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VOL. XII., No. 16

CHRONICLES OF AN OLD-TIMER

Some Irish-Military Men of Old Toronto
That I Remember—Col. O'Hara, Col. Baldwin, of the Gore; Major Goodwin, Officer Cornelius Mahony, Captain Bailey, Captain de Vere Hunt, Col. D. K. Feehan, of No. 2—Matthew Teefy's Fellow-Apprentices in the Office of the "Patriot"—James Gedd, William Molloy, John Gannon and "Tom" Shanklin, Dr. Riddle—Joseph Molloy, of Chicago, and his Sisters—Charles McTavvy, the Editor and Publisher of the "Constitution" Newspaper.

Chicago, April 16, 1904.

Editor Catholic Register:

There were some Irish military families in Toronto in my early days that are worthy of mention. Some of those were Catholics and some Protestants, foremost among which I would place the O'Hara family of the West End. I am not acquainted with the history of this family, but know it was prominent in its day. I don't know, but have a strong belief they were United Empire Loyalists like the Robinsons, Gambles and Denisons. Do you know that the Robinsons and Beverleys were neighbors of General Washington in Virginia before the revolutionary war, and evidently were on most excellent terms with him socially? Do you know that at Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown in the revolutionary war, it was not Cornwallis that made the surrender at all? It was General O'Hara, the second in command. The British commander-in-chief was so overcome at the disaster to his army that he delegated the surrender to this soldierly Irishman. It has often struck me that Col. O'Hara of Toronto, where he long resided, was a son of the British officer. But, of course, this is only speculation. I do not remember but one member of the family, a tall, red-haired young gentleman, who, I believe, responded to the call of "Bob." I forget the name of the street the family residence was upon, but it was in the aristocratic portion of the West End, close by the Chief Justice Robinson's domicile; also that of the Macdonalds and Denisons. The house was a very respectable red brick edifice of the rigid, old-fashioned style and of ample dimensions for all purposes.

We once, in Bishop de Charbonnel's days, had an Irish priest in Toronto whose name was O'Hara, and a very eloquent preacher he was. I do not know that he was at all convivial in his habits, but it used to say that he spent a portion of his time at the O'Hara residence at the West End, and maybe there was a relationship between them. The attractions of the soldier's home at any rate were such that the great preacher would be out late sometimes at night, and Bishop de Charbonnel did not like that. He made it a rule to have all the "palace" doors locked at ten o'clock, and after that hour no one who was out could enter. Father O'Hara returned to the episcopal residence on Church street one night and found himself barred out, to his great chagrin and humiliation. There were no more great cathedral sermons after that. The blood of the O'Hara was up and away he went to some eastern diocese of the United States, and ere long, I believe, was made a bishop. Father O'Hara was a man to be remembered. He evidently was of a fine family, as he displayed polite manners and aristocratic inclinations. I am sorry I do not know more of his history. He was tall, athletic and handsome, and many a Protestant lady went to the Cathedral Sunday afternoons to listen to his lectures.

There was another priest in Toronto in Bishop de Charbonnel's time who was a great preacher too, and delivered the regular high mass sermons every Sunday for several years. He was an Irishman, too, but not large nor athletic like Father O'Hara, but given more to devotion and sanctity. That was Father Maloney, who came to Toronto from

The Catholic Register

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the bottle to drown his sorrows. Not only his family affairs but his business became embarrassed and broken. He left Toronto and what became of him nobody seems to have positively known. It was reported, however, that he joined Maximilian's army in Mexico and was killed, which is most likely to have been the case. It was reported that he left the Toronto Savings Bank in a very embarrassed condition, and that it took years for the directors to recover the loss he caused it. I believe he was a cousin of the late Archbishop of Chicago. James Hallinan, the lawyer, who was a bachelor, and he spent many of their evenings together in Hallinan's house on Church street. It was a great pity that so noble a man, through a mistaken marriage, was allowed to go to the bad. I don't know whatever became of his little family.

Some time in 1902, I think it was, that the venerable Matthew Teefy of Richmond Hill, gave his recollections

to one of the Toronto papers of his trade-learning of the printers' craft in Toronto, between the years 1836 and 1840, years that extended before and after the rebellion of 1837-38. He had his experience in the office of the "Patriot," an ultra loyal organ of that time. The "Patriot" was owned by a man named Thomas Dalton, I think an Irish Protestant. He named those who were his apprentices in the "Patriot" of office at that time, every one of whom I happened to be afterwards acquainted with, and with two exceptions they were Irish. Strange to say, one of them was a brother of the rebel leader, William Lyon Mackenzie; another was James Gedd, I think, an Englishman. The others were William Molloy, John Gannon, and "Tom" Shanklin. I knew them long afterwards as members of Typographical Union No. 24. I think Archy Riddle, afterwards a doctor, was one of the number, too. William Molloy was a son of "Abbey" Molloy, who was ever so long the

caretaker of Osgoode Hall, and in his younger days a man who had rendered many and valuable services to the British government, and which were fully recounted in the local papers at the time of his demise. Bill Molloy went to New York and became rather dissolute. Mr. Molloy had another son named Joseph, who was the first acquaintance I made in Toronto, when I went there from Hamilton in the fall of 1849, and it was he that found me a place to put up at temporarily. This Mr. Molloy is exactly of my own age and like myself, has been a resident of Chicago for many years. He looks remarkably well for a man of his years. Sisters of his were the wife of Mr. Matthew O'Connor, and another was Mrs. Connor Tracy of Hamilton. I think Mrs. Fitzpatrick died in Chicago a few years ago. One of her sons is cashier in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court in Chicago, and a daughter is the wife of Dr. Cullen, a well-known physician.

John Gannon was my boarding mate at the residence of Mrs. Patrick Lee on Frederick street, the grandmother of the Lee brothers now in business in your city, before I was married, and a nobler specimen of a type I never knew. He had a distinguished appearance, was highly intelligent, gentlemanly, and in every way beyond reproach. On account of illness, he being subject to asthma, he had to retire from the exercise of his trade at an early day and give himself up to seeking his health.

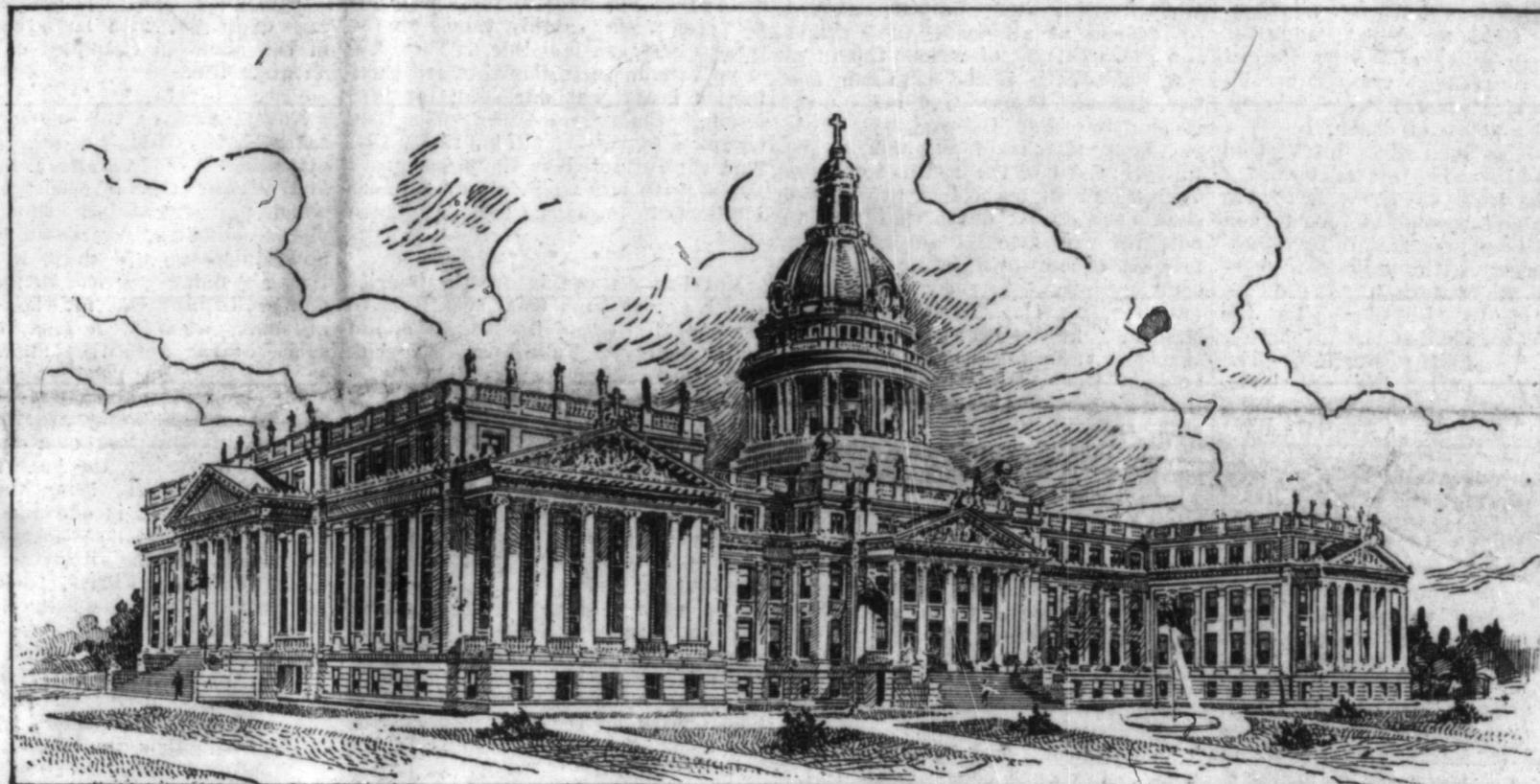
He was a very exemplary Catholic, who is long since dead. "Tom" Shanklin was an Irish Protestant, a whole-souled, good, honest fellow, who was very companionable. He was unmarried and used to board with

the mother of the wife of the late Patrick Boyle. He was a good singer and a good story-teller, and used to sing Samuel Lover's Irish songs such as the "Low-Backed Car" and "Widow Macree" with great taste and relishing style, which was always very acceptable to his admirers, who were many. James Gedd was a pressman, who was prominent in the Typographical Union in those early days. I think he was the union's treasurer, when Old Timer was secretary of the same; and that was after the "big strike" of 1854.

Dr. Riddle, who lived in the East End, was a very prominent man in the Typographical Union organization and was at one time president of the same. He also took a hand in local politics and professed to be a Reformer. His fault was that he was vindictive. He studied medicine and became a doctor, practiced in Mexico for a few years and returned rich. Those were a group of the oldest Toronto printers that I had knowledge of and they were true and worthy, and I love to dwell upon their memories.

There was another Toronto printer, an Irishman and a printer who was at one time associated with Charles Donlevy in the publication of the Mirror newspaper, and that was Charles McTavvy. I am sorry that I do not remember more of him. But he has a record. When William McKenzie discontinued the publication of his paper, in the late thirties, Mr. McTavvy took the subscription list and continued the publication of the Reform Journal under the name of "The Constitution." I remember seeing him once when he was connected with "The Mirror" in 1842. When and where he died I cannot tell. He was an Irish Catholic.

WILLIAM HALLEY.



THE ARTS BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Tenders are invited for the construction of the new arts building of the University of Ottawa, which is to be called for. It is the desire of the university authorities that Canadians, Ottawans, and others, secure the various contracts. As can be seen from the accompanying cut, showing the splendid building as it will stand when fully completed, the main structure of the restored Catholic institution of learning will be an imposing one. Profiting by the costly lesson of Dec. 9th last, every precaution has been taken in the plans to have the building as nearly fireproof as possible. There will be only a minimum amount of wood and other inflammable material used in the construction. The style of architecture will be pure classical Greek, with monolithic columns with Ionic capitals. The material used is to be white Indiana stone on a granite base. In the interior construction of the new arts buildings ferro concrete fireproof will be used in the floors, walls, etc.

The new arts building will have its main entrance on Laurier avenue, the accompanying cut showing the view from that thoroughfare. The building will occupy part of the site of the old university and the square on all sides will be laid out as a park dotted with ornamental trees, fountains and flower plots, and traversed by walks. The students' entrance will face on Cumberland street directly opposite St. Joseph's church, with a park in front. The statue of the founder of the university, Mgr. Tabert, will be removed from its present position

facing Wilbrod street, to a central spot in the park facing Cumberland street and St. Joseph's church.

The new arts building will be surmounted at its central part by a dome after the style of St. Peter's at Rome. It will be adorned with statues of the twelve apostles, and surmounted by a cross, while the parapets will be ornamented with statues of Canada's great men, symbolizing respectively religion and country.



REV. DR. EMERY, O.M.I.,
President University of Ottawa.

It is the intention to rush work on the main part of the arts building so as to have it ready for occupation before the end of the year. The wings on either side will be completed later on. Accommodation will be provided for 500 students. All the walls of the old buildings have been razed to the ground, and men are now at work clearing away the debris. As the new building will differ in size and shape from the old one, the debris will be used to fill in the exposed foundations of the former university.

On a line with and midway between these two buildings, fronting on Cumberland street and facing St.

The university authorities expect to be able to lay the corner stone on the 24th of May, Victoria day, which also coincides with the 100th anniversary of the foundation of Canada. All the old students and friends of the university are earnestly requested to be present on this occasion as the guests of the university.

As their addresses have nearly all been lost in the fire, they are asked to correspond immediately with the president, Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., so that he may make, if possible, special arrangements for the transportation and accommodation of the visitors.

It is altogether likely the seminary for secular priests will also be erected this year. A site has been chosen on Wilbrod street immediately east of St. Joseph's church. It will be a matter of four or five years before the restoration of all the university buildings is completed, as it is the intention to broaden the scope of the institution's work. Towards this end a school of medicine is to be established. The medical hall will occupy a site in the main square, opposite St. Joseph's church, at the northeast corner, where Wilbrod and Cumberland streets intersect. The academic hall will be located in the southeast corner of the same square where Laurier avenue and Cumberland street intersect, with its main entrance on Laurier avenue.

On a line with and midway between these two buildings, fronting on Cumberland street and facing St.

