I waited. The houses in the Araminta terrace are little two-story dwellings, masterpieces of the jerry-builder's art. I could hear a great running about on the floor above and the tramping of heavy footsteps, which, if I hadn't known that Mrs. Worleybone was out, I should have taken for those of my aunt, the horse grenadier. "Will you step up, please," said the

I draw a veil over my sufferings at that place of amusement. Polly clung to my arm till I felt as if we were Siamese twins; and she made warm love to me upon the switchback railway. "You're the first young man I've ever walked out with," she said to me ingeniously while the fire works were going on. I was no philanderer and I was desperately in love with Sophia; but I couldn't afford to quarrel with my uncle, so I pretended to make love to Polly. I dissembled, and I made it as like the real thing as possible; and when we reached Araminta terrace I felt like the villain of a melodrama. Miss Polly opened

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Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

the door with a latch key. We went straight up to my uncle's bedroom, where the old gentleman was still lying in state. If possible his room smelt more strongly than ever of brandy. "You're very late, Joseph," said my uncle, reprovingly; "but young people will be young people. I was a young person once."

"How did you enjoy yourself, Polly?" croaked my uncle. "It was just heavenly, mother," cried the girl; and then the cat was out of the bag. Here was Polly's mother masquerading as my Uncle John. Horrible thoughts flashed through my mind. Perhaps they had murdered him and buried him in the coal cellar. I seized the poker. I shouted "Police!" I rushed upon my supposed Uncle John and seized his long white beard. It, his venerable wig, his hairy face, his flapped cap and his green spectacles came away in my hand, and I saw a fat, red-faced woman, perfectly bald, and with huge sham eyebrows of white hair.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you young rascal, to treat your great aunt in this way, and me a lone widow? Oh, Mr. Joseph," cried the woman, as she bounced out of bed and flung herself upon her knees, "Worleybone's been dead these three months and we ain't provided for, and I was doing my best for Polly, which is my daughter, being my boundeen duty. Oh, Mr. Joseph, spare the widow and her orphan child!" "Down on your marrow bones!" cried the frightened woman to her daughter; "if it hadn't been for you, you hussy, he'd never, never have found me out"; and Miss Polly, the high-stepper, dropped on her knees at her mother's side.

Of course I forgave them; of course I came in on the £8,000, of course I married Sophia, and equally of course I have never said a word to her of the fearful day at the Crystal Palace with the high-stepping Polly, or my subsequent terrific adventure at Araminta terrace, Hoxton.—St. James Budget.

It is an Elixir of Life.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

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In and Around Toronto

AT ST. PAUL'S.

At St. Paul's the Forty Hours were inaugurated after the High Mass on Sunday last. In expectation of the event a large congregation was present. His Grace the Archbishop presided in the sanctuary and Rev. Fr. Doherty assisted by Rev. Father Whelan and Rev. Father McCabe, was celebrant of the Mass. The Mass of the Angels was sung by the alternate choirs of sanctuary boys and adults. Rev. Father Hand was the speaker, and in the course of his sermon briefly reviewed the origin of the Devotion, when in the midst of famine and pestilence a holy Franciscan was inspired to inaugurate it, after which its spread became rapid until in 1756 Pope Clement XIII. established it as a devotion for the whole world. Its object is three-fold, reparation, expiation and compassion all taking part. The Rev. speaker urged upon his hearers the obligation of entering into the spirit of the time with all fervor.

After Mass a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, the boys of the Sacred Heart League, and of the Sanctuary, leading the way, the Archbishop carrying the Sacred Host, following, accompanied by the officiating priests, and the canopy being carried by gentlemen of the parish. In the afternoon the different societies, the Sacred Heart League, Altar Society, St. Vincent de Paul, Holy Name Society and Holy Family, besides the children of the schools spent each an hour before the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening Rev. Father Hand was again the speaker, the church being crowded. Rev. Fathers Doherty and Treacy were the speakers on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

MR. WILLIAM GORMALLY DEAD.