Joseph's church will be the university library. It is the intention to establish an English juniorate or collegiate hall, in the square at the rear of St. Joseph's church and facing Laurier avenue.

A dormitory for the senior students will also be built on the corner of Wilbrod and Waller streets adjoining the present science hall. A departure will be made, however, in this respect, as many of the students will board out.

The different buildings in each corner will correspond as to design and material used in the construction. This will produce a similarity of style that will tend towards the beauty of the whole. When all the different buildings are completed they will, together with the present structures, St. Joseph's and Sacred Heart churches, the science hall and the French juniorate, form a group of which the Capital may well be proud, and that will prove a splendid monument to the cause of religion and education. Moreover, Ottawa's reputation as a city of splendid buildings, "fair city, crown

(Continued on page 5.)

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The Pride and Glory of the Church

GREGORY, THE GREAT

Left on God's Church an Impress so Great, so Deep, so Lasting, that His Contemporaries, as Well as Posterity, Justly Bestowed Upon Him the Title of "GREAT."

Translated from the Original.

(Continued from last week.)

This change was by the right hand of the Most High! Adopting Gregory's view, we are justified in declaring that it was only God who could have brought about these great events. What he wrote to the most holy monk Augustine about this same conversation of the English is applicable to all the rest of his apostolic labor: "Whose work is this but His, who said: 'My Father worketh until now, and I work' (John v., 17). To show the world that He wished to convert it not by the wisdom of men but by His own power, He chose unlettered men to be preachers to the world; and the same He has now done, vouchsafing to accomplish great things in the English nation by means of weak men" (Reg. xi., 28). We do indeed discern much that the Holy Pontiff's profound humility hid from his own sight—his knowledge of affairs, his successful issue, the wonderful prudence shown in all his provisions, his assiduous vigilance, his persevering solicitude. He never put himself forward as one invested with the might and power of the great ones of the earth. Instead of using the lofty degree of Pontifical dignity, he preferred to call himself "the servant of the servants of God," a title which he was the first to adopt. He did not make his way merely by profane science or the "persuasive words of human wisdom" (I. Cor. ii., 4) or by the devices of civil politics, or by systems of social renovation, skillfully studied, prepared and put in execution; nor yet, and this is very striking, by setting before himself a vast programme of apostolic action to be gradually realized. We know that his mind was full of the idea of the approaching end of the world, which was to have left him but little time for great exploits. Though very delicate and fragile of body and constantly afflicted by infirmities which several times brought him to the point of death, he yet possessed an incredible intellectual energy which was forever receiving fresh vigor from his lively faith in the infallible words of Christ and in His divine promises. He moreover counted with unlimited confidence on the supernatural force given by God to the Church for the successful accomplishment of her divine mission in the world. The constant aim of his life, as shown in all his works, was this: To preserve in himself and to stimulate in others this same lively faith and confidence, doing all the good possible in expectation of the divine judgment.

And this produced in him the fixed resolve to adopt for the salvation of all the abundant wealth of supernatural means given by God to His Church, such as the infallible teaching of revealed truth, the preaching of this teaching in the whole world, the sacraments which have the power of infusing or increasing the life of the soul, and the grace of prayer in the name of Christ which assures heavenly protection.

These memories, Venerable Brothers, are a source of unspeakable comfort to us. When we look forth from the Vatican we, like Gregory and perhaps even more than he, have grounds for fear. So many are the storms gathering on every side, so many are the hostile forces massed and advancing against us, and at the same time so utterly deprived are we of all human aid to ward off the former and to help us to meet the shock of the latter. But when we remember the place on which our feet rest and where this Pontifical See is placed, we feel ourselves perfectly safe on the rock of Holy Church. "For who does not know," wrote St. Gregory to the Patriarch Eusebius of Alexandria, "that Holy Church stands on the solidity of the Prince of the Apostles, who got his name from his firmness, for he was called Peter from the word rock?" (Reg. vii., 37 (40)). Supernatural force has never, during the flight of ages been found wanting in the Church, nor have Christ's promises failed; these remain to-day what they were when they brought consolation to Gregory's heart—namely, that we possess greater authority after having stood the test of centuries and of so many changes of circumstances and events.

Kingdoms and empires have passed away, time and again the nations, as though overwhelmed by the weight of years, have fallen asunder; while the Church, indefectible in her essence, united by a tie indissoluble with her heavenly spouse, is here to-day, radiant with eternal youth, strong with the same primitive vigor with which she left the Heart of Christ dead upon the cross. Men powerful in the world have risen up against her. They have disappeared and she remains. Philosophical systems without number, of every form and every kind, rose up against her, arrogantly vaunting themselves her masters, as though they had at last destroyed the teaching of the Church, refuted the dogmas of faith and proved the absurdity of her teachings. But those systems, one after another, have passed into books of history, forgotten, bankrupt, while from the Rock of Peter the light of truth shines forth a brilliantly in the order of creation and in the government of miracles. In this way the foundations of the Christian religion are necessarily shaken. Men even go so far as to impugn the arguments for the existence of God, denying with unparalleled audacity and against the first principles of reason the invincible force of the proof which from effects ascends to their cause, that is, God, and to the notion of His infinite attributes. For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power also and divinity" (Rom. i., 20). The way is thus opened to other most grievous errors, equally repugnant to right reason and perni-

cious to good morals.

The gratuitous negation of the supernatural principle, a characteristic "knowledge falsely so called," has actually become the postulate of a historical criticism equally false. Everything that relates in any way to the supernatural order, either as belonging to it, constituting it, presupposing it, or merely finding its explanation in it, is erased without further investigation from the pages of history. Such is the treatment accorded the divinity of Jesus Christ, His incarnation through the operation of the Holy Ghost, His resurrection by His own power and in general all the dogmas of our faith. Science once placed on this false road, there is no law of criticism to hold it back and it cancels at its own caprice from the holy books everything that does not suit it, or that it believes to be opposed to the pre-established theses it wishes to demonstrate. For, take away the supernatural order and the story of the origin of the Church must be built on quite another foundation. The innovators, therefore, handle as they list historical documents forcing them to say what they wish, and not what the authors of those documents meant.

Many are captivated by the great show of erudition which is paraded before them and by the apparently convincing force of the proofs adduced, so that they either lose the faith or feel that it is greatly shaken in them. Many who are firm in the faith, accuse critical science of being destructive. Such science in itself is not blamable, as it is a sure element of investigation when rightly applied. Those who are shaken in their faith by critical science as well as those who condemn that science fail to see that they start from a false hypothesis, that is to say, from science logically so called, which logically forces them to conclusions equally false. For given a false philosophical principle everything deduced from it is vitiated. But these errors will never be effectually refuted unless by bringing about a change of front, that is to say, unless those in error be forced to leave the field of criticism in which they consider themselves firmly entrenched for the legitimate field of philosophy through the abandonment of which they have fallen into their errors.

From these principles Gregory derived his unconquerable firmness, which we will, with the help of God, study to imitate. We are resolved to defend at all costs the rights and prerogatives of which the Roman Pontificate is the guardian and the defender before God and man. It was the same Gregory who wrote to the patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch: "When the rights of the Church are in question, we must show even by our death that we do not, through love of some private interest of our own, want anything contrary to the common weal" (Reg. v., 41.). To the Emperor Maurice he wrote: "He who through vainglory raises his neck against God Almighty and against the statutes of the Fathers shall not bend my neck to him, not even with the cutting of swords, as I trust in the same God Almighty." (Reg. v., 37.) And to the Deacon Sabinius: "I am ready to die rather than permit that the Church degenerate in my days. And you well know my ways, that I am long-suffering; but when I decide not to bear any longer, I face danger with a joyful mind." (Reg. v., 6 (iv. 47).)

Such were the fundamental maxims which the Pontiff Gregory constantly proclaimed. Men listened to him, with princes and people docile to his words, the world regained true salvation, and put itself on the path of a civilization which was noble and fruitful in blessings in proportion as it was founded on the incontrovertible dictates of reason and moral discipline, and derived its force from truth divinely revealed and from the maxims of the gospel.

But in those days the people, albeit, rude, ignorant and still destitute of all civilization, were eager for life, which no one could give them except Christ through the Church. "I come that they may have life and have it more abundantly" (John x., 10). And truly they had life and had it abundantly, for the reason that no other life but the supernatural life of souls could come from the Church. This includes in itself and gives additional vigor to all the energies of life, even in the natural order. "If the root be holy so are the branches," said St. Paul to the Gentiles, "and thou being a wild olive art grafted in them and art made a partaker of the root and of the fatness of the olive tree" (Ad Rom. xi., 17).

Yet there is no salvation for the world but in Christ: "For there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we may be saved" (Act. iv. 12). To Christ we must prostrate ourselves to hear from His divine mouth the words of eternal life, for He alone can show us the way of regeneration. He alone can restore life to us. It is He who has said: "I am the way, the truth and the life" (John xiv., 16). Men have once more attempted to get along here below without Him, they have begun to build up the edifice after rejecting the corner stone, as the Apostle Peter rebuked the executors of Jesus with doing. And lo! the pile that has been raised again crumbles and falls upon the heads of the builders, crushing them. But Jesus remains forever the corner stone of human society, and again the truth becomes apparent that without Him there is no salvation. "This is the stone which has been rejected by you, the builders, and which has become the head of the corner, neither is there salvation in any other" (Acts iv. 11, 12).

From all this you will easily see, Venerable Brothers, the absolute necessity imposed upon every one of us to revive, with all the energy of our souls and with all the means at our disposal this supernatural life in every branch of society—in the poor workingman who earns his morsel of bread by the sweat of his brow from morning to night and in the great ones of the earth who preside over the destiny of nations. We must, above all else, have recourse to prayer, both public and private, to implore the mercies of the Lord and His powerful assistance. "Lord save us—we perish" (Matthew viii., 25) we must repeat, like the apostles when buffeted by the storm.

We, strengthened by this faith, firmly established on this rock, realizing to the full all the heavy duties that the Primacy imposes on us, but yet realizing all the vigor that comes to us from the divine will, calmly wait until all the voices be scattered to the winds that shout around us proclaiming that the Church is doomed, that her doctrines have become ob-

noxious to good morals.

But this is not enough. Gregory rebukes a bishop, who, through love of spiritual solitude and prayer, fails to go out into the battlefield to combat strenuously for the cause of the Lord: "The name of bishop which he bears is an empty one." And rightly so, for men's intellects are to be enlightened by continual preaching of the truth, and errors are to be efficaciously refuted by the principles of true and solid philosophy and theology and by all the means provided by the genuine progress of historical investigation. It is still more necessary to inculcate properly on the minds of all the moral maxims taught by Jesus Christ, so that everybody may learn to conquer himself, to curb the passions of the mind, to stifle pride, to live in obedience to authority, to love justice, to show charity toward all, to temper with Christian love the bitterness of social inequalities, to detach the heart from the goods of the world, to live contented with the state in which Providence has placed us while striving to better it by the fulfillment of our duties, to thirst after the future life in the hope of eternal reward. But above all is it necessary that these principles be instilled and made to penetrate into the heart so that true and solid piety may strike root there, and all, both as men and as Christians, may recognize by their acts as well as by their words the duties of their state and have recourse with filial confidence to the Church and her ministers to obtain from them pardon for their sins, to receive the strengthening graces of the sacraments and to regulate their lives according to the laws of Christianity.

With these chief duties of the spiritual ministry it is necessary to unite the charity of Christ. When this moves us there will be nobody in affliction who will not be consoled by us, no tears that will not be dried by our hands, no need that will not be relieved by us. To the exercise of this charity let us dedicate ourselves wholly; let our own affairs give way before it, let our personal interests and convenience be set aside for it, making ourselves "all things to all men" (I. Cor. ix. 22) to gain all men to the truth, giving up our very life itself, after the example of Christ, who imposes this as a duty on the pastors of the Church: "The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep" (John x. 11).

These precious admonitions abound in the pages which the Pontiff St. Gregory has left written, and they are expressed with far greater force in the manifold examples of his admirable life.

Now since all this springs necessarily both from the nature of the principles of Christian revelation and from the intrinsic properties which our Apostolate should have, you see clearly, Venerable Brothers, how mistaken are those who think they are doing service to the Church and producing fruit for the salvation of souls, when by a kind of prudence of the flesh they show themselves liberal in concessions to science falsely so called, under the fatal illusion that they are thus able more easily to win over those in error. In reality they are in continual danger of being themselves lost. The truth is one and it cannot be halved; it lasts forever and is not subject to the vicissitudes of the times. "Jesus Christ, to-day and yesterday, and the same forever" (Hebr. xiii. 8).

Not less deplorable are the injuries which accrue from this negation to the moral life of individuals and of civil society. Take away the principle that there is anything divine outside this visible world, and you remove all check upon unbridled passion, even those of the lowest and most shameful kind. The minds that become slaves to them riot in every sort. "God gave them up to the desire of their heart, unto uncleanness, to dishonor their own bodies among themselves" (Rom. i. 24). You are well aware, Venerable Brothers, how truly the plague of depravity rages on all sides, and how the civil authority, wherever it fails to have recourse to the means of help offered by the supernatural order, finds itself quite unequal to the task of checking it. Civil authority will never be able to heal other evils so long as it forgets or denies that all power comes from God. The only check a government can employ in this case is that of force. But force cannot be constantly employed, nor is it always available. The people suffering by a secret disease become discontented with everything. They proclaim the right to act as they please, stir up rebellions and provoke revolutions in the state, trampling on all rights, human and divine. Take away God, and all respect for civil laws, all regard for even the most necessary institutions disappear; justice is scouted; the very liberty that belongs to the law of nature is trodden underfoot, and men go so far as to destroy the very structure of the family, which is the first and firmest foundation of the social structure. The result is that in these days so hostile to Christ, it has become more difficult to apply the powerful remedies which the Redeemer has put into the hands of the Church in order to keep the people within the lines of duty.