The death of Mr. William Gormally, which took place at his home, 328 Wellington street, on Tuesday morning, March 12th, marked the close of an illness of several weeks' duration; it also marked the end of nearly fifty years of work in the service of the Grand Trunk Railway, half of which was passed as superintendent at the Union Station, Toronto. It was only in February last that Mr. Gormally retired, hoping that rest would recuperate his failing constitution, but that painful disease, cancer, was rapidly doing its work, and seeing the end inevitable, the absent members of the family were called home, with one unavoidable exception, and all had the sad happiness of being present when the final summons came. The circle of Mr. Gormally's acquaintance was not confined to the city, but extended throughout the Dominion, his long and active career, together with his urbane and genial disposition, making him known to the many thousands who in the days of his superintendency passed through the Union Station. The deceased was one of the oldest members of St. Patrick's parish and his death deprives it of one of its most familiar figures.

Sixty-eight years ago Mr. Gormally was born in Castle Douglas, Kirkcubrightshire, Scotland. Coming to Canada in early manhood, he began railroad life in the early sixties, passing through the different grades of baggage-man, conductor of freight and conductor of passenger trains, until his last charge as permanent superintendent. Upon his late retirement Mr. Gormally was presented by the station employees with handsome testimonials of the esteem in which himself and Mrs. Gormally were held, particular expression of which was given in a highly eulogistic address. Mr. Gormally is survived by his widow, three sons and three daughters. The sons are Charles, commercial agent of the G.T.R. at St. Louis, and Andrew and John of Toronto; the daughters are Mrs. Peter Rooney of Spadina avenue, Miss Alice at home, and Sister Mary Gerard of the Precious Blood Community, Portland, Me. The funeral takes place this morning from St. Patrick's church, R.I.P.

HEBERNIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual entertainment to be held in Massey Hall on Saturday night in honor of the Patron of the day, is expected to eclipse all former affairs of the kind both in regard to numbers and the manner of entertainment offered. To the excellent programme of music and song already published the name of Miss Nellie Byrne has been added. The name of this young lady does much to enhance an already rich collection of artists. The Hon. Jas. M. Sullivan, a native of Munster, Ireland, gold medalist of Yale University, will be the lecturer of the evening. Ex-Senator Sullivan is reputed to be one of the most brilliant lights amongst the orators of the American Bar and his visit is looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation. Seats for the concert may now be reserved at the box office, Massey Hall.

I.C.B.U. ON ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT

The I.C.B.U. and their friends will gather at St. Andrew's Hall on St. Patrick's night, when the feast will be celebrated by some hours with the songs and music of Ireland, and an address from Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, from whom something good and racy

may be expected without fail. Mr. E. J. Hearn will be chairman of the evening. The committee in charge are P. Patton, chairman; P. O'Reilly, treasurer, and T. Barrett, secretary.

TO ASSIST WALLACE MEMORIAL.

At St. Paul's church on Sunday last envelopes were distributed for subscriptions to the Wallace Memorial Fund. By this means every member of the parish of which Dr. Wallace was a member, will be able to add his mite to the collection. Returns to be made next Sunday.

PRAYERS FOR ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

Prayers for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop O'Brien, were offered in all the churches of the city on Sunday last.

DEATH OF MR. HUGH SULLIVAN.

On Saturday evening, March 10th, Mr. Hugh Sullivan passed away at his late residence, 101 King street east. Mr. Sullivan was well known in Toronto, where he had been in business for many years, at the time of his death being proprietor of the Coronation Hotel. He was a native of Ireland and was in his 58th year at the time of his death. Business relations and a genial disposition had made Mr. Sullivan many friends. He is survived by a widow and two sisters. The funeral, which was in charge of the well known Rosat firm, took place from St. Michael's Cathedral on Tuesday morning, when Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Rholeher. Interment was at Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY.

Form IV., Sen.—Wm. Ayers, John Barrett, Leo Brodie, Romeo Grassi, Edw. Lane, Thomas Lundy, Izid Milne, Thomas O'Brien, John Ciceri, Thomas Shannon, John Skain, Edw. McCool.

Form IV., Jun.—John Cronin, Albert Cain, Bernard Donville, Louis Donville, James Doyle, Arthur Gavin, John Lane, Harold Landreville, Louis Murphy, Francis O'Brien, John Wigglesworth.