They, too, are all seriously mistaken who, occupying themselves with the welfare of the people, and especially with upholding the cause of the poorer classes, seek to promote above all else the material well-being of the body and of life, but are utterly silent about their spiritual welfare and the very serious duties which their profession as Christians enjoins upon them. They are not ashamed to conceal, sometimes as though with a veil, certain fundamental maxims of the Gospel, for fear lest otherwise the people refuse to hear and follow them. It will certainly be the part of prudence to proceed gradually in laying down the truth, when one has to do with men complete strangers to us and completely separated from God. "Before using the steel, let the wounds be felt with a light hand," as Gregory said (Reg. v., 44 (18) as Joannem episcop. 20). But even this carefulness would sink to mere prudence of the flesh, were it proposed as the rule of constant and everyday action—all the more since such a method would seem not to hold in due account that divine grace which sustains the sacerdotal ministry, and which is given not only to those who exercise this ministry, but to all the faithful of Christ in order that our words and our action may find an entrance into hearts of men. Gregory did not at all understand this prudence, either in the preaching of the Gospel or in the many wonderful works undertaken by him to relieve misery. He did constantly what the Apostles had done, for they, when they went out for the first time into the world to bring into it the name of Christ, repeated the saying: "We preach Christ crucified, a scandal for the Jews, a folly for the Gentiles" (I. Cor. i. 23). If ever there was a time in which human prudence seemed to offer the only expedient for obtaining something in a world altogether unprepared to receive doctrines so new, so repugnant to human passions, so opposed to the civilization, then at its most flourishing period, of the Greeks and the Romans, that time was certainly the epoch of the preaching of the faith. But the apostles despised such prudence, because they understood well the precept of God: "It pleased God by the foolishness of our preaching to save them that believe" (I. Cor. i. 21). And as it ever was, so it is to-day, this foolishness "to them that are saved, that is, to us, it is the power of God" (I. Cor. i. 18). The scandal of the Crucified will ever furnish us in the future, as it has done in the past, with the most potent of all weapons; now, as of yore, in that sign we shall find victory.

In this error, which is the chief one of our time and the source whence all the others spring, lies the origin of so much loss of eternal salvation among men and of all the ruins affecting religion which we continue to lament, and of the many others which we still fear will happen if the evil be not remedied. For all supernatural order is denied, which implies a denial of divine intervention in the order of creation and in the government of miracles. In this way the foundations of the Christian religion are necessarily shaken. Men even go so far as to impugn the arguments for the existence of God, denying with unparalleled audacity and against the first principles of reason the invincible force of the proof which from effects ascends to their cause, that is, God, and to the notion of His infinite attributes. For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the school of true and solid piety, not thoroughly inflamed with zeal for the glory of God and for the propagation of His kingdom. So keenly did Gregory feel this necessity that he used the greatest care in creating bishops and priests, and

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marked by a great desire for the divine glory and for the true welfare of souls. This is what he aimed at in his book on the Pastoral Rule, where in are gathered together the laws regulating the formation of the clergy and the government of bishops—laws most suitable not for his times only, but for our own. Like an "argus full of light," says his biographer, "he moved all round the eyes of his pastoral solicitude through all the extent of the world" (Joann. Diac. Hb. II. c. 55) to discover and correct the failings and the negligence of the clergy. Nay, he trembled at the very thought that barbarism and immorality might obtain a footing in the life of the clergy. He was deeply moved and gave himself no peace wherever he learned of some infraction of the disciplinary laws of the Church and immediately administered admonition and correction, threatening with canonical penalties transgressors, sometimes immediately applying these penalties himself, and again removing the unworthy from their offices without delay and without human respect.

Moreover, he inculcated many maxims which we frequently find in his writings in such form as this: "In what frame of mind does one enter upon the office of mediator between God and man who is not conscious of being familiar with grace through a meritorious life" (Reg. Past. i. 10). "If passion lives in his actions, with what presumption does he hasten to cure the wound when he wears a scar on his very face?" (Reg. Past. i. 49.) What fruit can be expected for the salvation of souls if the apostles "combat in their words" (Reg. Past. i. 2.) Truly, he cannot remove the delinquencies of others who is himself ravaged by the same" (Reg. Past. i. 11).

The picture of the true priest, as Gregory understands and describes him, is the man who, dying to all passions of the flesh already lives spiritually; who has no thought for worldly prosperity; who has no fear of adversity; who desires only internal things; who does not permit himself to desire what belongs to others, but is liberal of his own; who is all bowels of compassion and inclines to forgiveness, but in forgiving never swerves more than is fitting from the perfection of righteousness; who never commits unlawful actions; who never deplores as though they were his own the unlawful actions of others; who with an affection of the heart compensates the weakness of others, and rejoices in the prosperity of his neighbors as in his own profit; who in all his doings so renders himself a model for others as to have nothing whereof to be ashamed, at least as regards his external actions; who studies so to live that he may be able to water the parched hearts of his neighbors with the waters of doctrine; who knows through the use of prayer and through his own experiences that he can obtain from the Lord what he asks. (Reg. Past. i. 10.)

How much thought, therefore, Venerable Brothers, must the bishop seriously take with himself and in the presence of God before laying hands on young levites? Let him never dare either as an act of favor to anybody or in response to petitions made to him, to promote any one, to sacred orders whose life and actions do not afford a guarantee of worthiness (Reg. v., 63 (58) ad universos episopos per Helad.). With what deliberation should he reflect before intrusting the works of the apostolate to newly ordained priests. If they be not duly tried under the vigilant guardianship of more prudent priests, if there be not abundant evidence of their morality, of their inclination for spiritual exercises, of their prompt obedience to all the regulations which are suggested by ecclesiastical custom or proved by long experience, or imposed by those whom "the Holy Ghost has placed as bishops to rule the Church of God" (Acts xx., 28) they will exercise the sacerdotal ministry not for the salvation but for the ruin of the Christian people. For they will provoke discord and excite rebellion, more or less tacit, thus offering to the world, the sad spectacle of something like division amongst us, whereas in truth these deplorable incidents are but the pride and the unkindness of a few. Let those who stir up discord be removed from every office. Of such apostles the Church has no need; they are not apostles of Jesus Christ Crucified, but of themselves.

We seem to see still present before our eyes the Holy Pontiff Gregory at the Lateran Council, surrounded by a great number of bishops from all parts of the world. Oh, how fruitful is the exhortation that pours from his lips on the duties of the clergy! How his heart is consumed with zeal! His words are as lightnings rending the perverse, as flames of divine love gently enfolding the most fervent. Read that wonderful homily of Gregory, Venerable Brothers, and have it read and meditated by your clergy, especially during the annual retreat (Hom. in Evang. i. 17).

Among other things, with unspeakable sorrow he exclaims: "Lo, the world is full of priests, but rare indeed is it to find a worker in the interior life with Christ, not educated in the school of true and solid piety, not thoroughly inflamed with zeal for the glory of God and for the propagation of His kingdom. So keenly did Gregory feel this necessity that he used the greatest care in creating bishops and priests, and

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FOURTH MONTH
30 DAYS

April

THE
RESURRECTION

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	
1	F.	b.	Good Friday. (Abstinence as well as Fast.)
2	S.	w.	Holy Saturday. Easter Sunday
3	Su.	w.	Easter Sunday.
4	M.	w.	Of the Octave.
5	T.	w.	Of the Octave.
6	W.	w.	Of the Octave.
7	T.	w.	Of the Octave.
8	F.	w.	Of the Octave.
9	S.	w.	Of the Octave.
10	Su.	w.	Vesper Hymn, "Ad regias Agni dapeso."
11	M.	w.	S. Leo I., Pope.
12	T.	w.	S. Julius I., Pope.
13	W.	r.	S. Hermenegild.
14	T.	r.	S. Justin.
15	F.	w.	S. John Damascene.
16	S.	w.	S. Benedict J. Labre.
17	Su.	r.	Second Sunday after Easter
18	M.	w.	S. Anicetus, Pope. (Solemnity of the Annunciation at High Mass and Vespers.) Hymn, "Ave Maris [Stella.]"
19	T.	w.	S. Isidore.
20	W.	w.	S. Leo IX., Pope.
21	T.	w.	Of the Feria.
22	F.	r.	S. Anselm.
23	S.	r.	SS. Soter and Caius. S. George.
24	Su.	w.	Third Sunday after Easter
25	M.	r.	Patronage of St. Joseph.
26	T.	r.	S. Mark.
27	W.	w.	SS. Cletius and Marcellinus
28	T.	w.	S. Anastasius, Pope.
29	F.	r.	S. Paul of the Cross.
30	S.	w.	S. Peter, Martyr.
			S. Catharine of Siena.

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HOME CIRCLE

IN THE ATTIC.

Up in the attic where mother goes is a trunk in a shadowed nook—A trunk—and its lid she will oft unclose, As if it were a precious book. She kneels at its side on the attic boards, And tenderly, soft and slow, She counts all the treasures she fondly hoards— The things of long ago.

A yellowing dress, once the sheerest white, That shimmered in joyous pride—She looks at it now with the girl's delight: That was hers when she stood a bride.

There is a ribbon of faded blue She keeps with the satin gown; Buckles and laces—and a little shoe; Sadly she lays them down. One lock of hair that is golden still With the gold of the morning sun; Yes, and a dollie with frock and frill— She lifts them all to her gentle lips Up there in the afternoon; Sometimes the rain from the eave trough drops Tears with her quavered croon.

Up in the attic where mother goes Is a trunk in a shadowed place—A trunk—with the scent of a withered rose On the satin and shoe and lace. None of us touches the battered lid, But safe in its niche it stands, Sacred to all that her heart has—Gold of the other days.

MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he's right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not. Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted she will write letters or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing would fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.

HINTS FOR BRIDEGROOMS.

A thoughtful young man of Washington was heard to decry the other day the fact that, while there is a deluge of "don't" and "do" for the bride to follow, the bridegroom must shift for himself. "There is absolutely nothing to guide a man but his own awkward self. It isn't fair," he said. "From the time a girl is old enough to detect sound she understands the importance of having things done properly at a wedding, while the prospective groom is only something necessary to complete the picture. Nothing short of inspiration can get a man through a marriage ceremony gracefully."

"In order to impress the bride and spectators that he is enthusiastic about it he appears with a sort of frozen grin on his face that you expect to melt at any moment and run down his collar. If he is too frightened to respond in a loud voice some of the bride's girl friends will whisper that it was plainly evident that he was unwilling from the start." Again, if he replies in a loud, stern voice, another bunch in another direction of the church will huddle together and express how glad they are not marrying him, while the attitude of many is that they are

Children's Corner

THE CHIPMUNK.

We love the clear, blue mountains, With the graceful, rounding domes, And the lake with its fringed islands. And its circle of summer homes. But the dearest summer pleasure Which our happy thoughts recall Is our gay little friend the chipmunk, Who lived in the old stone wall.

All days were good to the chipmunk, He knew neither pain nor care, He basked in the summer sunshine And frisked in the pleasant air. The rain never caused him trouble, Nor made his spirits fall, He smiled on the heaviest downpour From the niche in the old stone wall.

He worked every hour of the morning As if winter were coming soon, And he took not a moment's respite Through the long, hot afternoon. His wishes were never consulted, And his rights were counted small; He had really but one sure refuge, His home in the gray stone wall.

Whatever misfortune befell him His shrewd little eyes were bright, His stout little heart was merry, And his cheerful footsteps light. And we laugh with the little chipmunk,

"Tis a good world after all, And we toss a kiss to our neighbor Who sits on the old stone wall.—Helen Marsh Fletcher, in Boston even transcript.

GENERAL GRANT.

"General Grant was," says General Horace Porter in McClure's Magazine, "without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public life. He was not only truthful himself but he had a horror of untruth in others." An anecdote illustrates this trait.

One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant.

An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the President is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant: "Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and don't want anyone to lie for me!"

What a pity that we do not have in public life more men like General Grant in this respect!

THE DEER AND THE MAN.

Deer hunting is now on in the Adirondacks and the North Woods. It is great sport.

The method of procedure is as follows:

The hunter having armed himself with a trusty rifle, takes the midnight train for the hunting grounds. He is met at the way-station by a fierce guide, and together they track through unbroken wilderness until they come to a convenient watching place.

After some time their patience is rewarded. The pre-occupied deer walks out into the open. The hunter takes careful aim. There is a noiseless puff of smokeless smoke and the deer drops dead, shot through the heart.

Sometimes, however, the deer is not killed at the first shot. He staggers on through the woods, leaving a trail of blood behind him and often an excellent trail it is. This, of course, adds to the enjoyment of the pursuit.

To the hunter the advantages of this kind of sport are evident.

In the first place he is perfectly safe. Then he is indulging himself in "manly" exercise. He is also developing a reputation as a sport. And lastly, he is killing something.

With science on your side to insure absolute safety, to go out in the early morning and kill something is fine fun.

There are some misguided critics who assert that to make deer hunting a really true and manly sport, the deer ought to have the same chance to kill the man as the man has to kill the deer.

Furthermore, they seem to feel that to lie in wait for a beautiful and innocent animal, and deliberately murder it, is not developing the most humanitarian instincts.

But these critics are old foggies. To slaughter is always the prerogative of the "dead game sport."

Life.

Free of Disease
At Eighty Years

Old People Everywhere Are Being Cured of Chronic Kidney Disease by

DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

As old age comes on it is usually the kidneys that first fail to do their duty as filters of the blood.

Uric acid poison gets into the system, and the result is much suffering from backache, lumbago, rheumatism, and pains in the sides and legs.

There is no medicine so well appreciated by the old people as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They remove the cause of suffering.

Mr. R. J. McBain, Niagara Falls, Ont., a man of eighty years and well known throughout the Niagara district, writes: "I believe if it had not been for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I would be in my grave before this. I was very bad with kidney disease and suffered with dreadful pains in my kidneys. Being disappointed in the use of many medicines, I had almost given up hopes of ever getting better."

"One morning, after a night of especially severe suffering, a friend called to see me, and asked why I

hour, partly the wind in my face, suggested St. Francis' "Song of the Creatures":

"By Brother Wind, my Lord Thy praise is said.

By air and clouds and wind o'erhead, By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed."

THE PRIDE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 2.)

is the direct object of her mission, but also everything that aids progress in true civilization, for this flows as a natural consequence of that same mission.

Truths of the supernatural order, of which the Church is the depository, necessarily promote everything that is true, good and beautiful in the order of nature, and this is accomplished more efficaciously in proportion as these truths are traced to the supreme principle of truth, goodness and beauty, which is God.

Human science gains greatly from revelation, for the latter opens out new horizons and makes known sooner other truths of the natural order. It opens the true road to investigation and keeps it safe from errors of application and of method. Thus does the lighthouse show many things which otherwise would not be seen while it points out the rocks on which the vessel would suffer shipwreck.

And since, for our moral discipline, the Divine Redeemer proposes as our supreme model of perfection His heavenly Father (Matthew v., 48), in other words, the Divine goodness itself, who can fail to see to the mighty impulse thereby given to the more perfect observance of the natural law inscribed in our hearts, and consequently to the greater welfare of the individual, the family, and universal society. The ferocity of the barbarians was thus transformed to gentleness, woman was freed from subjection, slavery was repressed, order was restored in the due and reciprocal dependence upon one another of the various classes of society, justice was recognized, the true liberty of souls was proclaimed and social and domestic peace assured.

Finally, the arts, modeled on the supreme exemplar of all beauty which is God Himself from Whom is derived all the beauty to be found in nature, are more securely withdrawn from vulgar concepts and more efficaciously uplifted towards the ideal, which is the life of all art. And how fruitful of good has been the principle of employing them in the service of divine worship and of offering to the Lord everything that is deemed to be worthy of him, by reason of its richness, its goodness, its elegance of form. This principle has created sacred art, which became and still continues to be the foundation of all profane art. We recently touched upon this in a special Motu Proprio, when we spoke of the restoration of the Roman chant according to the ancient tradition and of sacred music. And so with the other arts, each in its own sphere, so that what has been said of the chant may also be said of painting, sculpture, architecture. Towards all these great creations of genius the Church has been lavish of inspiration and encouragement. The whole human race, fed on this sublime ideal, raises magnificent temples, and here in the House of God, as in its own house, lifts up its heart to heavenly things in the midst of the treasures of every beautiful art, with the majesty of liturgical ceremony, and to the accompaniment of the sweetest of song.

All these benefits, we repeat, the efforts of the Pontiff, St. Gregory, succeeded in securing for his own time and for the centuries that followed. They also are attainable to-day, by virtue of the intrinsic efficacy of the principles which should guide us and of the means we have at our disposal. At the same time with all zeal the good which by the grace of God is still left us whilst "restoring in Christ" (Ephes. i., 10) let us restore all that has unfortunately lapsed from the right rule.

We are glad to be able to close these, our letters, with the very words with which St. Gregory concluded his memorable exhortation in the Lateran Council: These things, Brothers, you should meditate with all solicitude and at the same time propose for the meditation of your neighbor. Prepare to restore to God the fruit of the ministry you have received. But everything we have called your attention to we shall obtain much better by prayer than by our discourse. Let us pray: O God, by Whose will we have been called as pastors among the people, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be enabled to be in Thy sight what we are said to be by the mouths of men (Hom. cit. ii., 18).

And while we trust that through the intercession of the Holy Pontiff Gregory God may graciously hear our prayer, we impart to all of you, Venerable Brothers, and to your clergy and people, the apostolic benediction with all the affection of our heart, as a pledge of heavenly favors and in token of our paternal good will.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's on March 12th of the year 1904, on the feast of St. Gregory I. Pope and Doctor of the Church, in the first year of our Pontificate.

PIUS X., POPE.

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator. "Neither," he replied, "I was an an-

cient."

did not try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got a box at once, and took two pills, which was a rather heavy dose; one pill is plenty at a dose. I used them regularly for a month, and at the end of that time I was a changed man.

"It is now about five years since I began using this pill, and since that time I have felt as good as I did forty years ago. I am almost eighty years old, and am free from all diseases, except rheumatism, and this is much better than it used to be before I used this medicine. I recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with all my heart to any person, man or woman. This is my opinion of these valuable pills, and you may use it for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c, a box at all dealers, or Edmaston, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

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

212 King street east.
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto:

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

S. PRICE.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.

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

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

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256½ King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. Yours forever thankful,

PETER AUSTEN.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904.

THE FIRE.

In offering sincere sympathy to the sufferers from the disastrous fire of Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, The Register also asks the indulgence of its own readers. Though our offices escaped the conflagration, being in the immediate vicinity of the fire belt, all our machines were left without power either to set up late matter sent in by correspondents or to bring the paper out on time.

CHEVALIER JOHN HENRY.

The Register joins with his hosts of friends and acquaintances in congratulating Chevalier John Henry, of Ottawa, upon the completion of his 83rd year. Ottawa advises tell us the grand old Bytownian is being overwhelmed beyond rescue by an avalanche of good wishes. Few Irishmen in Canada better deserve the esteem that meritorious citizenship wins, and few Catholics have earned a more enduring name by the consistent practice of the Christian virtues. May he be spared for many years longer as a pattern of the charitable Catholic gentleman.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE WAR.

The admiral of the Japanese fleet claims to have delivered another disastrous blow to his Russian adversary at Port Arthur. Like the first torpedo attack, for which the Russians were wholly unprepared, cunning scored also in the present instance, a plan so secretly carried out that the Russians, in their astonishment, cannot quite believe the Japanese story of it. At all events the fact is that the Petropavlovsk, flagship of Admiral Makarov, was blown up at the harbor mouth, the admiral and 700 officers and seamen going down to death within two minutes of the explosion. Russia's most eminent artist, Vereschagin, who was on board, perished.

The Japanese version of this horror is substantially as follows: Admiral Togo had made repeated demonstrations before Port Arthur, and on each occasion Admiral Makarov had come out to give battle. It was observed that the Russians followed the same course on each occasion of their appearance in the open sea. Then the Japanese planned a ruse. On a dark night the land search-lights were dodged and Japanese mines were laid in the channel. In the morning a small fleet appeared and made a demonstration. The Russian admiral steamed out to fight and the Japanese ran off. Admiral Togo soon appeared with a large fleet and the Russians retired in turn. Though they escaped the mines on the way out, the flag-ship was blown to pieces on the return trip, another ship was injured and a torpedo boat was sunk by the Japanese.

If this story is circumstantially true it must add to the strength of the impression already formed that the Russians are no match on the water for the Japanese. And we can easily imagine a race like the Japanese, small in stature, sinewy, enduring and agile—the nearest human approach to the monkey physically speaking—as positively the fittest material for manning a modern warship. On anything like equal terms they would wipe European combatants off the sea. At the present time they have the Russian navy cornered. A new fleet will be sent out from the Baltic, but it is doubtful that any naval effort Russia may be capable of can restore her naval strength to an equality with the foe.

Russia must rely upon her army. Her plan seems to be not only to occupy Manchuria, but to bring together in addition enough men to drive the Japanese out of Korea. The danger of England aiding Japan is now out of the way. King Edward having placed his wise sympathy between the short-sighted prejudices of the English people and the peril of war upon an extended scale involving not only France against England, but possibly Germany also.

All present indications are that Japan and Russia must fight out this trouble to a finish between themselves; and a complete victory for Russia cannot be otherwise than a safeguard to western civilization. Europeans have for generations deluded themselves with the doctrine that their war inventions are beyond both the ambition and power of the so-called inferior races. The Japanese have had no difficulty in adopting and mastering European arms, ships and tactics. The Chinese could have done the same had they been a nation of materialists like their island neighbors. The "yellow peril" is no bugaboo.

OBITUARY

On Wednesday evening, March 30th, the soul of Mr. John Rossiter of Colgan passed peacefully into eternity. Toil-worn and weary by an earthly pilgrimage of 78 years, he was grateful when the summons came that bade him cease from his labors to enter the promised elysium of eternal rest. Born in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, in 1826, he was in the full vigor of his splendid manhood when the awful famine of '47 decimated the Irish race, the stalwart sons and comely daughters of fated Erin sinking in thousands by the wayside, their white lips uttering a last faint cry for bread. Disheartened at the prospects of advancement in a land whose soil had forgotten its ancient bounty and scourged by an infamous alien code, he determined to emigrate. Where should he go? Where but to free America, upon whose hospitable shores many a sturdy son of the Green Isle had found an asylum and a home. Seven million of his blood and race were already scattered from the ice-bound ridges of the Arctic slope to the throbbing, heaving bosom of the "Spanish Main." What wonder that a sainted son of Saint Patrick, in a fervent ecstasy of admiration, raised his anointed hands as his eloquent lips pronounced a benediction upon this realm, where freedom, peace and prosperity go journeying hand in hand. "O, America, how I love your green fields, because they are now the resting-place of the wandering children of our country. I worship your lofty mountains and your rich valleys, because they afford an asylum and a barrier against the storms of adversity, which have swept away and withered the ancient homesteads of Ireland. I bless your majestic rivers, your magnificent lakes, because I behold the friendly canvas of your marine speed on the joyous waters, conveying my forlorn countrymen to a peaceful and plentiful home." It was in the month of May, 1854, that Mr. Rossiter landed at Quebec. Without delay he joined a few relatives and friends that had preceded him to Adiala, and here for 50 years he lived and labored; here he raised his roof-tree in the wilderness; here, by industry, frugality and prudence, he prospered exceedingly; 'twas here he faltered, it was here he died. He possessed in a marked degree the characteristics of the Celt. He was generous to a fault, his charity was unbounded, he dispensed his hospitality with lavish hand, and at the call of friend or neighbor he cheerfully and eagerly responded, too happy to befriend when occasion demanded. He led an exemplary Christian life; he was ever a docile, dutiful child of the Catholic Church and her last sacraments consoled and strengthened his shriveled spirit ere it journeyed forth into the spectral land of shadows. And now he rests from his toils; his brave heart has ceased to beat; his last farewells are spoken; silence has placed her seal forever on his lips; his last harvest is garnished; life's sun for him has forever set.

"The fragrant call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse him from his lowly bed."

On Saturday afternoon the remains of the deceased, enclosed in a magnificent casket, were interred in St. James' cemetery, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, who had gathered from far and near to pay their last tribute of respect to them they ever honored in life and mourned sincerely in death. His bereaved widow, six sons and one daughter survive him: Thomas Joseph and John of Tecumseh, Edward and Mrs. Patrick Piggott of Adiala, and Peter and Michael of Toronto. Mr. M. J. Mahon conducted the funeral. The pall was borne by Messrs. Geo. Keough, J. D. Carroll, Michael Skeleton, Isaac Hunt, John O'Brien and Brien Doyle. Among the chief mourners were Miss Minnie Hogan, Miss Ella Rossiter, Mrs. Campion, Miss Bessie McIlroy, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, all of Toronto. R.I.P.

REV. ABBE LAROCQUE PASSES AWAY.

Rev. Abbe Charles Larocque, pastor of St. Louis de France Church, Montreal, and brother of Right Rev. Bishop Larocque of Sherbrooke, Que., passed away almost suddenly last week. The deceased had been appointed school visitor about two months ago by the Catholic Commissioners' Board, and he was about to resign his parish on the first of May, and devote his time and energies to the visitation and examination of the Catholic Schools of the city. His work as pastor of St. Louis de France Church, speaks volumes for his zeal and ability, and the many other institutions which he has built and cleared from debt showed he was a clever financier. As an educator he was well trained for the work at St. Theresa College, where he was professor for twelve years. His death comes as a great shock to the clergy and educators both lay and religious. Owing to waiting for some relatives the funeral takes place to-day (Thursday) April 21st. A full report will appear in next week's issue.

THOMAS SHEA.

Thomas Shea, of 168 Sackville St., died April 12th at St. Michael's Hospital, where he had undergone an operation. Mr. Shea was a native of Ireland and a resident of Toronto for almost half a century. He was with the Conger Coal Company about 40 years. He was a member of St. Paul's Catholic church. A son and a daughter survive, namely Thomas Shea, printer, and Mrs. J. J. Lynch.

DEATH OF MGR. ALLEN, VALLADOLID.

Many English-speaking priests will regret to learn that Mgr. Allen, rector of the English College, Valladolid, died there last week. Mgr. Allen has long been at the head of the College, and in the responsible work of training ecclesiastics he displayed singular excellent qualities.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the widely-known authoress, died on Tuesday at Bolgelly, aged 81. She was a prominent anti-slavery activist, a champion of women's rights, a social reformer, and philanthropist.

A Unique Event in Newfoundland

(For The Register.)

Good old Newfoundland is preparing for an event unique in the history of Britain's oldest colony. It is an event which is beginning to assume proportions of an enormous size, which will far surpass the expectations of the most sanguine. It is to be a gathering at the capital, St. John's, of all its sons and daughters who have made Canada or the United States the hope of their adoption. Though "The Island by the Sea" contains a scattered population of only two hundred thousand, yet in every city and town of the United States, you will find the sons and daughters of Terra Nova. In Boston they number ten thousand.

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax and Sydney they are counted by hundreds. "The Old Home Week" as it is called, originated from the Cabot Club of Boston. The following is a history of the affair:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Old Home Week in Newfoundland the coming summer will be from Wednesday, Aug. 3rd, to Wednesday, Aug. 10th, and already hundreds of our exiled brothers and sisters have signified their intention to join the great throng of visitors who will once more visit the scenes of childhood's happy days to renew old acquaintances and to kindle anew the spirit of patriotism and love for their native land.

A little more than a year ago this great movement was inaugurated by the Cabot Club (an association composed of patriotic Newfoundlanders in Boston), and negotiations opened with the various transportation lines interested to procure cheap rates, and in this we have been very successful, from the fact that for \$25.00 by the Plant Line, \$26.00 by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, and \$30.00 by the Boston & Maine Railroad, one can go from Boston to any part of Newfoundland reached by the Reid-Newfoundland Railway or Steamers and return, which is less than a single first-class fare one way.

The notices already sent out by the Cabot Club have been read by Newfoundlanders from one end of the American Continent to the other, and the pleadings of our Canadian compatriots for assistance in procuring reduced rates from Montreal and Toronto has induced the Club to open negotiations with the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific Railway Companies, and hope at an early date to be able to secure a rate from Montreal to any part of Newfoundland and return, of \$34.00, and a rate of \$41.55 from Toronto and return. In this we have been able assisted by Mr. H. A. Morine, General Passenger Agent of the Newfoundland Railway.

Elaborate preparations are now being made in Newfoundland to give the returning sons and daughters of dear old Terra Nova a most hearty welcome: a welcome such as only Newfoundlanders can give. To quote the words of one of the committee in a letter to the Cabot Club:

"Unless I err, they shall get, on arrival, not merely a reception, but such an ovation as shall make the hills of old St. John's ring back the echo. Come, then, in your thousands, and visit the Old Home once more."