Form III., Sen.—Patrick Spelman, Gordon Fensom, Joseph Defeari, Fred Fensom, John Bannion, John O'Reilly, Wm. Thompson, Wm. Allen, Arthur Laurence, Frs. Akrey, Frs. Hickey, Frs. Shanzhan, Gerald Moore, Peter Haffey, Allen Campbell, Edw. Conderan, Frs. Corcoran, Hugh Callaghan, James Cronin, Dan McCarthy, Alfred Smith, Wm. Ingolsby, Francis McCormick, Henry Overend.

Form III., Jun.—John Moroney, Justin Real, Edw. Spelman, William Madigan, John Donahy, Arden Hayden, Edw. James Spelman, Basil Watson, Wm. Watson, Clifford Landreville.

Form II., Sen.—James Murphy, Leo Shannon, Herbert Foley, Harry Thompson, Wm. Haller, James Baneane, David Stewart, Charles Ayers, Leo Akrey, Herbert Kennedy.

Boys who obtained the highest number of notes in the monthly competition: Senior IV. Form—1, Wm. Ayers and Edw. McCool (equal); 3, Thomas O'Brien; 4, Leo Albert; 5, Thomas Lundy; 6, John McCool.

Junior IV. Form—1, John Wigglesworth; 2, John Cronin and James Boyle (equal); 4, Louis Murphy; 5, Arthur Gavin; 6, Bernard Donville.

Senior III. Form—1, Patrick Spelman; 2, Edward McTague; 3, Gordon Fensom; 4, Joseph Defeari; 5, Fred Fensom; 6, John Bannion.

Junior III. Form—1, Basil Watson; 2, Francis Murphy; 3, John Donahy; 4, John Moroney; 5, Edw. Keating; 6, Patrick Foley.

Senior II. Form—1, James Murphy; 2, Charles Ayers; 3, John Baneane; 4, Thos. Shannon; 5, John Bryan; 6, Herbert Foley.

Our Collector Will Call

Mr. Coolahan is now making a special tour of the city in quest of subscriptions due the Catholic Register. Our collector will be obliged and very much assisted if subscribers will kindly prepare for his coming by having the amount of their indebtedness to the paper ready on his arrival. It sometimes happens that a call has to be made not once or twice, but five or six times, when for various causes the subscription is not forthcoming. A little attention would rectify the matter and greatly oblige all connected with the Catholic Register.

Temptations at Prayer

One of the first and principal temptations of the evil one is to tempt us precisely on the subject of prayer. At the moment when he sees that you have the most need of prayer he labors to turn you away from it and to make it almost impossible for you to pray. Understand his wiles, and at any price baffle him. I cannot promise you that you will not have much to suffer in these conflicts, but hold it for certain that each victory thus gained is worth a thousand others—Selected.



Absolutely white flour makes the most beautiful white bread—the kind we all like. But white bread is not necessarily pure because it is white. To be pure it must be made from purified flour.

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Murray's Opening

Throngs of sight-seers were attracted to the W. A. Murray & Co's millinery opening last week. For that auspicious occasion the store was well supplied with a stock of the best goods obtainable on two continents. Without exception Murray's have never shown anything to compare with the magnificent display now on view. Of course everyone knows that the loveliest things imaginable can always be found at Murray's and naturally one expects much, but it is quite safe to say that no one was really prepared for the delightful surprises awaiting visitors in every department. To pronounce the opening a success does not adequately express the prevailing opinion; it is a triumph in the history of the famous store. Exquisite and charming beyond description, the exquisite new designs were all handsomely arranged from the magnificent window displays to the millinery salons, while throughout, the grouping of colors and materials were admirably adapted to reveal the choiceness of quality and design.

The millinery is exceptionally attractive and lovely. Miss McCarthy seems to understand instinctively what to create and select for the becomingness of her numerous patrons. If ever a season demanded much of the milliner certainly this does, and by this display she ably sustains her reputation for charming originality and choice exclusiveness. From the rich and elegant carriage pattern to the natty street chapeau, her designs bear the touch which stamps the smart milliner the world over. Several charming patterns have been selected for wear in Ottawa during the coming gay season. In these as well as the specimens on view, the prevailing colors are queen's grey, moss green, raspberry, burgundy, pinks and blues, and while there is not much black shown, what is, is of a very rich and handsome effect, with beautiful plumes. A very stunning model, called "Merely Mary Ann," is of rich mohair braid, in poke effect, with three tips under the brim, and nestling directly in front an exquisite brim, thus necessitating high bands, pink rose and foliage. The prescribed height in hats is a yard and a quarter, so everything is rising in shapes and trimmings. The French mode of trimming is all under the with much tulle tuiked in every place. Ostrich boas in white, grey, natural and black are superb accessories to the dress hat. Provision for such demands has been made by providing a magnificent selection.

The children's wear from a year up is most complete and handsome. Charming fluffy effects and smart sailors give a wide choice of selection, withal each model is perfect of its kind. For young ladies there are

pretty hats with high, turned-up backs, and having wreaths of roses round the crown. Cream and pink hats, having a "Tam O'Shanter" effect, are also much shown. These have their crowns in hair straw, they are trimmed with large plumes and handsome bunches.

The suits chosen for display by this company were chiefly of light weight fabrics and light colors were conspicuous, especially in pale, soft pearly tones, delicate blues, rose pinks and pale greens. Of the textures it may be said that Panama cloths were in the lead, followed closely by voiles, colliennes and soft, clinging mohairs. Some attractive wraps were shown in rich cream panne broadcloths, with handsome Persian lamb embroidery. These wraps pointed eloquently to a magnificent gathering of fashion's best efforts at the coming Horse Show.

The curtain department of this company is well equipped with a variety of the best makes calculated to suit the tastes of all. Swiss and Battenberg lace curtains and novellettes and nice silk brocade curtains are about the newest styles in use. There was also a nice range of linens and linen taftetas for curtains, and handsome window valances in all standard colors, and in fancy figures. These are tasty. Black Swiss nets for doors and windows in stained glass effects, which were on view, are reported to be coming much into use.

The carpet section was also reopened on the 3rd floor, King street section, and the display of all kinds of rugs, carpets, etc., is grand.

President Roosevelt in the near future may publish for private circulation a book of Irish poems which he has translated from the Gaelic. The President was instructed in the language by James Jeffrey Roche, late editor of the Boston Pilot, who was appointed last year to an American consulate somewhere in Europe, by President Roosevelt.

Gin Pills Help You As Nothing Else Will

ONTARIO PROOF

GIN PILLS cure all Kidney ills from simple backache to diabetes pain in the small of the back and through the hips—swollen feet and hands—burning urine—constant desire to urinate—dizziness—headaches—spots before the eyes—with loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nervousness—disappear under the healing, soothing powers of GIN PILLS. Men and women who have any kidney or bladder trouble are throwing away their one chance of health and happiness by not writing for a free sample.

OWEN SOUND, ONT., March 10th, 1905. Having used a sample box of Gin Pills, and finding them give me great relief, I sent my father-in-law, A. McDonald, of Keady, a box; he having for years been used up with kidney and bladder trouble, and unable to get relief from the urinary remedies used. The Gin Pills gave him relief before half the box was used. He is now entirely cured, and I believe Gin Pills a great cure. JAMES LODGE.

Do as Mr. Lodge did. Simply write us for a free sample box of GIN PILLS and try them at our expense. If you feel better in every way, and know that GIN PILLS are doing you good, surely you will continue using them until cured. That is why we will send you a free sample box if you write a/r. tell us in what paper you saw this o/r. GIN PILLS are sold by druggists everywhere, 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50. THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG MAN.

WHY ANNOYED WITH RUPTURE

LONGER? We can cure you. No loss of time. Our Pneumatic Appliance recommended by the Medical fraternity where ever known. Write for particulars. The Lyon Manufacturing Co. Dept. B. 435 Yonge St. Limited. E. C. HILL. J. J. WILLIAMS. Pres. Manager.

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This is a grand chance for Students, Altar Boys or Young Ladies of every parish in Canada to secure a first-class Pen free, besides we will pay a handsome commission for every subscription.

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Write now to the Circulation Manager of The Catholic Register for full particulars.

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An Eye Glass To Fit Any Nose advertisement with eye illustration and text: So do not think you are forced to wear spectacles until you have examined my latest importations from New York. Eyes tested by the latest improved methods. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Special attention to repairs. Office hours 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Evening Appointments made. MRS. K. HURLEY, O.R. Graduate New York University of Optometry Office 72 Confederation Life Building.

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