The officers of the Committee in Newfoundland are as follows: Hon. E. P. Morris, K.C., LL.D., chairman; Acting Mayor Bennett, vice-chairman; Alex. A. Parsons, Secretary; W. J. Higgins, assistant secretary, and M. P. Gibbs, treasurer.

A general committee of one hundred is made up from the different clubs and societies, city and colonial governments, business and professional men, who will be formed into sub-committees, and will look after all the details at that end of the line, and the Cabot Club will attend to the work of this end, and in order that there may be no inconvenience or overcrowding, we respectfully request your co-operation, as the following details will be carried out to the letter.

1st. In order to make timely arrangements for transportation via the different lines interested, the booking of names and addresses of parties desiring passage will begin at once, and may be sent to the Steamship or Railroad Companies, or to the Cabot Club, stating line you wish to go by and date of leaving Boston.

2nd. As only a limited number of passengers can be accommodated on the Plant or Dominion Atlantic Line steamers at each sailing, we shall be compelled to adopt the idea of "first come first served."

3rd. The Club will insure first-class accommodations for all timely notice is given. Your hearty co-operation is therefore necessary.

PLANT LINE.

The following rates from Boston to any point in Newfoundland reached by the Reid-Newfoundland Co., via Port au Basque (railway or steamer), \$25.00.

Tickets good going Saturday, July 23rd, Tuesday, July 26th, and Saturday, July 30th. Good returning within sixty days.

Steamers sail from Union Wharf, Boston, between East Boston North and South Ferries, near Battery Street Elevated Station, at noon.

Tickets will be on sale at city ticket office, 298 Washington St. (Old South Building), and at Union Wharf, on and after June 15th, 1904.

J. A. FLANDERS,

General Agent.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY S.S. LINE.

The following round-trip from Boston to any part of Newfoundland reached by the Reid-Newfoundland Railway or Steamers via this line, \$27.00.

Tickets good leaving Boston Sunday, July 24th, Monday, 25th, Tuesday, 26th, Wednesday, 27th, Thursday, 28th, and Friday, 29th. Good returning within 60 days. Through connections without delay can best be made via this line on steamers leaving Boston Sunday, July 24th, Tuesday, 26th, or Thursday, 28th. Tickets will be on sale at city ticket office, 228 Washington St., Boston, or at Long Wharf, foot State St., Long Wharf, Boston.

J. F. MASTERS, N.E. Sup't., Long Wharf, Boston.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

Via Boston & Maine Railroad and connections; all-rail route. Sunday, July 24th, Tuesday, July 26th, and

Thursday, July 28th. Rate, \$20. Returning same route. Tickets limited to 60 days.

Tickets may be procured direct from the Steamship or Railroad Companies, or through the Cabot Club, any time after June 15th.

Rates to Boston, etc., can be obtained at your nearest railroad station, and no special rates have been secured except those quoted, and from Boston only, so far as the Cabot Club is concerned, and all taking advantage of those rates will be required to make Boston the starting point.

A. MOULTON, President

D. J. CANTWELL, Secretary

His Grace Archbishop Howley has interested himself in the matter and is going to entertain the visitors at the Palace.

The Old Home week Executive met lately to arrange a programme. They will recommend to the Committee that the Government and City Council be approached for a grant, and that subscriptions be solicited to make the affair a success. A programme for the first week in August was arranged as follows:—Monday Afternoon, Reception of visitors by the Committee. Night—Illuminations and bonfires, band concerts in both parks. Tuesday Forenoon—Labor parade, which the Mechanic's Society will be asked to hold on that date. Night—Theatrical performance. Wednesday—Regatta. Thursday Forenoon—Naval Review. Afternoon—Garden Party. Night—Ball, or reception at Prince's Rink. Friday—Outing by rail to Topsail. Saturday Night—Smoking concerts. A meeting of the General Committee was held in the T. A. Hall, to receive the report of the Committee appointed to draft a programme. The chairman called the meeting to order at 8.30. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary, and upon motion were confirmed. The programme as drafted was then submitted for approval. Some discussion followed and Mr. T. J. Murphy proposed that the report be adopted, but that such alterations and modifications as the general committee may from time to time suggest, as expedient, be made. The motion was carried unanimously. Mr. H. A. Morine suggested that in Friday's part of the programme, which provides for an excursion to Topsail, a steamer be employed to take the visitors from the main land Bell Island. Supt. Sullivan, while not disagreeing with the suggestion, reminded the committee that due precaution should be taken, and if a steamer would ply on that day it should be a suitable one. Mr. Morine's suggestion was approved. A long communication from President Moulton, of the Cabot Club, to Secy. Parsons was then read. The letter was full of enthusiasm, and stated that a conservative estimate of visitors from Boston alone would be 2,000. The following communication from His Excellency Sir C. G. Boyle, to the chairman, was then read and received with great pleasure:

HIS EXCELLENCY'S LETTER.

Government House,

St. John's, Nfld.,

4th April, 1904.

Dear Mr. Morris,—Mr. James Murphy, collector and editor of native poems, wrote asking for some lines to publish in a new edition which he proposes bringing out during the coming "Homestead Week." I am sending a copy of the enclosed, with permission to include the lines in his book, but adding that the right of production and re-production, both before and after it appears, is reserved by the writer.

To you, as President of the Welcome Committee, I offer them, in all diffidence, to use as you think fit, and with a shadowy hope that they may appear in some small way to those who are coming and to those who will bid them welcome.

I would add that they are conceived in the knowledge of what past summer days have been in the dear old land, and in anticipation of what those of 1904 will be, and when alas, I shall not be here to reveal in the letter.

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PLANT LINE.

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Steamers sail from Union Wharf, Boston, between East Boston North and South Ferries, near Battery Street Elevated Station, at noon.

Tickets will be on sale at city ticket office, 298 Washington St. (Old South Building), and at Union Wharf, on and after June 15th, 1904.

J. A. FLANDERS,

General Agent.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY S.S. LINE.

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COAL AND WOOD
 Any quantity promptly delivered

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Annual Meeting of Central Council of
 St. Vincent de Paul Society

The annual meeting of the Central Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society was held at their hall, Shuter street, on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Seitz, vice-president, had charge of the meeting and the different conferences of the city were well represented, their numbers almost filling the little hall. The presiding officer explained that owing to the duties in connection with the Mission at St. Michael's, the Archbishop would not be present. His Grace, however, sent kindly greetings to the meeting and expressed his warm approval of the general work of the Society.

Reports were received from twenty-five conferences throughout the province; Peterborough, Lindsay, Collingwood, London, Stratford and Newmarket were not heard from. During the year forty-four members had been enrolled; some had been transferred from one conference to another; the net increase was twenty-two. The new city parish of St. Francis, through its President, Mr. Fraser, gave a good account of the enthusiastic way in which the work of the Society is being done amongst its members in that parish. The sum of \$2,614.63 was distributed by the different city conferences during the past twelve months. Sympathetic reverence was made to the late death of Mr. Alexander Macdonell, vice-president of the Central Council; part of this gentleman's estate was left to the Society in which he had for many years been an earnest and active worker. A short discussion was held as to the best method of enlisting the interests of young Catholic laymen in the work of the Society; from this it is not to be inferred that none of this class were present; on the contrary quite a sprinkling were amongst the number represented, but it is thought desirable that the numbers should be augmented in an appreciable degree. Remembering that Frederick Ozanam, founder of St. Vincent de Paul Society, was himself a young man who accomplished his grand work before the age of forty, when he was called to his reward, this call for an increase of forces from the ranks of the younger men is quite in keeping with the spirit of the founder.

A fact announced by Mr. J. J. Murphy may not be generally known; societies doing work in line with that of St. Vincent de Paul may call upon this association for assistance; for instance the Children's Aid and the Ladies' Aid, who are considered as doing work complementary to that of the main association; quite a measure of praise was given the different Ladies' Aid Societies, who by their efforts lessen to a considerable extent the work and responsibility that would otherwise fall upon the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Mr. J. J. Murphy, president of the Central Council, announced that he had decided to retire from that position. This called forth many expressions of regret and it was hoped that the suggestion to give Mr. Murphy assistance in the carrying out of the many arduous duties of his office might induce him to reconsider his decision.

The meeting adjourned after the prescribed prayers had been said by the presiding officer, Mr. Seitz.

Death of the Bishop of Killaloe

The Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, who has been in ill-health for some time past, died at St. Ann's, Blarney, Cork. He had been in failing health since Christmas and had been staying at St. Ann's for about two months. Some days ago he was attacked with influenza, which later on developed symptoms of pneumonia. His Lordship, who was a native of Birr, in the King's County, was about sixty-eight years of age. He received his ecclesiastical training first in the Irish College, in Paris, and later on in Maynooth, where he read a most distinguished course. Ordained priest in 1860, his first mission was as curate at Bourne, Roscrea. Subsequently he was for a short time in Toomevara. Thence he was translated to Neagh, becoming secretary to the Most Rev. Dr. Flannery, then Bishop of Killaloe. In 1866 he was appointed President of the Diocesan College, Ennis, and ten years later he was promoted to the new parish of Killaloe, and appointed Vicar-General of the diocese. In October, 1889, Dr. McRedmond became Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe, and on the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Flannery, in 1891, he succeeded to the episcopal charge of Killaloe.

Above all things, raillery decline; it is in the ablest hands a dangerous tool, but never fails to wound the meddling fool.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, or calamity; of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism.

Do not for a moment deceive yourselves by thinking that venial sins are called little sins. There is no such thing as a little sin. Such sins displease God, and can any sin be small that displeases God?

With a strong will and prayer we can do anything.

D.P. SHEERIN

WHOLESALE

Durham Rubber Heels
 Druggists' Rubber Sundries
 Ladies' Household Gloves etc.
 Waterproof and Cravatette
 Rainproof Garments.

28 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Budget of Hamilton News

Entertainments by Junior Holy Name Society—Powell-Egner and Coleman-Gillespie Weddings—St. Vincent de Paul Meeting—Deaths and Funeral—Retreat for Women—I.C.B.U. Banquet and Other News of Interest.

(Special to The Catholic Register.)

Hamilton, April 21.—As successful amateur dramatic entertainers the members of the Junior Holy Name Society of St. Mary's Cathedral demonstrated that they are in a class all by themselves, if the entertainment they gave in the parish hall last week can be taken as an indication.

It was under the direction of Mr. Martin Cleworth and was the best yet. The attendance was excellent and the programme was thoroughly enjoyed. All those who took part showed great ability and their efforts were loudly applauded. Miss Annie Long recited in a way which showed her to be an elocutionist of much ability. Two one-act farces were put on and a series of dramatic tableaux made a big hit. They were entitled: "A Game of Cards, or the Gambler's Fate," and "Gambling and Duelling a Vice and Crime." The tableaux were: High Play, The Hidden Ace, The Thrust, The Challenge, Here and Now, Thrust in Carte, Parry in Tiere, Satisfaction, The Last Request, Alone.

The following took part: F. Brown, D. J. Galvin, J. Sheridan, B. Obermeyer, J. Green, A. Kehoe, R. Brown and A. Cherrier.

The cast for the farce, "An Ugly Customer," was:

Mr. Simon Cobobdy (a retired grocer) Mr. Bart Sullivan

Capt. Coriolanus Snapdragon (Mr. Burton Harris)

Alfred Weston Mr. Jos. Duffy Sophia (Cobobdy's daughter) (Miss Annie Long Mary (servant girl) Miss Margaret Organ

In "A Black Daisy" the characters and performers were:

Jumbo Wm. Jamieson

Mr. Gobbleton Leo Mackay

Mr. Cheaten Fred. Wilmot

Henry Merville Leo Ramsperger

Hannah Miss Matie Mackay

Adelaide Miss Gertie Dillon

Mr. Gobbleton Miss Mamie Smith

This was the committee which had charge of the affair and worked hard to make it a success: W. F. Wilson, D. J. Galvin, F. Browne, J. J. Brown, B. Harris, J. Sullivan, W. Jamieson and B. Obermeyer.

As a fun-maker William Jamieson made a great hit in the part he played and was loudly applauded.

POWELL-EGNER WEDDING.

Two well known and popular young people of this city were quietly married last week at Buffalo in the Holy Angel Cathedral by Rev. Father Fallon. Miss Nellie Egner, daughter of the late Charles Egner, was the bride, and the groom was John Powell of the McPherson Shoe Company. The bridesmaid was Miss Rose McCrae of Buffalo, and Edward Marks, uncle of the bride, supported the groom. The bride was suitably gowned. Only a few friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony. After a short honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Powell will reside at 285 John street north. The groom is a popular member of the Rambler Bicycle Club.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL MEETING

There was a large attendance of members at the regular quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society held in St. Mary's Hall on Sunday afternoon. The president, John Ronan, was in the chair and the reports from the various conferences which were presented were most satisfactory. His lordship Bishop Dowling, was present and made a speech in which he spoke of the good work of the Society. Rev. Father Mahoney also spoke. The address was read by Leo Cherrier.

REMAINS LAID AT REST.

The solemn and impressive ceremony of the interring of the bodies which lie in the vault at Holy Sepulchre cemetery on Monday last and about fifteen bodies were put in their last resting places. This is a somewhat smaller number than usual. Mass was celebrated in the chapel by Rev. Father Ferguson and other members of the local clergy were present. This service in the chapel only takes place twice a year—on the present occasion and on All Souls' Day. There was a large number of sorrowing friends and mourners present.

FUNERAL OF JOHN SULLIVAN.

The remains of John Sullivan, who passed away last week, were laid at rest in Holy Sepulchre cemetery on Monday morning. The funeral was largely attended and took place from the residence of deceased's aunt, Mrs. Nealon, Bay street north. High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral and the remains were interred in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. O'Neill, Desmond, Lahiff, Dillon, Blake and McCrystal.

RETREAT FOR WOMEN.

In accordance with the recent encyclical of the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., with regard to the holding of missions and retreats during the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, a retreat for the women of the congregation of St. Mary's Cathedral will be begun at the Cathedral next week and will close the first day of May. Further announcements regarding it will be made on Sunday. Rev. Father Trumel, C.S.S.R., of Annapolis, Maryland, an eloquent Redemptorist Father, will be in charge.

DEATH OF MRS. CUMMINGS.

An old and highly respected resi-

dent of this city passed away last week in the person of Mrs. Catherine Cummings, wife of Patrick Cummings, 24 Ontario avenue. Death was not unexpected. Deceased had been ailing about four years and during the past few months had been frequently troubled with severe attacks of heart trouble. Mrs. Cummings was 60 years of age and came here when a girl from her birthplace in County Kerry, Ireland. She had resided here ever since. Besides a husband, two daughters and three sons survive. They are Miss Angela at home and Miss Julia of the teaching staff of the New York schools; James F., plumber; Thomas of Walter Woods & Co., and John, builder. Deceased was a gentle, warm-hearted woman and she will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. The family have the sympathy of all.

The funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends. The remains were conveyed to St. Patrick's church, where Rev. Father Cooper celebrated the High Mass. He also conducted the services at Holy Sepulchre cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Peter Brady, F. Burdette, J. Kelly and D. Galvin, city, and R. J. Burke and John Cummings of Dundas.

MISS ZIESLEIN PASSED AWAY.

After a long illness Miss Teresa Zieslein passed away at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Jacob Zingsheim, 271 John street north. She was a most estimable lady and highly respected by a large circle of friends who deeply regret her death. She was a member of St. Mary's Cathedral. The remains were sent to Rochester for interment, being brought to St. Mary's Cathedral first, where Rev. Father Holden officiated at the mass. The pall-bearers were Joseph Nett, Albert Assem, John Buck, George Knapman, Charles buck and Andrew O'Brien.

I.C.B.U. BANQUET.

The members of No. 4, I.C.B.U., had a jolly time after the regular meeting last week, when a banquet was held in the Maccabees Hall. There was a very large attendance of members and the affair was most enjoyable in every way. J. P. Dougherty presided and among those who made speeches were ex-Ald. O'Reilly and G. L. Goodrow. A fine musical programme was carried out and among those contributing were Messrs. J. Robinson, M. Grace, S. Cheeseman, Charles Bird, junior, H. C. Burton and J. E. Cummings. G. Knapman was the caterer. J. T. Toy was secretary of the committee which made the affair a success.

COLEMAN—GILLESPIE WEDDING.

A very quiet and pretty wedding took place last week at the residence of Mr. John Gillespie, 43 Murray St., when his daughter Annie was united in marriage to Mr. John Coleman of Toronto. Rev. Father O'Handley performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a small gathering of near relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left on the G.T.R. for the west on their wedding trip and took with them the best wishes of their many friends both here and in Toronto.

FOR CATHOLIC POLES.

A large number of Catholic Poles have come here from Chicago and other places to work at the big east end industries and East Hamilton promises soon to have quite a colony of Catholic Poles. Rev. Father Kosciusko, of St. Stanislaus Polish church, Chicago, which has probably the largest congregation there, numbering 30,000 souls, conducted special services for the benefit of these people at St. Mary's Cathedral on Monday and Tuesday evenings. There was large attendance at each service. The reverend father preached to the people in their native tongue and the visit was a success in every way.

INTERESTING NOTES.

On Tuesday morning a requiem High Mass for the repose of the souls of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kavanaugh was celebrated. The Club intends to put the show at Toronto Junction at an early date.

Knights of St. John

At the last regular meeting of St. Leo and Anthony Commandery No. 2, Knights of St. John, the following resolution of condolence was passed:

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Mr. F. Rosar, father of our esteemed member, Bro. Edward Rosar,

Resolved that we, the members of this commandery, do hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by Bro. Rosar and extend to him and family our sincere sympathy and condolence.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Catholic Register, Catholic Record and the official organ Knight of St. John.

JOHN HEFFERNAN, President.

JOS. ALLEN, Secretary.

SCRIBBLER.

STRATFORD

The death of Mr. Edward Walsh, Railway avenue, on Wednesday last removes from our midst one of the oldest residents of Stratford. Deceased was for over twenty years a member of Branch No. 13, C.M.B.A., this city, and was well known.

His death is much to be regretted owing to his popularity and being a man of high integrity.

The Young Ladies' Sodality in connection with St. Joseph's Church, received Holy communion in a body on Sunday last. During the Mass the young ladies sang a number of suitable hymns.

Rev. Father O'Neill, P.P., of Kinross, is at present seriously ill and not expected to recover. His death is expected at any moment.

The announcement was made in St. Joseph's Church on Sunday that there would likely be some change made in the location of the new Roman Catholic Church. The site has not yet been procured.

Miss Louisa Dantzer, is reported as being seriously ill at the Stratford Hospital and not likely to recover.

Mr. Thomas McGovern, M.P., for West Cavan, who has been ailing for some months, died at his residence, Gortmore, Bawnboy, County Cavan.

The estimates of the Toronto Board of Education call for \$798,693.96 to be provided by the City Council.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmae's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthy action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

DEATH OF MRS. CUMMINGS.

An old and highly respected resi-

THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page one.)

"towers," will be greatly enhanced by the university structures. The plan of erecting separate buildings and making them fireproof, will, it is confidently expected, do much towards preventing a repetition of the disastrous conflagration of December 9th. The most modern ideas approved by builders and educationists will be incorporated in the plans for the restoration of the university. The problem of funds is, of course, a serious one, but it is expected it will be met. Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., president of the university, is displaying indomitable energy and executive ability in the work. It is occupying the attention of the heads of the Oblate order in France, United States and Canada alike.

All fences will be removed from the university grounds, so as to give an unobstructed view from all sides of the buildings.

I.C.B.U. MINSTRELS

On April 14th and 15th the I.C.B.U. Athletic Club held a very successful minstrel entertainment in Dingman's Hall, which was crowded to the doors on both occasions. The singing of a chorus of fifty voices under the direction of Mr. J. G. Strathe was a great feature of the entertainment, and received well merited applause.

The chorus was at all times in thorough sympathy with the conductor and sang with a spirit and precision that spoke volumes for their careful training, and the hearty reception recorded the several numbers must be very gratifying to the conductor, the splendid work of the chorus being due in a large measure to the energy and zeal displayed by Mr. Strathe.

The end men were J. McNamara, Geo. Meehan, L. Hourigan, F. Guerin, B. Mitchell, J. Burns, J. Parker and J. E. Ferris. The soloists were T. Burns, Wm. McGinn, F. Larkin and E. Sweeny. Mr. R. Scollard filled the interlocutor's chair. The comic songs and capital jokes of the end men kept the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. Geo. Meehan, in his black face comedy baton act was the recipient of much applause. Mr. McNamara and Mr. Larkin sang a duet which made a decided hit.

Master Frank Clegg was excellent in songs and Xylophone playing. The La Tremo's comedy acrobats did a very amusing turn.

The entertainment closed with a very amusing sketch, "A Plantation Scene" which furnished about twenty minutes of fun and laughter. In this scene Mr. Fewer as "Uncle Joe," and Mr. Parker as "Aunt Eliza" brought down the house.

Mr. Guebin in tambour playing, Mr. Reid in picolo playing, and Mr. Brennan in a dancing turn were all well received.

Mr. George Trommang sang in this scene "My Honeysuckle Girl," and was encored several times.

Mr. P. Daly gave a capital solo which was well received. The committee in charge of the entertainment were Thos. Horan, M. Ross, C. O'Brien, C. O'Donnell, J. Reid, and J. Dempsey. Mr. Ed. Ferris was stage director and deserves great credit for the splendid staging of the entertainment.

The Club intends to put the show at Toronto Junction at an early date.

THE SPIRIT OF HARRIET

The day drowsed in the July sun. Heat waves were palpitating visibly upon the brick pavement, along the dusty street and against the low white house. Tiger lilies reared their passionate blooms upon every side, crowding their way to the edge of the walk or thrusting themselves brazenly above the pickets. The green shutters of the old house were closed, as was the front door beneath its fan transom. The rusty crapes that had swung disconsolately from the handle of the bell, giving to the quaint shabbiness of the old house a touch of the dignity of death, had been removed, and it had sunk back into its dreary dreaming.

A frail little woman cowered in the side doorway, resting her chin in her palm. Her dark eyes gazed unseeing as her mind pandered wearily upon the past or crept hopelessly toward the future. On the step at her feet lay Beelzebub, the cat, big, black and sullen, blinking wickedly at doves that cooed on the roof.

The afternoon had slipped away into the past. The sun was sinking its crimson disk in a bank of orange clouds at the very head of High street, for the city fathers had laid out Philamaclique directly with the points of the compass; there were no winding lanes, no delightfully crooked byways to lure our willing feet in all the old town's length and breadth; but at the western end of High, the street dipped down a gentle hill, and behind it each night through the long summer, as back of a screen, old Sol got himself decently to bed. Over in the southwest a bank of violet clouds tinged with dingy green at the summit was silently spreading itself across the sky, broken now and then by a quivering flash that jagged it from top to bottom as if to let the glory through.

Lois, her face showing wanly above the blackness of her gown, still sat in the doorway as the twilight deepened. Beelzebub, yawning with ennu, had long since taken himself off to the barn. The evening silence was broken only by the mad whirring of the crickets among the lilies, and now and then by the low mutter of distant thunder.

So intent was Lois upon her own sad thoughts that she did not hear the click of the gate nor the quick step upon the walk, but turned with a start when a cheery voice broke in upon her.

"You poor, dear girl, all alone in the twilight; it's enough to give a body the rumples, with this storm a-brewin'."

"Oh, Marthy, how good of you to come!" cried Lois, as the newcomer, a little butter-ball of a woman, her stiff-starched calico rattling with every movement, placed upon the step a tray covered with napkin. "The house seemed so awful I didn't have the heart to go in, but I didn't think of anybody comin'."

"Just wait a minute," went on Mrs. Read, entering the dark sitting-room. "I'm goin' to get a candle. I know just where it is, so sit still. Then I'm goin' to light the gasoline and get you a good cup of tea. I'd have been here an hour ago, but Dan's sister and the children came up to the funeral and I had to get supper. By the time I'd got them off and the dishes washed and the baby asleep, seemed as if I could scream, for I just knew you were sittin' here all alone. Seems as if Mrs. Keel might have run in, but she's that took up with her asthmy I expected she never thought of it." Granny Simmers went over to Oldtown to see that poor little Mattie Miller, and won't be back till to-morrow.

"—I didn't expect it," faltered Lois. "Folks ain't come here much since ma died." Harriet wasn't no hand for company, and I suppose they got out of the way."

"Then they've got to get in the way again. Now, I'm goin' to draw up that twisted-legged, and set the tray here. That te'll be made in a jiffy as quick as the kettle boils. You might just as well make up your mind, Lois, I'm going to take you in hand."

"I'm sure I'll be grateful, though you ain't much older than me, Marthy. I'll be thirty-six next month, and I ain't really lived one of those years. That's what I've been thinkin' all afternoon, that I'd like to live a day before I die."

"Poor girl! there never was a speck of reason why you shouldn't have had a real good time. You was made for fun if ever a girl was. I just love that twinkle in your eyes when it gets ahead of the sadness; you're such a pretty woman, Lois."

"Oh, no," protested Lois, a flood of soft color mounting from chin to forehead. "Harriet was handsome; she was so big and strong, always up and comin'. She used to say I wasn't nothin' but a washed-out ba-by doll."

"Humph! Well some folks think different. There, I hear that kettle boiling. Come on," continued Mrs. Read, as she returned with the little brown teapot and Mrs. Read, called often, and the golden head of baby Amy bobbed in and out among the lilies almost every day, for she had adopted Lois as a sort of foster-mother. Beelzebub followed her about, seeming to spy upon the pretty child. He offered her no harm, but when she sweetly bubbled to him in her baby tongue he arched his back, switched his great tail and yowled at her so wickedly that she would run to Lois and hide her face upon that loving breast. But only for a moment, for butterflies and bees drifted in the sunshine, and the lilies swayed with every breeze, so baby fears were soon calmed and baby joys began afresh, and only Lois watched and was afraid.

So Harriet's fierce spirit seemed to linger among the tawny lilies, and Lois found herself spiritually unable to change the house, or yard, or even her own dress. She had tried again and again to open the little box upon the bureau, where she knew her letters—that precious packet tied with a ribbon—were locked away. But with her fingers upon the key she could see scorn in Harriet's dark eyes, could hear the scathing words and feel the bitter pain of the blow that had sent her feeling across the room. Once again she could see the savage joy in that handsome face as the letters were locked away once more.

"There is nothing of the sneak in me," Harriet had said. "That's the difference between us. Here is your letter, unsealed, as you see, and here I look it away; now get it if you dare!"

How well she remembered the first

about business as Lawyer Neely. My likin' to read and dream, and my poky ways, made her nervous. And once—Lois' eyes tell and the color flamed in her pale cheeks, as she went on in a low voice—"since I deceived her, and she said she would never forgive or trust me again, and she didn't. She was dreadful determined when she set her head to a thing."

A vivid flash, followed by a terrific crash broke in upon them, then the sudden downpour splashed upon the pavement outside.

"My sakes!" gasped Mrs. Read, as both women sprang to their feet. "What an awful clap that was, and just listen to that rain! There comes Dan after me," she continued, as the gate-latch clicked sharply and the heavy footfalls of a man came around the house. "I knew he'd be huntin' me up."

"Hello, Lois! got anything there that belongs to me?" cried Dan Read, in his rumbling bass, as he came in sight of the open door. "Just wait till I get this umbrella down. I've got something for you. Here, Marthy, come get Snicklefritz. I brought her along to take care of Lois to-night, and I've got her nightie tucked under my arm."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, taking the sleeping child from her husband's shoulder. "Whatever made you think of Amy? A baby of three won't be much company."

"She will that," replied her husband. "She's just what Lois needs to-night. You get Snicklefritz out of her little dots and cuddle down with her, Lois, and you'll sleep the sweetest you ever did in your life."

"Do you really want her, honey?" asked Mrs. Read, anxiously, as she laid her chubby burden down on Lois' bed. "Now, if you don't, Dan will pack her right back."

"I'd love to, if you ain't afraid to trust her," whispered Lois, as she bent over the sleeping child. "It was just like Dan to think of it."

So after a last good-night Mr. and Mrs. Read trudged off in the wet and dark, and when the echo of their footsteps died away Lois still stood in the doorway looking after them wistfully through the slanting rain. Behind her in the house she could feel the awful stillness settle, that loud silence that pressed against the heart and quickens its beating; that dreadful sense of emptiness that awaits us when a soul has taken its departure.

All through the afternoon Lois had tried to adjust herself to life alone. Harriet's fierce hold had been so strong upon her gentleness that her jostled soul, set free, shuddered and shrank from mere weakness, and yet what frightened her most and wrung her affectionate heart with remorse was a haunting sense of relief beneath her grief. She was free! Never again would those black eyes flash contempt upon her stolen happy dreams, and burn like vitriol into her inner consciousness. No longer would her life's one innocent secret be made a crime. No longer would there be days of pitiful weeping in her little room over cruel words. And yet—

"Oh, Harriet, Harriet, though you ruined my life," she moaned, "through it all I loved you. If you had cared for me ever so little, it would make it all so much easier. Forgive me that I am glad of peace. Please, God, make her understand, and help me to forget!"

As she turned to close the door Beelzebub bounded in out of the rain, his back arched, his green eyes flashing like jewels set in jet. Pushing past her into the house, he crept cautiously about the room, peering into the shadowy corners, opening his cavernous red mouth as if to utter bitter cries, yet closing it without a sound.

"Poor Beelzebub, poor old fellow!" cried Lois, as he crouched with his front paws upon Harriet's footstool and gazed unblinkingly into her chair with that pitiful pantomime of grief. "Are you so lonely for her, poor old pussy?" But as she bent over him he sprang at her with a savage growl, and then vanished out of the open door into the night.

Unnerved and shaken by the cat's strange behavior, yet longing to comfort him, she stood in the open door calling "Beelzebub, Beelzebub!" but only a mournful wail answered her, though she could see him in the shelter of the woodshed.

Reluctantly she turned the big brass key in the lock and made ready for the night. With clumsy, unskilled fingers she unbuttoned Amy's shabby little shoes and pulled off the wet blue stockings; and when at last the child lay upon the pillow, her yellow curls clinging to the moist warm brow and about the apple-blossom face, Lois' sore heart had found some comfort, a woman's sense, subtle and far-reaching, wrapped the baby about with an almost visible cloud of mother-love and brought healing in its wake.

He was very different from the tiny type in the box on the bureau; this big man with the ugly, rugged face bore but little resemblance to the peachy-cheeked boy of her dreams. But the steady blue eyes were kindly and the strong mouth was tenderly smiling.

"I've been hearing all about you, Miss Marsh." How strange it seemed to see him sitting on the stone steps, where Harriet had so often sat! "And I guess we are going to be first-rate friends. Martha tells me you like books and youngsters, and we'll agree perfectly on that. Ain't that so, Snicklefritz?" he asked, as he lifted that plump and gurgling person high above his head.

So he had forgotten! Lois shrank back in the doorway shocked and ashamed. Harriet had said he would always remember her as a frail creature lost to all womanly self-respect. But she, in her simple romantic heart, believed that he still loved, still dreamed of her, as she had of him through the long years of silence. They were both wrong; he had simply forgotten.

But under his genial kindness and the steady flow of his merry talk, in spite of herself, she was drawn into the whirl of it and found herself laughing with the rest. She had known so few men; his jolly non-sense with Amy seemed to her the rarest wit, his simple kindness the most graceful courtesy.

Evening after evening found Gray Trask, accompanied by Mrs. Read and baby Amy, sitting upon the old stone steps with Lois. Little by little, Lois put away the shame and restraint she had felt in his presence. He had forgotten her and yet she thought perhaps that was all well, since she was so long past the age for love or lovers. Now the little box upon the bureau should remain unopened, for those unsealed letters belonged to the airt Lois of the past.

But she let the sunny tendrils of soft brown hair lie upon her brow, because Mr. Trask laughingly said he liked it best so, and she even wore a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace to relieve the plainness of her gown. How she listened for the tilt of his merry whistle, the cheery roll of his laughter, and the zental kindness of his voice, she dared not confess to her own heart. It was only at night, when Beelzebub glared at her from Harriet's chair, that she hid her face in grief and shame. How Harriet would scorn her, how she would revile her weakness, and yet he had forgotten—he would never know, and love was sweet.

"There is nothing of the sneak in me," Harriet had said. "That's the difference between us. Here is your letter, unsealed, as you see, and here I look it away; now get it if you dare!"

How well she remembered the first

blue envelope that had come to her, the first letter she had ever received. A cousin of Mrs. Read's, who had heard much of pretty, gentle Lois Marsh, had written to her. She was just eighteen, lonely and friendless, for Harriet, who was ten years older, allowed her no intercourse with the young people of the town; so, upon a girlish impulse, she had replied. They were foolish, loving letters, but to Lois' hungry heart they meant her only touch with the outside world. Perhaps that they were hidden made them seem sweeter. But one day Harriet, bursting angrily into the little bedroom to chide her for some forgotten task, discovered her poring over them. The torrent of abuse that had fallen upon her heart had utterly overwhelmed and left her stunned. The one request that she was allowed to write to say good-bye was turned into a load to torture her. For a few weeks the letters continued coming, then they ceased, and Lois' one love affair was over.

"Miss Lois," cried Trask's cheery voice from the step one evening as she sat at her early tea, "I've come to take you for a drive. It's the prettiest evening you ever saw in your life. Get your hat, little woman, and come along."

"Why, Mr. Trask!" faltered Lois, the hot color rushing to her face. "Why, I've never gone buggy-riding with a man in my born days! Sister Harriet!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" laughed Trask. "It is high time you began, then, because I expect to take you many a time. Come along, that's a good girl. Is this the thing you wear on your head?" he asked, gayly, handing her the little Shaker bonnet that hung on the knob of the chair.

"Goodness me, no! That's my sunbonnet. Why, if I did go I'd have to wear that hat Marthy got me. It's turned up on the sides, and got a white bow, and is so dreadful young-lookin', I didn't know if I could bring myself to it or not; but I ain't got nothing else fit—if, if I do go."

"Go! of course you'll go. Young-lookin'! Why, I don't know a girl that's got brighter roses than you're wearin' on your cheeks this minute. That horse ain't good at standin', so you'd better hurry up, Miss Lois. And you're to bring your little white shawl, Marthy said, because I may keep you out late and the dew'll be fallin'!"

Some way—Lois never quite understood it herself—the bandbox was untied by the aid of Trask's clumsy fingers, the new hat fastened before the murky old mirror, and she was weekly following him as he strode before her with the little white shawl drifting over his arm.

"I do hope the neighbors ain't lookin'," whispered Lois, as Trask tucked in the linen robe. "I never let so brightly in my life."

"Now, that's the difference between us," chuckled he. "I was just wishin' the whole town could see us set off, and for that reason we're goin' right up through the square. We'll take the Blightown road and go out into the country, and I'm not goin' to bring you back till—well, I'll tell you that later."

"My land! You ain't going to drive right up past the stores, Mr. Trask?" pleaded Lois. "It's band night, and the whole town will be out."

"Why, sure," teased Trask. "I heard the boys say they was goin' to play on the court house steps about nine, and we'll stop and take that if we get back in time."

Lois sank back with a half sob. Her cheeks were ablaze and her eyes like stars under the turned-up hat with the white bow. She firmly held her breath as the old white horse lumbered heavily up High street. She was so ashamed, and yet . . . and yet . . . it was so good to know he didn't care who saw them; it was so comforting to feel that, even if he had forgotten, he was proud to have her, Lois—not the girl, but the woman Lois—at his side. If only she could forget Harriet's scorn, if only she might enjoy this moment to the uttermost and let to-morrow take care of itself! Away they jogged along the shady road, across the rumbling covered bridge, past the lime-kiln, and out among the broad fields that nestled in the lovely valley.

Trask got out again and again to cut for her the tallest stems of goldenrod, the royalist of purple asters and the prettiest of turning leaves, until the old buggy would hold no more of autumn's stores. He sang for her sketches of old songs, he whistled "bob white" to the little brown quails that scurried across the road, he chirruped greetings to the horse, who lifted his old white ears in answer to every sound of that kindly voice.

The sun was sending long shafts of light across the river as the horse settled into a walk upon the level road. Then, without a word of warning, Trask put his arm about the little figure at his side and said softly:

"So my little woman thought I had forgotten."

Philamaclique was bathed in moonlight. Even the quaint old house among its dry, rustling lily-stocks-like ghosts of the copper chalices of July—grew beautiful in its silvery mystery. The clock in the church tower was booming ten as Lois opened the gate and went up the walk. The rasping of the dry lily-stocks as her skirts brushed against them seemed full of reproach, and a shadow fell upon her happy, singing heart.

"I never was out so late in all my life," she said as she unlocked the door, glad even for the sound of her own voice. "Seems as if every blessed thing was holdin' up its hands in horror. But I'm so happy! Please, dear Lord, let me be happy. Gray loves me the same as he did when I was a girl, and all I wanted—you and Beelzebub and the tiger lilies—and you would have been glad to leave me for a stranger. But all this was before I knew I had to leave you alone in the world. When the doctor told me that, I felt my punishment was greater than I could bear. I'd be glad, now, glad to know you was safe with him and not alone, all alone again."

She lighted the lamp, and, taking off the gay hat, put it safely away in the bandbox, and for a long time she stood looking intently in the misty old mirror, studying the image in the glass.

"Poor thing!" she whispered. "There! I'll wish you joy, since you haven't got anybody else to do it!" This house is so full of Harriet! It chokes you, and you are getting scarce and scarcer, and you 'most wish you hadn't said yes. But you are goin' to be happy, you poor thing!" she continued, nodding encouragement to the face in the glass. "Now go and get the box and read the letters. They're yours, all yours!"

With trembling hands she brought the little box to the twisted-legged chair, and sat down in Harriet's chair. But under his genial kindness and the steady flow of his merry talk, in spite of herself, she was drawn into the whirl of it and found herself laughing with the rest. She had forgotten her and yet she thought perhaps that was all well, since she was so long past the age for love or lovers. Now the little box upon the bureau should remain unopened, for those unsealed letters belonged to the airt Lois of the past.

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How well she remembered the first



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THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

The events of the election were some three weeks over. It was the Long Vacation; and Sir Gerard Molyneux, who had been strongly advised to go yachting or to take some cure that should keep him away from the subjects that most engrossed him, had chosen instead to spend the holidays in the congested districts of the west of Ireland, with Mr. Grace for his companion.

He had sent Paul Bosanquet home to be with his father, and uncle for a while, and all three were in Scotland, where the elder Bosanquet had taken a grouse-moor, and where Sir Gerard had promised to join them later.

Kylineo House was in the market to let furnished. It was true that it had been a burden on the owner's hands, and that the cost of maintenance had taken a good deal of money for which he had other purposes.

It was by no means so fine a place of residence as Castle Barnard. It was indeed an old, red-brick house of the Georgian period, homely and comfortable, with handsome, lofty, and ample rooms, but with little splendour.

The furniture matched the house. There had been no such collector among the Molyneuxes as Anthony Barnard. That the furniture was excellent, even beautiful of its kind, was because it belonged to a period when cabinet-making was an art in Dublin and Cork, as it was in England at the same date.

The furniture for the most part was dark mahogany, beautifully colored, made with the solid graces of Chippendale rather than the slenderness of Sheraton, except in one or two rooms.

The drawing-room was decorated in the French manner with wreaths of roses on walls and ceilings, and gilt furniture and cabinets of burl and ormolu, and many branch candelabra with stalactites of gilding.

One day Alison and Tessa had driven over to Kylineo. There were some papers Sir Gerard required for which Alison had to make a search.

She was received with enthusiasm by Mrs. Maguire, the housekeeper, who had been a long time with the Molyneuxes, and had transferred her allegiance to Sir Gerard, following Sir John, long ago. She had set their tea in the drawing-room where the furniture had been unswathed from its Holland wrappings in their honour.

"The young lady would like to see the house?" she said, her hard-featured face quite wistful.

It was not Alison's first visit by any means. Sir Gerard had been used to entertain his friends of both sexes, and there had been many a pleasant little luncheon party when Mrs. Tyrrell or Mrs. Lang had taken the head of the table.

"We haven't got maybe as fine things to show as Castle Barnard," the old woman said with an air of stubborn pride, "but the Molyneuxes have been in it a long time. I never thought to see it go to strangers."

"It will be only for a time," said Alison, her own heart answering the pain in the old woman's voice. "I know my cousin would love to see it. She is like all of us, a true blue Molyneux person. She believes in Sir Gerard," she added hastily, fearing the old woman might not understand her. "This will be a historic house one day, Mrs. Maguire, beyond Castle Barnard or Downe, or any other house of the neighborhood, because it was his house. People will make pilgrimages here to see it."

For an instant the housekeeper's face lightened, then darkened again.

"I'd rather he'd be happy in his lifetime," she said. "I know you're a great scholar, Miss Alison. Sure you know that they that loved and worked for this country always suffered for her. Ever and always 'twas martyrs they were."

"Sir Gerard will be the exception," said Alison.

Mrs. Maguire, however, refused to take a cheerful view of it; muttering something about not spoiling their tea with her miserableness she went away, lifting a corner of her apron to her eyes.

Later, she conducted them over the house. It was true that, as she said, Kylineo should have housed a large family. The last Lady Molyneux had been a notable housewife, and had filled her cupboards to overflowing with exquisite linens, and blankets of the fleeciest, besides guarding the house carefully from moth and rust. Mrs. Maguire spoke with bated breath of her ladyship, she produced a book of her ladyship's household receipts when at last they reached the housekeeper's room, and handled it as though it were the Holy Bible. The visitors had already beheld with awe the pantries and store-rooms walled to the ceiling with pots of preserves and bottles of home-made wines, sauces, pickles and condiments of all kinds. There was a still-room with many kinds of sweet-waters and distillations of all sorts of herbs on its shelves.

"I learnt of my ladyship," said Mrs. Maguire, standing erect in a lean and mournful dignity, "and if her ladyship was to appear to me this minute and say, 'Anne Maguire, have you done as I brought you up to do?'—I was only sixteen when I entered service at Kylineo—I could answer faithfully: 'Yes, your ladyship.' Year after year I've made the marmalade and the jams and the jellies, and the home-made wines and the herb beer, as her Ladyship directed me. They had to give it away sometimes for fear of spoiling, but none can say that Anne Maguire ever wasted."

"No, indeed," said Alison, "that last chutney was delicious."

"I'm glad you liked it, Miss. Who would have a better right to it than you?"

Alison did not seem to notice this enigmatic speech.

"You will stay on with the new people?" she asked, "whoever they may be?"

"They'll have to take me or do without the house," Mrs. Maguire

had a sensation of giddiness. As the woman drew breath for another speech she made out through the smoke Mrs. Donegan's figure sitting with the head bent as though the hood had gone over her.

"Is it Miss Alison Barnard?" she asked in a small, sweet voice, sweeter by contrast, as the pause came.

"It is I, Mrs. Donegan," said Alison; "but why are you sitting here this beautiful day cooped up in this smoky house? I want to talk to you."

"No news isn't always bad news," began the strange woman, now refreshed by her second of silence.

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CHAPTER X.
An Industrious Woman.

After the exciting events of the election there came to Alison one of the slack periods when the wheels of life seem to run slowly. She was a sensitive creature, and had such moments even in the midst of her crowded hours. For instance at three o'clock in the afternoon she always felt a waning of energy, and she had remembered at times a superstition that at the hour marked by a sinking of the spirit she was destined to die.

"I want to talk to Mrs. Donegan," said Alison, turning to the perspiring woman with her air of gentle command. "If you'd be good enough to carry out her chair for her and place it under the shade of the tree, I'd carry this stool for myself."

"Why, of course," said the woman, with an air of just offence. "I thought ye were talkin' to her all the time."

The tree which Alison had indicated was at some little distance from the house. A broad band of shade from the trees about the house made at this point a velvety blackness which left the other half of the field in the hot afternoon sunshine.

The silence of August was on the groves and fields. The children on their dust-heaps were almost unnaturally quiet. There was nothing but the clatter within and about the cottage, and that was subdued by distance, to break the hush of the fields and the mountains.

After having planted the chair the woman had returned and plucked her offspring out of the dust-heaps, administering chastisement to them in turn as she did so. For a few seconds the shrill lamentations of the children, the rhetorical inquiries of the mother as to whether they thought it was hens they were, disturbed the golden afternoon. Then she whisked within the cottage, the children went round the corner and began scraping up more dust-heaps, and there was peace.

Alison watched Mrs. Donegan put a helpless hand to a distractred forehead and let her alone for a minute or two; then she asked who the woman was and how it was that she had come to take possession of the cottage she remembered so quiet and full of the sun.

"You'll remember that Kitty left me to my first cousin, Peggy Murphy," said Mrs. Donegan in a painful way as though the confusion hindered her speech.

"Well, the poor woman, she had a terrible attack of the rheumatics after working on a hayrick in the wet five weeks ago

still in the making.

But the valley up above Dunrane was a little outside Alison's range. She had been leaving it to Father Tracy and his helpers. Now, suddenly, she remembered Mrs. Donegan and Kitty. There would be news of Kitty by this time. She wanted to know that things were well with the girl.

She ordered her mare, Mavourneen, got into her riding habit, and left Castle Barnard behind. She had had a busy morning with her steward over Castle Barnard affairs, and was feeling a little tired as she had not been wont to feel. To be sure the weather was languid. It was going to be a good harvest. Already the corn was bleaching white in the sun. The country began to wear the purple and gold of autumn, masses of heather on the hillsides, gorse and ragweed by the roadside. August wore the imperial colors.

It was four o'clock when Alison reached Mrs. Donegan's cottage, having made the detour by the road. It struck her as she rode up to the little gate, and twisted Mavourneen's reigns about the post that the place seemed oddly undivided as compared with that June day some weeks back when she had last visited it. The little field was ragged and unkempt. The goat had broken its tether and barked many of the trees. The cottage turned its back to the road, and the impression of discomfort reached Alison even on the wrong side of it; perhaps its origin lay in a monotonous voice that kept on an inharmonious drone, somewhere round the corner, out of sight.

She unlatched the gate and went in. As she came round the corner of the house some silent children, sitting in dust-heaps, of their own contrivance, turned and stared at her. An acrid smoke from green boughs smote her eyes and nostrils as she stopped in the low doorway. At first she could see nothing for the smoke.

"Mrs. Donegan, may I come in?" she asked.

Someone came forward through the smoke who was not Mrs. Donegan, a thin, hatchet-faced woman, red-haired and red-eyed, who was wiping her soapy hands and arms in her apron as she came. There was another smell in the house beside the smoke of the green wood, the smell of washing. The woman had evidently been engaged in laundry work.

"You're welcome as flowers in May," she said in her high-pitched, shrill voice. "You're just in time, Miss dear, to cheer her up. She's getting low of times, but she's getting better."

"Ever since then!" murmured Alison compassionately.

"She goes home of nights. She keeps her to keep the home together for Larry whenever he takes it into his head to come back to her. Indeed 'tis no place to bring him back, the poor man, for she's going from morning to night—yet the place is ever in a mess and the tongue of her clacking over all. I remember the time poor Larry was a cheerful, pleasant-spoken fellow; but after he married Poll he became no better than a dummy. And the children, there's Johnny that's five years old and walking this many a day, but he can say no more than 'ba-ba.'

"She'd better go back to her own cottage, and leave you your quietness," said Alison. "You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would." A gleam of hope lit up the blank face. "I thought indeed when Kitty left me that there was no more trouble for me in the world. I do sometimes think now that I could be happy if Poll was out of it, and I was quiet to listen to the swishing of the water under the keel of the big ship that took her from me; but there, sure Poll won't go out of it. She's a kind woman, and she thinks the world and all of what she's doing for me. I'm afraid she'll talk me into the 'Sylph of my grave' before Kitty ever comes home."

"She won't do that," said Alison quietly. "But tell me, has Kitty not written?"

"Not a word. It's killing me. And Poll clacking in my ears all day. You don't seem to take in what she says now,—the Lord doesn't ask us to bear too much—else at first."

"They'll have to take me or do without the house," Mrs. Maguire

had a sensation of giddiness. As the woman drew breath for another speech she made out through the smoke Mrs. Donegan's figure sitting with the head bent as though the hood had gone over her.

"Is it Miss Alison Barnard?" she asked in a small, sweet voice, sweeter by contrast, as the pause came.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER
FOOT IS HERALD OF THE CHURCH
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904

**SUNLIGHT
SOAP REDUCES
EXPENSE**
Ask for the Orange Box.

In and Around Toronto

PRESBYTERY EFFACED.

The presbytery at St. Paul's is being rapidly effaced pending the erection of a new one. A house opposite has been rented which will do duty pro tem as the parochial residence.

NEW STEEPLE FOR ST. MARY'S.

The work in connection with the steeple for St. Mary's church is now begun. The scaffolding is in place and the workmen are busy with preliminary arrangements. The building of this tower has been looked forward to by the parishioners for years, and its completion will add greatly to the beauty of what is now one of the foremost of our city churches.

NEW CHURCH NOT YET BEGUN.

Many rumors are in circulation regarding the projected new church at St. Patrick's. The building is not yet under way, though the plans are ready and in the hands of Mr. Holmes, the architect. The houses adjacent and lately bought by the Redemptorists, are, however, undergoing complete renovation and are now nearly ready for occupancy; the rents they will bring in will be added to the parish revenue. It is impossible to say just when the church will be started.

STILL MAKING THE CIRCUIT.

"The Forty Hours" were begun at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Sunday and continued until Wednesday. The early Mass on each morning was said by the Arch-bishop; the altar elicited much praise and the devotion of the parishioners was evidenced by the numbers who availed themselves of the opportunities presented. At the church of the Holy Family the devotion was opened on Friday last and terminated on Sunday evening, when Rev. Father Derling, C.S.S.R., preached a beautiful and most effective sermon. On Sunday next the "Forty Hours" will begin at St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto Junction.

CAPTAIN LAW HONORED.

Capt. John C. Law, son of Commander Law, R.N., of Government House, has received the appointment of a collectorship in the British East African Protectorate. The appointment comes from the Marquis of Lansdowne, Foreign Secretary to the Home Government. The headquarters of Capt. Law for some time to come will be at the Island of Zanzibar, though the work will not be altogether confined to that locality.

Capt. Law, who at present holds his commission in the Royal Grenadiers, is a young soldier who has already seen some service, having served two and a half years during the late war on the third special battalion at Halifax. The promotion of Captain Law is a source of pleasure to his many friends throughout the Dominion.

MONTH OF MISSION FOR MEN.

A week set aside especially at the Cathedral began Sunday last and is to continue until the end of the month. The opening was most impressive, many men being present. Rev. Mr. ... and the opening exercises. The first Mass at 8 o'clock, followed by the blessing of the little children, a ceremony in connection with the mission now in progress; its object is to emphasize the value of the little ones in the sight of God, and to teach that they are to be regarded as treasures, things of such priceless value that the Roman matrons of old brought them forth and produced them as their most valued jewels. The gathering of the children will surely be a delightful picture, one which adults will enjoy seeing. Though particularly for St. Michael's, yet the children from other parishes will not be excluded, and parents might take pleasure in bringing their treasures to help swell the ranks of the host of little ones who will take possession of the Cathedral for the time being; it will be as a return of the days when our Lord was upon the earth and the admonition, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," will have a more intelligent meaning from the object lesson presented; the children themselves will enjoy it and away down amidst the precious things contained in memory's casket will be the remembrance of the visit to the big and beautiful church and the blessing given by the kindly black-robed missionary.

Month's Mind of Late Vicar-General Keough.

The month's mind of Vicar-General Keough was held in St. Augustine's church, Dundas, on Tuesday, the 13th April.

Right Rev. Monsignore Heenan was Vicar of the mass; Father Crisp, Galt, deacon; Father Crisp, Paris, sub-deacon; Father Crisp, Hamilton, master of cere-

in the sanctuary were: Father of Brantford, J. Loane, Iph. Mahony, of Hamilton; Milton; O'Reilly, Oakville; Teeswater; Feeney, Acton; Elton; Gehl, Caledonia; Milton; Walsh, Dundas.

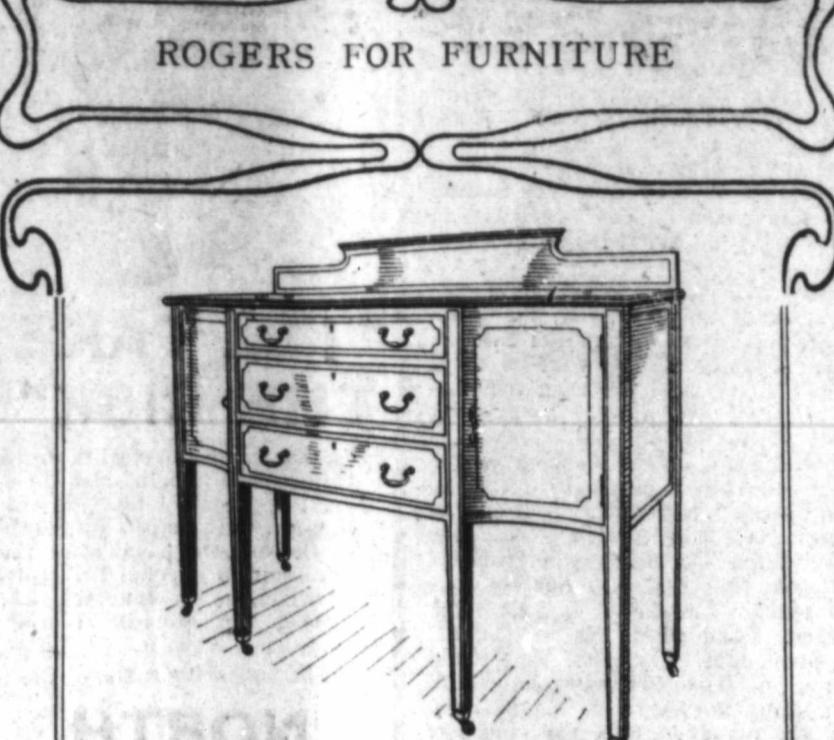
Rev. Monsignore Heenan was much pleased, priests and the truth it could be said but to love him, not but to praise.

SONAL

Ottawa, celebrating his birth and is enjoying life. He is receiving lations of scores y was born in Ireland, and 3. He first after re-up his resi- r. Heney has capital sixty five business is won unfor- and upright- ness, is still will be hap- b,

International Stock Food is a purely medicinal vegetable preparation composed of roots, herbs, seeds, fruits, etc., designed to stock up small quantities in addition to good grain ration, and **positively guarantees** that your stock will keep in good condition and insure rapid growth. It will enable you to fatten your stock in from 40 to 60 days less time than you could without it. International Stock Food **will save you money** over the ordinary way of feeding. A trial will convince you.

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Our Display of new Furniture for the Spring season is a most attractive one. It includes not only what may be called staple lines of suites and individual pieces for drawing-room, dining-room, bed-room and hall, but a large selection of uncommon and, in many cases, exclusive designs in Art Furniture for nearly every room in the house.

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This book cost us over \$500 to produce. The cover is a beautiful live stock picture without any advertising on it, contains 163 pages, size 6 1/2 x 9 1/2, gives history, description and illustrations of the various breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. Many stockmen say they would not take \$5,000 for their copy if they could get another. The fine illustrations are well engraved and show the animals in all their action and movement. The book is well bound and will last for years.

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NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Hugh Finn, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario 1897; Chapter 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the late Hugh Finn, who died on or about the second day of February, 1904, are required on or before the first day of May, 1904, to send by post prepaid or deliver to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, 46 King street west, Toronto, solicitors for the administrators, with their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims, the statement of accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date the said Administrators will proceed to deal with the assets of the deceased, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and that the said administrators shall not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons, of whose claims notice shall not have been received by them on such last mentioned date.

Dated at Toronto on the 26th day of March, 1904.

HEARN & SLATTERY,
46 King St. W.

Solicitors for The Trusts and Guarantees Co., Limited, Administrators.

THE CANADIAN
NORTHWEST
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 1 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

(1) At least six months' residence and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead or an adjoining or cornering town ship.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR
PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above referred, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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